

Southern "Bourbons."

A Boston clergyman, who has been traveling in the South, attempts in a recent number of the Atlantic Monthly to explain who and what manner of men the so-called "Bourbon Democrats" of the South are...

telligence and prosperity under the heels of vice, gross ignorance and business ruin, as personified by the thick-skulled, black, Republican party of the South.

What Conversion to Republicanism Does.

The purging and cleansing power of conversion to Republicanism is one of the most remarkable things about modern politics. It matters not how low and vile and contemptible an opponent may have been in Republican estimation.

There are familiar instances of this along the whole line of Republican dealings with the ex-Confederates. So long as they vote the Democratic ticket they are "unreconstructed rebels."

It has been precisely the same with those who have come into the Republican camp by the Greenback gate. The moment they have fairly landed inside, their denunciation of the banks, which was once regarded as so wicked and communistic, and their belief in the ninety-cent dollar, which was once an unpardonable crime, are forgotten and condoned.

Republican Extravagance.

Mark what significant confirmation we have in the first important Appropriation bill reported to the House of the absolute truth of the prediction that the resumption of Congressional power by the Republican party would be followed by a revival of the same reckless extravagance that prevailed during the Grant regime.

A new kind of safety lamp has been contrived by a Scotch inventor. It is so constructed as to emit a low sound when an explosive mixture of gas and air enters it—the existence of fire damp in collieries being by this means readily indicated.

The Housekeeper's Worst Enemy.

Although there are countless things that would seem to have been invented and created merely to try the patience of the housekeeper, and show her wit and saint she would be if associated kitchens, and reservoirs of heat, and all the kindred household labor-saving machinery to be thought of were applied to her case, yet there are none that exceed in trouble that given by vermin in the walls of a house, and no vermin in diabolical maliciousness and intelligence equal the nuisance of rats, which, for excess of evil may have been banished from Eblis itself.

The rat, in fact, is the housekeeper's worst enemy, always of course putting her own indolence and procrastination out of the question. His boldness is only equalled by his own cupidty, his cupidty by his cunning, his cunning by his courage. Her larder is invaded by his courage, her sleeping room by night; her house itself is eaten up and reduced to sawdust by his teeth, and her only satisfaction in contemplating him is that if he lives long enough those teeth will grow over each other so that he can not open his mouth to gnaw.

If she lives near a piece of water, it is not only her house, but her yard, her garden, her orchard, that are infested, and fairly undermined by the palls of the holes they dig; the roots of her apple trees are devoured; her hens are pounced upon when stupid with sleep; her chickens are snatched before her face and eyes; her eggs are carried off warm from the nest, and the food of the fowls is shared by the bold interlopers with ruinous robbery. She can not fight them, for they will fly at her throat if attacked; she can not drown them, for they swim like bubbles; she can not catch them, for her traps are as good as laughed at by the wretches that figuratively snap their fingers at them—and if they were not, of what use would they be where the creatures multiply a dozen and a half at a litter? Her cat covers before them, a useless object of contempt; they make a meal of the cat's kittens. If her home is a rural one, ferrets are seldom to be had; she remembers the old Bishop Hatto who was eaten to death by them in his tower, and shudders at possibilities; she would ferret her country for the sake of living across the sea in Aberdeenshire or Sutherlandshire, where a rat can not be induced to stay; she thinks the old myth a mistake that founded the earth upon a tortoise, believing it must bezen upon the old original rat. She doubts if even the Pied Piper of Hamelin could rid her of the pest for a wilderness of gulders; she wonders if, in the survival of the fittest, this strong, inextinguishable brown Norway rat is not destined to destroy the human race, and take the earth to itself; she does not see anything strange in the circumstance that people with shattered nerves, whether from delirium or other causes, see such things as rats—she is beginning to see nothing else in the universe but itself.

He is an intruder, this fierce little pest, at the best, and belongs to a conquering army. He came into Europe from Asia, he came to England from Norway, he comes over to America by means of every ship that touches our ports; he has destroyed our own rat, which, bad as it was, seems now a superior being in remembrance; he is all the more terrible that he takes care of his old and sick, and so swells his number; and the only mercy to be found in the visitation is that he frequently eats up his companions, taking care to turn his skin inside out with a nicety to the very toes.

And meantime a sort of nervous horror follows the neighborhood of these small deer; the housekeeper afflicted by them knows that they are the creatures of uncanny legend; that a certain awesome mysticism surrounds them; that they have unknown intelligences which warn them when a house is going to burn down, or a ship to sink, in full season to desert in safety, and be met marching away in platoons; that of old, if not now, they were wont to flee before the measure of possible retrenchment, then vocally, and quit the place where such were delivered, and instantly obey a letter written to them, and sealed with butter, politely requesting their departure; that, in fact, every rat born is possessed of a little demon more untamable and vindictive than the armies of demons that went wherever Cornelius Agrippa did. She reads old accounts of the various methods of attempted extermination, and laughs bitterly to see how they have failed; she turns over prints of Annibale Caracci's Rat-catcher of Bologna, of Vischer's Rat-catcher with his cat in a bag; and while she feels that she could take them all to her bosom as dear friends with one common purpose in life, would they only rise in the flesh and come to her rescue now, yet they only serve to show her that the trouble is universal and ineradicable all the round globe over. She marvels that the inventive genius of America has not come to her help, and she will regard the man who finds out and makes known some way of setting her free from the ravages of the rat as greater than he who invents electric lights and telephones, or he that taketh a city.—Harper's Bazar

A French vessel has lately found the bottom of the Bay of Biscay. It is three miles deep, and was wanted to stay there for the next hundred years.

Our Young Folks.

TWO FACES UNDER A HOOD.

Did you ever see our pet, When she smiles? When her dimples in her cheek Play a game of hide and seek, And the eyes in dainty way Lift their languid gaze, And the nose in laughty dart Their sweet arrows through your heart, And the smiling, rosy lips Lift their roguish, pouting tips From the chin, Shine two rows of milk-white pearl— O! this toothsome little girl— Have you seen her when she smiles? Then the point where we agree Is that upon this earthly ball Just the sweetest thing of all Is what she is.

Did you ever see our pet When she cries? When a swift and tangled frown Bends her curling eyebrows down, And a grief she cannot speak Lifts the frowns of her cheek, When, like weeping summer skies, The blue heaven of her eyes, Clouds deep with woe and fears, Sends a rain of sobs and tears Down her nose, When her golden brown Bobs in sorrow up and down— Have you seen her when she cries? Then the point where we agree Is that upon this earthly ball Just the sweetest thing of all Is what she is.

WILD ANIMALS AND THEIR TAMERS.

Most youngsters who pay their way into a circus-tent know at sight every animal that is likely to be found there, and, as soon as they have nodded recognition at him, are sure to ask: "What can he do?"

For this reason, almost every dangerous creature in the best recent collections has been both wild and tame. The lions, the tigers, the panthers, are as large and terrible-looking as ever, and it would be just as dreadful a thing if they should lose among the spectators. It is worth while, therefore, to see them all playfully submissive to a little man or woman with a mere whip in hand.

A direct consequence of all this is that the more a wild beast can be taught, the more he is worth, but there is no telling how stupid some lions and other savages are. The very best of them, even after all kinds of good schooling, retain a lurking disposition to make a meal of their keeper, or of anybody else, if a good opportunity is given for it. "Taming" is a process which has to be constantly renewed, for the tamest tiger is a tiger still, and there has been no change in his born conviction that all other living creatures are "game" for him. The best lion and tiger "kings" of today say that every time they enter a cage containing these fierce creatures they carry their lives in their hands. "Gentle" remarked one of these venturesome folks the other day. "Those tigers of mine?—Why, do you see that whip? I know, as well as I know anything, that if I drop that whip when I am in that cage they'll be on me. Their idea of obedience is connected with the whip, first; then with my voice; then with my face. Severity? Cruelty? No use all that. I never use cruelty in training them. Only patience. When I take on a new cage of beasts I work to get them used to me; feeding them; cleaning the cage; talking to them; all that sort of thing; before I go in among them. Then I do that. It's a ticklish piece of business, going in the first time; and I pick my chance for it when they're specially peaceable. I go right in, just as if it were a matter of course, but I keep my eyes about me. It's a humbug to say a man's eye has any power over a wild beast. Your eyes are to watch their motions—that's all. They'll find out quickly enough if you're getting careless. They're sure enough to be watching you all the time. Are they intelligent? Well, there's as much difference among 'em as there is among men. I can train a really intelligent lion, right from the wild, in about four weeks, so he will do all that the lion kings make them do. A lioness always takes a couple of weeks longer, and so does a leopard or a tiger. You can't get a hyena well in hand inside of two months. They're the meanest of brutes. They never understand anything but a club. The easiest to train, because they know the most, are pumas. I can teach a puma all it needs to know in four weeks. Affection? Teach those fellows to love you? That's all nonsense. They'll fawn and fawn on you, and you'll think you've done it, may be. Then you go into the cage, if you want to, without your whip, or when they're in bad temper, and find out for yourself what they'll do. See that dent in the side of my head and those deep scars on my arm! There are more down here,"—putting his leg. "Got 'em from the best trained lions you ever saw. It's awful, sometimes, to have one of those fellows kind of smell of you and yawn and shut his jaws, say, close to one of your knees! See my wife there? She's the 'Panther Queen,' just as I'm a 'Tiger King,' and that fellow yonder's a 'Lion King.' Her pets are playing with her now, but my wife scratched her well. I tell you, there's great odds among them, though, and that young puma with her head up to be kissed is what you might call gentle. Only they're all treacherous. Every lion king gets sick of it after a while. I could name more than a dozen of the best who have given it up right in the prime of life. Once they give it up, nothing'll tempt 'em inside of a cage again. You see, every now and then some other tamer gets badly clawed and bitten. They've all been clawed and bitten more or less themselves. The strain on a man's nerves is pretty sharp—sure death around him all the while. And the pay isn't anything like what it was."

It may be true that the strictly predatory animals of the cat kind are never to be trusted, but the now three-year-old hippopotamus of the leading American "show" seems to have formed a genuine attachment for his keeper, a young Italian. He is savage enough to all other men, and when out of his den for his very limited exercise, it is fun for all but the person chased to see how clumsily, yet swiftly, he will make a sudden "charge" after a luckless bystander. After that, he will curiously and gruntingly obey his keeper, and permit himself to be half enticed, half shouldered, into his den again. There should be more room for brains and, consequently, for affection in the splendid front of a lion than between

the sullen eyes of even a very youthful hippopotamus.

The "question" is one of prime importance in collecting and managing wild animals. Trainers of the right kind are scarce, and although high pay hardly can be afforded, it will not do to put rare and costly animals in the care of stupid or ignorant men. Such qualities as courage, patience, good temper and natural aptitude for the occupation are also needful, and they are not always to be had for the asking. Unless the right men are secured, however, the failure of the menagerie is only a question of time: As for the "specimens" themselves, it is much easier to obtain them than it once was, owing to the better facilities for transporting them from the several "wild-beast countries." Catching them in their native wildernesses has been a regular trade for ages.

The market price of a menagerie animal of any kind varies from time to time, like that of other merchandise, according to the demand and supply. A writer stated recently that zebras are sold at a little over \$5,000 a pair, gnus at about \$800 a pair, while rhinoceroses cost some \$6,000 per pair, and tigers about \$1,500 each. A short time ago, however, a "medicated" tiger could be bought in London for from \$200 to \$800. The same beast, the moment he takes kindly to learning and promises to be sparing of his keepers, doubles and triples in value. There is no telling what he would be worth should he show further signs of intellect or good morals, but he is like a human being in this respect—the more he knows, the more it will pay to give for him. The same rule applies to the entire list, from elephants to monkeys, so that no precise idea can be given of the probable cost of a menagerie.—From "Men-and-Animal Shows," in St. Nicholas.

Skim-Milk. The absurdity and almost criminal folly of a parcel of scientific men and lawyers belonging and petting a jury until the latter actually believe that skim-milk is an unwholesome food, grows upon one as time is given to contemplate it.

Few people know better than the learned President of the Board of Health that skim-milk is an article of food upon which a man will live and do well, if absolutely confined to it—neither eating or drinking anything else, while he would die if confined to cream. The Professor would give this testimony if put upon the stand. He would, of course, claim that whole milk is a more nearly perfect food, which is true; but of what other article of food, with the single exception of pure whole milk, is it possible truthfully to claim so much? Yet this is branded as unhealthful, and its sale is prohibited in our chief cities.

Skim-milk is the "milk" of the country. City children go to the country—to grandmas—and have all the milk they want to drink, and in the course of two or three weeks grow fat and rosy, and after a month one would hardly know them. The fresh air and the sunshine and the "pure country milk" thus do their work and prove their excellence. What is this milk? Does the thrifty old lady who has worked her own golden butter for forty years give new milk to the children? Not much? The new milk is set for cream and only a pan or two may be skimmed while sweet for the children and the family to drink and for other domestic purposes. In fact, cream is a luxury which most farmers' families deny themselves so that the quantity of butter (which means ready money) may be increased; and skim-milk, which our rulers would do deny us city people, is the milk which country people live upon, so far as our own experience goes.

The experience of the city of Hartford, as we have heard it, is in point. Some years ago the city was supplied with milk chiefly by a few men who had milk farms near the city, having big milking cows and forcing a great yield of milk with brewer's grains and such feeds. A creamery was established in a neighboring village a few miles away, and after a while the skim-milk from this establishment found its way into Hartford, where it was sold as skim-milk at half the price of the milk from the milk farms, and it was found to be nearly or quite as good. The children thrive on it, the housewives approved of it for puddings, etc. The milkmen were in dismay, except indeed those few old-fashioned farmers who had small routes and got a good price for their excellent rich milk, and held their customers in spite of the "skim-milk peddlers."

The skim-milk proved a great boon to the people. Prejudice against it soon wore away. Only good milk could compete with it, and its sale has steadily increased. Other creameries send their skim-milk, and the sale for good, pure milk is not hurt thereby. A pint of skim-milk.....2 cts. Two penny rolls.....2 cts. Makes a good meal for.....4 cts. which would satisfy any man or child if hungry, and ought to reverse the decision of even a New York Judge and jury and a professor of chemistry.—The American Dairyman.

A German manufacturer has succeeded in producing serviceable face-masks of mica for the protection of metal and glass-melters, stone-masons and other workmen exposed to heat, dust and noxious vapors. These masks allow the eyes to be turned in any direction, and there is space enough for spectacles in case the eyesight is defective.

A widow at the West, intending to succeed her husband in the management of a hotel, advertised that "the hotel would be kept by the widow of the former landlord, Mr. Brown, who died last summer on a new and improved plan."

The laborers living in the small town of Pennomene, near Panama, and working on the De Lesseps canal, refused to be vaccinated. During the past three months upward of one thousand deaths have taken place there from small-pox.

Mr. Labouchere says of Mr. Gladstone that he is too kind and long-suffering, and that his opponents take advantage of this kindness to insult him without having to fear the consequences.

WEATHER--OR NOT.

We admire the philosophy of the unfortunate man, who, when everything had been swept away, said, "Well, there'll be weather and prizes left, at any rate." Alas! weather is the "yellow dog" of all subjects; everyone thinks it his special right to try to better the weather.



Iowa, on the 21st of December last, I was seized with a sudden attack of neuralgia in the chest, giving me excruciating pain and almost preventing breathing. My pulse, usually 80, fell to 25; intense nausea of the stomach succeeded; a cold, clammy sweat covered my entire body. The attending physician could do nothing to relieve me. After suffering for three hours, I thought—as I had been using Dr. JACOBS' OIL with good effect for rheumatic pains—I would try it. I saturated a piece of flannel with the oil, and covered my chest with the oil, and applied it. The relief was almost instantaneous. An hour later I was entirely free from pain, and would have taken the train to fill an appointment that night in a neighboring town, had my friends not dissuaded me. As it was, I returned to my home, in St. Louis, and have not been troubled since.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL.

We will send on 30 Days' Trial DR. BYE'S CELEBRATED Electro Voltaic Belts AND SUSPENSORIES, And other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES TO MEN

ACCEPT NO OTHER!

But be sure you receive the original and only true RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD For the PIANOFORTE.

Third of a Million

copies have been sold. It shows no signs of losing its hold as a public favorite, but it still used and recommended by the best teachers. It is a BOOK WITHOUT ERRORS

PRICE, . . . . . \$3.25. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston. Established 1834.

LYON & HEALY, Chicago.

D'BULL'S COUGH SYRUP. For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Infant Consumption, &c. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

DIPHTHERIA! JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will positively prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Don't delay a moment. A bottle of this LINIMENT will save many lives, sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Write to THEATRE, 111 N. 3rd St., BOSTON, MASS., formerly BARNUM, MRS. PARSONS' PRESERVATIVE PILLS make new rich blood.

CONSUMPTION. I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. I will send you a free copy of my book, together with a VIAL of my GREAT REMEDY, if you send me your name, address, and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE. Best in the World. Get the genuine. Every package has our Trade-Mark and is stamped "FRAZER'S AXLE GREASE."

NO PAIN WILL CURE! Sufferers of Neural and Rheumatic CATARRHES, neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, etc., without risk of failure or expense, without delay, and without the use of any medicine, if you will send me your name, address, and P. O. address, DR. W. M. HANCOCK, 100 West 11th St., New York.