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EXCHANGE SCINTILLATIONS.

Dead negroes are quoted at $15 per head in Cincinnati and no questions asked by the medical profession, even though the subject be warm and its skull crushed in. The quotation of live negroes is not given, but it is presumably much less.—Interior Journal.

"What shall we do with our boys?" is a question that vexes the soul of Mrs. Livemore. We don't know what she will do with hers, but we intend to raise our boy to become a president of these United States or driver on a street car, we haven't fully determined which.—Breckenridge News.

"How to Treat an Old Man" is the heading of an article now going the rounds of the press. The best way to treat an old man is to tell him when you take him up to the counter to not be bashful, to just take as much as you he wants; and if he's a beery old man, give him a schooner—it will expand his nautical wants and ideas and make him think he's railing over the universe.—State Journal.

Don't Make Fun of Your Aunt Ada Gray.

[Special Dispatch to The Commercial.]

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Feb. 22.—The most exciting scene ever witnessed in a theatre here took place last night. While Ada Gray was playing "East Lynn" during the last scene when the repentant woman was dying and bidding her family a last adieu, some one in the cockpit uttered a loud groan evidently intended to embarrass the actress. She however, proved equal to the emergency, and when the fellow had groaned twice Miss Gray continuing in the same voice as the scene required said, "I scorn, I scorn the man who would laugh at such a scene." Her brave and timely rebuke met with a hearty response. The audience fairly shook the building with vociferous applause. At the conclusion the lady was congratulated by several gentlemen and ladies.

One of Artemus Ward's Best.

Boston Corr. New York Tribune.

Of the countless good stories attributed to him, the best one, to my mind, is one which tells of the advice he gave to a southern railroad conductor soon after the war. The road was in a wretched condition, and the trains consequently were run at a phenomenally low rate of speed When the conductor was punching his ticket, Artemus remarked: "Does this railroad company allow passengers to give it advice, if they do so in a respectful manner?" The conductor replied in gruff tones that he guessed so.

"Well," Artemus went on, "it occurred to me it would be well to detach the cowcatcher from the front of of the engine and hitch it to the rear of the train. Now you see we are not liable to overtake a cow, but what's to prevent a cow from strolling into this car and biting a passenger?"

A Mistake.

The elevator in a tall down-town building had reached the ninth floor, and the boy held the door open for the venerable passenger to get out.

"Top floor," he said.

"Eh?" ejaculate the old man as if not comprehending clearly.

"This is the top floor, sir, as far as we go. Where did you wish to stop?"

"Why, I get out at one hundred and twenty-first street. You ain't there already are you?"

Waiting passengers wondered why the elevator did not stop for them on its way down, but that boy hardly got his breath who showed him the door.

"I thought it was the elevator road."—N. Y. Tribune.

Never Knew What Killed Him.

Nels Pratt, in The Eye.

"I was chopping in the woods one day last winter," said he, "when my dog, a healthy terrier, crawled into a hollow log and found a coon. He took Mr. Coon by the nose and pulled him out into my presence. When the coon saw how I was situated, with a big ax and a yearning look, he yanked the dog back into the hole in the log. The dog was a light weight, but his staying qualities were something to contemplate. He had the coon firmly clinched, and to that gentle influence he yielded frequently, but as often withdrew from the cold world, taking the ambitious purp with him. They kept sawing it off this way for an hour, and it began to look as though the coon was going to win the rubber, when an idea struck me. When the dog pulled the coon out to view I aimed my ax and struck a terrific blow at the coon's neck. Just then he gave a jerk and pulled the dog's head to the spot where his should have been.

"That dog don't know to this day but that it was the coon that killed him."

Badly Injured.

"Why, Mr. Jonkins, I thought you were in the hospital!" ejaculated a pretty Washington girl to her caller last night.

"In the hospital?" he queried with genuine State Department inflection. "What made you think that?"

"Why, papa said at breakfast this morning that he never saw a man shoot off his mouth like you did yesterday."

Jenkins had a previous engagement in a few minutes.

A Poker Expert.

Senator Tom Bowen, of Colorado has what is called a poker face, and is said to be the best poker player in the world. He always has a poker hand too, or persons playing with him think he has, and he derives a large income from the game. They say of him out in Denver that when he wanted four jacks once at poker, and had but three he quietly dropped his fourth card and substituted his photograph. He played it for a jack too.

"Boy" said a gentleman to the hostler of a hotel, on alighting from his phaeton, "extricate that quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, donate him an adequate supply or nutritious aliment, and when the aurora of morning shall again illuminate the oriental horizon I will reward thee a pecuniary compensation for thine admirable hospitality." The boy ran into the house and told his master that a Dutchman wanted to see him.—Ex.

The largest living animal is the rorqual whale, 102 feet long; the smallest, is the amoeboid forms. Whales and elephants live to the greatest age, 430 years; May flies the shortest,—only a few hours. The Most intelligent of the lower animals, ahead even of the Australian bushmen and others, are the ants.

SUBSTITUTES FOR KISSING.

Some rude races have strange substitutes for kissing. Of a Mongol father a traveler writes: "He smelled from time to time the head of his youngest son, a mark of paternal tenderness usually among the Mongols instead of embracing." In the Philippine islands, we are told, "the sense of smell is developed to so great a degree that they are able, by smelling pocket handkerchiefs, to tell to which person they belong, and lovers, at parting, exchange pieces of linen they may be wearing, and, during their separation, inhale the odor of the beloved being." Among the Cittagong hill people, again, it is said, the manner of kissing is peculiar. Instead of pressing lip to lip, they place the nose and mouth upon the cheek and inhale the breath strongly." Their form of speech is not "Give me a kiss," but "Smell me." In the same way, according to another traveler, "the Burmese do not kiss each other in the Western fashion, but apply the lips and nose to the cheek, and make a strong inhalation." Moreover, "the Samoans salute by juxtaposition of noses, accompanied not by a rub, but by a hearty smell." There is a scriptural precedent for such customs. When blind Isaac was in doubt whether the son who came to him was Jacob or not, "he smelled the smell of his raiment, and blessed him."

FOR THE YOUNG AUTHOR.

Here is encouragement for the young author. *Scribner's, Harper's* and the *Atlantic* magazines get each day enough of original matter to fill the entire number. Beside this *Harper's* has about $35,000 worth of matter that has been accepted and paid for, and which is patiently waiting for a chance to see the light. The other magazines have a proportionate amount on hand, and yet the young author who sends his first manuscript to them is mad if he does not receive a check by return mail.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"NATIONAL calamities," says the Roman Catholic Bishop of Little Rock, "are the effects of national sins. We are a prosperous people, bun can we say that we are really virtuous? Are there not great reasons to dread that we, too, shall not escape punishment as a people, if we do not correct, in time, those terrible abuses that are creeping into the body politic and destroying its wholesome life, wholesale bribery and ever-increasing corruption? There is a manifest want of high principle and of honest public opinion.

A LADY who lectured in Deadwood on "Æsthetic Culture" was astonished at the immense crowd that turned out until she learned that the people thought that "æsthetic culture" was some kind of a new mixed drink.

HOW TO TREAT ANIMALS.

Another individual attempts by running and yelling to catch his cow or cows. Why do these naturally gentle animals run away from him? Because they remember full well that on former occasions, when he has succeeded in catching them, a series of blows from some heavy cudgel has been their reward. Is there not some better way of securing the good will of our herds and in managing them as we wish? There is a hollow place on the head of every cow, just behind the junction of the horns, which is commonly full of dust, short hairs and the like, causing the animal an itching sensation. It is a source of extreme pleasure to the cow to have the spot scratched, and since from its location the animal cannot reach it, hence when her keeper approaches her, either in the stable or in the pasture, an era of good feeling may be established if due attention be paid to scratching this hollow spot. If, at your first approach, the cow is a little shy, offer her from one hand a nubbin of corn, while with the other hand you gently scratch the particular spot in her head mentioned above. In a very short time, whenever you go into pasture, the whole herd will come to you to have their heads scratched, and you will soon be satisfied that it is as easy to have them follow you as to resort to driving and loud noise.—*American Cultivator.*

THE RIVAL OF THE KANSAS 'HOPPER.

In the neighborhood of Turakina an army of caterpillars, hundreds of thousands strong, was marching across the railway line, bound for a new field of oats, when the train came along. Thousands of the creeping vermin were crushed by the wheels of the engine, and suddenly the train came to a dead stop. On examination it was found that the wheels of the engine had become so greasy that they kept on revolving without advancing—they could not grip the rails. The guard and the engine-driver immediately procured sand and strewed it on the rails, and the train made a fresh start, but it was found that during the stoppage caterpillars in thousands had crawled all over the engine and over all the carriages, inside and out.—*New Zealand paper.*

A DOG STORY.

A curious and interesting experiment was tried to ascertain the faculty by which animals find their way back to familiar places after being removed to long distances. In order to prevent any knowledge that might be obtained by the direction or other conditions, a dog was placed under the influence of chloroform, put in charge of a conductor on a night freight train, and sent from Cincinnati to Somerset, Ky., a distance of 160 miles. On the way the dog slept soundly. In the early twilight of the morning after the start, while the train was taking on wood at a side track eighteen miles from Somerset, he escaped from the caboose and started off in a "dazed sort of way," but when pursued "gathered himself up" and disappeared across a meadow. Thirty-eight hours afterward he made his appearance in Cincinnati, having passed over the distance of 142 miles. Some time afterward the same dog was put under the influence of ether and his nose bannaged to prevent the use of his scent faculty. He was then placed in a wicker basket, and putting him upon an elevated train he was taken southwest to Danville Junction, east to Crab Orchard, then northeast to a hunting rendezvous near Berea. Here he was kept in a woodshed and closely confined over night. The next morning he was taken out on the farm and turned loose. He immediately started for home—not by the way he had come, but in a bee-line for Cincinnati. He had no appearance of being lost, but with head erect pushed forward as if he knew the way perfectly. He crossed two broad rivers and three mountain ranges, and had to pass by or through five towns, the centers of a bewildering network of roads and by-roads. He had never been in that part of the country before, nor within sixty miles of Berea. The wind was not from the direction of Cincinnati when he took his course, and yet four days afterward he came to his master on the streets of Cincinnati, water-soaked and full of burrs. Now, the question is, what induced the dog to walk due north? It could not have been memory, for there was nothing to remember, and it does not seem possible that it could have been scent, for all the conditions were unfavorable.

THAT VERY SAME YEAR.

In one of the Detroit Justice's courts, in a suit for malicious trespass in entering upon land and removing a fence, one of the witnesses was asked:

"Did you help build that fence?"

"I did."

"What year was it?"

"Well, let's see. It was the same year that my brother-in-law had his leg broke in a wrestling match at Dearborn."

"Well, what year was that?"

"Let's see! It was just six months after we found the Duggan boy drowned in Sabin's well. That was—that was in eighteen hundred and—and—"

"Can't you remember?"

"Why, yes, I ought to. Let's see. That same summer that we took the Duggan boy out of the well Tyler's second girl started to run away with a tin peddler, and we caught them just the other side of Dearborn. I squared off on the peddler and knocked him eighteen feet into the bushes."

"But what year was it that you built the fence?"

"Why, the same year that all this happened, or maybe a year before or after. If I could only talk with my old woman a minute I could get it exact."

"How."

"Why, I was building the last half of that fence when she was hooked by a cow, and she'd hunt up the man who owned the beast and hit the date square in the head."

It was decided to let the exact date remain in seclusion, although the witness suddenly bethought himself that it was "somewhere around" the same year that Brown's horses ran away and smashed into Deacon Tracy's front gate.

LOOKING INTO A MUSKET.

Ex-Gov. Wise, who had been made a Brigadier General by President Davis, arrived at this time in Staunton, en route for the Kanawha valley. His arrival was the remote cause of a ludicrous incident which came very near opening our campaign with an unpleasant tragedy. Lieut. Col. Crenshaw, who had gone with me to pay our respects to Gov. Wise on the evening of his arrival, invited his staff surgeon, Dr. Peter Lyons, to accompany us to our camp, with a promise of sardines, cigars and other comforts, with which he was provided. We reached camp about 9 o'clock, and were hailed by the first sentinel we approached, who ordered one of us to advance and give the countersign. Unfortunately, although having the envelope containing the countersign, which had been handed us by the Adjutant, we had not opened it, and it was too dark to read it. We replied: "Commanding officer without the countersign; call the sergeant of the guard." "That won't do," said the sentinel. "Now, mark time! Them's my orders." We remonstrated against the indignity to which he contemplated subjecting his field officers in the presence of a stranger, as well as against the exercise involved in the execution of his command on a hot summer night; but he was inflexible. "Mark time!" he replied, "or I will certainly shoot you," and, suiting the action to the word, cocked his musket and leveled it at us. We tried threats, but he was not to be intimidated—reason, but he was unreasonable; he knew nothing, and would neither permit us to advance or retire, and insisted upon "doing his duty," which was to shoot us if we did not "mark time." He was master of the situation, and, as we looked down the musket barrel, we "marked time" until the perspiration rolled from our foreheads. We were relieved by the sergeant of the guard, who relieved the sentinel, but not until we had whetted our appetite for the expected repast by abundant exercise. I supposed the man was a lunatic, and sent for his company officers to make inquiries. It turned out that he had been instructed at Camp Lee by cadets of the Military Institute, who required all who failed to have the countersign to "mark time" for their amusement until the guard officer appeared. He was very much alarmed when told of the deception which had been practiced upon him by his youthful instructors.—*Gen. Taliaferro.*

BULLS AND BEARS.

The etymology of the term "bear" is believed to be this: When a dealer in stocks, or for that matter in merchandise, had sold more than he was capable of delivering he was naturally bare of the article, and it was naturally his interest that prices should fall in order that he should cover his engagements and be no longer bare. From the adjective, the transition to the substantive of the same sound (bear) was easy. The growing bear being thus embodied, his antitype, the bull, was not long making an appearance. It is somewhat curious to find in the popular mind a diffused notion that bulls are the more virtuous creatures. This is sometimes a fallacy. The bull is usually a speculator who proposes to gain merely by market fluctuation, and to fish in troubled waters. The real investor, for instance, is often a bear in spirit because he awaits an opportunity to buy cheaply. The cotton manufacturer who contracts to sell cloth is in spirit a bear of yarn and other materials, which he requires to buy cheaply—that is, unless he has already bought too much of such materials, in which case he has over-traded. Some amount of speculation is no doubt good, wholesome and necessary in business. It is only when the one party is much overpowered by the opposing party that mischief results.—*London News.*

WATER.

We may judge something of the relative value of water, in the human economy, when we remember that most of the body and its solvent juices are pure water. For example, the saliva is 99 per cent. water, the gastric juice 97, the bile 87, pancreatic juice 90, blood 79, and even our bones 10, as solid as they seem. Since the Creator made us as we are, established these relations of water to the system, it is reasonable to infer that a large per cent. of alcohol combined with these solvent fluids would not increase their effectiveness. If the change of starchy foods into grape sugar, as an important step in the digestive process, demands 99 per cent. of water for its perfection, I cannot believe that an addition of 10 per cent. of alcohol would render that process any easier or more expeditious. On reaching the stomach for another change, if the Creator, in infinite wisdom, has made the gastric juice principally of water, I do not feel justified in recommending ale or porter as an aid to digestion. The same principles will equally apply to all of the remaining processes. Water is the best solvent known—more nearly universal than any other. This constitutes it the best possible drink for all living creatures.—*Dr. J. H. Hanaford.*

A PRACTICAL ANGEL.

It had taken him some little time to bring his tongue in full accord with his mind, but he finally stammered out, "Will you—will you wander down life's path, your hand in mine, while the goddess of love sings siren songs to us? Oh, will you be my own, my angel?" "Well, well, wouldn't I look well as an angel? See here. If you want me to marry ou, to make life happy and home pleasant for you, to keep the house slicked up nice, to cook you relishable meals, to preside at your table and at the piano with equal ability, to care for the children and bring them up bright and smart, and to help you make the most of yourself in this world, I'll jine hands with you." "That's just the practical sort of an angel I thought you was. 'Jine.'"

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Price of either Belt with Magnetic Insoles, $10, sent by express C. O. D., and examination allowed, or by mail on receipt of price. In ordering send measure of waist, and size of shoe. Remittance can be made in currency, sent in letter at our risk.

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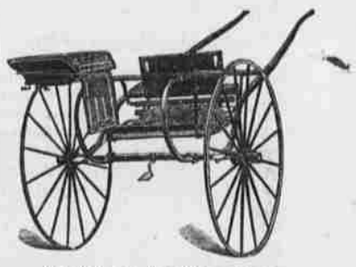

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