THE CLIMAX.

VOLUME III. RICHMOND, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, JULY 24, 1889. NUMBER 6.

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Notice is hereby given that T. J Curtis, S. P. Ross, J. Stone Walker, W. L. Crutcher and J. P. Simmons have incorporated the Silver Creek and Barnes Mill Turnpike Road Company, to construct a turnpike in Madison county, running from the Barnes Mill turnpike to the Lancaster turnpike, at or near Silver Creek. The capital stock of the Company is two thousand dollars per mile, but may be increased by vote of stockholders, and is in shares of $50 each, paid for in money. The Corporation shall run 25 years from April 19th, 1889. The affairs of the Company shall be managed by a board of five directors who shall elect a President, Secretary and Treasurer, and shall be elected annually on the first Saturday in April. The indebtedness of the Company at no time shall exceed $500 per mile, and private property shall be exempt from debts of the Company.

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[For THE CLIMAX.]

LUNA, LOVE AND LOCUSTS.

Experience is a teacher true,
Though harsh to some, to others kind;
And its stone instructs the mind,
As no instructor else can do.

Some imagine what effects would be,
But know them not in reality.

For who could judge that has not tried
That fleeting, fascinating power,
Which thrills the two beneath a bower,
When conscious that they are not eyed

By any save the friendly moon
Who will in no wise tell it soon.

In truth 'tis not 'neath every bower,
But only in the month of May;
When locust blooms adorn the day;
When swiftly flies the fleeting hour;

When moonlight,ladened with perfumes,
Is sifted through sweet locust blooms.

Could any thing more bliss bestow,
On youth susceptible to charms,
Than clasp his love within his arms
Beneath this bower of May? O, no!

For moonlight, ladened with perfumes,
Is stealing through sweet locust blooms.

Though memory treasure every thing
Of thought, emotion, pleasure, joy;
Of fairy form and glances coy,
It cold not tell, nor poet sing

The sweets of moonlight and perfumes
That softly steal through locust blooms.

Doubt you, my friend, as many do,
That perfect happiness and love
Forever reign in heaven above?
Try this and you will say, "'tis true,

If moonlight, ladened with perfumes,
Forever steals through locusts blooms."

—BURTON.

IN LITERARY FIELDS.

Mrs. M. De G. Forman Writes About Celebrities Whom You Know.

BOSTON, MASS., July 1.

I had long wished to visit the town of Concord, Mass., endeared to Americans by its literary and historical associations. At last the opportunity arrived. The day was a smile of June, beauty on the morning hills, meadows powdered with daisies and buttercups, the scent of clover in the air, note of bird and a ringing and sweet breeze refreshing and delicious. A charming lady from Philadelphia joined me, and at nine o'clock we left Boston, reaching Concord at ten. At first view it seemed a wood of dark glossy foliage, but on nearer approach, the straggling houses peeped through the tree-tops, and the blue curling smoke announced the quaint, quiet town. Concord might sit for its portrait as a New England town. It rests at the foot of wooded heights, and has long avenues of noble elms that give dignity and beauty. Beautiful lakes or ponds as they modestly call themselves, one of which, Walden, is as well-known in our literature as Windermere in that of Old England—lie in their rocky basins. And through the green meadows flows, or rather lounges, the gentle Musketaquid, like an English river, licking its grassy margin with a kind of bovine placidity and contentment. Upon its bosom the water lily spreads its broad leaf and rears its beautiful crown. In every grassy nook of this lovely town the daisy lifts its snowy head, and the buttercup its shining petals.

The spot thus enhanced by nature's charms can show a record worthy of its physical attractions. Every house, hill-top, dell, crag and pine-arcade, is touched with genius. The library contains busts of Concord's illustrious authors, Emerson, Hawthorne and H. D. Thoreau, and the glass cases show manuscripts of works now known wherever English is spoken.

As we approached Sleepy Hollow, at the sight of "the hill-tops reared with pines," a solemn awe stole over us. It seemed a hill fresh from the hand of God, girt with noble oaks, and crowned with lofty pines. Around its base stretches a sunny meadow—where is many a tufted mound. We climbed to the hill-top, where lie the great dead. At the head of a grassy mound stands an immense quartz boulder, from the White Mountains, in which are imprisoned the sunsets of the ages. No chisel of man has marred its rugged beauty, but rough and grand as it came from the hand of nature. It bears no name, but everybody knows that Emerson lies there. We sat and watched the witchery of the sunlight upon the stone, repeated poems of Emerson and talked of his beautiful life. A few steps beyond is the Alcott lot, marked by five small white headstones. Here lie Mr. and Mrs. Alcott, the Mr. and Mrs. March of "Little Women;" Elizabeth Alcott, the Beth of "Little Women;" one other sister and Miss Louisa M. Alcott. These simple stones are just what one would expect from such a family, delicate, refined, learned, devoted to the happiness and elevation of man. What a contrast between the simplicity here and the pompous piles of marble in the meadow below bearing names unknown. The Hawthorne grave is across the path, marked by a like small stone, over which creeps the periwinkle. Hear we talked of the weariness, wretchedness, unutterable yearnings, weird dreams, that ever haunted the life of this erratic genius. But

"There in seclusion and remote from men,
The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at the topmost spring-tide fall the pen
And left the tale half told."

"Nature's darling" lies near. But I do not like his tombstone. Henry D. Thoreau is engraven upon a polished column of granite with the name of his family. It seems that this rugged child of nature, ever "haunting the hills, the stream, the wild swallow and aster, lake and pine," should have a stone peculiar to him; rugged and fresh from nature's quarry. Everywhere beautiful vistas greet your eye; long arcades of pine, through which the yellow sunbeams quiver, through brawny arms of giant oaks, glimpses of the quiet town, and through the dense woodland on the other side of the hill, gleams of light on the river. What a beautiful garden nature has made for her favored children. I never saw anything in Europe to compare with it.

"No abbey's gloom, nor dark cathedral
stoops,
No winding torches paint the midnight
aisles."

But here nature has her own sweet will. The spirit of the place seizes you at once, and you would linger and linger. We next directed our steps to the Old Manse. An avenue of elms, oaks and hickories gnarled with age, guard the approach.

Above the tree tops peeps the old-fashioned, gambrel-roofed house, gray with years. On the right lies a rich grazing pasture, and on the left a luxuriant garden of beans, peas, corn and strawberries. A fence of big rough stone surrounds the place, and the large gate which stands open is between two immense granite columns. We approached the house, but a voice from upstairs informed us that no visitors were admitted. We departed, and lingered among the trees, wearing doubtless a disappointed air. Presently the same voice invited us to go round to the back of the house, where they could see the study of Emerson and Hawthorne. We gladly accepted the invitation. In the orchard at the back of the house are the giant old apple trees, made famous by Emerson and Hawthorne. We crept close up under the window of the room in which Emerson wrote "Nature," and Hawthorne wrote "Mosses from an Old Manse." The room is in the second story and has queer little windows. While we were talking softly a tall woman of robust build, with strong intelligent features, dressed in a black skirt, white dressing sack, black lace fichu over the head, came to the door. She said it was not her custom to admit strangers, because they were sometimes very impudent, plucking her roses and other flowers, despite her remonstrances. She told us a great deal about the Emerson family.

William Emerson, the grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson, being killed in the war of the Revolution, his widow married the Rev. Dr. Ripley, who bought the "Old Manse" from the Emersons, and it is still in the Ripley family. Miss Ripley, the lady so kind to us, is a cousin to the great Emerson. She told us in what holy terror she and her cousin Waldo stood of their Aunt Mary Woody Emerson, who always boasted that she was in arms at the battle of Concord, as her father took her, then only two years old, in his arms to a place of safety. She was a woman of masculine intellect, and fed her mind on such works as Milton's, Plato's, Aristotle's. Miss Ripley invited us into the house, showed us the parlor of Hawthorne and that of Emerson; the dining room used by both, in which are the quaint, tall, straight back chairs of Revolutionary times. The little rooms are square, with low ceilings and white walls. The hall is a narrow passage-way, and the staircase so narrow that with difficulty one person can pass another. Miss Ripley gave us permission to pass through the orchard and meadow at the rear of the house to the spot of the famous battle. We sauntered through sweet clover and tangled grass to the banks of the Musketaquid that drags its waters through the meadow. We clambered to the top of the great rock overshadowed by elms, and watched the pretty boats floating on the surface of the water, listened to the ripple of the dying wavelets, and inhaled the breath of the lillies. Almost a Parnassus for inspiration—the Old Manse, the famous Concord bridge, the Minute Man, the shaft of granite to the men of '75—all in view. A few steps to the battle ground. A wide stone fence separates the domain of the Old Manse from the Lexington avenue, through which the British marched April 19, 1775. In the center of the avenue, near the bridge, is a grassy plot from which arises the shaft of gray granite to mark the battle-ground. By the stone wall lie the two British soldiers that fell that day. The story runs that one of these, left wounded, was killed with an ax by the wood chopper from the Old Manse, who rushed from the wood pile to the scene of the conflict when the first gun was heard. Beyond the bridge is the Minute Man, a beautiful bronze monument representing the farmer with his back to the plow, grasping it with one hand, and his gun in the other.

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

The spirit of that day seems to hover there. One can almost hear the tramp of the British, and the hurry of the American farmers.

The next place to which we went was the home of Emerson. It is a very pretty white cottage of two stories with green shutters, partially hidden by the foliage of two large horse-chestnuts that stand near the gate. A white marble pavement leads up to the house. We approached the door, and a venerable lady, with snowy locks clustering around her brow, dressed in a heavy black silk with spotless linen at neck and wrists, came to meet us. She was so frail and tottering from age that she could hardly stand. In her we recognized Mrs. Emerson. She told us that it would afford her pleasure to admit us, but she had abandoned the custom. She seemed inclined to talk, but we feared to impose on her kindness and departed. Beyond the gate, across the road, is a cluster of handsome elms and oaks. The "Wayside," the home of the Alcotts, is a sweet old house, with a little porch over which climbs a luxuriant vine. It rests close to the foot of a wooded height that towers above it. On the right of the entrance is a majestic elm, stretching its long arms in a protecting manner over the house. Everywhere in the yard are daisies, buttercups, clover, and over old tumble-down summer houses climb roses and honeysuckles.

To the right of the house, adjoining its domain, begins that dense wood of Norway spruce which extends to the Hawthorne home. On the left of the Alcott house, in the same inclosure, situated twenty yards farther back on the side of the hill, is the house in which the famous school of philosophy met. The "Wayside" is the scene of "Little Women," and the house so suits the story that one looks over the way for Laurie, but there is only a stretch of meadow and a weird line of blue hills. Here Mr. Alcott had his theories and visions and Louisa M. Alcott wrote her stories that charm and delight children. The house has unfortunately passed from the Alcott family. Prof. Harris, the distinguished educator, owns it. We gladly availed ourselves of the permission to go into the house used by the School of Philosophy. It is a queer, rough, wood building, with a sharply pointed roof covering its ugliness with a robe of glossy ivy. It seems to be climbing up the hill-side, and is reached by a long flight of shakey steps that threaten your neck. Out of breath, having reached the perron, we turned to admire the scene below. On the right, the decaying home of the Alcotts; in front, the pure white lilies, roses, daisies and buttercups; far off in the distance, a broad meadow of luscious clover, girt by an amphitheater of wooded heights; on the right, a dense woodland of elms and oaks. Within, the frail tenement had the appearance of a house abandoned to rats; chairs thrown about in confusion, models in clay half finished, papers lying here and there, two or three desks on the little platform, placed without regard to the speaker, and everything covered with the dust of a year.

The home of Hawthorne is next door to the Alcotts. It is more pretentious than any of the others, being a very large light brown cottage with dark brown trimmings. It is very near the gate, and is overshadowed by the hill, covered with dense Norway spruce. Here Hawthorne wrote some of his books, and from here he set out, with Franklin Pierce to find rest for the weary, yearning soul. But when "the lovely town was white with apple-blossoms," they bore him through its streets to Sleepy Hollow. I could not but contrast the restlessness and wretchedness of this home with the sweet content and happiness of the Alcotts' quiet Wayside. The house has passed into strange hands.

A trip to Concord is not complete without a trip to Walden pond. It is not far beyond the village church that this blue-eyed Walden smiles tenderly upon its neighboring pines. Through sunny fields and meadows of clover we drove into a dense wood, and soon we saw through the trees the light gleaming on its blue bosom. This lake has added to its charms, for one who loved these haunts built a hermitage here. In an open space is a pile of stones that travelers have brought there to mark the spot where the rude hut stood. There Henry D. Thoreau lived two years and two months, communing with nature and writing for the world the secrets of her chamber. There is a footpath from the stones to the margin of the lake, worn by his feet.

"We sighing said, our Pan is dead;
His pipe hangs mute beside the river;
Around it wistful sunbeams quiver,
But music's airy voice has fled."

Such a haunt was responsive to the spirit of such a man. A more beautiful lake I never saw, except in Switzerland. It seems a bit of blue sky dropped into a chasm, margined by pine-clad hills robed in blue mist. We lingered as long as we could, and with regrets bade adieu to the sylvan retreat of Thoreau.

PLEASE DON'T SNIVEL.

If You Have Been Unfortunate "Let the Past Bury Its Dead."

Suppose you have been unfortunate. Suppose the world *has* used you shabbily and been blind to your desert. What then? Don't indulge in self-commiseration. Don't *snivel*. Irrigating the wilderness of the past with tears won't make it blossom. Time, like a stout steed, is bearing you swiftly along the road of life. Don't turn the wrong way in the saddle and gaze with tristful visage over the crupper. Make the best of the remainder of your journey, be it long or short. There may, for aught you know, be prosperity and happiness ahead worth all your "might have beens."

Men who make a royal start in life sometimes die in such squalid obscurity that it would be impossible to find their graves. Many a King has become a miserable fugitive, and mendicants, if history speaks sooth, have become Kings. It is not worth while to cite examples of good beginnings that have led to bad endings, or of unpromising beginnings that have been the precursors of brilliant success. They are as plenty as blackberries. The world's annals are full of them, and you may find them in the newspapers every day. Let the past teach and toughen you. Let your might have beens strengthen you for your may bes. This is all they are good for. When you *do* glance along the rearward track, let it be to regard with a keen eye the places where you stumbled, and to congratulate yourself on the experience which will enable you to avoid such slips in the future. If circumstances, without any fault of your own, have been against you, is that any reason why you should whimper?

Let the dead Past bury its dead.

The present and the future are worth all the days gone by; and remember that the only way to secure either an agreeable past or a happy future is to use the present wisely and well. Therefore, however you may have been kicked and cuffed by Fate so far, take Captain Cuttle's advice: "Cheer up and stand by." Master minds, from their unsuccessful battles with circumstances, sometimes learn, in the end, how to shape them and compel them to their purposes.—N. Y. Ledger.

"B'ILIN' THE WATER"

A Maine Girl's Comments Upon Seeing a Steam Fire Engine.

It was not many years ago that Katury Barker, a brisk and talkative Maine girl, came up from York County to Boston to look for household employment. She found it in a family where the people were willing to submit to her talkativeness and familiar ways—she had no idea that she was in the family on any other than equal terms—for the sake of getting a capable and industrious helper. One afternoon Katury was sent by her mistress to the square to get some thread which was very much needed.

The errand was not likely to take more than fifteen minutes, and Katury's mistress did not think it necessary to tell the hustling Maine girl to make haste. But after a long time had passed, and the girl did not return, the mistress began to worry.

"What can have happened to the child? I have never known her to loiter."

Soon after, however, the girl came in, red and breathless with excitement.

"Why, Katury, where have you been?" asked her mistress.

"*Been!* My goodness, ma'am, there's a fire down t' the square—the awfulest fire you ever see! More'n five hund'ed folks stan'in round lookin' on, an' the craziest lot o' fools—*my!* Why, what do you think they're a-doin'?"

"What, Katury? Putting out the fire?"

"No, and that's the wust on't. There they be, fellows with big hats on an red shirts, an' their sleeves rolled up stan'in' round a kind of a b'iler, pilin on coal, an' bilin' that there water b'fore they put it out' the fire!"

"Boiling the water! Why, Katury, it must be a steam-engine!"

"Steam-engyne? I guess not! Them *fellers* they jest went to work, kinder cool an' collected, an' got a lot o' coal an' stuffed it in underneath their b'iler, an' there they was, b'ilin' the water an' not goin' a step toward that fire! I jest stepped up t' the policeman that stands there, an' says I: 'May be they call us folks from Down East green, but if that 'ere ain't the greenest thing I ever see, my name ain't Katury Barker!' says I.

"'Green?' says he, kind o' careless. 'What's green?'

"'A-stoppin' to bile that water 'fore they put it out' the fire!' says I. 'No, sir,' says I, 'ye don't ketch the folks down in Maine doin' a stupid thing like that!' An' that policeman he laughed right in my face!"

The joke was so good that the family were soon all in possession of it, and finally an anecdote based upon it crept into one of the newspapers. This printed anecdote was shown to Katury.

"Oh, dear! dear!" she exclaimed. "It'll get copied into the York County papers, an' what'll I do then?"

"O Katury," said her mistress, to reassure her, "you see there is no name given in this story; it just says 'a country cousin.' Nobody could tell it was you."

"Land's sakes, ma'am," said Katury, shaking her head sadly, "the minute they see that down in York County they'd jest *know* 'twas me!"—Youth's Companion.

THROAT DISEASES.

Revelations of Science Concerning Tonsilitis and Phlegmonis.

A reporter started out recently to find out how extensively tonsilitis was distributed in San Francisco and learned that it is quite prevalent, as it is in fact in all coast cities. As a rule it provides a larger revenue for the doctors in the fall than at any other time of year.

Perhaps the most interesting discovery made by the reporter was another argument against the practice of kissing, which, it is learned, is also quite prevalent in this city. If a young lady with a sweet rosebud mouth and a voice upon which phlegmonis has fastened itself be kissed phlegmonis will be the price paid by the one who shares with her the dual bliss. There is contagion in her sweet breath and microbes of wondrous form ride to new fields of conquest on her silvery voice and soft whispers. Hosts of subtle but riotous bacteria sit and wait upon her coral lips quick to board the mustached one that recklessly approaches. It is thus plain that greater precautions should hedge osculation about in this city, and that no kissing should be done until both parties have learned whether or not phlegmonis has clutched the throat of the other.

Phlegmonis is a form of tonsilitis. The ordinary every-day tonsilitis is not contagious. In brief, the ordinary form is a simple inflammation of the tonsils, which are glands in the throat, whose secretions aid somewhat in the process of deglutition. It is a great satisfaction to know that this troublesome little inflammation is caused by an invasion of the glands by hosts of the liptothrax, a bacterium which is normal in the mouth. It is a vegetable microbe which flourishes at all times in the mouth, nourished by the saliva and by particles of food remaining in the mouth. They cause inflammation of the tonsils and the swelling by crowding into the crypts in the glands.

Phlegmonis is an inflammation of the tonsils, but is different from the ordinary tonsolitis in being contagious, in the inflammation extending to the whole mouth, and in the ulceration of the tonsils. When an abcess forms in the tonsils the disease is quinsy. Ordinary tonsilitis seldom lasts more than a week, and may be cured in twenty-four hours. Phlegmonis lasts longer, and is more severe.

The disease does not become chronic, but each attack enlarges the glands and leaves them more susceptible to it. It, of course, greatly affects the voice during its presence and when gone leaves a muffled tone as a legacy to the singer's voice. The only radical cure is the removal of the glands, which is quickly done by the guillotine, a little instrument with a sliding blade which snips off the gland in an instant. There are a great many people on whom the guillotine has done its work and they are generally an improvement on nature. It is said that when the tonsils are removed the voice is improved and one or two tones are added to the upper register from the fact that the pharynx is enlarged. Patti, Lucca, Materna, Kupfer, of the Vienna opera-house, and other noted singers have parted with this portion of their anatomy forever.—San Francisco Chronicle.

—"Hullo!" called the art editor to the foreman; "keep out that criticism of DePalet's painting entitled 'The Donkey Party.' I've praised its brilliant tone and wonderful technique, its quality and great depth of feeling, and called it a masterpiece, under the belief that DePalet was a foreigner. I have just learned that he was born in New Jersey, and has never been out of the country. Of course he's nothing but a dauber of 'pot-boilers.'"

—"Domestic animals in Greenland must have a hard time of it," she said. "Why so?" he asked. "Because," she exclaimed, giving him a stony stare, "the people of that country have no doors to their houses, and when a man gets mad at his wife's cooking, or comes home and finds dinner ten minutes late, and no door to slam, he must necessarily kick the dog or eat clear across the room to relieve his feelings."

—At Walker, Ga., a few days ago, a negro was convicted on very circumstantial evidence. He stuck his hand through a window, and a woman lit a match and looked at it. She examined a negro's hand in court and declared that it was the same that had been thrust into her room.

SUNDAY IN BURMAH.

Worshipers and Spectators Around the Famous Pagoda at Rangoon.

Perhaps one of the most wonderful structures that the Orient can boast is the pagoda at Rangoon. "Shway" is Burmese for gold or gilded, and, if the reader can imagine an elongated bulbous dome drawn out to a height greater than St. Paul's, and covered completely with burnished gold from base to summit, he may get an idea of the Shway Dugon pagoda. But stay, he must not forget the Eastern sun blazing on it in a clear atmosphere, causing the eye to turn away from it, dazzled by its supreme brilliance, for relief among the deep-green foliage at its feet. At the very crown of the spire is fixed a canopy studded with rubies, diamonds, emeralds and sapphires, and this again is crowned by a gilded flag, in which all the choicest gems are set in pure gold. This flag was recently dislodged by an earthquake and was taken down, and for three consecutive Sundays all the pious Burmese flocked to contribute a share toward the expense of remodeling and enriching this ornament. There are two or three layers of a leaden alloy inside, while outside these are covered with a layer of pure gold about a quarter of an inch thick and densely encrusted with gems.

The remelting is a solemn ceremony conducted by the "poongyees" or Burmese elders, a select committee of whom gather and control the public funds. Clad in flowing white garments the "poongyees" gather behind a bamboo barrier inside a kind of square tent, and receive the offerings of the people, which vary from a diamond worth 6,000 rupees to a few pice, according to the wealth of the donor. The high-caste Burmese lady comes forward, and unclasping a costly bangle set with gems, hands it over to the presiding functionary; the magnate strips his rings from his hands, and they, too, go into the melting-pot, where the poorer people contribute small gold rings, bangles, necklaces, pins, etc., down to rupees, annas and pices. In the meantime, in the forepart of the inclosure, which is richly hung with all the native emblems, such as umbrellas, feathers, vases, quaintly-colored carpets, long muslin leaves covered with spangles and gold, and such like, two charcoal fires are being kept alive with blow-pipes, in which are to be seen crucibles full of molten gold. At six o'clock the gold is cast into ingots, and the final melting takes place on the last Sunday of the three.

The crowd of spectators pressing round the bamboo barriers is of a very varied nature. Gayly-decked Burmese girls, with faces plastered over with white paint if of high rank, the hair turned up over the head, and clad in orange and brilliant colors; naked children; Chinamen in huge hats and loose coats, with yellow, oily complexions; Shans in black clothes; Pathans of fine stature and appearance; Parsees from Bombay, of a Semitic cast of countenance; Hindus, Sikhs, Punjaubees, half-castes, and Europeans of all nations are to be found in this motley mass. The surroundings, too, are well worthy of remark. Surrounding the base of the pagoda are numerous shrines and smaller pagodas, fitted with the most wondrous carving; outside these sit musicians, playing on tom-toms, gongs, strange violins and string instruments; you see two or three bands assembled within a few feet of each other, each playing its own tune (if tune it can be called) irrespective of its neighbors; there, too, are the chiromancists or fortune-tellers, astrologists and provision mongers. If you are inclined to be told your character and future, you pay a few annas and find that you are going to be blessed with ten sons and daughters, that you are hospitable and kind-hearted, and, above all things, extravagantly generous—the latter quality is never missing from the catalogue, for the wily Burman hopes in this way to screw out another anna or two, but, perhaps, as a rule, unsuccessfully.

When a Burman goes to pray he can do it most comfortably, as he breakfasts in church and puts in a prayer between each mouthful, and if any thing tickles him he stops to have a hearty laugh.—Chicago Times.

Concerning Buoyant People.

There are certain persons whom to meet is like opening the window of a close apartment on a delicious June day. The first breath is an inspiration. You throw back your locks from your heated forehead and your weary eyes, and ask nothing but to sit down and let this soothing presence minister to you. All your cares and frets one by one creep away, and a new life and vigor seem infused into every nerve and muscle. You are not the same creature that you were ten minutes before. You are ready, after all, to do valiant battle with life, though you had supposed yourself quite surrendered to its petty and harassing necessities. Exuberant spirits and vitality must needs carry with them hopefulness and courage; and they whose nerves have been strained and weakened by trouble welcome the breezy, freshening influence of such buoyant people, as drooping herbage welcomes Heaven's own dew and sunshine. The sympathetic chord being thus struck, the brow clears, the eyes brighten, and life seems not the curse we morbidly thought it, but the blessing which its Giver intended it to be.—N. Y. Ledger.

Your House on Fire.

Not the house of wood, or brick, or stone, in which you live but your bodily tenement may be in terrible danger from smouldering fire which you make no effort to quench. The great danger from impure blood is that it debilitates the system, and the digestive organs grow weak and inactive. Hood's Sarsaparilla combines the best kidney and liver invigorators, with the best alteratives and tonics, all from the vegetable kingdom, carefully and understandingly prepared in a concentrated form. It purifies, vitalizes, and enriches the blood, and tones up the system, giving the whole body vitality, and effectually guarding it against the attacks of disease. 4-8.

A Georgia farmer prevents his cows from jumping a fence by cutting off their lower eyelashes, making them think the fence is three times as high as it really is. If you cut the upper lashes a reverse illusion will result, he says.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—German cavalry officers hereafter will have to include steeplechasing in their studies.

—In Rome there are 50 cardinals, 35 bishops, 1,460 priests, 2,215 nuns and 3,000 monks, friars, candidates, etc.

—At the recent London diocesan conference the Bishop of Bedford advocated card playing in workingmen's clubs, but, rather strangely, disapproved of dominoes.

—The Boers have whipped England five different times, and one of their prophets now predicts a coming war in which a Boer will be raised to the British throne.

—In 1882 Iceland was visited by a remarkable sand-storm, lasting two weeks, which hid the sun and objects a few yards off like a dense fog, and caused the death of thousands of sheep and horses.

—A discussion as to the height of trees in the forests of Victoria elicited from Baron von Mueller, the government botanist, the statement that he saw one of a height of 525 feet. The late chief inspector of forests measured one fallen and found that it was 385 feet long.

—The commander of the French National Military School at St. Cyr lately issued an order forbidding card playing. He defends the order by asserting that playing for money was so common in the school that young men of no fortune had frequently mortgaged their pay for five, six, and even ten years after leaving the college to pay gambling debts.

—A German traveling on the Lake of Como recently, gave a waiter a paper of diamonds telling him that it was a tip, and made similar presents to others. The police asked him some questions, and he replied that he lived upon diamonds and he paid with diamonds, whereupon he proceeded to swallow several of the precious stones. He was locked up in an asylum and his friends sent for. He had nearly fifty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds in his possession at the time.

—The population of Kamchatka, which was carefully registered in 1878 and 1879, shows a regular decrease; since 1741 the population seems to have been reduced to one-half of what it was 148 years ago. Years of scarcity of fish, the staple food of the population, are quite common. In such cases the Lamutes and the Koryaks usually bring to the Kamchadales a number of their reindeer; but this voluntary help is not sufficient to prevent starvation.

—Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, writing of Spain, says: "Bribery is general in Spain. Almost any thing can be done with a fee. Not more than forty per cent of the taxes levied by the government can be collected. Mayors of cities get rich in a year. One at least of the most important cities is destitute of credit. No one will lend it any money. Spaniards so distrust each other that money is not forthcoming for great public works. The English manage the water-works, the street cars and almost every thing else."

—One of the strangest pieces of artillery in Europe is at Metz and is known by the name of the "Griffin," from the figure of the fabulous animal which is to be found among the ornamental portion of its workmanship. The gun was cast in 1529 at Ehrenbreitstein, near Coblentz. It is 17 feet in length and 3 in diameter. The bore is 10½ inches; weight, 22,500 pounds. Its carriage is 24 feet in length, and the weight of the ball which it carries is 150 pounds; 42 pounds of powder is required for the charge. Napoleon intended it for the War Department, Paris, but found difficulty in transporting it.

AN AMUSING CASE.

A French Widow's Glass Eye Creates Considerable Merriment in Court.

A very curious cause lately came before the justice of the peace of Neuilly, France. Some time ago Madame Fluyette, a widow of fifty, but who still attaches much importance to personal appearance, had the misfortune, in playing with a lap-dog, to receive from it so severe a wound in one of her eyes that it came out of the socket. Having heard much of artificial eyes, and being recommended to apply to an expert manufacturer in this way, named Tamsier, she gave an order for a glass eye for which the optician charged her 100 francs ($20). Refusing to pay this charge, the manufacturer summoned her before the justice of the peace.

Madame Fluyette having appeared, holding the glass eye in her hand, the judge asked her why she refused to the bill which Monsieur Tamsier had sent in?

"For a very good reason," replied the defendant; "I can see no more with this eye than I could before."

"What!" said the judge, "did you really imagine that you would be able to see with a glass eye?"

"Did I think so?" retorted the angry dame. "Certainly I did. Will you be so good as to tell me what eyes are for except to see with? I ordered the eye for use, and until Monsier Tamsier makes me one with which I can see I will not pay him a sou."

The justice of the peace endeavored to convince Madame Fluyette that glass eyes were for others to look at, and not for the wearer to look through; but finding all appeals to her reason of no avail, he condemned her to pay the plaintiff the amount of his demand. When the defendant heard the decision she became furious with anger, and, after dashing her glass eye on the floor, she rushed out of court, amid the laughter of the crowd.—N. Y. Ledger.

—A man troubled with the big-head complaint feels very small after he has been cured.—N. O. Picayune.

Pimples, Sores, Aches and Pains.

When a hundred bottles of sarsaparilla or other pretentious specifics fail to eradicate in-born scrofula or contagious blood poison, remember that B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) has gained many thousand victories, in as many seemingly incurable instances. Send to the Blood Balm Co., Atlanta Ga., for "Book of Wonders," and be convinced. It is the ONLY TRUE BLOOD PURIFIER.

G. W. Messer, Howell's X Roads, Ga., writes: "I was afflicted nine years with sores. All the medicine I could take did me no good. I then tried B. B. B., and 3 bottles cured me sound."

Mrs. S. M. Wilson, Round Mountain, Texas, writes: "A lady friend of mine was troubled with bumps and pimples on her face and neck. She took three bottles of B. B. B., and her skin got soft and smooth, pimples disappeared, and her health improved greatly."

Jas. L. Bosworth, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "Some years ago I contracted blood poison. I had no appetite, my digestion was ruined, rheumatism drew up my limbs so I could hardly walk, my throat was cauterized five times. Hot Springs gave me no benefit, and my life was one of torture until I gave B. B. B. a trial, and, surprising as it may seem, the use of five bottles cured me." 4-4.

FULL OF FUN.

—It is a wise child that goes out of the room to laugh when the old man mashes his thumb.—Terre Haute Express.

—Patient—"I'm not afraid to die, doctor, but I dread being buried alive." Doctor (cheerfully)—"Don't let that worry you. I'll see that you ain't."—Boston Courier.

—It is a part of the business of the bald-headed sinner to protest against the saying that "the good die young."—N. O. Picayune.

—Jings—"Chops is all broke up. The sheriff has just seized his meat market." Jangs—"Is that so? I saw him this morning, and I thought he looked as if he'd lost flesh."—Lowell Citizen.

—The barber shaves his patron's chin
And makes him feel in clover;
The broiler beats the barber's tins,
And shaves his man all over.
—Washington Critic.

—Winks—"Has your wife a cheerful disposition?"