THE BOLIVAR BULLETIN.

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EVERY-DAY PHILOSOPHY.

How often fancy loves to dwell
Upon some grand, heroic deed,
That we are sure we could do well,
If only there arose the need;
Spain's castle lifts the flag on high
That we in thought would die to save,
And strength and courage ne'er deny
Their valor to mirage so brave.

But come—to-day the world is wrong!
A cloud is spread before the sun;
A note of woe in every song
Robs zest from joy e'er 'tis begun;
Some friend has failed our utmost truss
And bankrupt left a weary heart;
Some lofty purpose trails in dust—
Its pureness tarnished at the start.

Thus we forget—how we forget—
That morrow's hope has reached to-day!
And even while corroding fret
Eats all the shining gold away,
We do not recognize the time
As one to claim and make our best;
So lose the chance to be sublime
By failing under petty test.

For oh! it takes a steadfast soul
To meet the need of every hour,
To make not cheerfulness a dole,
But rather constant, helpful power.
He who attains this goodly art
Is graced beyond reward of kings,
Though humble be his name and part,
His life a noble record brings.
—*Mary S. Robinson, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

WAS IT LIGHTNING?

A Scientist Attempts to Revenge the Death of His Wife.

The summer heat was excessive, and the poor sufferer lay panting for breath. Her husband bent over her, tenderly seeking to relieve her pain. Unwearedly he fanned her flushed cheek, and from time to time fed her parched lips with small pieces of ice. The room, in spite of the disorder incident to critical disease, gave evidence of refined taste and comparative wealth. In the moments of ease, when the sufferer ceased her moaning, with gentle, soothing tones the husband plead with his wife to throw off the feverish flush and delirium, as if recovery was dependent on her own poor will, whose throne was evidently very sorely shaken, if not completely overthrown by the terrible fever. H reminded her of their past struggles that at last had won for them a competency and a home. They were just ready to live, he said, and he plead that she must not die.

While he was soothing and pleading with his wife, the physician entered the room. After a careful examination of the patient, he spoke with a hopeful tone that he had not used in the preceding days: "A few hours of careful nursing and the crisis will be past," and with these words he left the husband to the hours of the night watch. With the morning light came again the welcome step of the physician, and as he saw the quiet sleep into which his patient had fallen, the look of care passed from his face and with a whisper, while grasping the outstretched hand of the watcher, he gave greeting of joy in the assurance of recovery, and said: "Tender watching and quiet sleep are all that are needed now."

"She shall have them, if human love can accomplish it," was the reply of the watcher, whose face was lighted with unspoken gladness.

It was the Sabbath morning, and the city in its quiet seemed to promise a day of healing to the sick one. The early morning hours passed slowly, with lingering coolness hastening the sufferer back from the gates of death to the glad home-life of ministering love. The breathing grew more and more regular, and from time to time a gentle sigh of satisfied resting escaped her lips. The watcher leaned back in his chair and with a dreamy look of love resting on the sleeping face, evidently found comfort from past fear and sorrow, in dreams of future peace and increased joy.

But suddenly his dreams were rudely broken and the sleeper thrown into the delirium of the reawakened fever. From the cathedral opposite came the clashing of the bells, not the regular melody of pleasing chords, but the clash and clangor, harsh and discordant, as if the ringers were possessed with the heathenish idea of frightening away by their rude noise any lingering demons. They sent no appeal to come to the house of the Lord, such as in gentle regular swing might as a lullaby soothe to a deeper sleep, but wild, clashing sounds that startled from sleep into fever fright. With the continued pealing of the bells the delirium increased. A hurried message brought the physician back to the bedside of the patient. A single glance at her condition filled him with alarm. After a moment of thought and attention to the delirium, he said, "the noise of the bells must be stopped."

Hurrying away he sent in word to those in charge of the cathedral and endeavored to secure the needed quiet. To his surprise his appeal was rudely and positively refused. In vain he remonstrated and plead, stating that a life depended on the cessation of the noise. At last he gave up the effort and returned to the sick room. He found the sufferer rapidly growing worse. After a vain attempt to calm his patient, in response to the agonized appeal of the husband, he went hurriedly to the city authorities. Here, also, his effort failed and he returned with a sinking heart.

Through the hours of the sultry day he manfully struggled to save his patient, and soothe the agony of the loving watcher. With every outburst of the clashing bells the fever-stricken one would spring up, and, clinging to her husband, beg to be saved, with wild delirium of fear intensified by the fever-clouded brain. There could be but one end to such a struggle, and at eventide it came, as with a cry of agony her spirit passed through the noise-stricken air into the peace and quiet of the land where there is no fever to smite the body and no barbarity of man to refuse the appeal for the suffering and dying. In that death chamber sobs of agony broke from the quivering frame of the bereaved man. Alarmed for the life of the agonized man, the physician plied remedies and with soothing words sought to keep that strong man's heart from breaking. Touched, also, in his professional pride, he cursed the bells and those who had refused his appeals. "But for those bells," he said, "you might now be rejoicing in the rapid recovery of your wife."

The sobs died away, and the now tearless eye of the bereaved man grew dilated and wild. He slowly repeated the curse that had fallen from the lips of the physician, and added: "God do so to me, and more, also, if I do not avenge my loss." He rose from the bed, on which he had thrown himself in the outburst of his grief, and, gently smoothing the tossed and tangled hair from the brow of the dead, said quietly: "My poor murdered wife!" Turning to the physician, he said: "No more tears, doctor; an avenger must have clear vision." The physician was startled, but, as he looked up, he saw only a pale, quiet, patient face. He did not see that with the tears of that poor, tired, tried man had passed away his reason. Kind words of grateful thanks seemed to come freely and naturally from the lips that had taken on a smile of patient resignation.

All through the sad hours of the funeral the physician ministered as to a brother, and when, after the return from the grave, he stood for a moment at the door, it was the same patient smile that graced the lips, as the bereaved man repeated more fully his heartfelt thanks. But when the man closed the door and stood alone in his desolate rooms, the smile died away, and, crossing the room to the window, he look out at the cathedral tower, and his face settled into a stern, rigid look, as he slowly repeated the curse whose utterance had dried the fountain of his tears and set his brain on fire in the thought of revenge.

Days passed, and the other tenants of the large hotel saw only a pale-faced, bereaved man, who came and went at irregular hours. He had been a successful inventor. His inventions had been doubly dear to him because they had been helpful to his fellow men, as well as remunerative to himself. One day, after weeks of painful brooding, he opened his desk and took out the drawings, over which he and his loved wife had often communed, as he had explained to her the reason and purpose of his inventions. He laid them on the glowing coals and waited, till even the ashes had disappeared in the heat of the flame. He then turned deliberately to his desk, and with a trained, able brain, supernaturally quickened by the cunning of madness, began to solve the problem of securing his revenge.

While he sat thinking, the bells rang out their noisy clamor, as if to defy him to do his worst, and with the peculiarity of a maddened brain his fate fastened on them, as though they had been personalities. The current of his hate was turned from those who had refused to silence the bells at his request, and crystalized into a resolve to destroy the bells. The problem now began to assume a definite shape. The objects of his revenge were entrenched in the stone fortress of the cathedral, defended by the common law of the city and guarded by the officers of public safety. All seemed to be combined against him to prevent the execution of his purpose. But obstacles increased his determination, and so he pondered until with the morning light came to his mind the outlined plan, that in its execution should not only destroy the bells but make their destruction seem to be a penalty inflicted by supernatural power. His effort should be not only to secure his own revenge, but to secure in the future, for other sufferers, the quiet and pity that had been denied to him.

He first made a careful study of the cathedral and its surroundings, and as a result of his observations he gave up his suite of rooms and took two rooms in the upper-story of a large tenement house on the same side of the street and next to the cathedral. In these rooms he found himself on a level with the openings in the tower above which the bells were hung. Through these openings he could see the heavy beams that served as braces to the tower and as supports to the frame work of the bells. After settling his rooms he began the solution of the problem. He first constructed a powerful cross-bow and attached a strong though fine silken cord to the arrow. For several nights he practiced with this weapon, until he could without fail, fasten the arrow firmly in the wooden beam of the tower and yet pull it back with the silken cord into the window.

His next experiment was to take a heavier arrow with a pulley-wheel sunken in the shaft, so that by means of an endless cord running through the pulley he could convey a package from his window to the beam in the tower. After considerable practice he found himself able to send the arrow without fail into the beam and work the cord. He had thus secured a certain means of communication with the tower. He then prepared six arrows with the pulley and cord attachment. His unbalanced mind found intense satisfaction in these experiments and their success. It enabled him to wait and watch for dark nights, in which to perfect his aim by continued practice, and stimulate him to complete his task.

Satisfied that he had secured a reliable means of conveying small packages within the tower at his pleasure, he turned his attention to the manufacture of six powerful torpedoes. His inventive powers and skill in chemistry made this a comparatively easy task. Buying the needed chemicals in different parts of the city and at different times and in varied quantities, in two weeks he had accumulated a sufficient amount, and in another week had prepared six powerful torpedoes. He then prepared two electric batteries and sufficient insolated fine copper wire to make connection with two of the torpedoes, after he had placed them in position in the tower. He was now already for the attack, but the fine days and nights of spring and early summer brought refreshing showers in the day time, while the nights were clear and starlit. Still the man waited with the patient cunning of a distempered brain, never swerving from his purpose. The bells clashed in noisy tumult day after day, but he would stand quietly at the window with his gaze fixed on the tower.

At length in midsummer, at the close of a sultry day, the horizon grew dark with heavy masses of storm clouds, and lightning gleams could be seen shooting across their growing darkness. The distant but heavy roll of thunder seemed almost continuous. Carefully, the man made his preparations that he might be ready to seize the opportunity that the coming storm promised to give. His face grew paler, as he arranged the arrows and their cords, and carefully laid the torpedoes on the table, and then prepared the batteries. The air became more sultry and oppressive during the evening, and towards midnight, the flash of lightning followed almost immediately by the peal of thunder, announced that the storm had reached the city.

Taking up the crossbow and resting it on the sill of the window, he sent the arrow with its double silk cord out into the darkness. His former practice bore good fruit, for as he straightened the cord and pulled on it, it showed that the arrow was firmly fastened in the beam of the tower. Six times he sent a silent arrow on its mission, and in this way formed, in a few moments, six lines of communication with the fortress of his enemies. Taking up one of the torpedoes from the table, he fastened it to the cord of one of the arrows, and with a steady pull, carefully measuring the length of the cord that he drew through his hands, he continued pulling, until the estimated length of the cord and the resistance told him that the torpedo had reached the shaft of the arrow. As he fastened the cord to the window frame, a grim smile played over his features. He sent three more of the torpedoes in the same manner over into the tower.

Having fastened to the remaining two the coils of copper wire and with increased care sent them, also, over to the arrows, he then prepared and tested the batteries, and finding them in good condition he placed them on the window sill. Fastening the ends of the wires to the keyboard he had made, he stood at the window with his hands resting by the keys, ready to give the fatal touch. He could hear the roar of the oncoming wind and rain, and, as he leaned forward to listen, there came a blinding flash and deafening peal, instinctively his hands simultaneously pressed on the keys. In the glare of the continued lightning he saw, as it seemed to him, the tower leap up into the overhanging darkness. A shout of triumph burst from his lips and the next instant the building reeled beneath him, and he sank unconscious into its ruins. Out into the city came a roaring crash, as though an earthquake shock had rent its foundations.

A moment's pause of silence followed, and then came on the stormy night the cries of thousands, as they rushed out of their homes into the streets. Then came the fire-alarm call repeated again and again, mingling with the roll of the thunder and the dashing wind and rain. As they gathered to the place they found the cathedral—tower and building—in a ruined heap, and the tenements on either side shattered and fallen. The firemen were at first paralyzed at the sight, but discipline and skill and bravery soon led them into efficient work. The kindling fires were extinguished and well-directed efforts put forth to rescue those who were buried in the ruins. The next day had come to eventide before the last one had been rescued—the dead laid aside for burial, and the wounded gathered into the hospitals. Unwearily the doctors labored, and after a few hours the different cries of the suffering had subsided into the low moaning of slumbering pain.

In one of the wards a group of physicians were gathered around a bed in consultation. The patient was apparently uninjured, save from the shock. While they were working over the unconscious man another doctor joined the group, and, as he saw the face of the patient, immediately uttered an exclamation, and, stepping to the bedside, took the hand from the assistant, saying: "This gentleman was a patient of mine." As he joined in the efforts to revive him, he told to the others the story of the sickness and death of the wife of his friend. After continued efforts there were signs of returning consciousness. A more full and critical examination was made, but no external sign of any injury could be found. Somewhat puzzled the physicians made various suggestions, and one said:

"Do you suppose that it was only the lightning?"

A movement of the patient caused him to stop speaking. The man had turned his head at the word "lightning," and, opening his eyes, was looking into the face of his former friend, the physician, who bent forward to speak to him, but before he could speak, a smile of recognition came over the face of the patient, and partly raising his head, he said, eagerly: "It was," and suddenly his eyes closed, his lip quivered, and he sank back on the pillow—dead. After a moment of silent surprise the physician answered his own question, saying to the others: "Undoubtedly, gentlemen, it was the lightning." Was it?—*Boston Traveler.*

IN A PERSIAN STREET.

The Odd Things to Be Seen in the Thoroughfares of Teheran.

In such a climate as that of Teheran life is naturally passed chiefly in the open air. The chill of winter, rarely severe, seems to make little difference in the habits of the people. The shops are all open to the streets; the customers stand outside, and even the shopkeeper attends to most of his business from the exterior of the shop. If he is a baker, grocer or costermonger, in all probability he and the customer both stand in the street, retreating into the shop only when a string of camels or a dashing cortege forces them to move out of the way. A carpenter may frequently be seen arranging a piece of joinery on the pavement in front of his shop. The schools often in no-wise differ from the shops; in the midst of a crowded thoroughfare one may see twenty or thirty lads seated on their heels repeating the lesson together in monotonous tone.

Another common sight in the streets of Teheran is the itinerant barber. The Koran enjoins the masculine Mohammedan to shave his crown. The Sunnees shave the entire head excepting a long lock in the center whereby, it is said, the archangel may pluck them out of the grave. But the Sheahs or Persian Mussulmans shave from the forehead to the nape of the neck, leaving a highly prized lock on each side. It is, therefore, common to see a man of the lower classes seated on the pavement, going through the operation of having his head shaved. The remaining hair and the beard are dyed, and it is rare that one sees gray hairs in Teheran. The first tint applied is henna, an orange-yellow vegetable dye. Many consider this so handsome as to prefer it without the further application of indigo which most select. The last tint, combined with the henna, imparts a durable and rather agreeable dark-brown color to the hair. The women also have their hair dyed and join the eyebrows with the pencil. All classes make use of the bath at least once a week, the wealthy having steam-baths attached to their dwellings. No Christian is ever permitted admittance to the baths of the Persians. The public baths answer the purpose of clubs and sewing circles; the women go in the morning, take their sewing with them, and, after being thoroughly steamed and scrubbed, devote several hours to smoking the *kalian*, embroidering, and discussing the scandal of the neighborhood, which they assiduously circulate on their return home.

Another street sight of Teheran is the tea-house, equivalent to the coffee-house of Constantinople or the beer-garden of Munich. These establishments are generally thronged towards the close of the day.

Both wine-drinking and card-playing are forbidden to true believers; and, therefore, neither is seen in these places of public resort. But both are freely indulged in at home. The card-players of Persia use a set of twenty cards in five suits of four each.

It is an interesting fact that America must relinquish the claim of having invented the gambler's favorite game of poker, for it was known in Persia centuries ago. The game played by the Persians is in principle poker or brag pure and simple, and betting often runs high with them.

Another characteristic sight in the streets of Teheran is the bread. Persian bread is made in sheets the thickness of sole leather; the best quality is somewhat thinner. It is formed in the shape and size of a side of leather. The baker with bare arms dexterously raises a sheet of this dough from the counter where it is rolled out, tosses and rolls it over his left arm until reduced to the proper tenuity. With a rapid fling of both arms he then spreads it over the hot floor of the oven. In a few moments it is baked and spread out to cool. If there is a convenient ledge in the street near the shop one may see it covered with layers of bread. This bread is cheap, one cent a sheet, and what is more it is sweet and nourishing, and, with curds, cheese and fruit, forms a staple article of diet with a large part of the population. Consequently, one constantly meets with people carrying sheets of bread home with them, the women holding them in front like leather aprons.—*S. G. W. Benjamin, in Century.*

—Two pretty incidents of child nature are reported in connection with the recent great fire in New Hartford. A little girl who was taken out of a burning house, only partly dressed, sat with one bare foot, contentedly hugging two cats, and exclaiming: "My little kitties aren't burned." Another about the same age, whose home was in danger by the further spread of the flames, said sweetly: "I said my prayers to God six times and asked him not to let our house burn."—*Hartford Times.*

A SAD LOVE STORY.

The Widow Who Played It Rather Low Down on Her Beau.

Oxcoose me if I shed some tears,
Und wipe my nose away;
Und if a lump vas in my troat,
It comes up dere to shtay.

My sadness I shall now unfoldt,
Und if dot tale of woe
Don'd do some Dutchmans any good,
Den I don't pellef I know.

You see, I fall myself in love,
Und effery night I goes
Across to Brooklyn by dot bridge,
All dressed in Sunday clothes.

A vidder womans vos der brize,
Her husband he vos dead;
Und all alone in this colt vorldt
Dot vidder vos, she saidt.

Her heart for love was on der pine,
Und dot I like to see;
Und all der time I hoped dot heart
Vos on der pine for me.

I keeps a butcher-shop, you know,
Und in a shtocking stout,
I put avay my gold und bills,
Und no one gets him oudt.

If in der night some bank cashier
Goes skipping off mit cash,
I shleep so sound as never vas,
Vhile rich folks go to smash.

I court dot vidder sixteen months,
Dot vidder she courts me,
Und vhen I says: "Vill you be mine?"
She says: "You bet I'll be!"

Ve vos engaged—oh! blessed fact!
I squeeze dot dimpled hand;
Her head upon my shoulder lays,
Shust like a bag of sand.

"Before der wedding day vos set,"
She whispers in my ear,
"I like to say I haf to use
Some cash, my Jacob, dear.

"I owns dis house and two big farms,
Und ponds and railroad shtock;
Und up in Yonkers I bossess
A grand, big beesness block.

"Der times vos dull, my butcher boy,
Der market vos no good,
Und if I sell"—I squeezed her hant
To show I understood.

Next day—oxcoose my briny tears—
Dot shtocking took a shrink;
I counted out twelve hundred in
Der cleanest kind o' chink.

Und later, by two days or more,
Dot vidder shlopes avay;
Und leaves a note behindt for me,
In which dot vidder say:

"DEAR SHAKE:
"Der rose vos redt,
Der violet blue—
You see I've left,
Und you're left, too!"
—*N. Y. Sun.*

WHO KNOWS?

A Common Occurrence Described in Terse Paragraphs.

He sat in the parlor.
She was similarly indulging.
They had been doing this similarly for four mortal hours.
It was eleven thirty p. m.
He was happy.
She was tired.
He asked if he might sing.
She said the patrol wagon didn't come out after eleven o'clock.
Then he tuned up his voice and started.
"Ever of Thee I'm Fondly Dreaming," he warbled.
"Why don't you wake up and go home?" she queried, querulously.
He waked up.
He went home.
He never came back.
But another young man took his place.
They burn the paternal coal and gas seven nights per week.
Possibly it is better thus.
Who knows?—*Merchant Traveler.*

He Had the Last Word.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Mrs. F., after vainly endeavoring to pour hot water out of the empty tea-kettle, "how did I forget it, I wonder. I'm getting a perfect simpleton I wish I did have a little common sense."

"But, my dear," interrupted Fogg, "suppose you had. Do you think you'd know what to do with it?"

"Do wish it?" echoed Mrs. F., "many things. I might want to be married again, you know, and it might save me from making a fool of myself a second time."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Dumb Waiter.

A lady in the South End last week who happened to be in the kitchen about supper-time handed a dish to the new domestic with the remark: "That goes to the dumb-waiter." The girl was gone some time, but finally returned panting for breath and with the dish still in her hand.

"Sure," she said, "I have been all over the house, mum, from cellar to attic, and the dickens of a dumb waiter could I find, or one that could talk nither. Bedad I think he's gone out."—*Boston Budget.*

Right in the Family.

Judge Peterby said to his colored servant:

"You will have to quit. You attend to your work very well, but I am always missing things about the house, and every time it is you that takes them."

"Boss, don't send me off on dat account. Hit mus' be a comfurt ter yer, when yer missing anything to know right whar it am."—*Texas Siftings.*

A HOME THRUST.

Old Bore (late stayer)—You sit up pretty late here, don't you?

Young Lady—Oh, when we are obliged to! —*Judge.*

Mistaken Identity.

There is a statue of Henry Clay in the Capitol Square at Richmond, Va. Two colored girls were promenading the Square one afternoon, when one was overheard to say to the other: "Dat's Clay." "Who you trying to fool? Dat's marbul; an' you knows it!" replied her indignant friend.

That's the way the world goes; mistakes and misrepresentations will continue, not only in the humble, but in the higher walks of life.—*The Whip.*

Gradual Exhaustion.

Boggs (at the boarding-house table)—Another cup of tea, if you please, Mrs. Famine.

Mrs. F. (severely)—Mr. Boggs, the tea is exhausted.

Boggs—I should think it would be. It has been growing gradually weaker ever since I made its acquaintance.—*The Rambler.*

Prompt Attention.

"Why didn't you come when I rang?" said a Texas lady to her domestic.

"Because I didn't heah de bell."

"Hereafter when you don't hear the bell you must come and tell me so."

"Yes, mum."—*Texas Siftings.*

THE OVERBALANCED BRAIN.

Three Significant Eras in the Life of Its Possessor.

[Life.]

I.

YOUTH.

The Peasant and the Serpent.

One day upon his Return from Market a Peasant found a Dangerous Serpent playing with his children. Without stopping to make Inquiries he seized a club and dealt the Reptile a Mortal blow.

"Wasn't your Action an Arbitrary Abuse of Power?" queried the Toad. "I don't think you can Prove that the Serpent had struck one of your Children."

"As to that," replied the Peasant, "the time to kill Poisonous Reptiles is before you are Bitten."

Moral: A Wolf doesn't make his Appearance among Lambs with the Intention of leading them to Sunday-school.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Enfant Terrible.

"Were you born before Adam?" asked a little girl of old D'Argent, who was waiting in the parlor while his young fiancee was getting ready for the opera.

"Why, no, my dear, what makes you ask that?" responded D'Argent, benignantly.

"Well, I heard sister Fanny telling Charlie Manners that she hated to have to marry for money alone, and Charlie said: 'Yes; it's hard to be tied to a fossil older than creation.'"—*The Judge.*

New England Twigs.

A Malden school-mistress thinks that some of her pupils' compositions are funnier than anything of Mark Twain's. From an essay on "Fashion" written by a boy of twelve, she cites the following:

"Sensible people wear sensible fashions, and insensible people insensible fashions."

Another hopeful of hers, writing on the subject "A Rainy Afternoon", evolved from an inner consciousness deeper than

II.

MANHOOD.

that of Josh Billings, the following sentence:

"It rained hard, and I could not go owdoors, and so I went out in the shed and sod some wood."

In a little straw frame on the mantle is a sentence from the pen of her youngest and brightest, given in answer to the request: "Write, in twenty words, a definition of 'Man'." It reads thus:

"Man is an animal that stands up; he is not very big, and he has to work for a living."—*Boston Record.*

The Religious School of Art.

"Yes," said Mrs. Bennington, "my son, George, is getting to be quite an artist."

"Does he affect any particular school of art?" asked the visitor.

"He paints religious pictures mostly, I think. Isn't it a Madonna that George is painting now, Mr. B.?" asked the old lady, turning to her husband.

"Yes," said the old man, "it's a Madonna—a prima donna."—*Life.*

A Truly Modest Doctor.

An unfortunate woman was run over by a street car. A crowd gathered around the victim. After some delay a celebrated doctor who enjoys a National reputation appeared on the scene. It was too late. The poor woman was dead, even before the doctor arrived.

"O, doctor, if you had only come a little sooner," said a voice in the crowd.

"Even if I had come sooner, what more could I have done for her?" replied the doctor, modestly getting at the physical features of the corpse.—*Chicago Telegram.*

An Inventive Office-Seeker.

"A man can't stay long in Washington unless he's something of an inventor," said a wire-puller with blistered feet, who

III.

OLD AGE.

went there last summer in quest of an office.

"I don't see how you make that out, for you were there quite a spell, and I don't believe you ever invented anything," said somebody.

"Well, that's all you know about it."

"It is, eh?"

"Yes, it is."

"Well, I'd just like to have you tell me what you ever invented."

"Well, sir, I hadn't been there a month before I invented a plan for fastening a paper collar to an undershirt."—*Chicago Ledger.*

He Was Surprised.

Smith—I never was more surprised in my life than I was last night.

Jones—Indeed. What was the cause?

Smith—As I was passing along the street two ladies came to the door of a house, one evidently the hostess, as she had only a shawl wrapped around her head, the other a visitor. As they reached the bottom of the step, the visitor said: "Well, I've had a very pleasant time; good night, Mary," and the other said: "Good night, Mehitable," and they both parted.

Jones—What, without another word?

Smith—Without another word.

Jones—H'm! I guess they were men in women's clothes.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Good Guesser.

Magistrate—Have you ever been arrested before, Rastus?

Rastus—Ye'es yo' honah.

Magistrate—How many times?

Rastus—I don' zactly disremember, yo' honah.

Magistrate—Once?

Rastus—Ye 'es, Ise ben 'rested mo 'n wunce.

Magistrate—Five hundred times?

Rastus (indignantly)—No, sah.

Magistrate—A hundred times?

Rastus—Er—yuse gittin' hot, Jedge, yuse gettin' hot.—*Life.*

Where Noah Kept the Bees.

Little Bess—Tommy, do you think Noah took bees into the ark?

Master Tommy—Why, of course he did.

"But wouldn't they have stung Noah and the animals? Where did he keep 'em?"

"I don't know. In the arc-hives, I guess."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Clover for Orchards.

J. A. Fetters gave an account of his orchard management to a meeting of the Ohio Horticultural Society. The orchard has been twenty years in bearing, and the trees are as thrifty as ten years ago. It is kept mostly in clover, occasionally breaking it up and sowing again to clover. The hogs are kept in the orchard all the time, but when the fruit is ripening, they are driven to closed quarters every night, and in the morning before turning them out again the apples are gathered which have fallen. From sixty trees, six hundred bushels were gathered. It is well to bear in mind that clover would be detrimental to the success of the orchard, if manufactured into hay and drawn from the ground yearly; while with a sufficient number of swine to keep it eaten down, the clover and swine together would keep the orchard in fine condition. On land not naturally rich, an additional top-dressing with manure would be important.—*Country Gentleman.*

A New Sort of Jewel.

The fashionable gem of the day in Paris is the *oudja*. The *oudja* is simply a charm, the virtue of which lies in the fact that it is as old as the pyramids. The *oudja* is made of a delicate parallelogram of gold or silver, in which is seen an eye, elongated in form, from which falls a tear and divides into smaller drops. It serves as an ornament for charms, brooches, pins and especially bracelets.

A strange and inexplicable symbol, the *oudja* was nevertheless at once adopted by people of taste and elegance. In London it is creating a furor.—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

—The waters of Lake Tulare, in California, which had been receding for a long time, have risen rapidly since the autumn rains, and many squatters' cabins that were built on dry land are now a mile from shore. It is thought probable that the lake will assume its old, or even larger, proportions.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—Two card-playing friends were passing through a pine forest in Maine, when one asked the other this audacious conundrum: "Why can not the proprietor of the forest fell his own timber?" "Because no one is allowed to cut when it is his own deal."—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

MANY hospitals and curative institutions use only Red Star Cough Cure, for throat and lung troubles. It cures. Price, twenty-five cents. St Jacobs Oil cures rheumatism.

A PECULIARITY of stage banquet is the great variety of supes.

BECAUSE the baby is a little yeller it's no sign he is a Chinaman.—*Palmer Journal.*

CONSUMPTION.

Important to the Public as well as the Medical Profession.

Hall's Journal of Health, referring to Consumption, makes the following important statement:

"Consumption usually begins with a slight, dry cough in the morning, then on going to bed, getting more and more frequent, with more and more phlegm, increasing debility, thinness of flesh, shortness of breath, and quickness of pulse," and it may be added that in desperate cases, and, in fact, in all cases of Consumption, sore or troubles of the throat and lungs, immediate relief may be obtained and a permanent cure effected by the use of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, a medicine known for more than thirty-five years as an unfailing remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis and all pulmonary and pectoral diseases. That the worst cases of Consumption have been cured by the use of Hall's Balsam has been attested to by the thousands who have used it, or have been cognizant of its wonderful remedial efficacy. For sale by all druggists.

FOLKS who are always for-giving—Charitable persons.

Young Men, Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for 30 days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

DOES any one know the value of flowers who hasn't botany? (bought any).

FOR throat and lung troubles, the most reliable remedy is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

THOSE who are always for-getting—Money-grabbers.

IF a cough disturbs your sleep, take Piso's Cure for Consumption and rest well.

PLAYS a leading part in life—The blind man's dog.—*Boston Courier.*

PHYSICIANS indorse Hall's Hair Renewer. Its use is always attended with good results.

WHEN a passenger boards a steamboat, what is the bill of fare?—*N. Y. Ledger.*

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute. 25c
Glenn's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies. 25c.
GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, January 18, 1886.

CATTLE—Native Steers	$4 25 @	6 60
COTTON—Middling	9¼@	10¾
FLOUR—Good to Choice	3 75 @	5 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	90¼@	91¾
CORN—No. 2	50 @	50½
OATS—Western Mixed	.... @	38¾
PORK—New Mess	10 25 @	10 50
ST. LOUIS.		
COTTON—Middling	.... @	8¾
BEEVES—Good to Prime	4 50 @	5 25
" Fair to Medium	4 00 @	4 40
HOGS—Common to Select	3 40 @	4 00
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	2 75 @	4 50
FLOUR—XXX to Choice	3 10 @	3 75
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	88¾@	90¾
" No. 3 " "	87 @	88
CORN—No. 3 Mixed	.... @	33
OATS—No. 2	28¾@	29¾
RYE—No. 2	.... @	50
TOBACCO—Lugs	3 50 @	6 50
" Leaf—Medium	7 00 @	7 50
HAY—Choice Timothy	12 50 @	13 50
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	20 @	24
EGGS—Fresh	17 @	17½
PORK—New Mess	10 35 @	10 50
BACON—Clear Rib	5¾@	5¾
LARD—Prime Steam	5¾@	6
CHICAGO.		
CATTLE—Shipping	3 50 @	5 50
HOGS—Good to Choice	3 90 @	4 15
SHEEP—Good to Choice	2 10 @	4 00
FLOUR—Winter	4 40 @	4 85
" Patents	4 75 @	5 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	.... @	78¾
" No. 2 Red	.... @	....
CORN—No. 2	36 @	36¾
OATS—No. 2	28 @	28¾
PORK—New Mess	10 50 @	10 55
KANSAS CITY.		
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	4 25 @	5 10
HOGS—Sales at	3 35 @	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2	65¾@	66¾
CORN—No. 2	27¾@	28
OATS—No. 2	.... @	27
NEW ORLEANS.		
FLOUR—High Grades	4 30 @	5 40
CORN—White	43 @	44
OATS—Choice Western	39 @	40
HAY—Choice	18 00 @	19 00
PORK—New Mess	11 00 @	11 12½
BACON—Clear Rib	.... @	6
COTTON—Middling	.... @	8¾
LOUISVILLE.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	.... @	93
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	37 @	37¼
OATS—No. 2 Mixed	31½@	32
PORK—Mess	.... @	10 75
BACON—Clear Rib	5¾@	6
COTTON—Middling	.... @	8¾

GUATEMALAN WOMEN.

The Picturesque Costumes Worn by the Peasant Girls of Spanish America.

The prettiest and most picturesque of the native costumes to be found in Spanish America, is worn by the women of Guatemala, who are of a dark complexion; nearly that of a mulatto type, but are famous for their beauty of form. A Guatemala girl in her native dress makes as pretty a picture as one can find anywhere. Her face is bright and pretty, her figure as perfect as nature unaided by art can be, and her movements show a supple grace and elasticity that can not be imitated by those of her sex who are encumbered by modern articles of feminine apparel. Her head is usually bare, indoors and out, and her thick black tresses hang in braids, often reaching to her heels. Her garments are only two, a "guipil" and a "enbana." The first is a square piece of cotton of coarse texture, covered with embroidery of brilliant colors and simple but artistic designs. In the center of the "guipil" is an aperture like that in the ordinary poncho, through which her head goes, and it is usually wide enough to constitute when worn a low-neck waist. The ends are tucked in her skirt at the belt. Her bare arms come through the open folds of her "guipil," and when she raises them her side is exposed. Her skirt is a straight piece of plaid cotton of brilliant colors, like the Scotch plaids, and is wound tightly around her limbs. It is secured at the waist by a sash, usually of scarlet, woven by her own hands of the fibers of the pita grass, and executed in the most skillful manner. These belts in their texture resemble the Persian camel's-hair shawl, and often cost months of labor. Very often the name of the owner and sometimes mottoes are woven into the texture, and they are brought away from the country as curiosities by travelers. This costume is worn only by the peasants. Every article the Gautemala girl wears she makes with her own hands, and the natives of that country are the most ingenious and intelligent to be found in Spanish-America. The upper classes dress just as they would in New York, and the fashions are followed quite as closely.—*Journal of Fabrics.*

SAVED BY BIRDS.

A Mate Tells How the Vessel He Sailed in Escaped Destruction.

While a British brig was gliding smoothly along before a good breeze in the South Pacific, some months ago, a flock of small birds about the size, shape and color of parokeets settled down in the rigging and passed an hour or more resting. The second mate was so anxious to find out the species to which the visiting strangers belonged that he tried to entrap a specimen, but the birds were too shy to be thus caught, and too spry to be seized by the quick hands of the sailors. At the end of about an hour the birds took the brig's course, and disappeared, but toward nightfall they came back and passed the night in the maintop. The next morning the birds flew off again, and when they returned at noon, the sailors scattered some food about the decks. By this time she birds had become so tame that they hopped about the decks picking up the crumbs. That afternoon an astonishing thing happened. The flock came flying swiftly toward the brig. Every bird seemed to be piping as if pursued by some little invisible enemy on wings, and they at once huddled down behind a deck-house. The superstitious sailors at once called the Captain of the brig, who rubbed his eyes and looked at the barometer. A glance showed him that something was wrong with the elements, and the brig was put in shape to outride a storm. The storm came about twenty minutes after the birds had reached the vessel. For a few moments the sky was like the waterless bottom of a lake—a vast arch of yellowish mud—and torrents of rain fell. Why it did not blow very hard, no one knows; but on reaching port, two days later, the Captain learned that a great tornado had swept across that part of the sea. The bir