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THE KEY OF LIFE.

"If I had the key of life, she said,
Smiling and nodding her golden head,
"What would I do, do you wish to know?
I'd unlock the gates of the future so
I could learn the things that I long to know.

"If I had the key of life," her face
Was flushed by the morning's glow and grace,
"I'd unlock the wonderful gates of gold
And part the curtain whose mystic fold
Veils the beautiful future's red and gold!

"If I had the key of life I'd see
What lies in the future for you and me,
And find," her face flushed with ruddy glow,
"If together we through life are to go
Or not. All things that I wish to know!"

"If I had the key of life," he said,
His strong hand smoothing her golden head,
"I'd unlock all beautiful things for you,
Keep back the clouds, but let in the blue,
And all things fair I would bring to you.

"I would let no darkening sorrow touch
This fair young head that I love so much;
But all things beautiful, all things sweet
I would lay with my heart at your little feet
And your life should blossom and grow more sweet."

II.

"If we had the key of life!" she said,
The sunset touching her silvered head;
"Do you remember, my dear, how we
Planned the things we would do if we had the key
Of the future that spread out so temptingly?

"There should no sorrow come near us two;
The earth was bounded for me by you;
No darkness should fall; the morning sun
Should shine forever, and all things done
That could make us happy, beneath the sun!"

"If we had the key of life," he said,
His trembling hand on her bowed gray head,
"If we had the key and the wisdom then
That we have now, we would give it again
To Him who knows all the needs of men!

"If we had the key, with our narrow sight;
We'd unlock the wrong and believe it right;
We'd let in the sunshine, but never rain—
And without the raindrops there'd be no grain—
No sheaves for the harvest without the rain!

"We would gather the gold from sea and mine;
We would crush the grapes for their ruddy wine;
We would gather all flowers with perfume sweet
And trample the bitter beneath our feet—
And without the bitter there'd be no sweet!

"If we had the key of our future life
That looked so fair in the distance, wife,
We have learned from experience it were best
To leave it with God. And for the rest—
And for the rest, 'He knoweth best!'"

—*J. K. Ludlum, in Chicago Tribune.*

A HUSBAND'S LOVE.

Could His Devoted Wife be Ugly in His Sight?

Every afternoon toward three o'clock a carriage bearing a crest drew up at that gate of the Tuilleries opposite the Rue des Pyramides. When the footman had opened the door the first to descend was a woman, who carefully assisted down the steps a young man of timid and hesitating gait. Then drawing the arm of her companion within her own, she entered the garden with a babe in her arms.

The young man, who was not yet quite thirty, was as remarkable for elegance of form as for regularity of features. But there was one defect in the otherwise perfect ensemble; the flame which should have vivified it was extinguished. The unhappy man was blind.

The two in exterior formed a striking, almost brutal contrast. Nature, liberal to prodigality toward the one, had been strangely avaricious to the other. The poor woman was small, sickly, ugly; her irregular features had besides that suffering expression which not even youth can mitigate, and which defies all arts of the toilet.

How then could it have happened, this ill-assorted union? How had Cecile Berthaut, a humble governess, as void of fortune as of attractions, become the wife of Count Robert de Chatillon?

She had just finished an engagement as governess in a Moldavian family at Jassy, and was returning to France by way of Vienna, when a serious accident to the steamboat on which she had set out had compelled the Captain to leave his passengers at Ribitzno, thirty leagues from Belgrade. Upon arrival at the only and very mediocre inn of the village, the young girl saw that her accent excited no little emotion. The landlord finding that she was a French woman, informed her that there had been for several days in his house a young Frenchman seriously ill, his situation rendered still more deplorable from his inability to speak a word of German or Hungarian.

Poorly dowered as was Cecile Berthaut in external gifts, she was rich in shining qualities of the heart. All generous and elevated sentiments found a home in her breast. Without a moment's delay she sought her countryman.

His condition was even more grave than the inn-keeper had said. From an exploring voyage to the mouth of the Danube he had brought the germs of the malignant fever which had forced him to stop at Ribitzno. The disease had developed with frightful rapidity. Two days after taking his bed the young officer had fallen into a comatose state of evil augury. When Cecile entered his sick room he was in a delirum and could answer her questions only by incoherent words. Profoundly moved by this deplorable isolation, fascinated, perhaps, by that charm of feature which triumphed over the ravages of disease, the young girl at once decided to fulfill the mission Providence had ordained by leading her to this unfortunate, she resolved to care for him, and if a fatal issue was inevitable, to soothe his last moments.

The sick man's name was stamped upon his valise, a pocketbook contained his passport. This she sent immediately to the French Ambassador at Vienna, advising him of the desperate condition of M. de Chatillon and imploring him to inform the relatives. This duty fulfilled, she gave her days and nights to the work of charity she had undertaken.

The task, arduous at best, became more so from her lack of confidence in the Hungarian physician of Ribitzno. His repeated blood-lettings allayed the fever, but at the same time aggravated the cephalic symptoms; the delirium continued and the eyes became the seat of an alarming inflammation.

For ten days Cecile had watched at the sick man's pillow. So much attached had she become to her work that it was not without a pressure at the heart that she saw a carriage stop at the inn and an old lady with white hair step from it. After a few words with the landlord the lady mounted the stairs. The young girl felt sure that this was M. de Chatillon's mother; that her mission was ended.

Breathless the newcomer hastened to the bed. At sight of the ghastly, emaciated, distended face of her son she sank sobbing upon her knees. The sick man, who had fallen into the toroid state of the beginning of the crisis, scarce turned his head. Cecile approached the old lady, explained her presence, and sought to console her. Deeply moved by the devotion of a stranger to her child Mme. de Chatillon thanked Cecile with the eloquence of a mother menaced in the very flesh of her flesh.

In spite of this burst of gratitude Cecile saw that her position near this young man was becoming difficult, and said to Mme. de Chatillon that as her son was now assured of a mother's unequaled care there was now no hindrance in the way of her journey, and she would leave on the morrow.

The old lady protested; she implored the young girl not to leave her. She spoke with a vehemence that seemed to rouse her son from his lethargy. He moved his hand several times with an air of impatience. Cecile, who was nearest the bed, took the hand in hers, trying to calm the sufferer. At this contact the wasted fingers pressed her wrist significantly.

"You see, mademoiselle," resumed the afflicted mother, "that he would not have his guardian angel leave her work unfinished. For pity's sake do not forsake him! You have just told me that you were returning to Paris in search of employment. You have found employment. Consider yourself my traveling companion, and I swear to you that I will always regard and treat you as my second child."

Cecile yielded to these moving entreaties. She saw that her presence was as necessary to the mother as to the son.

The hurried journey, the cruel emotions she had suffered, had prostrated the already ailing Mme. de Chatillon, and Cecile, besides her other duties, now had the care of a confirmed invalid.

The scene just related seemed to have produced a salutary effect upon the sick man; the fever disappeared, reason returned, he regained some strength, but his sight grew no better. When Cecile at length took her two patients to Vienna she summoned a council of physicians. They decided that the iris had lost its power of contraction, that amaurosis was complete, that M. de Chatillon must resign himself to lifelong blindness, a decision confirmed a few months later by the most renowned oculists of Paris.

They then retired to the Chatillon estate near Montes. Here, after months of languishing, the mother died, commending her idolized son to the young girl she persisted in calling his guardian angel.

The blind man, who had hitherto borne his affliction with a strength of mind akin to stoicism was strangely affected by this new trial. He became anxious, preoccupied, almost melancholy. When Cecile came to read to him, to guide him in his daily walk, he received her with the wonted smile; he thanked her with the usual touching emotion, only to fall back into interminable reveries. Her shortest absence made him impatient, and one day when some errand to the town had detained her longer than was expected, she found him on her return the prey to an agitation he could not conceal.

His solicitude grew daily. Cecile, attributing his sadness to the loss of his mother, and to his blindness, conjured him to make an effort to recover his former resignation.

"I still weep for my mother," he replied, "but convinced that every passing hour brings nearer the moment of our reunion, my sorrow loses day by day its bitterness. Cruel as is my destiny I have become resigned to it, and I must say to you, Cecile, that you have rendered my lot so sweet that I have many times blessed my misfortune. The cause of my sadness lies neither in the past nor present; it is anxiety for the future."

"What then do you fear?" asked Cecile, tremulously.

"That I may lose some day her to whom I owe so much. I fear this not only because without her care my misfortune will assume new horrors, but because—I love you."

Cecile's face blanched. "It is wrong," she sobbed, "for you to doubt my friendship."

"Your friendship!" echoed the young man bitterly; "Cecile, this word alone justifies my terrors. What will it weigh, this friendship, if one day a sentiment that admits neither partition nor rivalry comes to take possession of your heart? No, no! If you would really have me recover that early serenity; if you would have me as the first, bear patiently, even gayly, the lot that cuts me off from the number of those who behold God's creatures and His beautiful world, there must exist between you and me a tie other and stronger than friendship—you must consent to become my wife."

For a moment speechless, Cecile fixed her amazed eyes upon the blind man. She seemed not to have understood his words.

"O, heaven!" she cried at length. "How deeply I regret not having reached Ribitzno two days earlier."

"Why, Cecile?"

"Because you then could have seen me, monsieur; because if you had seen me my plain face would have remained so deeply graven in your remembrance as to spare you this new trouble after so many sorrows. This confession costs my self-love nothing. I am ugly, Monsieur Robert; so ugly that my friendship, the friendship that you value so lightly, would never consent to give you a companion so unworthy of you."

"No, you can not be ugly, Cecile. The eyes which mirror this celestial sweetness and all the noble sentiments of the most generous and loving of hearts can not be without their charm: there must be seductions in the smile that accompanies a voice so gentle and penetrating. And what matters to me more or less regularity in the features? I, alas, shall never see! What I love in you is your soul, and this world holds not a soul more beautiful and pure."

Cecile had listened, bewildered, entranced despite herself at these intoxicating words; enchanted at seeing rise before her that perspective she had never dared cherish even in dreams. But soon recalled to the reality, confused, ashamed at having submitted to an enthrallment not sanctioned by reason, she protested more energetically than ever, that her resolution was formed, and no arguments could change it.

This heroic contest went on for nearly two months. M. de Chatillon returned daily to the charge with more impassioned earnestness. But there was a traitor in the stronghold—the heart of the poor young girl. The health of the besieger also began to give way, and anxiety for him at length decided the besieged to waive her scruples, and sign an honorable capitulation.

This is how the former governess became the Countess de Chatillon.

Never had union been more happy; never had two beings so nearly realized the ideal of a perfect marriage. But Cecile could not believe in the duration of this radiant felicity. As upon that day when her husband had first told her of his love, she often believed herself the sport of some illusion. Then the least sound or movement would make her tremble. It seemed to her that the awakening from her dream might come at any moment.

II.

By reason of M. de Chatillon's blindness, the social relations of his family embraced only immediate relatives. One evening at the salon of Mme. de Gleves, a cousin of Robert's, whose receptions were often attended by strangers, Cecile remarked an elderly gentleman, very eccentric in dress and manner, who gazed at her husband with singular persistence. Mme. de Gleves begged permission to present him, saying with a mocking smile, that he was Dr. Richter, a renowned American specialist who had effected marvelous cures of blindness, older in date even than that of her cousin, whose case he would gladly undertake.

Cecile gave him an eager welcome. She told him the circumstances attending her husband's loss of sight, and he declared the presumptions in favor of a cure were strong, adding that he could give a decided opinion only after minute examination. He then asked permission to visit M. de Chatillon on the morrow.

Cecile could not give this without her husband's acquiescence, which was not easy to obtain. He had exhausted all the resources of official science; he had tested many empirical remedies, alike in value, and flatly refused to see the American doctor.

Cecile insisted, implored, but without avail. Excusing herself to the physician, she withdrew to a deserted corner of the salon to think over the situation. Suddenly she heard her name spoken by Mme. de Gleves, who was in a small conservatory separated from the larger room by a mass of exotic plants.

"You see, my dear, that I am not so simple as to fail to understand the infernal combination that has dictated this inexplicable refusal. That little monster of a Cecile must go on imposing upon our unhappy relative. If the doctor's hand should send away the veil he would appreciate her at her true value, and see what a strange sort of a Countess of Chatillon he has imposed upon us as a cousin. That foolish comedy of perfect love they have for three years been giving to the public would then soon enough have the denouement such an ugly creature deserves!"

Upon hearing these cruel words Cecile rose, pale and trembling; her feverish glance scanned the various groups. She saw the American just bidding his adieu. She rushed forward, reaching him in the hall just as a valet was helping him on with his overcoat.

"Doctor," she said, in a hollow, tremulous voice, "your offer is accepted. I count upon your visit to-morrow noon. If you restore sight to M. de Chatillon I will bless you to my latest hour!"

Five minutes later the poor young wife led away her husband, concealing from him her agitation and the incident that had caused it.

Cecile passed a horrible night. This happiness which had rendered life so dear was about to perish; the dream had ended. Through all the long, interminable hours she wept bitterly, despairingly. Nevertheless, dawn found her firm and resolute.

She went to her husband, and, without imparting to him the unworthy conjectures of Mme. de Gleves, she urged him in such sweet, tender words to seek healing once again that she triumphed over his repugnance.

Doctor Richter came promptly, and after a careful diagnosis announced to M. de Chatillon the certainty of success. The treatment began at once. The applications were to continue nine days, during which time the patient was to be kept in utter darkness. He yielded to this condition with rather a bad grace; as for Cecile, she accepted these nine days as one condemned to death accepts the respite of a brief period of existence. There remained nine days more in which she might be beloved.

Alas, like one condemned to death, she knew the tortures of the being to whom the hour of supreme denouement has ceased to be a mystery, for whom each movement of the hand upon the dial repeats the fatal decree, brings a rending of the heart, a convulsion of anguish. The delay, accepted at first as a consolation, became an agony. In vain Robert repeated to her that it would be with this physician as with all the others—that blind he had taken him, and blind he would leave him. Not for a single moment did Cecile doubt of success. She was convinced that her happiness had been too great to last.

On the ninth day the doctor found Mme. Chatillon in the saloon. He had anticipated the hour. Cecile, who had not expected him so soon, was giving her tears free vent, knowing that the supreme moment had arrived.

The American, regarding her more closely than usual, saw the fearful ravages grief had made upon the unhappy woman, but he absolutely mistook the cause of the sorrow of which he had become the involuntary witness.

"I perceive, madame," he said smiling, "that I have not succeeded in making you share my confidence in the cure of Count de Chatillon. Happily the moment has come to furnish you something better than affirmations. In five minutes your husband will see you as plainly as I now see you myself."

At this assurance, which so greatly aggravated her wound, Cecile raised a cry. Her sobs redoubled, she had to stifle them with her handkerchief.

"I beg your pardon, madame," said the amazed physician; "but in truth I do not comprehend——"

"You shall comprehend, monsieur!" cried the young wife. "I passionately love my husband, and thus far I am sure he has fondly loved me in return. Now look me in the face—right in the face, doctor—and see if when M. de Chatillon shall have seen me plainly and distinctly as you now see me, say if it will still be possible for him to love me."

The doctor lowered his eyes and did not answer. "Ah, madame," he faltered, "do you think if I had supposed, if I had known——?"

"If you had known—Ah, doctor, this is an insult!" cried Cecile, with indignant violence. "When I asked you to treat M. de Chatillon I told you that if you succeeded in restoring his sight I should owe you my life. Heed well what I say at this moment! It is not the sacrifice alone of the days which remain to me in this world that I am willing to make for his restoration, it is that of my happiness through eternity. Upon my knees I implore you in the name of all you love, give him back his sight, doctor, give him back his sight!"

The doctor was visibly affected; he tried to console the unhappy woman. Soon, yielding to a sudden inspiration, he rushed into the adjoining chamber, and, reappearing with the cradle in which little Bertha slept, placed it before Cecile. Then he went out again.

A minute after he came back, holding Count de Chatillon by the hand, his eyes still covered by a bandage. He led his patient to the middle of the room, stationed him opposite a window, and, with a hasty gesture, removed the handkerchief.

For the three personages now concerned with our story, there was one moment of unutterable suspense. Robert, dazzled by the light, faltered. Then he perceived the cradle.

"My daughter!" he cried with transport. "I shall not die without having seen the features of my child. But Cecile—Where is Cecile?" he added anxiously.

A low sobbing answered. The poor woman kneeling behind the doctor covered her face with her two hands.

"And you, my well beloved Cecile," he said, bending over his wife, "I am to see you also!"

"No, no, Robert! Do not look at me, I implore you. But I have not deceived you. I told you, I forewarned you. I am ugly."

"Ugly!" Nonsense. Could my wife, the mother of my child, be ugly to me?"

So saying, Robert de Chatillon, withdrawing his wife's hands from her face, covered that face with kisses, while the doctor flourished his handkerchief so as to arrest at its source a tear which would have compromised his Yankee phlegm.—*Translated from the French for the Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—Late reports from the Sandwich Islands are that the white inhabitants are thoroughly excited over the increase of leprosy. The natives and fair-haired whites contract the disease most frequently; brunettes escape. Local physicians claim to have discovered leprosy microbes, and will try vaccinating with them as a preventive of the terrible disease.

—The barnyard is the field for winter work. Manure saved is manure made.

CONVERSATION.

A Growing Tendency Not to Talk Which Should be Resisted.

The voice of the scientist or of the preacher is not required to emphasize the fact that an intense desire for amusement marks the present age. For the man or woman wearied by the cares of an active life, recreation now and then is not only delightful, but healthful. The writer's purpose is neither to point out the proper kind of amusements nor to indicate the extent to which they should be indulged. On the contrary, he merely wishes to intimate that there seems to be a growing tendency on the part of many people to disregard conversation. This is apparent in some homes where a different state of things would naturally be expected. In many places it has become the fashion, when a few friends are invited in "to spend the evening," to ignore the pleasure and profit derivable from an interchange of ideas, and spend the time in playing a trivial game. Unhappily, this practice is not confined to our "young people." It is natural that children should wish for amusements of a trifling character, but adults ought to be able to say with the Apostle: "When I became a man I put away childish things." The hope of the fathers is in the children. What may we expect of our young people if no effort be made to check the excessive indulgence in parlor games that are so popular nowadays? At the same time, something better must be provided. Indeed, one might be pardoned for fearing that in some places conversation is in danger of becoming a lost art. Hence, the question arises: "Whither are we drifting?"

In nine cases out of ten, on the part of those who give themselves up to nonsensical games, there will be no desire for anything of an ennobling nature. If we habitually neglect to cultivate our minds, we can hope for nothing but intellectual inferiority, and inability to converse with ease and elegance. What is there more enjoyable than a brilliant, witty conversation, enlivened by an occasional pun and sparkling repartee? It is true that we all can not excel in this delightful accomplishment, any more than we can all excel in any branch of learning or business; but we can, at least, use the talents that we have, whether they be one, two or five.

"Though conversation, in its better part,
May be esteemed a gift, and not an art,
Yet much depends, as in the tiller's toil,
On culture and the sewing of the soil."

It is said that the celebrated Samuel Johnson for a long time looked upon conversation as the chief amusement. He told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he had always made it a rule to talk upon every occasion as well as he could. "He had thus obtained a master over his weapons which made him one of the most accomplished conversational gladiators." A great responsibility is laid upon us to improve the mind. We should ascertain its various faculties and susceptibilities, and earnestly strive to make as much progress as possible. We have the power of introspection, and should not fail to make good use of it. Of people who are negligent in this respect, it has been well said: "Thus multitudes live and die as truly strangers to themselves as to countries of which they have heard the name, but which human foot has never trodden." A ready talker may not have any better natural ability than one who is "slow of speech," but on account of being able to express his thoughts in an intelligible and forceful style, he is looked upon as belonging to the "aristocracy of intellect," while the other is relegated to the region of intellectual mediocrity.—*Thomas C. B. Fraser, in Chicago Current.*

THE FIXED STARS.

The Distinction Between Them and the Planets, or Wanderers.

The fixed stars were at first so called to distinguish them from the planets, or wanderers. For while the latter orbs are continually changing their positions with reference to the other heavenly bodies, the fixed stars seem to the unaided eyes to keep the same relative positions in the celestial sphere generation after generation. But by the aid of the telescope it has been learned that this unchangeability is not real; that these stars really move, some of them with great rapidity; but their distance from us is so great that the rate of change is imperceptible during any brief period of time. It may not be perceived in a single century or two, but in the duration of thousands of years it becomes visible. That these fixed stars are all suns of other systems is no longer doubted by astronomers. We can not see the planets that revolve around them, because at their great distance reflected light would not be visible to us, but we believe such planets to be there, for reasoning from our knowledge of the works of the Creator, he would not create these magnificent sources of light and heat without putting them to some use. The distances of these suns from our system and from each other are so great that they may be said to be actually beyond the measurement not merely of all human means of computing distances, but even of finite comprehension. The distance of a few of them from us have been measured, but the most are so far away that by no known means can we even approximate their immense distances. The nearest fixed star to our system is Alpha Centauri, one of the stars in the constellation of the Centaur, and is 21,850,000,000,000 miles distant from us, or 230,000 times as far as from the earth to the sun. If our sun were moved so far away it would give us less than one-third as much light as now comes to us from the star. So we may believe that Alpha Centauri to be a sun with a surface three times as great as that of our "orb of day," and a volume over five times as great. Many of the fixed stars are probably many thousand times as large as our sun. We may write in figures the distances that can reduce such mighty orbs to mere twinkling points of light; we may speak of them as so many billions of billions of miles, but they convey no real idea to us. Our minds cannot conceive of such immensity; it belongs to the unthinkable knowledge of the infinite. If we needed further evidence than that given by reasoning on the revelations of the telescope to prove to us that the fixed stars are suns resembling our sun in general constitution and condition, we have found it in spectroscopic analysis, which shows us that the light from them is essentially similar to that which emanates from our sun, being formed by the consumption of similar gases, oxygen, hydrogen, etc.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—Edward Pickens and Miss Jennie Allen, of Georgia, eloped the other night and applied to Rev. Silas Jasper to marry them. As they had no license, and as the bride was clearly under age, the preacher's ingenuity served him to make his liability for violating marriage laws difficult of proof. They went to a point where the counties of Gilmer, Gordon and Murray join, and, with the contracting parties standing in different counties and the preacher astraddle of the corner stone, the ceremony was performed. The question now is, which county has jurisdiction in the case?—*Chicago News.*

—Last year Massachusetts enjoyed almost a total immunity from small-pox, but nine cases with one death having been known to occur, which is less than for any year since 1844.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—The *Breeders' Gazette* advocates the superiority of warm-cooked food for stock in winter.

—Apples that are too tart to make agreeable sauce can be deliciously toned down by adding about a third of the quantity of dates. Sweeten well and serve cold.—*Boston Globe.*

—If plenty of skim milk or buttermilk be placed where the hens can get it there will be no necessity for allowing water, and it will assist materially in increasing the number of eggs.—*Detroit Post.*

—Apply a heavy coat of paint on kitchen or pantry floors; this saves the housekeeper a great deal of hard scrubbing. Renew woodwork frequently with fresh paint and varnish; these are great beautifiers, and will save in labor and time fully as much as they cost.

—Rolled Tongue: While a boiled tongue is still warm roll it with the tip inside and place it in a round tin or vessel just large enough to hold it in place; let it remain over night, when it will remain rolled after being removed from the pan. Serve it whole on a bed of salad, water-cresses or parsley.—*Toledo Blade.*

—An orchard which is so large that manure cannot be had with which to fertilize it is seldom a profitable part of the farm. It pays to raise only so many trees as one can raise well. We occasionally hear of good farmers cutting down part of the orchard so that they can put more manure and more attention on the remainder.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—It is sometimes very convenient to fence off a portion of a lot for keeping cows when no permanent fence is desired. The farmer who has fifty to a hundred rods of portable fence that can be moved and set in half a day is more nearly independent about fences than one whose farm is criss-crossed every way by fences that in four years out of five are only a nuisance.—*Troy Times.*

—Rich Coffee Cake: Two cups of butter, three of sugar, one of molasses, one of very strong coffee, one of cream or rich milk, the yelk of eight eggs, one pound each of raisins and currants, one-half pound of citron, the same of figs and five cups of brown flour after it is stirred. Put the flour in the oven until a rich brown, being careful not to burn it. When cold sift it with three tablespoonfuls of good baking powder and a little salt. Cut the figs in long strips, dredge all the fruit with flour, beat the cake well up and bake in moderate oven from four to five hours.—*Cleveland Leader.*

RUBBER SHOES.

An Increasing Demand for Them—Very Much Like Shoddy.

A wholesale shoe dealer, speaking of the business in rubber overshoes this winter, said: "There has been a bigger demand for rubbers this season than ever before. In fact we have not had enough, nor can we get them fast enough to supply the needs of the trade. One retail dealer in this city bought 1,000 cases a few weeks ago. He began to get panicky, but the successive snows and rains came to his relief, and he sold out the entire lot. You see that lot on the sidewalk? We have just received them from the manufacturer and will send them away without bringing them inside the house, as they have all been sold."

"Why are rubbers so very much cheaper now than in former years?"

"It is the cheapness of manufacturing them. All the rubber, or most all, used in the manufacture of overshoes comes from Para, in South America. Sometime ago the entire stock of rubber on hand and even in the trees of South America was bought up by a syndicate in London, who dispensed the material at their own figures to the entire trade in this and other countries. A manufacturing concern in Rhode Island cabled to one firm in London for prices, and received them. They were rather high. The company called another firm in London, and still another, and the prices were all the same. This was somewhat suspicious, so a member of the concern took passage on a steamer for London under an assumed name. Arriving in London, he soon discovered that all the dealers in raw material for rubbers occupied the same counting-room. American enterprise went to work, however. An office was engaged, and in a short time the syndicate found itself cornered and broke. That ended the monopoly in the Paris rubber supply, and now American manufacturers, by buying from first hands, can make goods so very much cheaper than before."

"Are all the overshoes sold and worn now made of pure rubber?"

"No. Other material, principally lampblack, is mixed with the rubber. It makes a shoe that will keep out the water, but which is not as serviceable as those made entirely of rubber. Here is one (picking up a substantial pair of a pattern commonly seen on the street). There is scarcely any rubber at all in that shoe. A shoe that is altogether of rubber can be made light enough to fold up and put into the pocket without inconvenience. Here is a pair which is made up of pure rubber. It is as fine and thin as silk. They cost more, of course, but they will last. Here is another (picking up a pair of remarkably heavy overshoes.) These are of pure rubber, the same as these long boots for sportsmen and seafaring men. They are intended for rough out-door work."

"Are many more sold since the price came down?"

"Yes, very many. Some people now keep several pairs of rubbers; a pair for heavy snows, a pair for rainy days, a pair for this and a pair for that. Some people keep as many as five pairs going all the time, and are never caught, either at the office or at home, without being provided for all kinds of weather."

"Are there many styles for ladies?"

"They are made up in every conceivable style, and in all cases can be made much lighter than those for men. This is because of their superior grace and light-footedness. Some men can wear out a pair of overshoes in a few weeks by the mere weight of their own self-importance. A woman will wear a similar pair, much lighter in make, for a whole season.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Importance of Bulk in Food

Although the presence of a sufficient quantity of nutritive matters in the food is naturally the most fundamental matter for consideration, its bulk is scarcely less important. The function of digestion requires that the food shall properly fill the stomach; and however large the supply of nutritive matters may be, their effect is imperfectly brought out if the food be too small in bulk, and it actually becomes more valuable if diluted with woody fibre or some other inert substance. On the other hand, if a food be too bulky, the sense of repletion causes the animal to cease eating long before it has obtained a sufficient supply of nutritive matter. It is most necessary, therefore, to study the bulk of the food, and to consider how to mix different substances in such a manner as to adjust the proportion of nutritive matter to their bulk. If we examine the nature of the mixed foods most in vogue among feeders, it will be most generally found that a very bulky food is combined with another of opposite properties. Hence roots, the most bulky of all kinds of food, are used along with oil-cake or bean-meal; and if, from any circumstances, it becomes necessary to replace a large amount of roots by the latter substance, the deficient bulk must be replaced by hay or straw.—*Boston Herald.*

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

Remarkable Statement of Personal Danger and Providential Escape.

The following story—which is attracting wide attention from the press—is so remarkable that we can not excuse ourselves if we do not lay it before our readers, even though its length would ordinarily preclude its admission to our limited space.

To the Editor Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat:

SIR—On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, and weighed over 200 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and can not account for it. They feel dull pains in various parts of the body and do not understand it. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought nothing of it; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a heavy, and at times neuralgic, pain in one side of my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid little attention to it. Then my stomach would get out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet, even as a physician, I did not think that these things meant anything serious. I fancied I was suffering from malaria and doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I can not understand.

I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the famed mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation: another, dyspepsia; another, heart-disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of many of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a burden to myself and friends. I could retain no food on my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell to the floor and clutched the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death-premonitory hiccoughs constantly. My water was filled with tube-casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the kidneys in its last stages!

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, Rev. Dr. Foote, at that time rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures of cases like my own which had come under his observation, by means of a remedy which he urged me to try. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being in the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice. I began its use the first day of June, 1881, and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for one in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was finally able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better, as also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity, and this letter is in fulfillment of that vow. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained twenty-six pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain, and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Cure, which remedy I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly re-investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe *more than one-half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys.* This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's disease has no distinctive symptoms of its own (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptoms of nearly every other common complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate as occurring from "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common complaints, when in reality it is from Bright's disease of the kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence if at all by the commonest symptoms and fastens itself upon the constitution before the victim is aware of it. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, from convulsions, apoplexy or heart disease. As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore everyone who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of kidney difficulty. Certain agony and probable death will be the sure result of such neglect, and no one can afford to hazard such chances.

I am aware that such an unqualified statement as this, coming from me, known as I am throughout the entire land as a practitioner and lecturer, will arouse the surprise and possible animosity of the medical profession and astonish all with whom I am acquainted, but I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I am prepared to produce and truths which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was, is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequences.

J. B. HENION, M. D.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 30.

THE sweetest thing in walking sticks—The sugar cane.

"HELLO!" we heard one man say to another, the other day. "I didn't know you at first, why! you look ten years younger than you did when I saw you last." "I *feel* ten years younger," was the reply. "You know I used to be under the weather all the time and gave up expecting to be any better. The doctor said I had consumption. I was terribly weak, had night-sweats, cough, no appetite, and lost flesh. I saw Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery' advertised and thought it would do no harm if it did no good. It has cured me. I am a new man because I am a well one."

IT is a wonder that firemen are not always taking cold, because they so frequently get water in their hose.

"No Physic, Sir, in Mine."

A good story comes from a boy's boarding-school in "Jersey." The diet was monotonous and constipating, and the learned Principal decided to introduce some old-style physic in the apple-sauce, and await the happy results. One bright lad, the smartest in school, discovered the secret mine in his sauce, and pushing back his plate, shouted to the pedagogue: "No physic, sir, in mine. My dad told me to use nuthin' but Dr. Pierce's 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets,' and they are doing their duty like a charm!" They are anti-bilious and purely vegetable.

YES, son, we call that kind of a hat a stove-pipe, because it soots our clothes and makes such a draft—on our pockets.—*Life.*

IT'S no secret nostrum. We speak of Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart-Weed, composed of best French Brandy, Smart-Weed, Jamaica Ginger and Camphor Water. It cures cholera morbus, colic or cramps in stomach, diarrhœa, dysentery or bloody-flux, and breaks up colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks.

Tropical Fruit for Yankee Markets

Within the past three years a number of Americans have invested heavily in fruit planting industry in Central America and the West Indies. The firms of Richardson & Co. and Frank Bros., of New York, have planted large tracts of land on the northern coast of Jamaica with bananas, while the latter firm has extensive plantations of the same fruit at Boca del Toro and other Isthmain localities.

One of the most important enterprises of this nature is being carried on by the Honduras Tropic Fruit Planting Company at Tela, Honduras. This syndicate has invested about $70,000, and already has some 300 acres of bananas under cultivation. The manager intends to plant at least 700 acres more this year; thus this plantation alone will shortly be able to export 15,000 bunches per month, or sufficiency to keep one fair-sized steamer constantly engaged in transporting the fruit.

Within the past three months three new companies have been formed to plant bananas on the banks of the Bluefields River, in the Mosquito Reservation, Nicaragua. Two new companies have been formed in New Orleans.—*N. O. Times-Democrat.*

Domestic Intelligence.

A Dallas servant girl walked into her mistresses' parlor and said to the latter: "I wish you would give me a certificate, I wish to leave."

"Give you a certificate! Why, you lazy worthless creature, what sort of a certificate do you expect from me? You don't expect me to say that I am satisfied with you, do you?"

"Oh, no. I would not have you to say that for the world. That might get me into trouble. All I want you to certify is that I held out in your house for three whole weeks. Everybody in town knows what sort of a woman you are, and that will be the best certificate I could possibly have."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Thomas Campbell, the proprietor of a junk-boat, who was arrested and jailed a few days ago at Parkersburg, W. Va., charged with chicken stealing, claims to be a grandson of Thomas Campbell, the poet. In a letter to the Chief of Police he disclosed his indentity and gave a graphic sketch of his life, including his travels abroad and his four years' service in the Federal army during the war. He is a graduate of the Paris and Berlin Universities, at the latter of which he took high medical honors.—*Cleveland Herald.*

The Friends.

Mr. R. T. Bentley, a member of the estimable community of Quakers at Sandy Springs, Md., says he was severely affected by rheumatism in his right hand. Mr. Bentley applied St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-cure, and by its continued use, in a short time, was completely cured.

AN artist who went into the country for the purpose of sketching a bull found there was danger of the bull's catching him.—*Boston Times.*

SAFE, sure, cure. No bad effects. No poisons in Red Star Cough Cure.

THE marriage write—The certificate.—*Boston Budget.*

THE COMBINATION OF INGREDIENTS used in making BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES is such as to give the best possible effect with safety. They are the best remedy in use for Coughs and Throat Diseases.

JOSH BILLINGS says: "The best medisin I kno for the rumatiz, is to thank the Lord it aint the gout."

Young Men, Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for 30 days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

IT takes a pretty smart phrenologist to tell what is in a barrel by examining its head.—*N. Y. Journal.*

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute, 25c. *Glenn's Sulphur Soap* heals and beautifies. 25c. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

MOST people like to feel stove up in cold weather.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

CHARITY bawls—Those at a foundling asylum.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, February 2, 1885.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle-Common	$2 00	@	2 75
Choice Butchers	4 25	@	5 00
HOGS—Common	3 75	@	4 35
Good packers	4 40	@	4 70
SHEEP—Good to choice	3 50	@	4 25
FLOUR—Family	3 90	@	4 50
GRAIN—Wheat-Longberry red	89	@	90
No. 2 red	87	@	88
Corn—No. 2 mixed		@	44
Oats—No. 2 mixed		@	33½
Rye—No. 2		@	71
HAY—Timothy No. 1	12 50	@	13 00
HEMP—Double dressed	9 00	@	9 25
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	12 00	@	12 25
Lard—Prime steam		@	6 95
BUTTER—Fancy Dairy	17	@	18
Prime Creamery	25	@	30
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—			
Potatoes, per barrel	1 60	@	1 70
Apples, prime, per barrel	1 75	@	2 00
NEW YORK.			
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 00	@	5 50
Good to Choice	3 45	@	5 80
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 Chicago		@	93
No. 2 red	91	@	92
Corn—No. 2 mixed	49⅝	@	51¼
Oats—mixed	35½	@	38
PORK—Mess	13 25	@	13 50
LARD—Western steam		@	7 17½
CHICAGO.			
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 75	@	4 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	78	@	79½
No. 2 Chicago Spring	76¾	@	77¾
Corn—No. 2	36¼	@	36¾
Oats—No. 2		@	27½
Rye	61¼	@	64
PORK—Mess	12 10	@	12 16
LARD—Steam	6 80	@	6 82½
BALTIMORE.			
FLOUR—Family	$4 00	@	5 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2	88¼	@	89¼
Corn—mixed	51½	@	51¾
Oats—mixed	34	@	36
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	13 50	@	13 75
Lard—Refined		@	8¼
INDIANAPOLIS.			
Wheat—No. 2 red	$	@	83¼
Corn—mixed		@	39
Oats—mixed		@	30
LOUISVILLE.			
Flour—A No. 1	$4 15	@	4 35
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	80	@	85
Corn—mixed		@	43
Oats—mixed		@	33¼
PORK—mess		@	13 00
LARD—steam		@	8¼

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For Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Influenza, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Quinsy, Pains in Chest, and other affections of the Throat and Lungs.

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Other very popular School Song Books are: Emerson's Song Bells, and Perkins' Golden Robin and Whippoorwill, each 50 cts., or $5 per doz.

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Cream Balm is a remedy based upon a correct diagnosis of this disease and can be depended upon. 50 cts. at druggists; 60 cts. by mail registered. Sample bottle by mail 10 cts. ELY BROS., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

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