Perrysburg Journal.

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THE AFTER-DINNER ORATOR.

He sits amid the social throng,
A gloomy, silent man;
He scarcely once has spoke or smiled
Since first the feast began:
He seems a sufferer under some
Mysterious, cruel ban.

The soup has passed untasted by—
It was not to his wish;
He takes no interest in the plate
That bears a piece of fish;
The same is subsequently true
Of every other dish.

In vain the lady at his side
Her kindness would display;
He blankly looks her in the fac
And nothing has to say,
Or answers, if he speaks at all,
Some inappropriate way.

The band strikes up a merry tun
It only makes him groan!
A voice of mocking laughter seems
To sound in every tone:
'Ho! ho!" remarks the fiendish flute;
"Ho! ho!" the deep trombone!

A speaker rises now to speak
With eloquence and wit:
His every word draws smiles or tears,
Or thunders after it:
That writhing man in agony
More dreadful seems to sit!

Each moment his sad spirit seems
In deeper depths to sink:
He fain would take a glass of wine;
But no! he may not drink!
He mutters: "Wine is not a friend
To thought; and I must think!"

O memory, mother of the Muse!
How dear art thou to each!
And what a woe invades the soul
When thou art out of reach!
This hapless wretch has got to speak,
And has forgot his speech!

But Fate will never pause for Woe;
And Fate, in accents grim
That issue from the chairman's lips,
Soon makes a call for him—
As if the table were a stream,
The faces seem to swim!

He feels more like to drown than swim:
He clutches at a chair;
With trembling fingers he essays
To smooth his startled hair,
And then, with all his might and main,
Assumes an easy air!

He says he would have been prepared
If they had let him know;
But catching here the chairman's eye
He lets that statement go,
And says the chairman is his friend,
If he may call him so!

He pauses; and to pass the time
Repeats again the same;
He glows, but not with heat produced
By the right kind of flame:
For inspiration he has yearned,
And perspiration came.

Ah, yes! that story that had seemed
So humorous to him erst!
He tells, it, leaving out the point
And putting wrong end first;
Of all the failures of the night,
Methinks this is the worst!

The kindly listeners say: "Here! hear!"
When he is most distressed;
And where his story's point should be,
As near as can be guessed,
They spread a laugh, like charity,
That covers all the rest.

At last he takes his seat. But lo!
What wondrous change is this?
He smiles, he sips, he chats, he seems
No chance of mirth to miss;
In short, the late unhappy man
Is beaming now with bliss!

Unto his lady's soft remarks
He gaily answers back.
Says she: "A dinner-speech must be
A torture like the rack!"
"Oh no," says he, "*it's not so hard*
When once you hang the knack!"
—*Rossiter W. Raymond, in The Continent.*

TOM BLINKER'S SECRET.

Tom Blinker was a jovial, light-hearted, commercial "gent," who after traveling some years for a London firm, had started in business as a commission agent in Bilchester. Unfortunately he failed—or at least he did not succeed, which is nearly as bad—and at the date of this story, he was pretty heavily in debt. But his creditors were disposed to deal leniently with him, partly because he was known to be in the main honest, and partly because he had intimated that when Lord Montarlington returned he would soon be in a condition to discharge his liabilities. Lord Montarlington had a large estate in the neighborhood, and was naturally very much respected and looked up to in the town. He had been absent from England three years on a foreign tour, and Tom Blinker had not come to Bilchester till shortly after his lordship had started on his travels. Tom's announcement, therefore, caused a great deal of surprise and speculation, and more especially as he always referred to Lord Montarlington in very guarded terms, and never dropped the slightest hint as to the nature of his acquaintance. This mysterious reticence had much more effect upon the public mind than if Tom had entered into details, and if some persons were skeptical enough to doubt whether Tom had ever set eyes upon his Lordship in his life, it was generally believed that for some reason or other Lord Montarlington would relieve him from his difficulties.

But his lordship's return was so long delayed that Tom's creditors began to grow impatient, and Tom himself seemed to lose heart. There was no disguising the fact that he had reached the end of his tether, and nothing short of a miracle could avert bankruptcy and ruin. Duly impressed with this unpleasant fact, and also bearing in mind that two or three of his largest creditors had threatened to take proceedings against him immediately, Tom wended his way to the Blue Boar one evening in a very depressed condition. On reaching the parlor of that ancient hostelry, where a convivial club, of which he was a prominent member, was wont to hold its weekly meetings, he was surprised at being greeted with a chorus of congratulations and good wishes.

"It's all right, Tom!" "Cheer up, old boy!" "Keep your courage up, Tom!" were some of the reassuring exclamations which greeted him in cordial tones, for Tom was a pleasant, good-natured fellow, and most people wished him well, though few would lend him money.

"Why, what's up?" he naturally demanded.

"What's up! Haven't you heard Lord Montarlington has come back?" said Mr. Beans, the grocer.

"You don't say so!" ejaculated Tom, with a start.

"Yes, sure enough. He passed through the town this afternoon. Wonder he didn't give you a call, Mr. Blinker, as you're such a particular friend of his," added Mr. Beans, who was one of the unbelievers.

"Tom seems quite taken aback. One wouldn't think he had heard good news," remarked Mr. Pestle, the chemist, rather slyly.

"His Lordship is agoin' to set you to rights, ain't he, Tom? Make your fortune, I've heard," chimed in another.

It must be owned that Tom did not appear elated at the news. He seemed disconcerted, and for a moment looked decidedly embarrassed. His confusion did not escape the notice of the assembled convives, who exchanged significant glances. It was quite evident, from their nods and winks, Tom had been voted a humbug on the spot, and that his story of his influence with Lord Montarlington was believed to be all gammon.

"His Lordship's solicitor has just arrived here from London," remarked one of the company. "I heard him order dinner and a bed-room, and say he would drive over to the castle in the morning."

"There's a companion for you, Tom," said Mr. Beans, jocosely. "You'll go over to the castle first thing to-morrow, of course? His Lordship must be dying to see you."

"A very good suggestion," returned Tom, rising from his seat with rather a desperate air. "It's a plaguey long drive alone. Did you hear the name of the lawyer, Jakes?"

"Pennington, I believe," was the answer, "and he is in the blue parlor."

"I'll go and introduce myself, pals, if you'll excuse me a minute," said Tom, who had completely recovered his equanimity and easy affability of manners; "meanwhile, Mr. Chairman, if you will order glasses round at my expense you will do me proud."

After this, Tom Blinker made a very effective exit, having succeeded in turning the tide of public sympathy in his favor. Mr. Beans, and others, who had somewhat openly intimated their disbelief in his *bona fides* a moment before, now looked foolish in their turn, while those who had remained neutral began to sing his praises. When Tom returned after a short absence he was regarded by every one with increased respect.

"It is all right," he remarked confidentially, as he resumed his place. "I introduced myself to the lawyer, and we arranged to drive over to-morrow together He is a most pleasant gentleman. I never met him before."

The last observation, uttered in a careless tone, made a distinct impression upon the audience, for it seemed to imply mild astonishment that a person so intimately associated with his Lordship as the family lawyer should up to that time have been unknown to him. He did not apparently seek to convey any impression whatever, for he at once changed the subject by volunteering a song, and never referred to Lord Montarlington again throughout the evening. He appeared suddenly to have recovered his spirits and abandoned himself to social enjoyment. Whether he really surpassed himself, or whether his mysterious acquaintance with Lord Montarlington made every one more inclined to appreciate him, it is certain the company laughed at his jokes and applauded his songs with more vigor than usual, and when the meeting broke up his health was proposed and drank with great enthusiasm.

Early next morning the neighbors, with mingled admiration and envy, witnessed the departure of Tom and the lawyer from the door of the inn. Tom handled the ribbons, having borrowed Mr. Beans' little mare and trap the preceding evening, in order, as he said, to do the thing in style. The grocer was proud of his turn-out, and was only too glad to oblige Tom, now that his prospects had materially improved. Tom Blinker looked very spruce indeed, when he drove to the inn to pick up the lawyer. He was a good-looking man, with white teeth, a florid complexion and a genial expression. Dressed in his best, with a flower in his buttonhole, he presented quite an imposing appearance, and it was observed that Mr. Pennington, the lawyer, treated him with marked courtesy.

"This is really a very civil attention, sir," remarked Mr. Pennington, who was an old-fashioned elderly gentleman of a nervous disposition, and they bowled along the hard country road toward their destination.

"Don't mention it, sir; you're welcome, I'm sure," said Tom Blinker, affably.

"I wouldn't abuse your good nature for the world. You are sure I am not taking you out of your way?" persisted the lawyer, glancing at his companion with mild curiosity.

"Certainly not, sir. As I told you, yesterday, I had arranged to drive over," replied Tom.

"They told me at the hotel when I happened to mention your name that you were well acquainted with his Lordship," said Mr. Pennington, who evidently did not know what to make of his obliging companion.

As the lawyer spoke Tom gave the mare rather an awkward flick with the whip, which caused her to bound forward with unpleasant velocity. Mr. Pennington then awoke to the fact that Tom Blinker's skill at driving was hardly equal to his politeness; indeed, it soon became evident that the mare had the trap and its occupants pretty well at her mercy. Tom appeared cheerfully indifferent to the circumstance, and took ditches, sign-posts and milestones flying. The lawyer, however, was far from comfortable, and soon forgot his curiosity in his personal fears. He ceased to ask questions, and devoted himself to holding onto the hand-rail, regardless of Tom's conversation, which continued in a lively vein, in spite of the most startling episodes. Great and unspeakable, indeed, was the old gentleman's relief when the castle at length came in sight, the little mare having done the distance probably in the shortest time on record.

"Here we are," said Tom, pointing with his whip. "The entrance lodge is down the road to the right."

"Pray don't let me take you a yard out of your way, sir," said the lawyer, preparing to alight; "I can easily walk the rest of the distance."

"Don't mention it. As I am so near I may as well look in and pay my respects to his Lordship," said Tom, in an off-hand manner. "The mare will be glad of a rest; she has brought us along in grand style."

A remark of a mildly sarcastic nature came to the lawyer's lips, but he did not utter it, for fear of giving offense to a friend of so good a client as his Lordship. A few minutes later Tom drove up to the entrance of the Castle with an imposing clatter.

The lawyer was evidently expected, for they were immediately ushered along a corridor to his Lorship's study. On the threshold Tom's modesty seemed suddenly to assert itself, for he hung back a little, so that his companion led the way into the room.

Lord Montarlington advanced to receive his visitors with out-stretched hand. He was a handsome, gray-haired, elderly man, with frank, genial manners. In appearance he looked like a sailor, and, in fact, yachting was his favorite occupation. He was a widower and childless, and since the death of his wife he had resided very little on his estates. He greeted the lawyer with a friendly grasp, and also shook hands with Tom.

"Now I'm safe on terra firma, my Lord, I do not mind confessing that Mr. Blinker has made me pass a *mauvais quart d'heure*," said Mr. Pennington, with a humorous smile.

"Pooh! There was no danger, my Lord. The little mare is as safe as ninepence, only, like the rest of her sex, she likes to take the bit in her teeth," interposed Tom, with his jovial laugh.

"Ha! ha! Pray be seated, gentlemen," laughed his Lordship, glancing with good-humored surprise at Tom. "So long as no bones are broken there's no harm done. Mr. Pennington, it was very good of you to come down from town. I ought to have called on you, but to-morrow I'm going North——"

"And goodness knows where besides!" interposed Mr. Pennington, producing a bundle of papers from his side pocket, like a conjurer. "I have something important to say, so I thought I would take this opportunity, my Lord."

"I don't wish to intrude," said Tom, rising discreetly.

"My dear sir, pray don't move," replied his Lordship. "Mr. Pennington and I are not going to talk secrets. Besides, I hope you will both stay to lunch."

"Delighted, I'm sure," said Tom, readily. "That is, if your Lordship will allow me to send a messenger with a note or two to Bilchester. I had some appointments which I can easily put off."

"By all means. There are writing materials by your side," said his Lordship.

Lord Montarlington and his lawyer soon became immersed in business, while Tom wrote half a dozen short notes on paper bearing the Earl's coronet and crest, with the address of the castle. The tenor of each of these epistles was precisely the same, so that a single specimen will suffice to satisfy the reader's curiosity:

DEAR MCVITTIE:—I quite intended to call and see you about those two ponies I owe you, but his Lordship won't hear of my leaving. Please let the matter stand over a bit, and spare yourself the trouble of issuing a writ.

Yours ever, T. BLINKER.

While engaged on these important compositions Tom could not resist giving an ear to the conversation which was going on on the other side of the fire-place. He gathered that the principal object of the lawyer's visit was to consult his Lordship about appointing a new steward. The post was at present vacant, the late occupant having resigned in a huff, and Mr. Pennington was in favor of giving it to a practical, business-like man, who would not be above his work. His Lordship cordially acquiesced in this view, and left the matter in the lawyer's hands, and, having affixed his signature to a few documents, the conference ended.

"Now, gentlemen, let us come and have a look around," said his Lordship, with an air of relief. "Mr. Blinker, the butler will hand your letters to a groom, who is now going into Bilchester, and who will deliver them immediately."

Tom Blinker was trembling with suppressed excitement, for it had suddenly occurred to him to apply to his Lordship for the vacant stewardship He was almost startled by his own boldness, and although not wanting in cool assurance, he could not at the moment summon up courage to apply for the post. He resolved to wait until after luncheon, by which time he hoped to have created a favorable impression.

Meanwhile he pulled himself together and assumed a more sedate and business-like air. Tom was a shrewd fellow, and was very well posted up as to agricultural topics generally. He had a knack of repeating information gained at second-hand as though it were entirely original, and he never confessed ignorance on any subject whatever. Fortunately for him neither Lord Montarlington nor Mr. Pennington knew anything of country life except in its frivolous aspects, so that during their ramble through the grounds and over the stables Tom contrived to impress them both considerably without committing himself. At luncheon he was still more successful, for there was no denying that he was capital company on festive occasions. He made his Lordship roar with laughter at his jokes and witticisms, and even the lawyer became quite hilarious and cheerful. The result was that when Mr. Pennington rose to depart—for his Lordship's carriage was to take him to the neighboring station to catch the London train—Tom no longer felt any hesitation about preferring his request.

"My Lord, there is a little matter I should like to mention before Mr. Pennington goes," he said airily. "I wish to offer myself as candidate for the post of steward to your Lordship. As I'm on the spot I can get into harness at once, which will be an advantage. I'm willing to come on sale or return—I mean on approval for a month. That is an advantage also. And I flatter myself you wouldn't find a better business man, nor one that would serve you straighter if you were to fill the *Times* for six months with advertisements."

Tom's tone and manner were hardly those of a person asking a favor. He seemed honestly conscious of his own worth, and Lord Montarlington, though somewhat taken aback, was evidently struck by the suggestion. He looked across at the lawyer and said:

"Eh, Mr. Pennington? What do you say to that?"

"Well, really, my Lord, such a thing had never occurred to me," said the lawyer, looking undecided. "If your Lordship thinks Mr. Blinker will be likely to suit——"

"A month's trial, eh?" interposed Tom, with alacrity. "Very well. Then that's settled."

And so it was. His Lordship glanced at the lawyer and the lawyer at him, but neither raised any objection, and the result was that Tom received permission to begin his duties on the morrow. He was a proud man when he drove into Bilchester that evening and announced his good fortune. He found, however, that the neighbors were less surprised at the news than might have been expected, for every one had heard of the letters which he had written from the Castle on paper bearing his Lordship's crest. If he had come back and said that Lord Montarlington was his long-lost brother the credulity of his friends would have borne the shock.

Tom proved himself quite competent to discharge the duties he had so rashly undertaken. When a man has plenty of assurance, backed by natural ability, shrewdness and a firm determination to succeed, he can not very well turn out a failure. Those who uttered ominous predictions based upon his unsuccessful career in Bilchester overlooked the fact that want of capital was alone the cause of Tom's misfortune, and it turned out that he had a powerful incentive to make him do his best in his new position, for shortly afterward he became engaged to be married to the pretty daughter of mine host of the Blue Boar.

Lord Montarlington left for the North on the day Tom entered upon his new duties, and three months afterward, on passing through London he had an interview with Mr. Pennington.

"By-the-by," he said, at the close of their conversation, "I suppose the new steward is a success, as I haven't heard to the contrary?"

"He is the best agent your Lordship has ever had: a prompt, business-like, energetic and trustworthy man," said Mr. Pennington, warmly. "May I ask ask how you came to know him?"

"Why, you introduced him, of course," returned his Lordship, staring. "I never saw him before that day."

"Nor did I," returned the lawyer, opening his eyes; "he offered to drive me over, and I was certainly under the impression your Lordship was acquainted with him."

Lord Montarlington and the lawyer stared at one another for a moment in open-mouthed astonishment, and during that brief period Tom's prospects were in imminent peril. Then his Lordship suddenly burst out laughing, and Mr. Pennington followed his example.

"I never heard of such bare-faced impudence in my life," exclaimed Montarlington, as soon as he could speak. "'Pon my honor, he deserves his good luck. As he appears to suit, we had better say nothing about the matter; only keep your eyes on him, and don't let his impudence carry him too far."

"I will pull him up sharply on the smallest provocation," returned Mr. Pennington, gravely.

But the provocation never arose, for Tom continued to be an exemplary agent. His substantial salary soon enabled him to pay off his Bilchester debts, for which we may be sure he was not pressed, and within a year he married. He is now a much respected and very influential personage in the neighborhood, and to this day people in Bilchester continue to speculate on the nature of his mysterious influence with Lord Montarlington.

—A witness was objected to in the trial of a suit about a party wall in Baltimore, Md., on account of his religious belief. The presiding Justice said that the Constitution of the State provides that a witness shall believe in God, but does not undertake to define what is meant by that word. If a man believes in moral responsibility and a system of rewards and punishments in this world or one to come, he is a competent witness. The witness said that he did so believe, and the Judge said: "Then you are as competent a witness as any man in Maryland."

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Carrie Wilcox, of Bradford, Pa., renounced her religion to marry her Hebrew lover.

—Andrew G. Boyd, of Hagerstown, Md., whipped an editor for calling him a "penny-a-liner."

—A novel is being written in England by nine different persons, the object being to give individuality to each character.

—Mrs. Susan Fenimore Cooper, a daughter of the novelist, is educating one hundred orphans at her home, in Cooperstown, N. Y.

—B. P. Shillaber, better known as "Mrs. Partington," is now over seventy years of age, and lives quietly in Chelsea, Mass., occasionally writing for the press.

—"Chinese" Gordon, as is well known, is a man of profound religious convictions, and studies the Bible with an enthusiasm that is usually supposed to belong to the theologian more than to the soldier.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Mrs. Joseph Cook, of Boston—wife of the reverend Joseph—has entered the lecture field, taking for her theme, "The Temples and Tombs of Hindostan," and illustrating her remarks with stereopticon views.—*Boston Post.*

—Henry Ward Beecher in his new lecture, "The Circuit of the Continent," boasts a little. It is descriptive of his trip last summer across the Northern boundary, down the Pacific coast, and back by the Gulf and Southern Atlantic States. He traveled 18,600 miles, returned upon the very day set, had seventy-five appointments, and filled every one of them.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—"Extra Billy" Smith, the veteran ex-Governor of Virginia, has written to a relative in Troy, N. Y., giving a synopsis of the events of his life. In the letter he finds occasion to say: "Although I shave with my right and write with my left hand, I yet am so nervous in both that I write with great labor and difficulty." He was born two years before the death of General Washington.—*Troy Times.*

—Bishop George F. Pierce, of the Methodist Church South, celebrated his golden wedding recently at Atlanta, Ga. He was one of the first members of the Georgia Conference, which was organized in 1831. In speaking of his early labors, he said: "My home seemed to be constantly in the saddle. I preached twenty-four sermons every twenty-eight days, besides sermons on extra occasions, such as weddings, funerals and household services." In 1839 Bishop Pierce was appointed President of the first female college in the world, situated at Macon.

HUMOROUS.

—A smooth sidewalk is a thing to be desired and is generally approved, but people are apt to get down on a slippery pavement.

—Paradoxical as it may appear, the law prohibits keeping men in lunatic-asylums when it is admitted that they are insane.

—The greatest oleomargarine fraud yet perpetrated is the labeling the buckets with a ferocious-looking billy-goat to indicate genuine butter.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

—A freshman wrote home to his father: "Dear papa: I want a little change." The paternal parent replied: "Dear Charlie: Just wait for it. Time brings change to everybody.—*College Journal.*

—"Let us play we are married," said little Edith, "and I will bring my dolly and say: 'See baby, papa?'" "Yes," replied Johnny, "and I will say: 'Don't bother me now; I wan't to look through the paper.'"—*Punch.*

—"I say, Jenkins, can you tell a young, tender chicken from an old, tough one?" "Of course I can." "Well, how?" By the teeth." "Chickens don't have teeth." "No, but I have."—*Hartford Times.*

—A writer on electricity lucidly observes that "a current of one ampere results when one volt passes through a conductor offering a resistance of one ohm." We don't see how it could do otherwise.—*Norristown Herald.*

—The father gazed at the triplets, the first born, snugly reposing in the cradle, and remarked to the nurse: "Are they boys or girls?" "All girls, the little dears. What treasures they are!" "Yes, little fortunes, as it were; little Miss-fortunes."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A young man who had been going with a Vermont girl for some time, and had made her several presents, asked her one day if she would accept a puppy. He was awful mad when she replied that her mother had told her, if he proposed to her, to say no.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—A Cool Conundrum.—

"Canst thou not tell the difference"—
Said Yeast the other night—
"Twixt clear and running water—
And when its frozen tight?"

"I can," his wife made answer,
"I'll tell you in a trice—
The one's a flow of water,
The other a floe of ice."
—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—"Did you hear the news about Blimmer?" inquired De Smythe of O'Jenks this morning. "No. What's happened to him, old boy?" "Committed involuntary suicide before breakfast." "You don't tell me! How?" "He swallowed four gallons and a half of fog, and died in the blessed hope of sunshine beyond." "Good morning." —*Hartford Post.*

Last Reminiscences of Anthony Trollope.

It was at the close of a lively morning visit that he first told one of his greatest friends that his life was in danger, saying in the most conversational tone, "I have had a terrible verdict pronounced against me since I saw you last. They saw I have got angina pectoris. I am to eat and drink, and get up and sit down at my peril, and may drop down dead at any moment." He subsequently consulted Dr. Murrell, the well-known authority on angina pectoris, who did not indorse the verdict, but found that his heart was weak and that hard work had made an old man of him. For more than a year he remained under the same medical care, and got comparatively well. He was enabled to resume his favorite exercise, and his usual animated life, being, however, fairly warned, and that impressively, that he must neither overwork nor overexert himself. The injunction was perfectly vain. He was extraordinarily impatient and reckless of his own condition; would still dash out of railway carriages before the stopping of the train, would hurry in and out of cabs, and give way in all things to his usual impetuosity. The end was grievous as it was sudden, and is briefly described in the preface: "On the evening of the 3d of November, 1882, he was seized with paralysis of the right side, accompanied by loss of speech. His mind also had failed, though at intervals his thoughts would return to him. After the first three weeks these lucid intervals became rarer, but it was always very difficult to tell how far his mind was sound or how far astray." He was moved from the rooms in Suffolk street, which he had taken as soon as it was decided that he could not live at Harting, and where the doors were besieged with anxiously inquiring visitors, to a quiet house in Welbeck street, where he died nearly five weeks from the night of his attack. The wish he had expressed so strongly in his days of health and strength was granted. The power of work was over, and he was taken from the world in which, according to his own view, there could be no longer any joy.—*Temple Bar.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Hay that is not effectually cured when put in barn should have salt scattered over it as it is put away. It helps to preserve it and the cattle like it.—*Troy Times.*

—An Indianapolis (Ind.) fruit grower says: "Last year I put twelve moles in my strawberry patch of five acres, to catch the grubs, and they did the work. I never had a dozen plants injured during the summer, either by the grubs or moles. I know some people do not care for moles on their farm, but I want them in my strawberry patch."

—Peas are of two classes, the round and the wrinkled. The latter kind, if sown in cold, wet soil, will rot; the round peas are hardy, and may be sown as soon as the ground thaws. Make a drill three or four inches wide, with the hoe, and scatter the seed peas in it, so that they will be about half an inch apart, and cover with two inches of soil.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—Although every well regulated farm can boast a garden where delicacies are raised for the home table, there are still many new farms on which this important spot has not yet been set aside. Even half an acre may be made to produce enough fruits and small vegetables for a family whose table without these luxuries would be bare indeed. Start the garden early. Do not allow it to take the last chance.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—If you wish to improve upon the usual method of smothering beef-steak with onions, try this: Cut one quart of onions in very small bits, not over an inch long, and as thin as a sharp knife will cut them. Let them be in cold water with a good sprinkling of salt in it for half an hour. Drain them well, and fry them in a deep frying pan, with a good deal of very hot lard in it. They will cook immediately and be crisp and most excellent.—*Exchange.*

—Hominy fritters help make variety for the breakfast table. Boil the hominy the day before, then take two teacups of it, and stir a small cup of sweet milk and a little salt with it, and one egg, four teaspoonfuls of flour, with half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Have your frying-pan hot with the fat in it: drop this batter in by spoonfuls, and fry a delicate brown. The flavor is better if half butter and half lard is used, rather than all lard.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—If you want to grow huckleberries, says W. J. Scott in the *Husbandman*, set out young plants, about a foot high in the spring. Mulch them for a year or two, and plow in some coarse horse manure occasionally. They are slow to start, but after they are started they grow rapidly both in bush and berry. The bushes may be cultivated with a horse. They should be set at least seven feet apart each way, as they spread considerably when full grown. It is well to set three or four small bushes in each hill.

Garniture.

Velvet and embroidered fabrics will be most used for bonnet trimmings, with also repped ottoman silks and satins for pipings and as the reverse side of velvet ribbons. A great deal of very narrow velvet ribbon is now being used by Paris milliners for rosettes that form pompon clusters on top of bonnets, and there are little princesse bonnets made entirely of small loops of narrow velvet ribbons. A sort of Alsacian effect will be given to spring bonnets by a bow of velvet ribbon in the widths known to dealers as Nos. 9 and 12, and there are other arrangements of these ribbons in a high cockade bow that sometimes has an aigrette or else spears of wheat upright amid its standing loops. Jets will be used again, but there are few colored beads among new goods. Small blossoms arranged in wreaths and half-wreaths will trim summer bonnets. For the spring there are large feather panaches made up of several kinds of feathers, partly of downy marabout, with small ostrich tips, some high heron feathers as an aigrette, and there may be small humming-birds or merely a bird's head resting upon these. One cluster resembling the Prince of Wales's three feathers is made of six small ostrich tips arranged in three drooping or nodding plumes, a tip of a very light shade of one color being mounted together with another of the darkest shade, as pale mushroom with dark brown. A great deal of gilt will be used for garniture, in laces, in wide braids, in wheat clusters, and in ornamental pins and clasps. There are also many silver pins, long and slender, with the head of a fish, dog, or bird, and there are larger silver brooches representing the head of a Skye terrier, or the face of a pug, or hunting dogs in the chase. A new and very effective lace called *guipure de Genes* looks like thick, heavy embroidery, and may be had in white, ecru, and other colors. It is put on the brim in fluted rows, or forms an erect fan in front of the hat. The Irish point embroidery of last year is used for children's pokes, with quaintly shaped crown and box-plaited front laid over pink or blue silk. There are also close cottage caps of pink or blue null, shirred on cords and tucked like the white muslin French caps. Embroidered piques and muslin are also made up into children's caps with a large soft crown, and a full frill of embroidery on the edge. Fewer roses will be used than formerly, as small blossoms will be in favor, yet there are rose bonnets with the pinkish-yellow Safrano roses forming part of the brim and all the crown, while small unblown buds or leaves edge the velvet brim.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Bad Air.

When a person has remained for an hour or more in a crowded and poorly-ventilated room or railroad car, the system is already contaminated to a greater or less extent by breathing air vitiated by exhalations from the lungs, bodies and clothing of the occupants. The immediate effect of these poisons is to debilitate, to lower vitality and to impair the natural power of the system to resist disease. Hence it is that persons who are attacked by inflammatory diseases, as pneumonia or rheumatism, can generally trace the beginning of the disease to a chill felt on coming out of a crowded room into the cold or damp air, wearing perhaps thin shoes and insufficient clothing. If these facts were generally understood and acted upon, thousands of lives might be saved every year. It is a well-known fact that men who "camp out," sleeping on the ground at all seasons of the year, seldom have pneumonia, and that rheumatism, with them, comes, as a rule, only from unwarrantable imprudences. There are two facts that should be learned by every person capable of appreciating them, and they should never be lost sight of for a moment. One is that exhalations from the lungs and the breath—are a deadly poison, containing the products of combustion in the form of carbonic acid gas, and if a person were compelled to reinhale it unmixed with the oxygen of the air, it would prove as destructive to life as the fumes of charcoal. This is an enemy that is always present, in force, in assemblies of people, and only a constant and free infusion of fresh air prevents it from doing mischief that would be immediately apparent. The other fact is that pure air is the antidote to this poison. The oxygen of the air is the greatest of all purifiers. Rapid streams of water that pass through large cities, receiving the sewage, become pure again through the action of the air after running a few miles. Air is the best of all "blood purifiers." Combined with vigorous exercise to make it effective, it will cure any curable case of consumption.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Hayti.

It is noticeable that whenever the Republic of Hayti is mentioned in dispatches it is because a revolution is raging there. President Salomon has just succeeded in injuring seriously the backbone of the sharp and formidable revolt begun last year. Salomon is the first Haytien President in many years who has maintained himself against revolt, and the fact is promising for the growth of stability. On January 1 it was eighty-one years since Dessalines, the successor of the patriot Toussaint l'Ouverture, proclaimed the independence of the western part of the island of Hispaniola under the name of Hayti, and made himself life-President of the Republic and a despicable tyrant. Since his assassination Hayti has had a succession of ephemeral Presidents, Kings and Emperors and any number of bloody revolutions. The present President, Salomon, is himself the product of a revolution. Hayti has been a very wretchedly misgoverned country, and had not the natural resources of her 10,000 square miles been very great there would be to-day nothing but desolation. The Government is burdened with a large debt and the revenue system is so loosely operated that half the collections are stolen by the revenue officers. Good financial management would give the Black Republic a very fine income; but every bright, intelligent leader has heretofore subordinated financial and other reforms to personal ambition for power.—*The Current.*

—Over three thousand persons signed the pledge during Mr. Francis Murphy's Boston ministrations.—*Boston Herald.*

Junior Vice Commander.

Mr. A. G. Alford, Junior, Vice Department Commander of Md., G. A. R., Baltimore, Md., writes: "I have kept St. Jacobs Oil by me and always found it a ready remedy for pains, aches and bruises. When suffering terribly a few weeks since with an ulcerated tooth, I could not get any rest, and I applied it. I was instantly relieved, and my suffering ceased from that time."

A RATHER free-spoken young lady uptown is called electricity because she shocks so many people.

The term *hydra* may be used to represent any muscle overfed. If you would battle successfully with this many-headed monster of disease you will find it expedient to keep Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound always at hand.—*Dr. Banning.*

THE Burlington *Hawkeye* man says that "powder is like money. It's awfully hard to hold after it begins to go."

Congressional Endorsement.

Hon. John Cessna, ex-Member of Congress from Pennsylvania, writes: "In the space of twelve hours my rheumatism was gone, having taken three doses Durang's Rheumatic Remedy. My brother was cured by a similar amount. I most cordially recommend it. Sold by all druggists.

ARTIFICIAL cork has been invented, and we shall soon hear of adulterated life-preservers.

High Priced Butter.

Dairymen often wonder how their more favored competitors get such high prices for their butter the year round. It is by always having a uniform gilt edged article. To put the "gilt edge" on, when the pastures do not do it, they use Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color. Every butter maker can do the same. Sold everywhere and warranted as harmless as salt, and perfect in operation.

☞ Fashion is Queen. Fast, brilliant and fashionable are the Diamond Dye colors. One package colors 1 to 4 lbs. of goods. 10c. for any color. Get at druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

"ORANGES should never be eaten in company," says an authority. That is true, they should only be eaten in a bathtub.

A Clergyman's Tongue.

Rev. R. Priest says tongues can not express the good that Warner's White Wine of Tar Syrup has done for me and my family. I have labored in the cause fifteen years, and have never found anything that will relieve Hoarseness, and Irritation of the Throat and Lungs, like White Wine of Tar Syrup.

AS WE journey through life let us live by the weigh.—*All the Grocers.*

WILLIAM J. COUGHLIN, of Somerville, Mass., says: In the fall of 1876 I was taken with BLEEDING OF LUNGS followed by a severe cough. In 1877 I was admitted to the Hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half dollar. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when, to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better than for three years past.

EARTHQUAKES are not much considered in South America, where they are as common as other family jars.

TWO MONTHS ago my attention was called to the case of a woman afflicted with a cancer on her shoulder at least 6 inches in circumference, angry, painful, and giving the patient no rest day or night for 6 months. I obtained a supply of Swift's Specific for her. She has taken 5 bottles, and the ulcer is entirely healed up, only a very small scab remaining, and her health is better than for 5 years past; seems to be perfectly cured. REV. JESSE H. CAMPBELL, Columbus, Ga.

"I'm locked in slumber," murmurs the prison bird in his sleep.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Merited Praise.

The universal praise bestowed upon Kidney-Wort as an invaluable remedy for all disorders of the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, is well merited. Its virtues are universally known and its cures are reported on all sides. Many obstinate cases have succumbed to it after they had been given up by the doctors and a thorough treatment will never fail to cure. Sold by all druggists. See adv't.

WHEN a man's looks speak volumes, the best thing he can do is to sell them for old junk.

Cream and Cold Weather.

What a luxury is a bath in summer. Surely, but a greater luxury is a clear head in winter; just when almost everybody is sneezing and snuffling with a cold in the head. But when you are attacked use Ely's Cream Balm. It cures colds in the head, and when it is better, it cures the worst cases of chronic catarrh and hay fever. Not a liquid, not a snuff. Pleasant to use. Quick relief. Radical cure.

THE man who "wouldn't wonder" must be the laziest man in the world.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE MARKETS.

	NEW YORK, March 3.	
FLOUR—Extra Ohio	$3 40 @	$4 00
WHEAT—Red winter	1 08½@	1 13½
No. 1 white	1 09 @	1 10
CORN—No. 2	62½@	65
OATS—Mixed western	40½@	42
PORK—Mess	17 75 @	18 00
LARD—Prime steam	9 65 @	9 75
BUTTER—Western	9 @	36
CHEESE—Ohio	11½@	13
EGGS—Western	21½@	22
CATTLE	6 00 @	7 50
HOGS	6 90 @	7 20
SHEEP	5 25 @	7 25
	CLEVELAND.	
FLOUR—Country XX, white	$3 25 @	$3 75
Minn. new process	7 00 @	7 25
WHEAT—No. 2	5 25 @	5 50
	1 05 @	1 06
CORN	50 @	50
OATS—No. 1	38 @	39
CHEESE—Choice Factory	14 @	15
Ohio Dairy	12 @	13
BUTTER—Choice	22 @	25
EGGS	20 @	21
POTATOES, new, per bush	*35 @	40
SEEDS—Timothy	1 40 @	1 55
Clover	5 75 @	6 35
	CINCINNATI.	
FLOUR—Family	$4 70 @	$5 00
WHEAT	1 06 @	1 07
CORN	52½@	53
RYE	66 @	67
OATS	36½@	37
BUTTER	33 @	37
HOGS—Common to light	5 25 @	6 25
Packing	6 35 @	7 30
	TOLEDO.	
WHEAT—No. 1 White	$1 06 @	$1 07
No. 2 Red Winter	1 00½@	1 05
CORN—High Mixed	54 @	55
No. 2	54 @	55
OATS—No. 2	37 @	39
	BUFFALO.	
BREVES—Best	6 75 @	7 00
Medium	4 50 @	5 60
HOGS—Common to fair	7 75 @	7 25
Heavy	6 90 @	7 15
SHEEP—Common	4 65 @	5 65
Choice	5 75 @	6 35
	PITTSBURGH.	
BEEVES—Best	$6 25 @	$7 00
Medium	5 25 @	6 00
HOGS—Yorkers	6 40 @	6 60
Philadelphias	7 40 @	7 75
SHEEP—Best	6 40 @	6 40
Medium	5 25 @