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[1y jan 1-'85]

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febl-'86.

Men Think

they know all about Mustang Liniment. Few do. Not to know is not to have.

Many a Lady

is beautiful, all but her skin; and nobody has ever told her how easy it is to put beauty on the skin. Beauty on the skin is Magnolia Balm.

Clarence Keifer, a convict employed in a coal shaft at Birmingham, Ala., escaped by climbing a wire cable one and a half inches in diameter and 204 feet long, extending from the bottom of the shaft to the surface of the ground.

NIGHT.

[FROM VICTOR HUGO.]

A little child, beside me, fresh and fair,
In slumber so profound and calm you slept
You did not hear the doves that, murmuring there
In the deep shade, their tender vigil kept.
Pensive I breathed the somber sweets of night—
The solemn night.

I heard the angels flutter round your head,
And watched your close shut lids: pale primrose flowers,
With noiseless touch, upon your sheets I spread,
And prayed, with wet eyes, through the silent hours,
Thinking on all that in the darkness waits—
Lies hid and waits.

One day will be my turn so sound to sleep
That I, like you, shall hear no murmuring dove;
The night will be so dark, the rest so deep.
Then you will come, then you will come, my love,
And pay me back my gifts of fair white flowers—
Prayers, tears and flowers.

—*Argosy.*

CURIOUS MARRIAGES.

Cupid's Disdain for the "Consistent" Actions of His Victims.

According to some of the novels of the present day, it is only the lovely nymphs of seventeen or eighteen, and the fascinating swains of three or four and twenty, who have any business to think of matrimony. The poor plain ones or those who have passed the meridian of life, are looked upon as completely shelved; the hymeneal torch is not to be lit for them, and the little god of Love passes them over with contempt. But is this really the fact?

On the contrary, there were never more extraordinary contradictions than we find in the history of marriages; we see women marrying men young enough to be their grandsons; crabbed Age and Youth often live together in perfect harmony; and May and December are constantly united with the happiest results. Almost every marriage is a nine-days' wonder, and creates much astonishment, speculation and lifting up of hands. Quite recently, a Dorsetshire clergyman of eighty years of age electrified his congregation by publishing his own banns in the parish church. It is always necessary to be prepared for these surprises. The blind, deaf, halt and maimed are not exempt from the contagion of matrimony; and so far from youth and loveliness being the only victims of Hymen, we find some of the loveliest women consigned to single-blessedness; while their less favored sisters are happy wives and mothers. The particulars of many curious marriages are not revealed to the public; but during the last century less reticence was observed in the matter; the ages of the respective parties were frequently put down without reserve, and the fortunes of the ladies were mentioned with much unction and gusto.

Among these announcements a few of the more remarkable are worth selecting. Here is one from an old magazine for June, 1778: "A few days ago, was married at St. Bridget's Church, in Chester, Mr. George Harding, aged one hundred and seven, to Mrs. Catherine Woodward, aged eighty-three. So singular a union could not fail of exciting the admiration and surprise of a numerous congregation, before whom the ceremony was performed. The bridegroom served in the army thirty-nine years, during the reigns of Queen Anne, George I., and part of George II. He is now particularly hearty, in great spirits, and retains all his faculties to an extraordinary perfection. This is his fifth wife; the last one he married in his one hundred and fifth year; and he is Mrs. Woodward's fourth husband. It is also worthy of observation that the above old man's diet has been for the last thirty years past chiefly buttermilk boiled with a little flour, and bread and cheese." As a pendant to this, we come across another announcement a few years later: "Mr. Thomas Dawson, of Northallerton, aged ninety, to Miss Golightly, a bouncing damsel of sixty-four. The anxious bridegroom had been a widower almost six weeks."

As instances of youth and age going together, we may give the case of "Mrs. Horn, an agreeable widow with a genteel fortune, aged seventy-nine, who married Mr. William Steptoe, aged about thirty." We are again startled by the following announcement in the month of January, 1805: "At Tynemouth Church, a young man about twenty-three to a woman aged eighty-six, who had been the mother of seventeen children. Notwithstanding the banns had been but twice published, the experienced lady repaired to the church, where she was soon joined by her lover, and declared she would not leave it without her errand. She waited till the forenoon service was over, during which time she was frequently requested to leave the vestry, but all to no effect. She complained bitterly at her negligence in having forgotten to bring her pocket bottle and tobacco-pipe with her. The groom apologized for not being acquainted with the forms of the church, as he had never been in one since he was christened; and if appearances could be believed, water did not seem to have been upon his face since that period."

We find another curious marriage, which is announced in the following terms: "Lately, at Newcastle, Mr. Silvertop to Mrs. Pearson. This is the third time that the lady has been before the altar in the character of a bride, and there has been something remarkable in each of her three connubial engagements. Her first husband was a Quaker; her second, a Roman Catholic; and her third is a Protestant of the established church. Each husband was twice her age. At sixteen, she married a gentleman of thirty-two; at thirty, she took one of sixty; and now, at forty-two, she is united to a gentleman of eighty-four."

A great sensation was created in the year 1778 by the marriage of the then celebrated female historian, Mrs. Catherine Macaulay, who was far advanced in years, with a surgeon's mate, under age, of the name of Graham. Mrs. Macaulay was quite a literary lioness; and Dr. Wilson, an elderly and learned admirer of her talents, had actually built a house for her, called Albert House; this he presented to her with furniture and a valuable library. He went so far as to have medals struck in her honor. Great, therefore, was the amazement amongst the literary and fashionable world of Bath when Mrs. Macaulay, who had always been considered a rock of sense by her friends, made this extraordinary match.

In Mr. Cudworth's interesting book, "Round about Bradford," he mentions the low status of the colliers of Wibsey in the year 1861, and says that the humiliating spectacle of the wedding of "Johnny and Betty" is not yet forgotten, nor the collection of oddities and absurdities that passed through the streets of Bradford in that year, on the way to the Parish Church. On a couple of yards of painted calico, the secret of all this rejoicing was told in the following words:

"At John's and Betty's wedding
We will merry be,
For Johnny's sixty-five,
And Betty's seventy-three!"

Mr. Cudworth also relates that the incumbent of Wilsden, Mr. Barber, was once called upon to perform a "marriage in trust." There was a person living at Haworth Parish known by the name of "Moses o' Lukis." Moses having persuaded a woman to take him "for better, for worse," they appeared at Wilsden Church to be married; but when the knot was tied, the happy couple had no money to pay the fees! Moses promised to pay the reverend gentleman in *besoms;* and honestly kept his word. This reminds us of a couple who, not having the wherewithal to buy a wedding-ring, the large key of the church door had to be temporarily used for the purpose.

Ireland was not behindhand in the oddity of its marriages; we come across whole clusters of them in Walker's *Hibernian Magazine.* Among them are the following: "Mr. John Hogarty, of Ballymanduff, County Dublin, aged twenty, to Mrs. Flood of said place, aged eighty-six." "The Rev. Athanasius Buring, aged eighty-two, to Miss Carr, aged twenty-two, an agreeable young lady, with a fortune of fifteen thousand pounds." Mr. Richards, gardener, to Miss Mary Roper. The bridegroom is in the sixty-second year of his age, and five feet four inches high; the bride aged twenty-one, and only two feet eleven inches in height."

A match in high life between a certain Dowager Duchess and a handsome Irishman, Mr. Hussey, created a great deal of heart-burning and envy. Hanbury Williams, one of the rejected suitors, composed some very spiteful verses on the occasion.

The problem how to unmarry a couple was attempted by a clergyman in the West Riding of Yorkshire in the year 1805. He found out on inquiry that he had married a young man and woman who were brother and sister by marriage (probably a deceased wife's sister). The clergyman, afraid that he might be punished for uniting this couple, attempted to unmarry them by taking the bride's bonnet from her head and placing the church Bible thereon; but the charm was not successful; and the loving pair firmly resisted this innovation of undoing the hymeneal knot.

Some very curious changes of names have taken place in marriage. In Derbyshire, there now lives a woman who has been married three times. Her maiden name was Wildgoose—quite a common one in that locality—she changed it first for that of Fox, then for that of Goodlad, and finally settled down as Mrs. Derbyshire. A Mr. Bacon was once married to a Miss Beans; and a Miss Pane married a Mr. Glass. Abundant instances of the same sort might be multiplied; but enough have been given to show how strangely things sometimes work out in the important matter of matrimony.—*Chambers' Journal.*

PASILINGUA.

Another Universal Language Beside Which "Volapuck" Is Outlandish.

The advocates of a universal language will soon have more than enough systems to choose from. The German papers speak of a new language—"Pasilingua"—which claims especial merits. It is based on living languages, in that all that it contains either now exists or has lived, and down to to-day has remained an actual element. The system of the philologist Steiner is, on account of its close relationship to modern tongues, regarded as superior to the earlier "Volapuck" of Schleyer, which in comparison is said to be outlandish. The "Pasilingua" is a mixture of Teutonic and Romance elements—the mixing, however, being done on scientific principles—yet that it is esoteric is not disputed. It is claimed to be a language for adults, and is especially commended to travelers, commercial men, conductors of hotels and all who are thrown into contact with persons of a nationality different from their own. It is proposed at an early date to issue a French edition of the Pasilingua grammar from Paris, and later an English edition is to be printed at New York. The simplicity of the dictionary is shown by the fact that it is only necessary to give the root forms for the nouns and a part of the adjectives, and all words derived therefrom, as verbs, etc., are then formed after definite grammatical rules. The following is an example:

Ta haus-s, the house.	haus-ir, to dwell.
ta haus-oss, the large house.	haus-iro, the occupant of the house.
ta haus-illa, the small house.	haus-an, a householder.
ta haus-al, the wretched house.	to haus-aro, the owner of the house.
ta haus-is, household.	haus-io, domestic.
ta haus-u, domestic economy.	haus-is, domestically.
ta haus-in, household affairs.	haus-abio, belonging to the house.
	haus-adeo, proceeding from the house.

The Steiner system may not on closer examination justify expectation, but it is at any rate another attempt to solve a difficult problem, the solution of which would be of universal benefit.—*Chicago Tribune.*

SLAVE OR MASTER.

Subjection to Caprices the Basest Servitude of Man.

Subjection to moods is the mark of a deteriorating morality. There is no baser servitude than that of the man whose caprices are his master, and a nation composed of such men could not long preserve its liberties. This is a truth that the young must lay to heart. It will be a sorry day for this world, and all the people in it, when everybody makes his moods his masters, and does nothing but what he is inclined to do. The need of training the will to the performance of work that is distasteful; of making the impulses serve instead of allowing them to rule the higher reason; of subjugating the moods instead of being subjugated by them, lies at the very foundation of character. It is possible to learn to fix the wandering thought, to compel the reluctant mental energy, to concentrate the power upon the performance of a task to which there is no inclination. Until this victory has been gained, life holds no sure promise; the achievement of this conquest is the condition of future success. No matter how splendid may be the natural gifts, unless there is a will that can marshal and command them, the life is sure to be a failure.—*Century.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Mrs. Sartoris (Nellie Grant) is living at South Kensington, London.

—There are two clergymen in Congress, Messrs. Owen, of Indiana, and Anderson, of Kansas.

—Bibb, Gagg, Dodd and Rigg are monosyllabic names of four lawyers in Gage County, Nebraska.

—An admirer of ex-Senator Conkling has sent that gentleman a barrel of chewing gum, believing it will cure his dyspepsia.

—A Southern critic likens a certain literary lady's sonnets to "the silvery texture of a cobweb endowed with the durability of a pearl."

—George Parsons Lathrop says John Boyle O'Reilly was born physically in Ireland, intellectually in Australia, and poetically in Boston.

—When Congressman Reed, of Maine—now one of the leaders in Congress—lived in California he was described as a "lubberly, red-headed school-teacher from Maine."—*Chicago Journal.*

—John I. Blair, of New Jersey, is one of the most powerful railroad magnates in the land. He is the sole owner of 1,500 miles of road, and an officer in companies controling 10,000 miles.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Colonel Thomas B. Davis, of Piedmont, W. Va., recently declined to attend a matrimonial matinee in Baltimore because he "had no dress suit;" but, despite his reprehensible poverty in this regard, he inclosed his check for $5,000, which doubtless suited the bride

—Leopold, of Belgium, is one of the most democratic of Kings. He saunters about Brussels in the most leisurely way, and is as familiar a figure on the Rue Royale as President Grant used to be on Pennsylvania avenue. He is fully six feet tall, and has an angular form and an awkward manner.

—Colonel E. Z. Judson, "Ned Buntline," is described as an elderly man, short of stature and badly crippled by wounds received during the war. He says that he is paid from $2,000 to $2,500 for his stories, and that under pressure he has produced six hundred pages of foolscap manuscript in six days.

—Schaefer, the billiardist, when playing wears full evening dress. He has a fine diamond stud in his shirt. Vignaux also wears a full dress suit. His diamond stud is worn in his shirt collar. Schaefer carries his cues in a green sack and a piece of chalk in one of his vest pockets. Vignaux carries a jointed cue in a leather case.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—General Schenck has settled down in his old age to the practice of law in the city of Washington. It is said that he is obliged to return to his profession in order to make a living. This is a sad lesson for the ambitious young men of this country who believe that a complete mastery of the principles of draw poker is all that is necessary to command the wealth of the world.—*Chicago Times.*

HUMOROUS.

—A Louisviller has been arrested for cutting up a piano. All reforms meet with severe checks at first.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—"How's Mr. X, our old-time writing-master?" asked Tom, who had been visited at college by his friends—Dick and Harry. "Oh, flourishing, flourishing!" was the reply in chorus.—*Golden Days.*

—"Hello, old chappy! Been makin' any money lately?" "I should smile; got m' pockets full." "Lend me a—, will yer?" "Oh, I can't, yer know; it's all in one dollar bills."—*French Paper.*

—"Don't you like this room?" asked the principal of the new teacher. "Oh, yes, I like the room well enough," replied the miss, who had a large class of boys, "but I find it very sonny."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—"You have never been abroad, I believe, Miss Mildew?" "Not yet; but when papa saw my new Spitz dog this morning he said he should probably send me to Paris in the Spring."—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Johnny (just after Sunday-school)—Say, Jack, what is a sockdolager? Jack—Why, don't you know? It's what they sing in church when they get ready to go home. The minister gets up and says: "Let us now sing the sockdolager."—*Boston Beacon.*

—"Well, they must have some big furniture in Europe," remarked Mrs. Snaggs. "How so, my dear?" inquired her husband. "Why, here's the Servians marching on a sofa, but the newspaper has got sofa spelled with an 'i.' I wonder why they don't learn to spell common words."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

—They were just married, and he was about nineteen years her senior. She threw her arms around his neck and said: "I am your darling, ain't I?" This was soft, even for a wedding-day. He replied: "Ess, oo is; ess, indeed, oo is oore husband's darling." This was at least ten years softer.—*Chicago Telegram.*

—Husband—The census taker was in, dear. He demanded the age of each of the family, and I was obliged to give him yours. He said it was the law. Wife (enraged)—Law! What do I care for law? John Smith, did you tell that man my age? "Yes, I told him you were twenty-three." "Well, I suppose the law has to be respected."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"Do you recognize this instrument?" said the lawyer to the prisoner at the bar, pointing to a written contract. "I think I do," calmly responded the man addressed. "Will you be kind enough to inform the court what the nature of this instrument is?" "You drew the instrument up, I believe?" asked the prisoner. "I did," replied the tormentor. "Then I should say it was a wind instrument."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A LOGICAL BOY.

He Believes That It's a Poor Rule Which Won't Work Two Ways.

"Mister, will you please give me a dime?" asked a boy of a gruff-looking man.

"Why should I give you a dime?"

"To get something to eat with."

"Why should I care whether you eat or not? It's none of my business."

Shortly afterward, as the man was running to catch a car, his plug hat blew off and went rolling at a rapid rate.

"Please stop that hat," he shouted to a boy.

"Why should I stop your hat?" the boy replied. "It is none of my business."

"Now look there, you young wretch, a wagon has run over it."

"That's so, but why should I care. It's none of my business."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A LONELY ISLAND.

The Melancholy Isolation of It—St. Kilda and Its People.

Standing in melancholy isolation in the midst of the stormy Atlantic, 140 miles from the mainland, the island of St. Kilda is nothing but a lonely and desolate prison, and its inhabitants remain in a state of enforced and dreary exile. Cut off from all communication with the outer world, except for their two posts a year, and a visit from an occasional stray vessel, revolutions may agitate the world, wars may rage, general elections may be decided, and the St. Kildans be unaware that anything important is going on. News may travel to the most distant part of the Queen's dominions before it reaches this corner of the British Isles. Things are improving, however, even in St. Kilda. Now that only eight or nine months elapse at the longest between the visits of the postman, the inhabitants consider themselves tolerably well posted up in news as compared with the condition of things about fifty years ago, when the minister kept praying that his Majesty, King William, might be granted health long to reign over us, and be surrounded with wise and trusty counselors, three years after that gracious monarch was dead.

So little is known of St. Kilda that early last year it was thought that the rocky island, which is only three miles long and two broad, had been submerged or carried away like a huge iceberg, by the waters of the Atlantic. St. Kilda has been in trouble, but its misfortune did not amount to complete annihilation. Disastrous storms distress the inhabitants. Although girt round with rocks sometimes rising precipitously from the waves to the heighth of two hundred feet, the wild tempestuous ocean throws its angry spray over the high cliffs, oversweeps the island and destroys the crops which the people try to raise. Last autumn the whole of the crop was destroyed by one of these storms. With starvation staring them in the face the distressed inhabitants sent message after message adrift in the hope that some would be found and assistance sent them. One of these messages was picked up toward the end of September, and through Sir William Collins of Glasgow, and Principal Rainy a relief expedition was fitted out and the food was landed, though as the vessel arrived on Sunday these simple folks declined to give a hand in discharging the cargo until Sunday had passed. The Captain of the vessel swore and pointed out that a change of wind would compel him to put to sea. "Go, then," replied these stern people. The minister said he could not guarantee the continuance of fair weather, "but he trusted that the same Providence which had put it into men's hearts to send them corn and potatoes would keep the wind steady in the northeast." And Providence was kind, for the wind remained steady in the northeast.

The St. Kildans are seventy-seven in number. They have decreased in number lately because of a singular mortality among the children, the majority of whom die before they are many days old. This may be due to the system of intermarrying that goes on, or because there is no doctor to combat with the mysterious baby foe. There are only one or sometimes two births a year. Rev. John Mackay, who ministers to the spiritual wants of the people, tries to do a little medicinally, but his prescriptions are confined, as a rule, to a poultice and a hot-water cloth. The community includes a schoolmaster. There are about fifty cows and one thousand sheep, which are common property; but there are no horses, that animal's work being relegated to the female St. Kildans. The minister's watch keeps time for the whole island, and, when informed by the men of the Hebridean that his watch was two hours fast, he chuckled over the fact that he could thereby bring the congregation together at nine instead of eleven o'clock, while he only was aware of the pious fraud. The houses of the people were tolerably good; McLeod, of McLeod, to whom this unprofitable piece of property belongs, having improved the buildings recently.

The great occupation of the people is catching sea-fowl. From March to November the island is covered with sea-fowl, and catching these birds is the staple industry. Multitudes of solan geese cover the rocks; there are myriads of gulls, northern divers, stormy petrels, black, solemn cormorants and simple guillemets, and, indeed, almost every kind of sea-bird. The difficult work of climbing about the rocks catching the birds is engaged in by both men and women. Enormous numbers of fowls are sent off every year. Then a great deal is made out of feathers. Referring to this subject, Dr. MacCulloch, in his account of the island, says: The air is full of feathered animals, the sea is covered with them, the houses are ornamented by them, and the inhabitants look as if they had been all tarred and feathered, for their hair is full of feathers, and their clothes are covered with feathers. The women look like feathered Mercuries, for their shoes are made of gannet's skin. Everything smells of feathers.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Latest Society Whim.

The latest craze which has struck the Washington belle is the carrying of canes. A few weeks ago a young leader in society returned from England, and the next day she surprised her friends by appearing on the streets with a cane. It wasn't the ordinary dude cane, but a nice little stick with a shepherd's crook of hammered silver. Sometimes she swung it and at other times she struck the ground with a sharp rap. There is no question that this created a sensation, but there is a great deal of difference of opinion as to whether the craze will strike in or not. So far not more than half a dozen girls have mustered up courage enough to appear on the street with canes. The probabilities are that the craze will not extend to that point where it will seriously interfere with the ordinary every-day happiness of the modern dude.—*Washington Letter.*

—The Hawaiian *Gazette* says the natives of the Sandwich Islands have "only just reached a higher civilization than poi, the national dish, and if the Chinamen come into the islands all that has been gained will be lost." Then by all means let Chinese immigration into the Sandwich Islands be prohibited. When a people have reached a higher civilization than "poi" they should be assisted and encouraged in their great and glorious advancement. But what a ridiculous way to spell pie.—*Norristown Herald.*

—An artists' chance for drawing a turkey in a raffle is no better than anybody else's.—*Boston Bulletin.*

ICELAND'S HOSPITALITY.

The Primitive Manner of Retiring Which Shocks a Traveler.

All members of an Iceland family sleep in one room, and this, indeed, often serves all purposes save that of kitchen. Very narrow, and from six to twenty feet long, according to the size of the family, with a row of low bunks on either side, leaving a space three or four feet wide down the center, these rooms are lighted by one small window at the end, ventilated by the door or the trap through which they are entered from below and warmed by the heat of the bodies collected in them. The steeply pitched roof, constructed of rafters and overlapping boards and covered on the outside with a thick layer of growing turf, rests on low walls and makes it impossible to stand upright, except under the ridge. The priests' houses and a few others have guest chambers, with sometimes a stove, which is only used on extraordinary occasions, owing to the difficulty of transporting fuel from the seaports. Parties of tourists stop where there is a church and shiver out the night on the eight-inch wide benches, the vestment chests or the floor, but if there are only one or two of you and no guest room, or that is already filled, you generally share, for experience's sake, in the somewhat promiscuous nightly packing of the family—for experience's sake, mind you, and you always get it, as well as the only good idea of the home life of the people.

Upon this evening I found myself in a room smokily and dimly lighted by seal oil, burned with a wick of cotton-grass in a lamp of brass, much like the ancient lamps of the Greeks, but furnished with an overhanging arm and a swivel and boat-hook arrangement, which permits of its being stuck or hung wherever the user wishes. Two bunks on one side and one on the other were literally full. In one a man and two boys, in another two women and children, and in the third three men, all sleeping like sardines in a box, the head of one on the same pillow as the feet of his next bed-fellows, and the space that was not occupied by human beings probably was by beings inhuman. After shaking up the many boxes and bundles under the rude mattress, and giving an extra poke or two to the feather or down bed which is the only form of covering known in Iceland, one of the girls motioned us to the bed where we were to sleep (an Iceland gentleman was to share my bed,) and then, as if it were an every-day occurrence to shock the senses of a modest traveler, while we were still undressing she, with two others, proceeded to take possession of the bunk opposite ours, until "the last in bed put out the light." My companion somewhat surprised me by a warning to secrete any valuables I might have, but as he was an Icelander I thought it better to follow his advice than to trust to the proverbial honesty of his countrymen, and after an application from a box of rough on rats—no, well never mind—I was soon unconscious, breathing carbonic acid gas by the cubic yard, but in sweet oblivion until awakened during the general turnout next morning.

The daylight revealed nothing new, except, perhaps, the many little articles stuffed into every nook and crevice. Furniture is scarce and a chest of drawers a luxury in an Icelandic habitation, and odds and ends are hung on nails in the roof, stuffed into the cracks or in boxes hidden away under the mattresses in the bunks. Horn spoons, knives and forks, bits of cloth, needles, books and fishhooks were tucked promiscuously away, and old clothes and fish hung over lines stretched lengthwise of the ridgepole. It was interesting to see the men, after slipping into the few clothes they had removed upon retiring, sit on the edge of the beds chatting and sipping the coffee brought by the women.

Several times I was roused from my musings by the rustling of the disarranged covering in a bed which I had supposed empty, and presently a half-naked child would start up from the depths and stare in open-eyed wonder at the stranger, who returned the gaze with a sense of the ludicrous rising within him. From a bed where I had counted three the night before, four had already risen, and how many more were to follow? At the further end of the isle a mattress spread upon the floor had served for the resting place of three more girls, whose accustomed bunk myself and companion had probably occupied. By this time I had begun to feel the need of a little clean air, and, getting into my clothes, I descended to the guest-room where I breakfasted on more mutton and turnips, but lightened this time with a cup of chocolate and some English crackers.—*Lang (Iceland) Cor. Philadelphia Press.*

A NEW ALARM CLOCK.

It is Warranted to Rouse the Heaviest Sleeper.

"You've seen lots of alarm clocks, of course," said the watchmaker to a friend, "but there is a new clock now on the market that is the most effective I ever saw. Here it is," he went on, taking from a shelf a small round clock with a cylindrical arrangement at the side. "You see this cylinder? That is the secret of the clock's usefulness. The usual alarm bell is on the top. It rings at the hour it is set for, but many people get so used to that that they sleep right through its noise. Something had to be done, so a genius added this cylinder. The base is filled with air compressed by pushing down this small piston-head, which is then secured by a catch. The space left in the tube is filled with cold water. The cover is, as you can see, a perforated tin tube, which is pointed in the direction needed. At the proper hour the alarm bell goes off, the clock-work releases the piston-head, and the water in the cylinder is driven out through the perforations over the head of the heavy sleeper. He is bound to wake—and there you are."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Proper Protection of Stock.

The rule to be observed by every farmer in regard to the proper keeping of cattle is that every animal from the greatest to the least should be kept happy and saved from pain and misery. Then the stock are profitably kept, and the profit is in proportion to the degree of comfort enjoyed by them. Every farmer before he retires to his own warm bed at night or before he eats his abundant supper, should ask himself: Are my cattle, horses, sheep, pigs, and fowls resting in comfort and with well filled bellies? If he can not answer himself affirmatively and his conscience accuses him of neglect, let him be assured that his pocket is suffering just as much as his stock are, and that, moreover, his conduct is just as inhuman as if he prodded his animals with a fork or beat them with clubs.—*N. Y. Times.*

Spring Has Come Gentle Annie

AND SO HAVE MY

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And I have now on hand a bran new and complete stock of

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New Style Hats,

Norfolk Jackets,

Nobby Neckwear

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