Butler Citizen.

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Is made of the best material, by skilled mechanics, under the supervision of Mr. T. M. Bissell, a veteran plow manufacturer and inventor, skilled in his art, and after 38 years' experience he feels justified in claiming for these plows that they are more nearly perfect and have more points of improvement than any of their predecessors. Mr. Bissell is the patentee of the Oliver Chilled Plow, the South Bend Chilled Plow, and the Bissell Chilled Plow, which is his last and best. We also sell the Diamond Iron, North Bend and Hillside Plows.

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The Hoosier Grain and Corn Drills, the best Fertilizer Drills in the market, Victor Horse Dump Wheel Rake, Starr Hand Dump Rake, the Western Washer—the best in the world—the Champion Separator and Clover Huller, the Harrisburg Traction & Portable Engines.

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Acknowledged by farmers to be the best. Also, a line of Builders' Supplies, Blacksmiths' Supplies, and House Furnishing Goods

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Invented and Manufactured by G. D. Eighmie.

THE FINEST and CHEAPEST DRESS SHIRT MADE IN THE WORLD.

This wonderful invention gives a Bosom handsome shape & latest style, and is so placed on the Shirt that it can be worn for a week without break or wrinkle. Made from 2100 linen, Wamsutta Muslin, and Bosom lined with heavy Butcher Linen.

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Hats, Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
At the New Store of
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"The only known specific for Epileptic Fits. Also for Spasms and Falling Sickness. Nervous Weakness it instantly relieves and cures. Cleanses blood and quickens sluggish circulation. Neutralizes germs of disease and saves sickness. Cures

A SKEPTIC SAID

ugly blotches and stubborn blood sores. Eliminates Boils, Carbuncles and Scalds. ☞Permanently and promptly cures paralysis. Yes, it is a charming and healthful Aperient. Kills Scrofula and Kings Evil, twin brothers. Changes bad breath to good, removing the cause. Routs bilious tendencies and makes clear complexion. Equalled by none in the delirium of fever. A charming resolvent and a matchless laxative. It drives Sick Headache like the wind. ☞Contains no drastic cathartic or opiates. Relieves

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THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR

the brain of morbid fancies. Promptly cures Rheumatism by routing it. Restores life-giving properties to the blood. Is guaranteed to cure all nervous disorders. ☞Reliable when all opiates fail. Refreshes the mind and invigorates the body. Cures dyspepsia or money refunded.

NEVER FAILS

Diseases of the blood own it a conqueror. Endorsed in writing by over fifty thousand leading citizens, clergymen and physicians in U. S. and Europe.

☞For sale by all leading druggists. $1.50.
The Dr. S. A. Richmond Medical Co. Props., St. Joseph, Mo. (3)
Charles N. Crittenton, Agent, New York City.

Put a Brand on Him.

"Woman are a necessary evil," he said, bringing down his fist hard on the hard counter to emphasize the heartless remark. It was in the village store at West Milton, Saratoga county, and the speaker was the central figure of the group of bucholic philosophers. he was homely, slovenly and sixty"

"There's where I differ from you altogether," said Mr. George T. Graham, of this place. "Women are mostly what men make 'em. When husbands are brutes wives will fall into submission or make home hot for the men; and they're unnatural in either character. Love them, and especially be good to them when they're sick, and you'll have no trouble. There's my own wife, now She's suffered a good deal with dyspepsia, nervous prostration and other ailments that took the bloom off her cheek and the spring out of her step. Well, who saw an advertisement of PARKER'S TONIC, and thought it would be just the thing for her case. Gentlemen, I sent five miles after a bottle. She took it. I sent again after more. So several times. Trouble? Why, if you could see how much good it has done her you would say that women are the greatest of God's blessings, and Parker's Tonic is the next."

This preparation, which has been known as PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, will hereafter be called simply PARKER'S TONIC. This change has been rendered necessary by substitutes imposed upon their customers by unprincipled dealer, under the name of ginger; and as ginger is an unimportant flavoring ingredient, we drop the misleading word.

There is no change, however, in the preparation itsself, and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of "Parkers Ginger Tonic" contain the genuine medicine if the facsimile signature of HISCOX & Co. is at the bottom of the outside wrapper.

SHARP PAINS Crick, Sprains, Wrenches, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Pleurisy Pains, Stitch in the Side, Backache, Swollen Joints, Heart Disease, Sore Muscles. Pain in the Chest, and all pains and aches either local or deep-seated are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the well-known *Hop Plaster*. Compounded, as it is, of the medicinal virtues of fresh Hops, Gums, Balsams and Extracts, it is indeed *the best* pain-killing, stimulating, soothing and strengthening Porous Plaster ever made. *Hop Plasters* are sold by all druggists and country stores. 25 cents or five for $1.00. Mailed on receipt of price. *Hop Plaster Co.*, Proprietors and Manufacturers, Boston, Mass.

HOP PLASTER

☞Coated tongue, bad breath, sour stomach and liver disease cured by Hawley's Stomach and Liver Pills, 25cts.

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Causes no Pain. Gives Relief at once. Thorough Treatment will Cure. Not a Liquid or Snuff. Apply with Finger. Give it a Trial. 50 cents at druggists. 60 cents by mail registered. Send for circular.

HAY-FEVER

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

PE-RU-NA

Is nature's greatest remedy, the only one that harmonizes with the advanced teachings of our modern Physiologists, who claim that no medicine can have any real beneficial effect on disease unless it clearly coincides with the *vis medicatrix natura* and aids it in curing the disease. It is conceded that so far PERUNA is the only remedy that fills this exact want.

PERUNA — **Cures Chronic Catarrh, Consumption, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Heart and Lungs.** — PERUNA

These organs are the birth-places of all diseases, hence, by putting these in a healthy condition and keeping them so, all diseases must pass away. For "The Ills of Life," a book every man, woman and child should read, ask your druggist or address S. B. Hartman & Co., Columbus, Ohio, and get one gratis. **No. 2.**

MANALIN
Cures Constipation and Piles.
Price $1 per Bottle. Six Bottles $5.

KIDNEY-WORT

DOES WONDERFUL CURES OF KIDNEY DISEASES AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, *Why?*

Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and all Female Complaints.

☞*SOLID PROOF OF THIS.*

IT WILL SURELY CURE
CONSTIPATION, PILES, and RHEUMATISM,
By causing FREE ACTION of all the organs and functions, thereby
CLEANSING the BLOOD
restoring the normal power to throw off disease.
THOUSANDS OF CASES
of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved, and in a short time
PERFECTLY CURED.
PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Dry can be sent by mail.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.
3 Send stamp for Diary Almanac for 1884.

KIDNEY-WORT

☞Advertise in the CITIZEN.

The Inspiration of the Bible.

A lecture by H. L. Hastings, before the Massachusetts Annual Convention of the Y. M. C. Associations, at Spencer, October 13, 1881.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

What makes this book so different from all other books? Whose book is it? Who made it? Infidels have the strangest ideas on that subject. I recollect in Marlboro, Mass., I read in a newspaper an article written by an infidel, which stated that the Council of Nice, in the year 325, compiled the New Testament. They had a lot of Gospels and Epistles, genuine and spurious, and no one could distinguish between the two; so they put them all on the floor and prayed that the good ones might get up on the communion table and the bad ones stay on the floor; and that was the way the present New Testament was compiled. And that is the kind of food that infidels are made to swallow and digest; for that very statement can be found in various infidel books now issued by infidel publishers This writer said that this account rested on the authority of Papias, an early Christian Bishop. I replied, in a lecture, that there was one difficulty about that story—that Papias was dead and buried a hundred and fifty years before the Council of Nice was held; but as they might have got the news from "the spirits," that might be no great objection to them. The man rose to explain, and said that this was not the right Papias, but that it was another Papias, "an obscure Christian bishop of the fourth century." I told him I thought he was obscure; so obscure that no one ever heard of him before or since. On investigation it was learned that a German dominie, named John Pappus, preacher in Strasburg, and a professor at Munster, who died in 1610, discovered this story in an old Greek manuscript entitled "Synodikon," which was written by some old romancer back in the dark ages, about the year 900, for it relates things which occurred as late as 879, over five hundred years after the Council of Nice was dead and buried. And this story, written nobody knows when, where, or by whom, has been swallowed, believed, and published by infidels far and near, as an account of the origin of the New Testament; and the men who believe and peddle such fables call Christians fools for believeing the Bible.

I have on one of my library shelves, between twenty and thirty volumes, containing about twelve thousand pages of writings of different Christian authors who wrote before A. D. 325, when the Council of Nice was held. Many of those books are full of Scripture. Those writers had the same books which we have; they quoted the same passages we quote; they quoted from the same Gospel and Epistles from which we quote.

Origen, wrote a hundred years before the Council of Nice; quotes 5,745 passages from all the books in the New Testament; Tertullian, A. D. 200, makes more than 3,000 quotations from the New Testament books; Clement, A. D. 194, quotes 380 passages; Irenæus, A. D. 178, quotes 767 passages; Polyearp, who was martyred A. D. 165, after having served Christ eighty-six years, in a single epistle quoted 36 passages; Justin Martyr, A. D. 140, also quotes from the New Testament; to say nothing of heathen and infidel writers like Celsus, A. D. 150, and Porphyry, A. D. 304, who referred to or quoted scores of the very passages now found in the Scriptures which we have. Indeed, Lord Hailes, of Scotland, having searched the writings of the Christian Fathers to the end of the third century, actually found the whole of the New Testament, with the exception of less than a dozen verses, scattered through their writings which are still extant; so that, if at the time of the Council of Nice every copy of the New Testament had been annihilated, the book could have been reproduced from the writings of early Christian Fathers, who quoted the book as we quote it, and who believed it as we believe it. And now infidels talk about the Council of Nice getting up the New Testament. You might as well talk about a town council getting up the Revised Statues of the state or nation, because they happened to say they accepted or received them. The Council of Nice did nothing of the kind. The books of the New Testament were received from the apostles who wrote them, and were carefully preserved, and publicly read in the churches of Christ long before the Council of Nice was held.

Says Tertullian, A. D. 200, "If you are willing to exercise your curiosity profitably in the business of your salvation, visit the apostolic churches; in which the very chairs of the apostles still preside in their places; in which their very authentic letters are recited, sounding forth the voice and represent-the countenance of every one of them. Is Achaia near you? You have Corinth. If you are not far from Macedonia you have Philippi and Thessalonica; if you can go to Asia you have Ephesus, but if you are near to Italy you have Rome."

These apostolic churches received the Gospels at the hands of the men who wrote them; and the Epistles were written and signed by men whom they well knew. Paul wrote, "The salutation of me, Paul, by mine own hand, which is the token in every epistle, so I write."

Now, what did these writers testify? They testified things which they knew. The apostle John does not say, "That which we have dreamed, imagined, or guessed at, that thing we declare unto you;" but, "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of Life." 1 John i. 1. This was their testimony. They testified they *saw* Christ in his life and in his death; that they saw him after his resurrection, and felt his hands and feet, and saw the nail-prints and the spear-wounds; and they knew these things and testified of them, and they preached Christ who had died and risen again.

When Lepaux, a member of the French Directory, complained to Talleyrand that his new religion, "Theophilanthrophy," made little headway among the people, the shrewd old statesman replied:

"I am not surprised at the difficulty you find in your effort- It is no easy matter to introduce a new religion. But there is one thing I would advise you to do, and then, perhaps, you might succeed."—"What is it? what is it?" eagerly asked Lepaux.—"It is this," said Talleyrand; "go and be crucified, and then be buried, and then *rise again on the third day*, and then go on working miracles, raising the dead, and healing all manner of diseases, and casting out devils; and then it is possible that you may accomplish your end!" The philosopher went away silent; and no infidel succeeded in fulfilling these conditions. But Christ has died, and risen again, and these apostles suffered the loss of all things, and even of life itself, in proclaiming these facts; and they left their testimony on record in this Book. Then the apostles quote from the prophets, and the prophets quote from the Psalms, and refer to the Law which was given on Mount Sinai; and so we go back from book to book, until we reach the book of Genesis, and that does not quote from anybody or anything. You have then reached the fountain-head.

"But," says one, "I think that the Bible may be a true history, but that is no proof of its inspiration. It does not require divine inspiration to write a true history." So you think it an easy matter to tell the truth, do you? I wish you could make other people think so. Suppose you go and read a file of the newspapers published just before the last election, and see if you do not thiuk it requires divine inspiration to tell the truth, or even to find it out after it is told. Truth is mighty hard to get at, as you can see by perusing the daily papers on the eve of an election.

There are certain things in the Bible which, to my mind, bear the impress of Divinity. A skeptic will tell you what a race of old sinners we read about in the Bible! Noah got drunk; David was guilty of adultery and murder; Solomon was an idolator, and wrought folly; Peter denied his Lord, and Judas sold him for thirty pieces of silver; all these people that the Bible talks to us so much about are a pretty set of men! Very well; what kind of men do you expect to read about in the Bible? Noah got drunk. Is that strange? Did no one else ever get drunk? Peter cursed and swore. Are there not other men who curse and swear? Judas, an apostle, sold his Lord, who said he had chosen twelve and one of them was a devil. Do you not sometimes find a Judas in the church even now-a-days? One in twelve was a thief and a traitor then; and we need not be surprised if we find about the same average now. But you seem to think that when you read about a man in the Bible he is sure to be free from all kinds of errors, frailties, faults and sins. You have formed this idea of men from reading in Sunday school books about good children, who usually die young; or perusing excellent biographies, which, as you read them, cause you to exclaim, "I wish I could be as good as that person was; but I never shall." No, I presume you never will and if you knew the whole story about the person you might not feel so deeply on the subject.

Do you suppose that if the Bible had been written by some learned doctor, revised by a committee of eminent divines, and published by some great religious society, we should ever have heard of Noah's drunkenness, of Abraham's deception, of Lot's disgrace, of Jacob's cheating, of Paul and Barnabas quarreling, or of Peter's lying, cursing and dissembling? Not at all. The good men when they came to such an incident, would have said, "There is no use in saying anything about that. It is all past and gone; it will not help anything, and it will only hurt *the cause*." [Applause.] If a committee of such emminent divines had prepared the Bible, you would have had a biography of men whose characters were patterns of piety and propriety, instead of poor sinners, as they were. Sometimes a man writes his own diary and *happens* to leave it for some one to print after he is dead; but he leaves out all the mean tricks he ever did, and puts in all the good acts he can think of; and you read the pages, filled with astonishment, and think, "What a wonderful good man he was!" But when the Almighty writes a man's life He tells the truth about him; and there are not many persons who would want their lives printed if the Almighty wrote them.

Suppose a young man goes, say from the country, down to the city. Perhaps he is a rich man's son, who has had more money than was good for him at home, and who comes to the city to see the sights. He sails around in dangerous waters, and slips into various ports that are not exactly safe, and the next morning finds him hauled up before his Honor in the police court. You get a morning paper, and you expect to find the full particulars of the case. You do, do you? You find a paragraph on this wise: "A certain young man from the rural districts came to town yesterday, sailed around in different parts of the city, and fell into rather bad company. This morning he was brought up before his Honor, who admonished him to be more careful in the future, and he departed a sadder and a wiser young man." This is the the kind of paragraph you will find in the papers when a rich man's son comes to the city, goes on a spree, and has his head smashed and his eye banged in a fight; you don't get many particulars. But if he is a poor vagabond, without a second shirt to his back, you can get his name, and perhaps his genealogy for generations, and all the particulars of his case. This is the way *men* write history; but when the Lord undertakes to tell *His* story of a sinful man, he does not select a poor, miserable beggar, and show him up; he does not give even the name of the thief on the cross, nor of the wretched outcast who bathed the Saviour's feet with her tears, nor of the guilty woman to whom he said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go in peace, and sin no more;" but he takes King David from the throne, and sets him down in sackcloth and ashes, and wrings from his heart the cry, "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness; according to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out all my transgressions." And then when he is pardoned, forgiven, cleansed and made whiter than snow, the pen of inspiration writes down the whole dark, damning record of his crimes, and the king on his throne has not power, nor wealth, nor influence enough to blot the page; and it goes into history for infidels to scoff at for three thousand years. Who wrote that? [Continued applause.]

You find a man who will tell the truth about kings, warriors, princes, and rulers to-day, and you may be quite sure that he has within him the power of the Holy Ghost. And a book which tells the faults of those who wrote, and which tells you that "there are none righteous, no, not one," bears in it the marks of a true book; for we all know that men have faults, and failings, and sins; and among all the men whose lives are recorded in that book, each man has some defect, some blot, except one, and that is "the man Christ Jesus."

Men love objections; and so they say there are difficulties, and absurdities, and errors, and contradictions in the Bible. You have all heard such assertions. After speaking once in the city of Boston, an ex-minister came to me and told me that the Bible was not true, for there was that story which Moses told about the quails. Israel lusted after flesh, and the lord sent them quails to eat, and they fell by the camp a day's journey on each side, or over a territory forty miles across, and they were two cubits deep on the ground, and the Israelites ate them for a full month. I have in my possession an infidel paper which was published in Boston, in which there is a column of arguments and figures on this "quail story;" giving an estimate of the number of bushels of quails that were piled up over the country, and showing that when they were divided among the host of Israelites, each one would have 2,888,643 bushels of quails, which they were to eat during the month; giving each poor Israelite 69, 620 bushels of quail to eat at each meal for thirty days, and therefore the Bible was not true! [Great laughter and applause.] This is the sort of food our skeptical friends love to eat. That is the meat on which these Cæsars grow so wondrous great.

(*Continued Next Week.*)

Woolen Under-Clothing.

With regard to the sanitary importance of wearing woolen under-clothing, the London *Lancet* says:

The superior advantages of wearing wool next to the skin are easily apparent on reflection, They do not depend merely on its greater warmth and closeness of application. It is further capable, according to its texture and in virtue of its composition, of better adaptation in respect of temperature to the needs of various climates and the changes of the seasons than any other dress material. Moreover, whether it be fine or rough, dense or light, woolen clothing, it is evident, exhibits a special facility for absorbing and distributing moisture. It is this property especially which renders it the natural covering of the constantly perspiring skin. If one be engaged, for example, in active exercise of limb, a linen fabric will absorb what products, of transudation it can till it is wet, but will leave much moisture unabsorbed upon the clammy surface, whereas a flannel, from its more spongy nature will rest upon a skin which it has nearly dried, and be but damp itself. It is obvious, then, that in the event of an after-chill, and this occurs in summer as in winter, the body is, in the latter case, most favorably disposed to resist it. Flannel is not less cleanly than linen, though it may appear less white, and if the wearer bathe daily it is surprising how long it will retain its purity- The disadvantage of skin irritation to which it sometimes gives rise is usually associated with coarseness of quality or freshness of manufacture, and is with nearly all who have experienced it a mere transient condition. Women, as well as men, but above all children and the aged, who are alike particularly apt to take cold, should certainly adopt a woolen material for their customary under-garment. It is easily possible to adjust the texture to the season, so that it shall be warm enough in winter and not too warm in summer.

☞Keep in the Fashion. The Diamond Dyes always do more than they claim to do. Color over that old dress. It will look like new. They are waranted. 10c. at druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

—It is easier for a woman to defend her virtues against men than her reputation against women.

—Teeth-shaping or denticulation, as the dentists call it, is the latest craze in dentistry. By means of a liquid application the teeth are softened and pressed into desirable shape.

—A New London, Conn., whaler has killed the largest whale ever caught. It yielded 168 barrels of oil, and 2,300 pounds of whalebone. It was killed in Cumberland inlet.

—A soft answer turneth away wrath, but this is no reason why a man should be continually exclaiming 'mush" while his wife is scolding.

—An old proverb says that "care will kill a cat." You may consign to us immediately a few cars of "care" and dump it into our back garden.

What Rum Costs Those Who Do not use it.

To count the cost of rum to the country from a dollar-and-cent standpoint is to take the very lowest view of the subject. The mother of a ruined son would gladly give ten times what the ruin cost, in money, to have her son restored to her, and esteem the dollar-and-cent loss as nothing. The wife cursed with a drunken husband would be willing to continue in rags and semi-starvation could she have her husband restored as he was before he was drawn into the fatal whirlpool and morally wrecked. But rum has a money side as well as a moral one, and there are those who would consider the money side, though they cared but little for the other.

Rum is the heaviest burden the people have to bear, and those who do not use it are compelled to bear it with those who do. It can be demonstrated that rum costs the United States more per day than did the support of the armies in the rebellion. It costs the country directly more than the entire school and religious systems put together. The sum total of its cost foots up more than all other taxes combined.

It is the one great expense that outweighs everything else.

The city of Toledo has a population of 70,000. It supports 800 dealers in alcoholic stimulants. We take Toledo as an example, the proportion holding good everywhere the traffic is free or licensed.

To support these 800 places, there must be paid out annually for liquor not less than $2,500,000. Go over the figures. Each saloon must average $10 per day; they could not well live on less. They do business every day in the year, at least in this rum-ridden city, which makes the grand total $2,920,000 per annum. It is perfectly safe to say that it will not fall below $2,500,000.

* * * * *

But the loss does not stop with the mere loss of the money. Were the money taken from the people and dropped into the harbor it would be better than to use it as it is being used. A power for good, when properly used, it becomes a positive curse when filtered through the gin-mills and beer shop. It becomes then a positive, aggressive evil. It is not only wasted, but it becomes the destroyer of those who waste it. It not only absorbs the proceeds of labor but it destroys the power of labor. The workingman whose Saturday night in a beer shop has extended over the Sunday and Sunday night, is in no condition to do work of any kind on Monday. If he works at all it is by fortifying himself with more rum, under which he breaks down before the week is half through. No drunkard ever does a full week's work; indeed the time comes as certain as the rising of the sun, when work at all is impossible. The drunk-is not lazy; rum has made him incapable; semi-starvation accompanies the half-working stage, during which the family suffers from insufficiency of the necessities of life, and worse follows. In the final stage they have nothing, and their care is another burden upon the already rum-robbed communities that harbor them.

Add to this already too long train of evils the cost of the police system and the criminal courts, ninety per cent. of which is chargeable to rum, and put on the top of that the cost of penitentiaries and jails, and some idea may be had of what rum costs the people who do not use it.

* * * No drinking man feeds or clothes his family properly, or even accumulates enough to build a house. he does not even pay rent promptly, and is never properly housed. The necessities of life being impossible for the families of such, of course the luxuries are as far away as the stars. In such families there are never books, magazines or newspapers, and what is worse, education of the children is generally impossible for want of decent clothing, bringing up thousands in the ignorance that leads to crime. The drunkard of this generation inflicts a curse upon the next.

We leave out all mention of the woes unnumbered the poor victims of rum have to endure—we only call attention to the loss sustained through it by those who are not drunkards.

It is the simplest possible financial proposition. Rum absorbs the money that should go to the providing of the necessities of life, thus robbing the trader in those necessities. It destroys the ability to labor, thus robbing the community of whatever benefit that labor would be to it. It compels sober men, who pay taxes, to support police, jails, alms houses, penitentiaries, courts and the other adjuncts of our very bad civilization, all made necessary by rum.—*Toledo Blade.*

Substitutes for Matches.

Countless accidents, as every one knows, arise from the use of matches. To obtain light without employing them, and so without the danger of setting things on fire, an ingenious contrivance is now used by the watchmen of Paris in all the magazines where explosive or inflammable materials are kept. Any one may easily make a trial of it. Take an oblong vial of the whitest and clearest glass and put into it a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea. Pour some olive oil, heated to the boiling point, upon the phosphorus; fill the vial about one-third full and then cork it tightly. To use this novel light remove the cork, allow the air to enter the vial and then recork it. The empty space in the vial will become luminous, and the light obtained will be equal to that of a lamp. When the light grows dim its power can be increased by taking out the cork and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter the vial. In winter it is sometimes necessary to heat the vial between the hands, in order to increase the fluidity of the oil. The aparatus thus made may be used for six months.—*Chicago News.*

An Egg Factory.

"Do you mean to say that you made that egg without the assistance of a hen?" asked a reporter of a Newark egg manufacturer.

"Yes," he replied, "and if you wish I will show you something of our process. Come."

He led me through a room in which there were stored boxes upon boxes of eggs, and into another large, cool room in the rear. Everything was clean and neat. Several strange-looking machines totally unlike anything I had ever seen, stood in different parts of the room. Six or seven men were operating the machinery, which moved noiselessly and with great rapidity. I followed my conductor to one end of the apartment, where there were large tanks or vats. One was filled with a yellow compound, the second with a starchy mixture, and the other was covered. Pointing to these the proprietor said: "These contain the yelk mixture and the white of an egg. We empty the vats every day, so you can judge of the business already. Let me show you one of the machines. You see they are divided into different boxes or receptacles. The first and second are the yelk and the white. The next is what we term the skin-machine, and the last one is the sheller, with drying trays. This process is the result of many years experiment and expense. I first conceived the idea of making a chemical analysis of an egg. After a long time I succeeded in making a good imitation of an egg. I then turned my attention to making the machinery, and the result you see for yourself. Of course it would not be policy for me to explain all the mechanism, but I'll give you an idea of the process. Into the first machine is put the yelk mixture——"

"What is that?" I asked.

"Well, it's a mixture of Indian meal-corn-starch and several other ingredients- It is poured into the opening in a thick mushy state, and is formed by the machine into a ball and frozen. In this condition it passes into the other box, where it is surrounded by the white, which is chemically the same as the real egg. This is also frozen, and and by a peculiar rotary motion of the machine an oval shape is imparted to it, and it passes into the next receptacle where it receives the thin, flimy skin. After this it has only to go through the sheller where it gets its last coat in the shape of plaster of paris shell, a trifle thicker than the genuine article. Then it goes out on the drying trays, where the shell dries at once and the the inside dries out gradually. It becomes, to all appearances a real egg."

"How many eggs can you turn out in a day?"

"Well, as we are running now, we turn out a thousand or so every hour."

"Many orders?"

"Why, bless your soul, yes. We can not fill one-half of our orders. All we can make now are taken by two New York grocers alone. We charge $13 per thousand for them, and they retail at all prices from 15 to 30 cents per dozen. We sell only to the wholesale houses. I suppose plenty of these eggs are eaten in Newark as well as in other places. Col. Zullick, Billy Wright, Honest Andrew Albright, Joe Heines, Judge Johnson, Judge Henry, and all Newark's candidates for governor are living on them. They are perfectly harmless, and as substantial and wholesome as a real egg. The reason we made the machinery of wood is because we found that the presence of metal of any kind spoiled the flavor and prevented the cooking of the eggs."

"Can they be boiled?"

"Oh yes," and he called one of the men. "Here Jim, boil this gentleman an egg."

"Can they be detected?" I inquired, while the bogus egg was being boiled.

"I hardly think any body would be likely to observe any difference unless he happened to be very well posted, as they look and taste like the real thing. By a little flavoring, we can make them taste like goose or duck eggs, of course altering the size. They will keep for years. They never spoil or become rotten, and being harder and thicker in their shells they will stand shipping better than real eggs. We calculate that in a few years we will run the hens of the country clean out of business, as oleomargarine has driven out butter.

Safety Postage Stamps.

One of the great sources of loss to the Government in the Post Office Department is that occasioned by the repeated use made of the same postage stamps. The United States authorities have not yet succeeded in finding an eraser which will be effectual without interfering with the body of the letter or security of the envelope. Our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Felix Walker, has, as he thinks, with great show of reason, found the long desired secret for which he has obtained a patent. His stamps are printed on fine tissue paper, carefully prepared with oil and mucilage. A coating of oil is first spread upon the paper, and before that is dry a coating of mucilage is spread over the oiled paper. The printing is done on the mucilage and shows admirably on the face of the paper. The result is that the stamps cannot be eradicated and therefore cannot be used twice. The only way of loosening it from the envelope is by moistening, and then only the tissue paper comes off, the printing—which is done on the mucilage—remaining on the envelope. Mr. Walker affirms that he has carried some of these stamps in his pocket for a whole year and they worked perfectly well when used.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

—Even in the fiercest uproar of our stormy passions, conscience, though in her softest whispers, gives to the supremacy of rectitude the voice of an undying testimony.

—Used to make money fast—Safety vaults.