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The Eaton Democrat.

EATON. : : : : OHIO

OUR YOUTHFUL DAYS.

Let us pause and look around us,
Before dreary age hath found us,
For we're growing old and older every day,
While the hand of time is stealing
All that fresh and youthful feeling
Which has filled our hearts thus far upon life's way.

But while hope is bright before us,
And no cloud has yet come o'er us,
Let us store our minds with wisdom and with truth,
That when age shall overtake us,
And our friends perchance forsake us,
We may feel no bitter mournings for our youth.

For sad, indeed, and dreary
It would be if, old and weary,
We were taunted with the feelings of remorse;
While we thought of all the yearnings
Of our friends and all the warnings
We have had, and yet had altered not our course.

We know that youth is tempted,
And that no one is exempted
From trials and troubles here below;
But a rich reward is given,
There is promise, too, of heaven,
For those who live and conquer as they go.

Shall we strive then to grow better
Ere that strong and mighty fetter
Of habit, evil habit, shall us bind?
Shall we turn from each temptation
With a strong determination
To change our lives, and benefit mankind?

There are those who seek the splendor
That wealth alone can render,
But the richest prize that life itself can buy
Is to feel that as day closes
All our confidence reposes
In the life that we have led—and we can die.

—Dr. A. W. Jamieson, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

BEHIND THE SHUTTER.

Most houses have a story; I don't mean the architectural division designated by the word, but the narrative of some episode connected with the inmates past or present. I know mine has, and though it deals neither with a crime nor with any incident of a thrilling sensational character; yet I think it worth telling, and sit down to do so in a moment of leisure, with nothing of graver purpose to hinder me.

The house in question, occupied by me and mine, is situated in London. The building is an old one. No stucco, swiftly "run-up" enterprising jobber's speculation, but a good solid brick-and-mortar edifice, reared with care, and meant to endure. It was built, I should say, not only when George III. was King, but a young King, too, and long before fashion had dreamed of migrating so far west as Belgravia.

The event I am going to relate happened some three or four years after I had settled myself cozily in my new abode. I had returned one afternoon somewhat earlier than was my custom, for the purpose of celebrating my second boy's birthday and sat at home in my easy-chair like Goldsmith's good old Vicar, surrounded by my young hopefuls of both sexes. Unlike him, however, owing to the din of romping and clatter, I entertained serious doubts as to whether I should not have been better off had I continued single and only talked of population, instead of marrying and endeavoring to bring up a large family. Suddenly one of the children, who was at the window, attracted my attention by a remark.

"O, do look!" she said—it was Minnie, our youngest but one, who had not as yet overcome certain difficulties with regard to pronouncing of her "r's"—"do look at the old man in the steet! He's just like old Father Cwithmas, and keeps looking up here."

"Where? where?" said the rest, rushing to the window.

I myself—as great a baby as any of them—glanced out, and, to be sure, the little thing was right. There was an old gentleman to be seen—a very old gentleman, with a long, snow-white beard, who stooped very much and steadied his feeble gait by the aid of a stick—a real Father Christmas, but by no means a shabby one, for the black clothes he wore seemed to be in excellent condition. My house appeared to be the object of his attraction, and he looked at it, hesitated, and then looked at it again.

"He's coming to the door!" cried my little ones, "Father Christmas is coming to the door!"

"Coming to the door!" said I. "Good gracious, so he is! Who can he be, I wonder, and what can he want?"

He was too respectable and venerable for a tax-collector; and the manner in which he approached the entrance of the house showed apparent timidity and diffidence. Surely he was making some mistake; I did not know him, and expected no strange visitors.

He knocked at the door, and I just peeped out of the dining-roam, where we were sitting, impelled by a certain curiosity to learn what his motive might be singling us out.

"Does Mrs. Smith still live here?" he asked the housemaid, who ran up to him.

"Mrs. Smith, sir? No, there ain't no such party living here."

"Ah, gone, as I supposed," I heard the old gentleman say, as though speaking to himself. "It is many years ago."

There was a pause after this, and I could see that Mary, our girl, was doubtful as to what she should do next. The old gentleman did not seem disposed to go, but stood at the door reflecting in silence.

"Can I see the present owner of the house?" he said at last. "Here is my card; I should desire if it is convenient, a few minutes' interview."

So there was no mistake, after all. Father Christmas had marked us for his own. I looked at the card which the girl brought in to me and read—Count Pogliano, Brescia.

"Count Pogliano, Brescia!" I thought to myself. "That sounds Italian. What can a Count want with me?" However, the movements of the old gentleman had excited some interest in me, so I decided upon seeing him.

"Take him up-stairs to the drawing-room," I said to the girl. "I will be with him directly."

I packed the children off to the nursery, and, having informed my wife of the strange visitor's appearance, hurried up to wait upon him.

He had taken a seat, but rose on my entering, and bowed with grave courtesy. Face to face with him, I saw a man who, when young, must have been strikingly handsome, and to whom age gave a singularly distinguished and patriarchal appearance. But for the stoop of his body he would have been far above the average height of men; his nose was well cut and slightly aquiline, and his eyes had not lost their lustre. A truly venerable old gentleman, whom it was impossible to mistake for anything else except a gentleman.

"Pray be seated, sir," I said, noticing that his great age—he looked over eighty to a certainty—made him rather feeble upon his legs.

He sat down again, and then glanced at me timidly, as thought at a loss for suitable words with which to express his thoughts.

"I scarcely know how to explain my intrusion," he began at last, speaking with a slight foreign accent, but otherwise perfectly clear, and employing even well-chosen phrases. "My reasons for disturbing you will no doubt seem strange."

I nodded my head in silence and waited for him to continue.

"The fact is—that I lived in this house many, many years ago——"

"Indeed, sir!" I put in, observing that the old gentleman was growing more nervous and diffident.

"Yes, sir. A Mrs. Smith was the occupant at the time; but perhaps you have no knowledge of such a person?"

"No, sir, I cannot say I have," I replied. "My tenancy is of quite recent date—some three years and a half at most—and Smith was not the name of my predecessor."

"Ah, just so; thank you. It is many years ago; and things alter more than men. To me it seems as though it were but yesterday."

He looked about him with a saddened gaze and I could see that some of the recollections of his past moved him deeply.

"In what way can I serve you, sir?" I remarked, after a brief pause, desirous of bringing matters to some precise and business-like stage.

"That is exactly what it puzzles me to explain," he answered, rousing himself from the half reverie into which he had fallen. "The—the question is a delicate one—one purely of sentiment—I—scarcely—I hardly venture upon broaching it."

But for his grave, sad demeanor, and the quiet courtesy of his manner, I should have been strongly disposed to consider my strange, foreign, noble visitor a lunatic who had by some means got astray from an asylum. Under the existing conditions my perceptions led me to think that the old gentleman had some genuine and powerful motive for doing violence to his natural timidity and bearding a Briton in his own castle.

"Well, sir," I remarked, "you will of course understand that unless you yourself choose to assist me a little I——"

"Bear with me, sir," interrupted the old gentleman, meekly. "When you know all you will not fail, I hope, to excuse my trespass upon your good nature and patience. I am eighty-five years of age, and yet I have traveled all the way from Brescia for the sole purpose of visiting this house."

"Indeed, sir!" I once more observed, at a loss for anything more original or fresh. "You have come a long way."

"Yes, it is a long journey for one so old as I am, is it not? But I could not make up my mind to die in peace without seeing the place once more."

Judging that this was all the old gentleman required, I gave him the opportunity of taking a good look round the room. To my disappointment, however, he seemed but little interested in the apartment where he was sitting, and continued fidgeting about uncomfortably.

"You will pardon my presumption," he said, nervously, "but I am a little upset at finding the house changed into a private dwelling. It used not to be so in my time, but was let out into apartments to all comers."

"Really, sir!" I began, not a little astonished at this turn of the conversation.

"Do not misunderstand me," he resumed promptly, perceiving, no doubt, my look of amazement. "What I mean, sir, is that this alteration of circumstances makes the request I am desirous of putting extremely awkward and delicate. Had Mrs. Smith or any ordinary lodging-house keeper been here still, I should not have experienced such reticence."

"Pray do not distress yourself," I said, seeing that the old gentleman was in reality a good deal put out. "You need be under no very great ceremony with me. I am a plain man of business."

"Thank you," he replied, bowing with great courtesy. "Your extreme kindness gives me confidence. Well, then, you must know that my object in coming here was to visit the rooms which are just over our heads—particularly the one at the back, looking on to the garden. Do I express myself clearly?"

"Perfectly," I answered. "One of the rooms is occupied by myself and wife; the other is my eldest daughter's bedroom."

"Ah!"—he said—his face, which had suddenly grown almost joyful and animated for a second, falling considerably at the latter part of my statement—"I was sure my request would be an awkward one, sir."

"Why sir?" I asked. "Do I understand you to mean that you wish to go up-stairs and see those two rooms?"

"Exactly," he exclaimed, eagerly. "I—I was bold enough to hope that you would grant me the favor."

"Certainly, sir; nothing can be easier. Just one word to my wife, and I will return and show you myself to the rooms."

I rose and moved toward the door.

"One more question," he said, in a hesitating tone. "Have there—have there been great changes made in the house?"

"Changes? In what way, sir?"

"Well—do you think the walls and—and the windows are in much the same state as they used to be years ago?"

"So far as I am able to say," I answered, puzzled and surprised at this odd query, "the house is pretty well what it must have been when it was first built. Of course, I need scarcely mention that the rooms have been painted, papered and freshened up from time to time."

"Ah, you say they have been painted, sir?" he asked, anxiously.

"O dear, yes; I myself had the place done up from top to bottom before I came into it."

"Thank you," he answered, regretfully, "thank you. My questions no doubt seem strange to you; but I had my reasons for asking. I was indulging in a hope which I fear is vain."

I then went down stairs and explained to my wife in a few words the result of my interview with the old gentleman.

"Good gracious! how extremely peculiar!" she exclaimed. "And you don't mean to say John that you have been imprudent enough to leave him all alone in the drawing-room, with all my blue china and things lying about!"

"Don't be alarmed, my dear," I answered, aroused by her dismay. "I will be responsible for his honesty. The china is perfectly safe with him."

"Well, then, he must be a lunatic," she replied, with a woman's logic. "Who ever heard of a sane man coming into a respectable house and making such a request?"

"I don't suppose he means any harm. He is very old and shaky, and has no doubt some sentimental reason for wishing to see the rooms. Surely there can be no great objections to my gratifying his wish."

"But—I don't like the idea of strangers going into the bedrooms. Besides, how am I to be sure that Carry's room is particularly tidy? it isn't as a rule, you know."

"O, he won't pay any attention to such trifles, and I can't, out of common civility, refuse such a small thing to a man who has traveled such a distance."

"Well, if you must take him, take him," said my wife at last. "Only get rid of him as quickly as you can. The tea things will be in presently, and the children will be so troublesome if you keep them waiting."

Armed with my wife's grudgingly given consent I rejoined the Count.

"Sir, I am entirely at your service," I said, "If you will please follow me I will conduct you up-stairs."

Visibly moved the old gentleman rose in silence, bowed once more gravely as I opened the door for him, and walked up slowly, under my escort to the rooms on the next landing.

At his own request we entered my daughter's chamber. It was a pleasant room, looking to the north and on to the garden, or rather a succession of gardens, for the space at the back was an open one, studded with fine trees of goodly growth, which, in the summer, when in leaf, presented a charmingly green and rural aspect—quite a cheering and refreshing view not often to be obtained from houses situated in such a dense and central district as ours. I glanced at the Count. The sight of the room caused so deep an emotion in him that I made haste to procure him a chair lest he should fall.

He thanked me feebly.

"I dare say you are surprised," he said, "at the effect produced on me, but you must know that forty years ago I lived in this very room. My poor Teresa—my wife, sir—was with me and died here. Our son Carlo was born here. He is also no more; he died the death of a brave man at Salferino while fighting for the land of his forefathers. I am alone now in my old age, and this is all that remains to me of the past."

It would be impossible for me to adequately describe the sad, grave dignity with which he spoke—the broken voice, and the old gentleman's deeply sorrowful, yet resigned, attitude. I own that, though by nature not particularly impressionable or given to tenderness, I was myself moved by such utter and hopeless solitude. Desirous of respecting his honorable grief, I held my tongue.

"We were very poor," he resumed, dreamily; "but we were young, full of hope, and rejoiced to have escaped a great danger. I had been compromised as an intimate friend of Count Confalioneri—you may have heard of the great Italian patriot, sir?—and I was about to be arrested. A companion warned me, and I succeeded in escaping from the Austrian bloodhounds. I fled to England, and my fond Teresa followed me here to this house, to this very room, and shared my lot. My land, my estates, were all confiscated. Though absent, I was sentenced to death as a traitor to my country, and I had to struggle for daily bread as a teacher of languages. But we were happy in spite of our poverty. When I came home, Teresa was waiting with a smile to receive me. In the summer, however poor we might be, that window-sill was gay with flowers; and those gardens, sir—those gardens, sir, were her particular delight. She gave them the name of Bosco Bello. All the birds knew her, and came to her, and helped her to sing songs to our little Carlo. They are both dead, and the room is a good deal changed, but the garden, the trees, are here still."

The old Count's simple, touching words caused strange sensations within me. He put the picture so vividly before me that I actually seemed to see him young again, in the company of a loving and perhaps beautiful woman, looking out on the little old smoke-stained trees, and deriving a little sweet comfort in exile from the sight.

"All is over now," said the old gentleman, making an effort to control his feelings. "My title, my riches, have long since been restored to me; but what are they to me? One more request, sir; I know I have been most selfishly intruding upon your time and privacy, but grant me yet one more favor before I take my leave. May I look behind that shutter by the window?"

"That shutter!" said I, surprised.

"Yes," he replied. "It is sheer folly on my part, I know, after so many years have passed; but I still feel a mad hope in me to find something there that I remember well in the old days."

"Look, by all means," said I, a trifle suspicious that grief had preyed upon the old gentleman's mind, and that he was not perfectly sane.

He advanced, drew the folded shutter out with a trembling hand, and peered anxiously at the board or panel behind it.

"Look!" he exclaimed, suddenly, with a kind of choky sob. "It is still there! Gran Dio! it is still there!"

"What is still there!" I asked, approaching him.

He did not answer; he seemed to forget even my presence, and, falling upon his knees, began muttering to himself in Italian. I let him be, though rather curious to know what it was that interested him so much. What could he have discovered behind that old shutter? Not a jewel, or anything of intrinsic value, surely?

He got up again presently, having seemingly recovered himself, and looked at me, smiling a queer, sad smile.

"Come, sir," he said. "Your painters have been neglectful of their work; in spite of the lapse of so many years, they have spared my poor Teresa's humble lines."

At the Count's invitation I lowered my head against the panel and saw the cause of his emotion. In a corner, blackened by the dirt and dust of time, but still fairly decipherable, was a faint scribble in pencil, and in a woman's hand. Two lines of verse, which ran thus:

> Benche un esule si scrisse,
> Teresa qui felice visse.
> 13 Luglio, 1829.

and, freely translated, meaning:

> Although an exile here, she wrote,
> Contented was Teresa's lot.
> 13 July, 1829.

She wrote them two months before she died!" said the old Count. "The verses are poor, but they mean more to me than the most beautiful lines of Petrarca. Her heart was in them. I am truly grateful to you for your courtesy and kindness. With your permission I will now retire."

"Sir," said I, with great sense of sympathy and pity for the old gentleman's forlorn condition, "if you ever desire at any time to come here again, pray stand upon no ceremony. I shall be only too pleased to welcome you."

I held out my hand and he grasped it warmly.

"Thank you," he answered, "thank you." I hope to see you again—indeed, I have something more to ask of you; but not now, not now. I need rest, and I have wearied you quite enough."

I pressed him to take some refreshments, but he declined my offers, and with many repeated expressions of obligation, prepared to take his departure.

As I led him to the street door, through the hall, two of my impish, mischievous little ones put out their curley heads and giggling to themselves, as children will, called out in shrill, audible voices: "Father Christmas!"

The old gentleman turned round, saw them, and smiled benevolently. "Your little children, sir?" he asked. "What did they say? Did I hear them call me Father Christmas?"

"Do not pay any attention to them," I said, frowning portentously. "They are exceedingly rude and ill-behaved."

"Nay, nay, sir," he replied. "Father Christmas is a good name; it is a good name." He approached them as they came out timidly, one by one, and patted them gently on the cheeks and heads, saying a few kindly words, after which he took his leave and disappeared, hobbling round the corner.

The next day a van drove up, and a vast package of elaborate toys of all sizes and descriptions came to hand; and we knew the giver by means of a scrap of paper thrust into the parcel, on which the words "From Father Christmas" were scrawled tremulously. The good old Count must have ransacked and bought up the whole of a toy emporium, and my children were, of course, in ecstacies of delight.

"How kind of him!" said my wife, "Poor old gentleman! I hope you told him, John, that he would be welcome here as often as he pleases." N. B.—mark the change which had thus suddenly came over the spirit of her dream since the previous day, and draw from it a maxim: toys to the children the surest way to the mother's heart.

But to return to the Count. Faithful to his promise, I saw him once again in flesh. He drove up one evening—three days after his first visit—and when our preliminary meeting was over I sounded him as to his desire to see once more the room in which the happiest period of his life had been spent.

To my astonishment, he declined to trouble me. His pilgrimage had been accomplished, and he proposed returning to Italy in two or three days, but he had come to beg one more favor of me.

"It is my wish, if possible to take that shutter back with me," he said. "I should like to close my eyes reading Teresa's lines."

The clauses in my lease relating to "fixtures" were of a sternly defined character, and, as a practical man of business, I felt some hesitation as to my right of disposing of another person's property.

"You cannot grant my request?" he asked, observing my expression of doubt.

"Well, you see," I said, "so far as I am personally concerned there would be no difficulty at all; but I think the landlord ought to be consulted."

"Ah, just so," he remarked, and looked so chopfallen that on a moment's reflection I felt myself justified in overcoming scruples, which, after all, were extremely absurd.

"Pooh!" I said. "What does it matter? I have no doubt that a cheerful consent would be given, and it is only a question of uselessly delaying your journey back. Come, I will take the responsibility on my own shoulders. The shutter can be easily replaced, and I will have it removed and sent to you by to-morrow."

He shook my hands warmly, and, as I think, invoked a blessing upon me and mine in Italian.

The dusty board, on which the faint lines were still preserved, was duly forwarded to Count Pogliano at his hotel. I myself never saw him again, but some years after the event, when the incident of his visit was almost forgotten, a letter bearing an Italian postmark came, informing me of the old gentlemen's death, and advising me that, in accordance with certain instructions contained in his will, I should be in receipt of some small tokens of his regard, which I was earnestly desired to accept. The said tokens reached me in due course: a marvelous piece of gold plate, the genuine workmanship of that cunning artificer, Benvenuto Cellini (to this day in my drawing-room under a glass cover, and partly the admiration, partly the envy, of my friends;) a host of curious and valuable trinkets—all family relics—for my wife and children, and a little beautifully executed miniature portrait of the Countess Teresa Pogliano, which I was begged to hang up, for so long as I remained in the house, in the little room where she herself had lived happily and died.

There it is fixed at this moment against the wall, and as near the window as possible, looking on to the old smoky trees and greeting Bosco Bello with a serene, peaceful smile.—*London Society.*

"Comfort Me With Apples."

Thus cried the wise man of the ancient Hebrews, and thus has cried many a wise man of other nations since his time. The fact is, the apple is the king of fruits. It is worth more than all the other fruits raised in temperate climates. There is something substantial about the apple. It is much more than a luxury. It satisfies hunger and keeps it satisfied a long time. Like bread and meat, it is true food. It does not quickly come and suddenly vanish like the strawberry. It does not commence to decay before it has scarcely ripened like the banana and plantain. It has lasting qualities. It comes to stay till other fruit can be raised to take its place. No fruit presents so many varieties of size, color and flavor as the apple. It accommodates itself to the peculiar taste of every person. It is sweet, sour and sub-acid. There are persons who dislike strawberries, and others who do not care for figs, dates or peaches, but there is no one who does not like some kind of apples. Some fruit like the quince, is only palatable when cooked, while others are only valuable when in the state they are in when ripe. But the apple is excellent whether eaten raw or cooked. It can be cooked in more ways than any fruit that grows. Few kinds of fruit surpass it for canning purposes, though it is preserved so easily and cheaply in other ways that it is rarely kept in tight cans. For drying it is worth all other kinds of fruit combined. Its juice, if rightly managed, is but little inferior to that of the grape. Less time and money are required to insure a supply of apples than of any kind of fruit. Trees planted in childhood will continue to produce fruit till the planter is as old as a patriarch.

Less attention has been given to setting out apple trees during the past few years than during a corresponding time in the early settlement of the country. The decline in interest in the apple culture has been largely owing to the great attention to other fruits. Nurserymen have made more money in selling grape-vines and bushes that produce small fruits, and have accordingly devoted more attention to bringing them to the notice of the public. As a consequence there is a scarcity of apples in almost all parts of the country. The foreign demand for apples is very large and is constantly increasing. Dried apples are very high, while cider sells for more than it ever did in the history of the country. The prospect for raising apples with a view of supplying the market was never so good in this country as at the present time. Most of those raised in the East and not wanted for consumption in the vicinity where they are raised are sent to Europe. Very extensive regions are settling up in which apples, or at least very desirable varieties of them, can not be raised. The demand for apples, in the far West is rapidly increasing. The same is true in the South. The planting of apple trees does not keep pace with the increase of population. Apples are used for more purposes than they were a few years ago. The trade in apple jelly is now very large. During some years it is very difficult to procure material enough to supply the demands of jelly-makers. Persons engaged in drying apples in large establishments save all the cores and parings and dry them for jelly manufacturers. Considerable is made into imitation champagne. The foreign demand for dried apples is increasing very rapidly.

Every farmer who lives where apples can be raised should at least plant trees enough to supply his family with fruit. For a family orchard there should be quite a variety. There should be late and early, sweet and sour varieties. For a commercial orchard it is better to plant but few varieties. There is generally little profit in very early varieties. The fruit will keep but a short time, and the harvest comes on when there is other work pressing. The early apples are ripe when the market is filled with peaches, cherries, grapes and other small fruits. Late keepers are ready for the market when there is no other fresh fruit. There is nothing to compete with them. Color has much to do in selling apples. The preference is for bright red apples. They are especially wanted for fruit-stands and the table. Red apples will always sell on sight. In the language of the venders of patent medicine, "children cry for them." The color of an apple has more to do with its sale than its flavor. Large apples sell better than small ones, and it is much less trouble to pick them. A large red, long-keeping apple fills the requirements of the market. If the variety is productive and the tree hardy it fills the requirements of the grower. The qualities of hardiness and productiveness can be ascertained by reading the reports of local horticultural societies or by consulting with fruit-growers in the vicinity. A local nurseryman can ordinarily be relied on to give reliable information about the most profitable varieties to plant. If one sort of tree is much more hardy and productive than others it is good policy to plant an entire commercial orchard to it. A large dealer will have the product of several orchards and will be able to furnish the required variety to customers. The orchards that pay poorest are those that contain the largest variety.—*Chicago Times.*

—Chloride of potash dissolved in water is a standard remedy for sore throat, particularly when the throat feels raw.

Baking Babies in India.

Miss Stagg, a missionary in India writes: One of my pupils named Macon (which means butter), said to me after her lessons were finished: "Oh, men! you must not go away without seeing khooki!" (Girl babies are called khookhies, and boys are khookas.) I am very fond of babies, so I readily consented to see khooki. We went down the street across a very dirty court, and then Macon stopped at the door of a little room adjoining a shed where cows were housed. She opened a door and I looked in, and saw just one mat covering the floor, on which lay baby and baby's mamma. Baby was a dear little pinky bit of humanity, and I told her mamma that I thought her very pretty. "Oh," said she, "she will soon be black like the rest of us after I have put her out in the sun for a few days." Just think! Every new-born babe has its little body well smeared with mustard oil, and is then put out in the sun to dry. I interceded for baby, and Macon promised she would prevent them from doing such a dreadful thing.

I have seen very young babies, after having been oiled, put out in the hot, Indian sun on a bit of board, with only a bit of cotton cloth placed under the head for a pillow, it is really a wonder that so many live to grow up. The mothers I have sometimes remonstrated with. They are always much surprised to hear that English people do not treat their babies to a similar baking. Most Bengali babies are troubled with very little clothing. Some have a silver chain around the waist, and perhaps a gold one around their neck.—*Gospel in All Lands.*

Blindness in France.

It is estimated that there are about 28,000 blind persons in France, and very little has thus far been done to improve their condition. About 200 receive professional education in the National Institution for Blind Youth, as many more are taught in small charitable establishments, and a national institution maintains about 300 pensioners; but at least 27,000 unfortunates are without resource or prospect of improvement. The cruelty of this neglect has been strikingly illustrated by the experience of a society formed in 1881 to erect workshops for the blind. A little money was collected, and the society erected one small workshop, in which twenty-five persons were instructed during the last year, every one of whom, it is believed, acquired in six months the means of earning a support for the rest of his life by making brooms, brushes, baskets, tool-handles, chairs, etc.

A New Method of Squaring Numbers.

The new method of squaring numbers, invented by Mr. Boss, of the Williams College Freshman Class, is as follows: Beginning at the left, multiply the double of each digit of the given number by the number represented by the preceding digits, and write each product under those already obtained, in such a way that its right-hand figure shall be two places to the right of the right-hand figure of the preceding product. Then square each digit successively, beginning at the right, and place the right-hand figure of the first result one place to the right of the right-hand figure of the last product before obtained, and the right-hand figure of each succeeding square two places to the left of the right-hand figure of the preceding square. Add the columns together, and the result will be the required square.—*N. Y. Post.*

—"Has it ever struck you," asked a well-known literary amateur, "how few pictorial artists there are in this country that can draw a picture of an American lady? Outside of Sol Eytinge there isn't one. All of Nast's women have a foreign look about them. So have Keppler's and Matt Morgan's. Their women all have large hands and feet, are tricked out in dresses that no American belle would think of wearing. No, sir; the American woman is unrecognizable in any of the American illustrated journals."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

—The strongest man at Granite Corners, N. Y., is Stearns Carpenter, who is now eighty years old. Five years ago he grasped a 24 foot iron rail with each hand and walked off with them. At an earlier period he shouldered a canon that weighed 1,400 pounds, and the next day lifted a box of iron that weighed 1,900. He used to go around where the neighbors were killing hogs, and had a habit of twisting his fingers into its bristles, lifting the animal off the ground and guessing at its weight.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A Boston girl answered the advertisement of a Georgia gentleman who desired to correspond with a young lady of culture and refinement. Several letters passed between them, when she became so enamored of the gentleman that she started south to marry him. On her arrival she discovered that he was a darkey. She did not marry him, but she could not complain that he had deceived her, because he always wrote with black ink.—*Boston Journal.*

[New Haven (Conn.) Union.]

How a Lawyer Treated the Case.

I, David Strouse, of New Haven, Connecticut, was attacked with a severe rheumatism in my right arm, hand and foot, so that I walked with difficulty and could hardly use my hand to eat with. I used one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, rubbing well three times a day, and obtained instant relief and a perfect cure.

DAVID STROUSE, *Attorney-at-Law.*

Six hundred criminals were pardoned from the Chicago Bridewell last year. It means something when a Chicago man says, "Beg pardon."—*Boston Transcript.*

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," for all those weaknesses peculiar to women, is an unequalled remedy. Distressing backache and "bearing-down" sensations yield to its strength-giving properties. By druggists.

A French writer says the art of giving a dinner is a lost art. Then why not advertise and find it again.—*New Haven Register.*

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, February 17, 1883.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—Common	$2 25	@ 3 25
Choice butchers	4 50	@ 5 35
HOGS—Common	5 75	@ 6 45
Good packers	6 75	@ 7 00
SHEEP	5 00	@ 5 75
FLOUR—Family	5 80	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—Miditerranean	1 13	@ 1 12
No. 2 winter red	1 11	@
Corn—No. 2 mixed	62	@
Oats—No. 2 mixed, new	50	@
Rye—No. 2	68	@
HAY Timothy No. 1	11 50	@11 75
HEMP—Double dressed	8	@ 9
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	18 25	@18 50
Lard—Steam	11	@ 11–5
BUTTER—Western Reserve	20	@ 23
Prime Creamery	40	@ 43
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—		
Potatoes per barrel, from store	2 50	@ 3 00
Apples, prime, per barrel	3 00	@ 3 50
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 3 90
Good to choice	4 60	@ 7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 24½	@ 1 25¼
No. 1 white	1 20	@ 1 28½
Corn—No. 2 mixed	74	@
Oats—mixed	48	@ 50
PORK—Mess	19 25	@
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 50	@ 5 50
GRAIN—Wheat No. 2 red	1 11	@
Corn, No. 2	57¾	@
Oats—No. 2	39½	@
Rye	64	@
PORK—Mess	18 20	@18 25
LARD—Steam	11–40	@ 11–45
WHISKY	1 17	@
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$5 00	@ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 winter red	1 18¼	@ 1 18½
Corn mixed	73½	@ 74½
Oats mixed	47	@ 49
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	19 25	@
Lard, refined	12¼	@
LOUISVILLE.		
COTTON—Middling	$ 9⅝	@
FLOUR—A No. 1	4 25	@ 4 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 05	@ 1 10
Corn—mixed	48	@ 49
Oats—mixed	42½	@
PORK—Mess	18 50	@
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—New	$1 10	@
CORN	55	@
OATS—White, new	40	@
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—		
Butchers' stock	2 75	@ 4 50
Shipping cattle	5 25	@ 6 00

STARTLING STATISTICS.

The Shadow Hanging Over New York City and the Entire Country—A Tribune Opinion.

The nation has been horrified at the burning of a Milwaukee hotel, whereby over seventy lives were lost. This event carried terror because it was sudden and appalling; but had the same disastrous results to life and limb come silently they would have been unnoticed, not only by the people of the land but also by the very community in which they occurred. Fatal events of a far worse nature have taken place in this very city, but they have attracted no attention, nor would they now did not the Bureau of Vital Statistics bring them to our notice. "Figures do not lie," whatever else may be uncertain, and the report on the *deaths* of this city is a startling comment on its *life*. During the past year the enormous increase of certain maladies is simply appalling. While the total number of deaths has diminished and the death rate on most diseases has decreased still it is far greater in one or two serious disorders than was ever known before. More people died in the city of New York in 1882 from Bright's disease of the kidneys, than from diphtheria, small-pox and typhoid fever all combined! This scarcely seems possible but it is true and when it is remembered that less than one-third the actual deaths from Bright's disease are really reported as such, the ravages of the malady can be partially understood.

The immediate query which every reader will make upon such a revelation of facts, is: What causes this increase? This is a difficult question to answer. The nature of the climate, the habits of life, the adulteration of foods and liquors, all undoubtedly contribute; but no immediate cause can be certainly assigned. Often before the victim knows it the disease has begun. Its approaches are so stealthy and its symptoms so obscure that they cannot be definitely foreseen and are only known by their effects. Any kidney disorder, however slight, is the first stage of Bright's disease. But it is seldom that kidney disorders can be detected. They do not have any certain symptoms. Mysterious weariness; an unusual appetite; periodical headaches; occasional nausea; uncertain pains; loss of vigor; lack of nerve power; irregularity of the heart; disordered daily habits: imperfect digestion—all these and many other symptoms are the indications of kidney disorder even though there may be no pain in the region of the kidneys or in that portion of the body. The serious nature of these troubles may be understood from the fact that Bright's disease is as certain to follow diseased kidneys as decomposition follows death.

It is high time the doctors in this land who have been unable to control kidney troubles, should be aroused and compelled to find some remedy, or acknowledge one already found. The suffering public needs help and can not await the tardy action of any hair-splitting code or incorrectly formulated theories. If the medical world has no certain remedy for this terrible disease let them acknowledge it and seek for one outside the pale of their profession. For the discovery of this remedy and for its application to this disease, the people of this city, the people of the whole land, not only those who are suffering, but those who have friends in danger, are earnestly and longingly looking.

The above quotation from the New York *Tribune* is causing considerable commotion, as it seems to lift the cover from a subject that has become of National importance. The alarming increase of kidney diseases; their insidious beginnings and frightful endings and the acknowledged inability of physicians to successfully cope with them may well awaken the greatest dread of every one who has the slightest symptoms. It is fortunate, however, that the surest relief is often found where, possibly, least expected, and that there is a specific for the evils above described we have come to fully believe. Within the past two years we have frequently seen statements of parties claiming to have been cured of serious kidney troubles even after hope had been abandoned; but in common with most people we have discredited them. Quite recently, however, a number of prominent and well-known men have come out voluntarily and stated over their signatures that they were completely cured by the use of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. Most people have been aware that this medicine has an unusual standing and one entitling it to be classed above proprietary articles generally; but that it had accomplished so much in checking the ravages of kidney disease is not so generally known. Its great worth has been shown not only by the cures it has effected, but also because a number of base imitations have appeared in the market, fraudulently claiming the valuable qualities of the original Safe Cure. If it were not valuable, it would not be imitated.

The above may seem like an ultra endorsement of a popular remedy but it is not one whit stronger than the facts admit. Whatever assists the world toward health and consequent happiness, should receive the hearty endorsement of the press and all friends of humanity. It is on precisely this principle that the foregoing statement is made and it merits the careful consideration of every thinking reader.

Crystalized—the man who wears glasses. *Somerville Journal.*

The Age of Miracles

is past, and Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will not raise the dead, will not cure you if your lungs are almost wasted by consumption. It is, however, unsurpassed both as a pectoral and alterative, and will cure obstinate and severe diseases of the throat and lungs, coughs and bronchial affections. By virtue of its wonderful alterative properties it cleanses and enriches the blood, cures pimples, blotches and eruptions, and causes even great eating ulcers to heal.

Girls are more courageous than men. They are ready to make a match with a fellow twice their size.

Get the Original.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—the original "Little Liver Pills" (sugar-coated)—cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach and bilious attacks. By druggists.

The shopmen of the last generation used to achieve success with great pains, but now they use great panes instead.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Henry's Carbolic Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all kinds of Skin Eruptions, etc. Get Henry's Carbolic Salve, and take no other.

An Erie woman has robbed a hair store. Like a pistol, she went off with a bang.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

Alone, Solitary and Alone.

An eminent author has declared that "unless the blood be kept in a pure state, the constitution must be weakened and disease supervene." That truly wonderful preparation, called Mishler's Herb Bitters, possesses the power of neutralizing and removing all contaminations of the blood and system generally. "Solitary and alone," this remedy stands before the public as the only known and recognized blood purifier.

"I really was puzzled what to do for the best," said our own Mrs. Ramsbotham. "I was quite 'on the corns of a duenna,' as the saying is."—*Punch.*

Presents of mind—having a mind to give something, but never giving it.—*Boston Post.*

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar

Promptly cure asthmatic wheezing. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

A bear majority—the inhabitants of the North Pole.

Get Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners for those new boots or shoes before you run them over.

It's the assignee in bankruptcy who has painful wreck-collections.

Coughs.—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" will allay the irritation and stop coughing.

Bright days in store—when there is a rush of customers.

Dose Cup. Advertisement in another col.

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TRADE MARK

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
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AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

"Buchu-Paiba."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1. Druggists.

For thick heads, heavy stomachs, biliousness—Wells' May Apple Pills. 10 and 25c.

The man of great wait—the creditor.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

If you are disturbed by unpleasant dreams, awake unrefreshed and depressed in mind, take half wineglassful of Gastrine before retiring. It never fails to give relief. Sold by druggists.

Personal!

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

Childhood, Manhood and Hoary Age Exclaim in Unison: "Behold the Conqueror."

During a brief visit to the ancient town of Warwick, R. I., recently, our reporter extended his trip to the south-eastern extremity of the town, to look about among the wonderful improvements which have been made in the appearance of Warwick Neck during a comparatively brief period, and while conversing on this subject with Col. Benjamin S. Hazard, the popular proprietor of the Warwick Neck Hotel, he learned that the greater part of the handsome summer residences had been erected inside of a dozen years; and he also learned that Col. Hazard had been a great sufferer from a chronic disease of the kidneys and bladder over fifteen years, the most painful form of it being a stoppage or retention of the urine, which was so very severe at times as to disable him for his accustomed work, and even confine him to the bed, when a surgeon's assistance would be required to relieve him. He was being doctored a large part of the time, but could get no permanent relief. At times his sufferings were terrible from sharp, cutting pains through the kidneys and bladder; and he had suffered so long and so severely that he had become discouraged of getting well again, especially as the doctor stated that it was doubtful if a man of his age, with such a complicated disease of long standing, could be cured. But last summer, when he was suffering intensely from one of these attacks, a gentleman who was boarding at his hotel urged and persuaded him to try a bottle of Hunt's Remedy, as he had known of some wonderful cures effected by it.

Mr. Hazard says he had no faith in it, but consented reluctantly to try it; and after taking it only two days, the intense pains and aches had disappeared, and he commenced to gain strength rapidly, and in less than a week was attending to his accustomed work, and has never had a return of the pains. Mr. Hazard is over seventy years of age, and on the 25th of Nov., 1882, when our reporter met him, although it was a very cold and blustering day, he was in the field with his team at work pulling and loading turnips, as hale and hearty a man as you could wish for, whereas last August he was unable to stand up to oversee the work then going on in this same field.

Hunt's Remedy had given him health and strength again, and he recommends it to his relatives and friends, several of whom are now taking it, as he considers it a most excellent medicine for all diseases of kidneys or bladder.

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MISHLER'S
HERB BITTERS
ARE AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR
KIDNEY TROUBLES,
LIVER COMPLAINT,
Dyspepsia and all Bowel Disorders.

They supply tone to the stomach, reinvigorate the digestive organs, stimulate the secretions, promote a regular action of the bowels, and enable every organ of the body to perform its allotted work regularly and without interruption. In use in U. S., since 1855, and in Germany for over 200 years. For the complaints peculiar to all of the FEMALE SEX, they are unequalled by any medicine in the world. With the trade mark "Hope," they have proven a boon to millions of distressed people. Compounded with as much care as any extract. *Proved best.* A Reliable Household Remedy thoroughly adapted to assist nature. Highly commended as a general Tonic and Appetizer. Send for "Messenger of Health."

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Invalids, broken down in health and spirits by chronic dyspepsia, or suffering from the terrible exhaustion that follows the attacks of acute disease, the testimony of thousands who have been raised as by a miracle from a similar state of prostration by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, is a sure guarantee that by the same means you, too, may be strengthened and restored.

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Comala, (80 cts.), Don Munio, ($1.50), Lonely, (80 cts.), St. Cecilia's Day, (60 cts.), May Queen, ($1), are classic and beautiful. Easier ones are Haymakers, ($1), by Root, and Thomas's Picnic, ($1). Pretty parlor Operettas are Pauline, ($1.25), Palomita, ($1.25), Diamond Cut Diamond, ($1), Cups and Saucers, (25 cts.).

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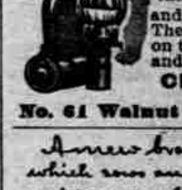

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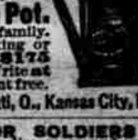

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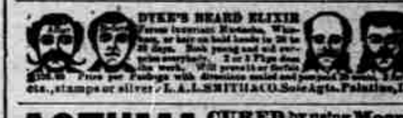

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Cuts and Bruises,	Screw Worm, Grub,
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Backache,	Sprains, Strains,
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