Looking Down on a Snow-storm From Mount Washington.

If there was no other diversion on Mount Washington, watching the intermittent extinction and generation of the clouds affords sufficient interest to occupy much of the time. There are "best days" for this however, as well as for the other sights. The summit of the mountain must be clear and the sun should shine brightly. Then, if a snow-storm forms, say a mile below, one of the most enchanting of all natural convulsions delights the observer. The unsubstantial formations rival in grandeur the solid mountains themselves. Disturbed by the warm air below them, and chilled by the cold blasts above, the great seas of vapor begin to roll and tumble and pitch, until a regular tempest forms and sways them all. The billows form great swells and depressions. They break angrily against the rocky mountain, and their snowy spray flies high in the air. Rising and falling, twisting and tangling, they tell of the falling flakes and grinding snow-dust with which the earth is being visited. The more the commotion, the more active is the fall going on below. How they toss and tumble, and how magnificent are the changes of light and shade!

I witnessed the finest show I ever saw of this nature, one afternoon, about half an hour before sunset. The great orb seemed to sink into a sea of saffron; yet it shone with almost painful brilliancy. Suddenly, upon the cloud surface in front of my stand-point, a mile below my feet, a great mass of shining light appeared. It was as brilliant as the sun and of about the same color. It was a "sun-dog"—the image of the sun reflected on the white bosom of the snow-storm. It remained in sight for some time and was caught by the camera. The snow-storm continued, and the sun departed amid an attendance of clouds equal in glory to any summer sunset I ever saw. The coloring upon the upper surface of that raging snow-storm was beyond the gift of the painter to counterfeit.—From "Mount Washington in Winter," by Edward L. Wilson, in February Scribner.

The senior proprietor of this paper has been subject to frequent colds for some years, which were sure to lay him up if not doctored at once. He finds that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is reliable. It opens the secretions, relieves the lungs and restores the system to a healthy condition. If freely used as soon as the cold has been contracted and before it has become settled in the system, it greatly lessens the attack and often cures in a single day what would otherwise have been a severe cold.—*Northwestern Hotel Reporter*, Des Moines, Iowa. 50 cent bottles for sale by Ritchey & Bostick.

The New Kansas Senator.

TOPEKA, KAS., Jan. 27.—William Alfred Peffer, who becomes Senator in the seat of John James Ingalls, was born in Cumberland County, Pa., Sept. 19, 1831. He was master of a small school between the ages of 15 and 19 years, after which he went to California to dig gold. He amassed considerable money in two years and became a farmer near Crawfordsville, Ind. Joining the Eighty-third Illinois Volunteers in 1863, he served till the close of the war, having been Quartermaster, Adjutant and Judge Advocate, devoting the latter end of his service to law. He began the practice of law in Clarksville, Tenn., after the surrender, and remained there fifteen years, removing to Wilson County, Kansas, and establishing a claim. Two years later he became editor of the Fredonia Journal, and afterwards of the Coffeyville Journal. In 1874 he took a Republican seat in the State Senate and was a delegate to the National Convention in 1880. Since then he has been editor of the Kansas Farmer at Topeka. He belongs to the Alliance, and since joining it has made a bitter fight against Ingalls, lasting over a year. In personal appearance he is far from prepossessing and is inclined to be narrow and dogmatical in his political views.

Judge Peffer outlined his policy as Senator to an Associated Press reporter as follows: He said he favored the absolute unlimited coinage of silver and a conservative expansion of the currency along other lines. He was in favor he said, of protection to home industries, but believed that the best protection did not always result from high tariff. Protection by tariff, as a general principle, he said, was wrong. The high tariff should be called in to aid only the individ- struggling industries. He now favored an average ad valorem duty of [illegible] per cent. He was opposed to the force bill.

A Lost Ride's Lesson.

Sun-beams.

"Katie, you promised to go for the Millers this afternoon, and take your sled down to the long hill, don't you remember?"

"O yes, but I aint going to do it. Uncle Frank told Buster and me to wait at the pump, at free o'clock, and he would give us a sleigh-ride."

"An' he has two stwings of bells," added Buster conclusively.

"But you promised Katie," remonstrated the older sister, "and the little Millers will watch for you, and be disappointed when you don't come."

"O, it's no matter," answered Katie, carelessly, "another time will do."

Uncle Frank was reading his paper in the back parlor, while this little talk was going on out in the hall; he laid down the Daily News when he heard Katie's last words, and looked very grave. A half hour later he went out of the door with overcoat and muffler on, pulling on his driving gloves as he went. He still looked very grave for such a smiling old fellow as Uncle Frank, and as he walked down to the stables, shaking his head, you might have heard him mutter to himself, "It's a great pity, but they've got the lesson to learn."

At "free" o'clock, by the fastest time in the house, the two children were booted, and gloved and capped and waiting by the pump; never mind the cold that made their noses red; never mind the snow that wet their curls, wouldn't they have a jolly time when the gray horse with two rows of bells came around the corner?

But the gray horse didn't come; many a belled sleigh pased, many a fur-capped boy and girl looked out at Katie and Buster, but no uncle Frank made his appearance. Sorrowfully the disappointed children went home, and about five o'clock Uncle Frank came in, in a fine glow of good humor. "Well, I've had a fine ride," he cried, "I took the two little Millers with me."

"O Uncle Frank, why didn't you take us?" exclaimed Katie, bursting into tears, "you promised!"

"Eh? O yes, bother, so I did, but it didn't matter you know, any other time would do as well." Uncle Frank's eyes twinkled, Kate knew that he was thinking of her speech about the Millers, though she wondered how he knew about it. But that lost ride taught Katie, and perhaps even little Buster, what it felt like to be disappointed in a promised treat. It was a good afternoon lesson.

Dr. Fenner's Golden Relief is warranted to relieve toothache, headache, neuralgia, or any other pain in 2 to 8 minutes. Also bruises, wounds, wire cuts, swellings, bites, burns, summer complaints, colic, (also in horses,) diarrhœa, disentery and flux. If satisfaction not given money returned. For sale by J. D. Tate & Co.

The People Are Not Calling for It.

Tullahoma Guardian.

We notice that another effort is being made to iduce the legislature to enact a railroad commission bill. We have heard of no special demand by the people for any such measure, and from what we can learn the commission is proposed at the instance of a street railroad monopoly. It seems to us that the legislature might afford to drop all railroad agitation for the present. The people are not in a humor for any such foolishness. There are too many important and needful matters to engage their attention for them to be spending time on measures not especially demanded by the public welfare.

If the Nashville Electric Street Railroad Company has any grievances to settle with other railroads, let it settle them in its own way. The courts are open to it and it is big enough to do its own fighting. It ought not to call on the legislature to do a thing for it which could be done by the courts if its claim was such as a court of justice would entertain.

The general laws of the state are or ought to be such as would protect the people and at the same time deal firmly and justly with railroads or any other corporation.

It is cruel to neglect symptoms of worms in a child. Many cases of epileptic fits can be traced to this source. You do your duty when you give it Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers. It will save the child.

Platinum can now be drawn into wire strands so fine that 27 twisted together can be inserted into the hollow of a hair.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Any thing that will keep you from having communion with God is wicked. Ram's Horn.

—Dean Perown well known as a biblical scholar, has become Bishop of Worcester, England.

—With the wind of tribulation God separates, in the floor of the soul, the chaff from the corn.—Molinos.

—By the will of Thomas C. Sloan, of New York, Yale gets a bequest of $75,000, the Children's Aid Society $10,000, and the Presbyterian hospital and two other societies $10,000 each.

—Twelve weeks of five days each of only six hours a day mean only sixty day's schooling in the year! Is that enough to train for law-makers—rather doesn't it give us law-breakers?

—Do not go out in search of crucifixions; but when God permits them to reach you without your having sought them, they need never pass without your deriving profit from them.—Fenelon.

—Christianity is of no benefit to any man, if it does not make him a better citizen, a better friend, a better husband and father. That religion, which does not transform its possessor, is only a name.

—Rev. James Stalker, M. A., of Scotland, who delivers the course of lectures on "Preaching" before Yale University next spring, will deliver also the course upon the "Merrick foundation" before Ohio Wesleyan University.

—Telegraphy is being taught to a class of African boys on the Congo, by Mrs. Bentley, the wife of a well-known missionary. It is expected that the boys will be ready for service as soon as the Congo railroad is completed. Mrs. Bentley learned telegraphy when she was last in Europe, for the special purpose of training native operators.

—Let us do right, and then, whether happiness comes or unhappiness, is no very weighty matter. If it come, life will be sweet; if it do not come, life will be bitter; bitter, not sweet, and yet to be borne. The well-being of our souls depends only on what we are; and nobleness of character is nothing else but steady love of good, and steady scorn of evil.—James Anthony Froude.

—The over-production of technically educated men and women, and the existence of "learned proletariato" is by no means confined to Germany. The Journal des Economistes has recently produced official statistics for 1889, showing a remarkably over-crowded condition in the ranks of elementary teachers. In the Seine prefecture the applications averaged forty-seven males for every vacancy, and one-hundred and nineteen females. The pressure is strongest for positions in the drawing, singing and gymnastic departments.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Temptations are a file which rub off the rust of self-confidence.—Fenelon.

—Study is the parent of knowledge, but meditation is the mother of wisdom.

—The man who eats chestnuts in the dark takes a good deal for granted.—Ram's Horn.

—Hints to Educators.—Dry books can not be expected to satisfy a thirst for knowledge.—Puck.

—The young woman who proposes marriage to a man is only trying to make a name for herself.—Yonkers Statesman.

—A flower out of place becomes a weed; and many an interesting thing, out of place, becomes a bore and a nuisance.

—The higher classes are invariably the lore classes, while the hire classes are naturally the lower classes.—Boston Traveller.

—If you know who a man's friends are you won't have to hunt up the church records to find out what kind of a person he is.—Ram's Horn.

—Politeness is the natural expression of a refined nature. The counterfeit is always easily distinguishable from the genuine article.

—When you go to collect a bill don't believe your debtor away because the shade is pulled down; that's only a blind.—Binghamton Republican.

—Yes, I carry this for a pocket-piece," said Crank. "It gives me good luck." "I have no pocket-peace," answered Blank, sadly. "I'm married."—Drake's Magazine.

"I'll get rich now, if ever," said the young lawyer. "I'm glad to hear it; you've been idle long enough." "Yes, but now I'm going to work with a will."—Philadelphia Times.

—Ethel—"Of course, papa, I want to marry him, but you'll have to give me up, poor dear, won't you?" Papa.—Well, my dear, that's true; but then we'll get rid of your young man too, you see.—Harper's Bazar.

—Hadn't Called Since.—Tom—You don't go to see your friend Jackson as often as you used to. Is there any coolness between you and him? Fred—Oh, no! only we smoked the last of that box of good cigars he had.—Yankee Blade.

—Sometimes there are living beings in nature as beautiful as in romance. Reality surpasses imagination; and we see breathing, brightening and moving before our eyes sights dearer to our hearts than we ever beheld in the land of sleep.

—Editor (to Miss Oldgirl, aged about 40)—Your work shows promise, madam; but do you know that good literary work is seldom done by a woman until she is 30 or 35? Several years hence you will be able to write available articles. Miss Oldgirl (as she leaves)—That was the most delightful man I ever met.—West Shore.

I think it a pity if any one who suffers from a blood disease does not know that Dr. Bull's Sarsaparilla will make them sound and well. It cured me after I thought my case incurable.—R. L. Thomas, Norfolk, Va.