Weekly Chillicothe Crisis.

VOLUME VII. CHILLICOTHE, LIVINGSTON CO., MISSOURI, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1884. NUMBER 27.

CURRENT TOPICS.

NEXT to diamonds rubies are hardest to cut.

P. T. BARNUM says he will never lecture again.

ARIZONA will soon be wholly under Mormon control.

An Iowa man drank three quarts of cider in three minutes.

THE census of Boston shows 18,000 more women than men.

A MAN in Austria has been arrested for killing four different cooks.

BOSTON will try to get money for a monument to Wendell Phillips.

THE government envelope factory at Hartford uses a ton of gum arabic a week.

A LAWRENCE man said he rode all over Boston for twenty-five cents in a hersetic, meaning a hordic.

THE king of Siam wants twenty or thirty American officers to reorganize and take command of his army.

AN expedition to the south pole would cost $1,000,000, but it would probably be made in 1885 by Baron Nordenksjold.

IT is proposed to hold an international exhibition of food, dress, habitations and educational appliances this year in England.

ALL that remains of the first settlement at Jamestown, Va., is a tower of the old church where Pocahontas was baptized.

THE Texas legislature is investigating the use of blood-hounds by the state prison authorities in pursuing escaped convicts.

THE compilers of the Australian census report that Australia could furnish 450,000 men from twenty to forty capable of bearing arms.

AN international agricultural exhibition is to be held at Amsterdam next August, and valuable prizes will be offered for every description of live stock.

OVER 34,000 of the 4,440,822 pieces of mail matter that was sent to the dead letter office last year contained checks, money, &c., to the amount of about $1,030,000.

THE Boston Congregationalist says that it is many years since the tidings from the churches throughout the country, and especially in the interior and west, were so full of cheer.

MRS. W. G. NOAH, one of the great actresses of fifty years ago, who played rival engagements with Fanny Kemble, and supported the elder Booth and Forrest, is still living in Rochester, New York.

OSCAR WILDE has just completed his lecture tour in Ireland. Miss Lloyd, the young lady whom he is to marry, accompanied him everywhere. He is giving her lessons preparing her for the stage.

MISS SUSAN FENIMORE COOPER, a daughter of the novelist, has established a home for orphan children at Cooperstown, where they are taught industrial occupations. One hundred children are inmates of the home, which is superintended by Miss Cooper in person.

ONE of the most successful farmers of Walton county, Georgia, is Arasmus C. Wright, fifty years of age, who has been blind from infancy. He can, it is said, make as good a wagon or buggy, or as neat a coffin, or do as good work in the cooperage line as any other man in that neighborhood.

B. P. SHILLABER, better known as "Mrs. Partington," is now over seventy years of age and lives quietly at Chelsea, Mass., occasionally writing for the press. He began life as a printer and for many years held an editorial position on the Boston Post. In 1847 he began to write those humorous articles which gained him a wide reputation both in this country and in England.

A WASHINGTON telegram says: Mr. Harpster, of the Ohio Wool-Growers' association, is preparing an argument in favor of the restoration of duty on wool to the old rates. Judge Lawrence, of the treasury department, has been collecting some figures for Mr. Harpster's use. California leads all with nearly 6,000,000 sheep and an annual yield of 17,000,000 lbs of wool. Ohio comes second with 5,000,000 sheep, but exceeds all in wool production, aggregating over 25,000,000 pounds annually. Indiana, with 1,500,000 sheep, raises 6,000,000 pounds, while Kentucky, with over 1,000,000 sheep, produces 5,000,000 pounds. Rhode Island and Delaware have the lowest figures—the former 17,211 sheep and 65,000 pounds of wool, the latter a few thousand more of each. Massachusetts has about 75,000 sheep and produces but 300,000 pounds of wool, while Maine, Georgia, Iowa, Kansas North Carolina, Tennessee, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, West Virginia and Wyoming territory possess in the neighborhood of 500,000 sheep each. The states and territories owning 1,000,000 sheep and over, are Colorado, Illinois, Missouri, New York, Oregon, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin. Michigan has about 2,500,000 sheep with a wool-clip of 12,000,000 pounds; but this is exceeded by New Mexico and Texas, which have nearly 4,000,000 each, with a production for the first named of 4,500,000 and for the latter of 7,000,000 pounds. The total wool product of the United States in round numbers is estimated at about 176,000,000 pounds.

AFTER AWHILE.

After awhile when the weary years have drifted
Far into the past
And the mists, the dreary mists have lifted
Their shadows at last,

After awhile when this faithful heart lies sleeping
Neath the starlit skies
And these tear-dimmed eyes have ceased their weeping
O'er hopes unrealized. . .

When the hard bitter words have all been spoken,
By those we deemed our friends,
And the pitcher at the fount has broken,
Where life's great struggle ends.

After awhile, Oh the radiant hope that lingers
'Round the immortal crown
That will be for me when Time's even ngfingers
Shall drop the curtain down.

—*Mrs. N. A. Monfort.*

WRITE THEM A LETTER TO-NIGHT

Don't go to the theatre, lecture or ball,
But stay in your room to-night;
Deny yourself to the friend that call,
And a good old long letter write—
Write to the sad old folks at home,
Who sit when the day is done,
With folded hands and dim watcast eyes,
And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble: "Excuse my haste,
I've scarcely time to write"
Lest their brooding thoughts go wandering back
To many a by-gone night,
When they lost their loaded sleep and rest
And every breath was a prayer,
"but God would have their delicate babe
To their tender love and care.

Don't let them feel that you've no more need
Of their love and counsel and care
For the heart grows strong as years succeed
When age has dimmed the eyes.
It might be well to let them where
You never forgot them quite—
That you dreamed of a place in some far away
Long letter home to write.

Don't think that the young and giddy friends
Who make your pastime gay,
Have half the anxious thoughts for you
That the old folks have to-day.
The duty of writing do not put off,
Lest sleep on your eyelids weight,
Lest the letter for which they looked and longed
Be a day or an hour too late.

For the sad old folks at home,
With hearts not turning white,
Are longing to hear of the absent one—
Write them a letter to-night.

FEELING THE BUMPS.

It was the hardware trade which had once engaged the earnest attention of Mr. Andrew Griggs; and so greatly did it thrive under his auspices that he was enabled, while yet in his prime, to retire into private life with a handsome balance at his banker's, and some decent looking thousands in the Funds. His retirement, however, was not particularly private after all; for, being of an unidle spirit and commendably well disposed toward his fellow-men, he encouraged his philanthropic ideas, and soon began to take an active part in the local affairs of that Midland County borough where he made and spent his money.

Another person who showed a great interest in the same local affairs was a Miss Judith Bootle, of no trade, but of a put-you-all-to-rights occupation. She was generally regarded as a strong-minded woman, and fairly justified her reputation by actually owning to thirty-five years of age—only a slight extension of the true facts of the case; and, as a member of the school board, ratepayer, visitor to the workhouse, patroness to the soupkitchen, shareholder in the gas and waterworks, and lady vice-president of the General Reform Committee, she managed to keep her name pretty prominently before the public.

That Mr. Griggs and Miss Bootle should frequently come in contact was but a natural result of their respective functions; and it became a matter of common observation that if there was anybody who could soften the predaceous or subdue the opposition of Miss Bootle, that body was Mr. Griggs.

One day it so happened that Miss Bootle called upon Mr. Griggs at his house, and in his official capacity of vestryman. He politely asked her to sit down, which she did, and then, without any beating about the bush, propounded an alternative scheme for an extension of the sewers, made inquiry as to the expense of some recent municipal festivities, and complained seriously of the manner in which the new road pavement was being done. Mr. Griggs had long been wishing to give the lady a little bit of quiet advice, and thinking this a favorable opportunity, he waited till she had finished talking, when he thus began:

"I hope you will not take it unkindly of me, madam, for saying what I am going to; but are not these matters outside your proper sphere?"

"I really don't see that they are," rejoined Miss Bootle decidedly. "As nobody else will take them up, I suppose I must."

"Hardly so, I think," answered he, highly conscious that he was treading upon delicate ground. "Now, in such things as attending to the wants of the poor and the education of children, your assistance is most appropriate, and extremely serviceable."

"Thanks much!" said she.

"But when it comes to mixing yourself up with municipal questions which have always been considered the peculiar province of men——"

"Ah, that's just how we poor women are always being crushed!" interjected Miss Bootle.

"Nobody wishes to crush you, I hope," said the gentleman gallantly, "and what is more, I'm sure they couldn't if they would."

The lady replied to this compliment by a smile and a bend of the head, which seemed to admit that the expression she had used was perhaps a little rhetorical.

Mr. Griggs proceeded in a mollifying tone, "But it appears to me, my dear madam, a great mistake for any lady who is favorably known for her public spirit to overdo it. Look, for instance, at my good friend, Mrs. Crunch. What admirable public work she has done in this town for years past! Yet she never dreams of interfering with—with vestry matters, for instance."

"You must recollect, Mr. Griggs, that she has had the advantage of a husband—"

"An advantage, I presume which Miss Bootle might easily have enjoyed herself, had she chosen."

"Excuse me, Mr. Griggs, but is not—ahem!—is not this matter rather outside your proper sphere?" And having propounded this question, Miss Bootle held up her head triumphantly, evidently considering that she had scored one. But Mr. Griggs was equal to the occasion. Perhaps I am a specially interested party," said he, with an arch look.

"Well, whether you are or not, I don't mind telling you that the right sort of husbands aren't so plentiful that they can be picked up any day."

"It won't do to be too particular," was the rather bold reply.

"Many thanks for the advice," said the lady in a mock scornful tone.

"When I meet with a good, sensible man—one I feel I could look up to, and whose sound judgement I could rely upon, why, then perhaps I may—"

"What would you say to me then?" asked Mr. Griggs, half jokingly. He was getting excited.

Miss Bootle laughed. "I should jump at you, of course," said she, "provided you really behaved like a sensible man, and didn't go down on your knees, or any stuff of that sort."

Then she laughed again, and then they both laughed; and then he, perceiving that the conversation had reached a dangerous pitch, thought it better to adjourn the meeting. So he told her that he couldn't wait, in consequence of having just recollected that he had an appointment elsewhere, and she just recollected that she had another, and they promptly said "Good morning," and he bowed her out at the front door.

Here it may be as well to give some further description of these two individuals. Mr Griggs had no personal appearance; Miss Bootle had a grate deal. Mr. Griggs was neither tall nor short; he was neither dark nor fair; none of his features asserted themselves; he wore whiskers, I believe, very likely no moustach, and probably no beard; his dress was so plain you couldn't notice it; you might have seen him fifty times before without knowing it, and you might see him tomorrow and never recognize him. On the other hand, there was no mistaking Miss Bootle—she looked so very philanthropical. She had an erect figure; her features, though strongly marked, were comely, and her expression would have been fairly feminine had she not more than counterbalanced it by a masculine style of outfit. Her brown hair was cropped short, and surmounted by a billycock hat; she wore a white starched collar, and a silk necktie with a horseshoe pin in it; her jacket was made as much like a double-breasted Chesterfield overcoat as possible; her faced boots were high at the toe and stout in the soles, and she carried a walking stick. Unsympathetic persons thought Judith looked very "clumsy;" Andrew thought that she looked very nice; but then, they regarded her from different points of view.

When Mr. Griggs reflected upon the peculiar interview above mentioned, a thought came into his head—and it had been a casual visitor there before—that he might do worse than take Judith Bootle unto himself for a wife. Would she have him? Didn't she say she would jump at him? There was many a true word spoken in jest; and so on and so forth, until, by a process of reasoning which may be easily imagined, he arrived at the conclusion that quite the best thing he could do would be to propose at the earliest opportunity. Their tastes were very similar, excepting, perhaps, in the matter of costume, and that might be quickly toned down; she was not at all unpleasing in his sight, and of a suitable age for him; and indeed he had but one misgiving, which was that she might perhaps prove just a leetle too strong minded. The fact was, Mr. Griggs did not feel altogether confident of his ability to rule such a wife as Miss Bootle was likely to prove; and having an amiable preference for being at the head of his own house, he did not fancy the prospect of being reduced to the position of Number Two in the said establishment. Permeated by this matrimonial problem, he was walking abstractedly down the street, when he became aware of a pale head looking out at him from a shop window, and then he became further aware that the head was in sad want of a wig, while the pate was very much cracked, and seemed to be covered with many little slips of sticking-plaster. Arousing himself from his reverie, he began to investigate the matter more closely, and found that the head was in reality a phrenological bust, placed there as the trade sign of that most distinguished phrenologist, Prof. J. Octavius Waggle-worth. Mr. Griggs stared for some minutes at this eccentric article, and had carefully read all the names of the various human qualities that were inscribed upon the slips of plaster, when a brilliant idea struck him, and, like a man of energy, he acted upon it at once. Entering the shop, he closed the door behind him, and then smote with his umbrella upon the floor.

"Is Prof. Wagglesworth within?"

A sepulchral voice answered, "I abm here! like the late Mr. Fockter in the "Duke's Motto;" and then, from a curtain that was stretched across the lower end of the shop, there emerged a tall, lean man with a tall, lean head, the bald top of which somewhat resembled the phrenological specimen outside, minus the sticking-plaster, while its lanky fringe of black hair and lanky black whiskers looked as if all the starch was out of them. This was the professor, and he wished to know what he could do for his caller.

"I shall be glad to be informed," said Mr. Griggs, "what your fee is for examining a person's head."

"As reasonable as is possible, sir," replied the tall, lean man, "considering the care required. One florin for a verbal description of your most prominent qualities, or a more detailed description, four times the length, and in writing, for only twice the money."

"Then I'll take two shillings' worth," said Griggs.

"If you please, sir," said Wagglesworth, "and I don't doubt I shall be able to give you satisfaction."

Having passed in behind the curtain and removed his hat, our hero took a chair, and very soon felt two tall, lean sets of fingers and thumbs prodding his cranium in all directions. Shortly afterwards the professor opened his lantern jaws, and, in a loud tone, as if he were addressing a large audience, thus began to speak:

"Your bump of language—"

"Excuse me," interrupted Mr. Griggs, already growing very uncomfortable under the ordeal, "I don't want to know anything about my bump of language. I'm rather pressed for time. There are only four points on which I wish for information—I've noticed them marked on the bust—and I shall be obliged by your confining yourself to them. They are Conjugality, Combativeness, Self-Esteem and Firmness."

"Certainly, sir, as you desire," answered J. Octavius W., and once more lifted up his voice. "Your bump of conjugality is exceedingly well developed, and shows that you are admirably fitted to be a family man. If I may make so bold, sir, I should say you are devotedly fond of your wife."

"I haven't one," put in Griggs.

"Then you would be if you had," explained the professor, to his patient's great content. "Your bump of combativeness, also, is quite prominent, and tells me you would never submit to what you thought was wrong without making a hard fight for it."

"Very good," said Griggs; "go on, pray."

"Your bump of self-esteem is not so strongly marked, showing that you have a fair amount of that quality, but not sufficient to permit it to degenerate into vanity."

"Quite right; and now as to the firmness?"

"Your bump of firmness, sir, is as fully developed as your conjugality, indicating great stability of character and a good power of self-control."

"Thank you, Mr. Wagglesworth; that will do nicely," said Griggs, rising rapidly and putting on his hat. "Here's your fee; never mind the change. Good day to you." And, depositing half a sovereign on the counter, he hurried out of the shop, leaving the professor in a state of sepulchral chuckles at the success of his diplomatic diagnosis.

The effect of this phrenological examination was momentous. The apprehensive bachelor apprehended no longer; from slight hesitency he passed to calm resolve. Ere nightfall he had made an offer of his heart and his hand; and within a few weeks Miss Judith Bootle abjured her single blessedness, and became Mrs. Andrew Griggs. Then the ability of the recent hardware trader to rule a very strong minded wife was practically put to the test, and then (alas for the vanity of even professional opinions!) he was found wanting. Before three months had gone by, Andrew perceived that his awful spouse was systematically getting the better of him. So long as she had her own way, she was altogether sweet and affable; but if he ventured to oppose her wishes in anything, she soon made him see she was not a woman to be ruled with, and, to maintain peace in the house, he was driven to give in. When it came to a conjugal duel, his courage was as evanescent as that of Bob Acres. She issued her orders, and he had to submit like a lamb. In their philanthropical, municipal, social-economical, or general reforming pursuits, Judith was the captain who gave the word of command, and Andrew was the humble sergeant who had submissively to see that it was carried out, however he might disapprove of her tactics. He was amused; his gradual but sure self-effacement pricked upon him, and he cursed the day when he was induced to put faith in a charlatan and to intrust his happy liberty to the mercies of a determined wife. At last he could restrain his rage no longer, and, thirsting for revenge, he once again sought the street and the shop which he regarded as the source of all his woe. The professor was at home as before. "Old you are here, are you?" shouted Mr. Griggs.

"Still here, sir," answered the other; "but I am leaving the town to-morrow."

"And a good job too!" said Griggs, very excitedly. "If you'd stopped I'd have had you locked up, sir. I'll tell you what it is, Wagglesworth, you're an imposter, sir, and I can prove it. Three months ago you felt my bumps, and all that you told me were lies—lies, sir. You told me I should be very fond of a wife if I had one. I've got one now, sir, and I like her less and less every day."

"But that may be her fault," suggested Wagglesworth, soothingly.

"No matter, sir. You told me I should never submit to what I thought wrong without making a hard fight for it. Now my wife is constantly insisting on things I don't like, but I find I can't make any fight at all for it, sir."

"I never meant that you should or would fight with your wife, sir, of course."

"No matter, you told me I had a fair amount of self esteem. That's another lie—it must have been, because I haven't a vestige of it now, sir."

"I'm afraid things can't be going on well at home," observed poor J. Octavius W., on his defence.

"No, sir, confound you, they are not!" exclaimed Griggs, whose face was flaming with passion. "And there's one more lie—you told me I had plenty of firmness, stability of character; if you ask my wife, sir, she'd tell a different tale. And you said I had a good power of self-control; do you dare say that now sir?" And Mr. Griggs glared furiously.

"I'm extremely sorry, I'm sure," softly answered the enemy; I really hoped I should have been able to give you satisfaction."

"And so you shall, you infernal old humbug."

This last remark led to a lively interchange of personalities followed by an assault and battery. Then the downtrodden Andrew ramped out of the shop, a smile of victory spreading proudly over his countenance; and on his homeward journey he consoled himself with the reflection that, if he should unfortunately be compelled to take a back seat for the rest of his life, at any rate he was not the only sufferer. As for the tall, lean professor, for many subsequent days he was feeling on his own cranium several new and prominent bumps, which were not to be found marked upon the model bust in the window, while he mournfully came to the conclusion that phrenology was not such a very complete or satisfactory science after all.

Baker Pasha's Defeat.

San Francisco Daily Report.

Baker Pasha's defeat, with a loss of 2,000 men, looks a pretty serious affair in the telegraphic headlines; but, looked at from a purely military standpoint, it is better news than anything but an overwhelming victory by Baker would have been. In the first place, Baker himself escaped, and he is worth more than fifty times the number of worthless Egyptian troops who were slain in the battle; and, in the second place, the defeat will show still more vividly the danger of the situation and the truthfulness of the picture Baker, Stone, Gordon and other well-informed soldiers have drawn of it, and thereby cause the taking of measures which should have been taken long ago. The first suggestive result is the issuance of orders stopping British troops on their way to India. These will be stopped at Gibraltar, Malta and other ports and will probably be concentrated in Egypt. Next, we are likely to hear of the Indian contingent again. Gladstone will be over-ruled in his prosecution of Russia's designs and England will buckle down to a fight and make short work of El Mahdi. The very ease with which the False Prophet's forces have overcome the Egyptian troops, will make their final encounter with European or Indian regulars all the more disastrous to the victory-flushed fanatics.

Carl Pretzel's Weekly: An old Dutchman gave up his little property to his creditors, saying, "I wants to be all right mit my heart, and den woddings troubles me." But some people seem to have a "dead beet" in the place where the heart ought to be, and so pay 10 cents on the dollar and are at peace with themselves and with the world.

The Short Horn Association.

Topeka special to the Kansas City Times Feb. 13: The Short Horn Breeders' association met at 9 o'clock this morning, and straightway entered upon the tiresome labor of listening to long, dry and uninteresting papers, the first being offered by Mr. H. H. Cundiff, of Pleasant Hill, Mo., who attempted to air "the past, present and future of short horns." Among other things Mr. Cundiff attempted to show—plainly of course—that this breed of cattle, from the time of its gloomy and mysterious origin or discovery, had developed into more wonderful results than any other breeds of cattle that stock-raisers had ever attempted to improve. After all these years, yea we might say centuries, America ranks with England in the quality and excellence of her short horn cattle. In the past year the average scale of prices for blooded bulls has been raised to an average of $205 per head, which is not bad considering the fact that so many other breeds are contending with the short horns for supremacy.

It has been claimed by the breeders of Hereford cattle that they can sell their stock to better advantage than the short horns, but this the short horn cattle men boldly deny as being a bold and delusive statement. As an argument in favor of the short horn cattle over Herefords, the speaker had seen a short horn steer at the Kansas city Fat Stock show last fall that weighed 3,020, against the heaviest Herefords that could be found in the whole country, which only weighed 2,360.

Following the presentation of Mr. Cundiff's papers, J. W. Sportsll, a young man from the State Agricultural college at Manhattan, read an essay on the subject of "Some common short horn family foundations," in which he discussed at considerable length the theory of in-and-in breeding and its results. The ideas and points raised in his argument drew out a long and quite interesting discussion from members of the association, some being favorable to the policy and others radically opposed to it.

Finally the committee on resolutions, through its chairman, F. D. Coburn, of Kansas City, reported as follows:

Whereas, As is well known, there exists, at least in some sections of the more recent state settlements, a prejudice against the use of known as pure-bred sires; and

Whereas, So long as this prejudice continues, or so long as there exists within our borders a strong demand for beef producing animals, the general prosperity of Kansas requires nothing more than the expenditure of a single dollar, or dollars, or in consideration of such expenditure, of not practical importance; therefore be it

Resolved by the Short Horn Breeders' association of Kansas in convention assembled, that it is the duty of our national government to fully protect and safeguard possession against the prevalence of such a dread scourge or affliction, the only proper means of which as regards pleuro-pneumonia is to stamp it out, root and complete extermination, and we earnestly request that our senators and representatives in congress give their most due, vigorous and hearty support to such measures as will insure the result at the earliest possible moment.

Resolved, That promptness and vigor of action in this direction is of more importance than the question of a few dollars more or less expense, and we sincerely hope the subject will early receive such a liberal and forest gauged manner as will accord with the full sentiments and so much to be desired by every patriotic American.

Resolved, That a copy of these preambles and resolutions be at once forwarded by our secretary to the president of the United States senate, speaker of the house of representatives and each member of the Kansas delegation in congress.

E. D. COBURN,
G. W. GLICK,
E. M. SHELTON,
Committee.

The officers elected for the ensuing year were as follows:

President—O. W. Bill, Manhattan.

Vice President—Joab Mulvane, Topeka.

Secretary and treasurer—E. M. Shelton, Manhattan.

Executive committee—W. A. Harris, Lawrence; S. W. Glick, Atchison; C. S. Eicholtz, Wichita.

"The pure breeding and how to rear them," by Hiram Ward of Osage county, and the "Fat stock show," by George G. Johnson of Lawrence, were the first papers read in the afternoon. At the conclusion of Mr. Johnson's paper the following resolutions were read and adopted.

Resolved, That this association, recognizing the value of fat stock shows as a means to demonstrate the superiority of the short horn cattle, recommend to the breeders of this state, and urges upon its membership the necessity of a general participation in the exhibits at these shows, and that it recommends the duplicating of all premiums that may be taken by the Kansas short horns at the Kansas City and Chicago fat stock shows to pay these duplicate premiums.

The secretary was instructed to prepare a petition and call upon the members of the association for voluntary subscriptions to raise a fund for that purpose. The sum of $1,350 was subscribed in the meeting, and after passing the usual resolutions of thanks the convention adjourned to meet here one year hence.

Two Beauties.

New York Graphic.

This is the fate of a fat beauty:

At 12—Plump, fat and ruddy. Weight, 70 pounds.

At 16—Plumper, fatter, exuberant and a bursting bud. Weight, 120 pounds.

At 20—A blossom bloomed, voluptuous, exuberant. Weight, 160 pounds.

At 25—A full blown Juno. Massive, statuesque. Approaching heroic size. Imposing. Begins to find car seats too small. Wedges when she sits down. Very exuberant. Weight, 180 pounds.

At 30—Matronly. Imposing still, but the finer contour of form swallowed up slightly in adipose. Magnificent but barrel like.

At 35—Large. Too large. Complexion brick red. Double chin. Short of breath. Weight, 200 pounds.

At 40—Gone. Remains of a once magnificent woman. Vast remains. Imposing ruins. More double chin. Walk, a waddle. Sad. Weight, 220 pounds.

This is the fate of a thin beauty:

At 12—Sickly, pale and uninteresting. Weight, 40 pounds.

At 16—Delicate, slender, sprightly and graceful. Weight 80 pounds.

At 20 a study for a painter. Lithe, sinuous, Grecian in face and mold. Weight, 100 pounds.

At 25—Queenly in form and motion, with a peachy complexion, small, delicate hands and wee little feet. Weight, 120 pounds.

At 30—Beginning to fade; veins show on hands; cheek bones just indicated. Weight, 105 pounds.

At 35—Eyes retreating; fine lines on forehead; cheeks concave; form wiry. Weight, 90 pounds.

At 40—Face hatchet-shaped; nose and chin very sharp; two holes where the cheeks were; hands like claws; form all gone; a living skeleton. Weight, 70 pounds.

Moral—You buys your wedding ring and takes your choice.

SPARTA, TENN.—Dr. W. B. Cummings says: "I am strongly convinced of the efficacy of Brown's Iron Bitters and recommend them."

The Ohio Valley Flood.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The condition of affairs in the Ohio Valley grows daily worse instead of better, and it seems likely that the disastrous experience of last year will be more than duplicated. Already the losses have reached millions at various points, and the waters are still rising and spreading. The people are practically helpless, of course, and can only wait upon chance for deliverance from the troubles and dangers by which they are surrounded; a flood is the hardest of all things to resist or turn aside, and there are no means of telling where it will stop, because it is impossible to know just what forces are contributing to its volume and energy. We can not even say with certainty what causes the sudden and ungovernable agency to break forth in the first place; and science, with all its observation and research, has not taught us how to predict its coming or measure its probable capacity of destruction.

It is generally believed, with good reason, that the floods would be less frequent and calamitous if forests were more plentiful along the streams, and particularly around the head-waters. There is ample testimony in support of the claim that trees absorb and retain moisture in large quantity, and help to keep the soil in a condition to restrain and modify the action of the rivers. This has been demonstrated so often and clearly as to be indisputable. At the same time, it is also true that great floods have occurred time and again in countries and districts literally covered with forests. It is probable that the Ohio Valley would not be so often visited by overflows if more attention had been paid to the husbanding of the forests, and certainly the facilities of resistance would be greater if the floods did come; but it is by no means sure, on the other hand, that entire exemption from such calamities is to be secured by any conceivable quantity of forest cultivation.

Let us reason again, on principles of established accuracy, that heavy snows are a great protection against freshets, and that the logical inference must be that a winter of light snows will precedence spring floods almost inevitably. This will hardly answer in the present case, however, for there has been more than the usual fall of snow in the Ohio Valley. It is more likely that the snow is beneficial only when it is deep enough to keep the ground in a thawing condition underneath, and to cause a gradual process of absorption in advance of the general spring "breaks up." Where the earth is unfrozen and pliable during the winter, it is reasonably follows that a spring freshet can not so easily gain headway; but, on the other hand, where this condition is wanting, on account of excessively cold weather, abundant snow only makes matters worse. Some of the severest floods in the far West take their rise in localities where the snows are heaviest, and where, also, the forest protection is most to be counted upon.

The truth is that the matter is largely one of conjecture. All talk about measures for preventing the sudden and overwhelming freshets is, therefore, of little practical advantage. The floods will continue to come in their own time and way, and will not be stopped by tree planting or any other device within our reach. There is one thing that can be done, however, and that is to make better preparations for getting out of their way when they do come. It is very well known that they are to be expected in certain sections and at given times of the year; and there is every reason why the people of these sections should make their arrangements accordingly, choosing their locations and building their houses with studied reference to what experience has shown to be a fixed danger. Too many of them persist in not exercising the care and discretion in this respect that is so clearly demanded. They are none the less entitled to sympathy and proper assistance; but surely many of them might avert misfortune by taking more pains not to place themselves directly in the way of it.

While the floods were occasional and far apart, there was reasonable excuse for treating them as special visitations of Providence, and for supposing that a lifetime might elapse before one would be repeated in a particular quarter. But now that they have become so frequent, and it is so well known where and when they are to be anticipated, there is only folly in neglecting to order things with a view to their possible annual recurrence. There can be no doubt that a great deal of the property that is now being lost and destroyed in the Ohio Valley might have been saved if its owners had believed that the desolating flood of last year was likely to be repeated this year. Hundreds of people, we venture to say, have been stripped of everything in the present instance who went through precisely the same experience in that one. They could not think that anything so bad as the flood of 1883 could ever occur again while they lived, and so they took no precaution against another calamity of that kind. All the same, the calamity has come, the very next year, and it finds them situated exactly as they were before. This should not be the case, and it would not if men were as willing to take warning in these matters as they are in matters of far less consequence. The thing to be learned, above all others, from the flood that is now causing so much of havoc and distress is the necessity of individual care and foresight in localities that have been proved to be specially subject to such a form of misfortune. There is no way to prevent the flood; but there is a way to reduce the burden of loss and suffering, and it is to be hoped that a lesson enforced at such terrible cost will not fail to be of profitable use hereafter. The present flood will subside in time, as the others have done, and the generosity of the country will promptly furnish succor for the unlucky victims; but the same thing is likely to happen again next spring, and it is the part of wisdom to begin thinking about it now.

An Optical Delusion.

Troy Times.

Here is a very singular illustration of the optical delusion which a change of position will sometimes effect:

Take a row of ordinary capital letters and figures:

SSSSSSXXXXXX333333888888.

They are such as are made up of two parts of equal shapes. Look carefully at these, and you will perceive that the upper halves of the characters are a very little smaller than the lower—so little that an ordinary eye declares them to be of equal size. Now turn the paper upside down, and, without any careful looking, you will see this difference in size is very much exaggerated—that the real top half of the letter is very much smaller than the bottom half. It will be seen from this that there is a tendency in the eye to enlarge the upper part of any object upon which it looks.

The great American Hog.

Peck's Sun.

This country has got to make a test case of the hog business, and triumph, so that our national staple shall be received as legal tender in all countries, or the time will come when nothing that is grown in America will be allowed entrance into foreign countries, and then everybody will go to the poor house. The hog must be the wedge that puts its nose under the gate of the foreign garden, and opens the port. And in view of the fact that we are to make the hog our national weapon to fight national prejudice, we should organize the whole country into hog clubs. There should be a grand hog lodge, presided over by a worshipful tycoon, and subordinate lodges everywhere. The hog must be the watchword, and pork our battle cry. When foreign nations see that we mean business, and that all of our people have enlisted on the side of free pork, they will pay attention. We must talk hog everywhere, wear hogs on our watch-guards, and fight at the drop of the hat, any person that speaks disrespectful of the animal that gives us the baked bear, gravy to the potato, and which lubricates everything. If we allow the efforts monarchies of the old world to trifle with our hog, we encourage them, and next they will swear our wheat is full of chinch bugs, our corn full of poisonous smut, our beef filled with pleuro-pneumonia and fever, our sausage full of hydrophobia, our canned fruit decayed, and our missionaries full of trichina. When the cannibals notify our government that their people are dying of trichina, from eating missionaries, and that no more will be received, the country will begin to realize the situation it is in, when it is everlasingly too late. Of course there would be no more foundation for the complaints of the cannibals than there is of the French and German governments in regard to our pork, but the cannibals would have the matter in their own hands, and they could return our missionaries to us unopened, as Germany now returns our pork. The only way to stop this embargo, and prevent its going too far, is to retaliate. Let us send back anything and everything that comes from France or Germany, whether it is to be eaten, drank, worn or associated with, and if a cannibal comes here to be shown in a dime museum, let him be sent back until he can show that his people are still favorably disposed to our missionaries as a table dish. Bismark is said to have become addicted to Milwaukee beer so that he cannot live without it. Let us cut off his rations of beer, and make him crazy, and do every thing possible to retaliate on our enemies. Let every American citizen stay away from Paris for one year, out of respect for our native hog, and poverty and failure would stare in the faces of so many French people who live on Americans, that they would be willing to eat our pork raw, rind and all. Let every American woman refuse to buy any article of French manufacture for a year, and France would get down on her knees and beg for a slice of American pork to cool her parched tongue. The only way to win a fight is to fight.

Republican National Convention.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 12, 1883.—A National Republican convention will meet at Chicago, Ill., on Tuesday, June 3, 1884, at 12 o'clock, noon, for the nomination of candidates to be supported for President and Vice President at the next election.

The Republican electors of the several States, and all other voters, without regard to past political differences, who are in favor of encouraging and dignifying American labor, protecting and extending home industries, giving free popular education to the masses of the people, securing free suffrage and an honest counting of ballots, effectually protecting all human rights in every section of our common country, and who desire to promote friendly feeling and permanent harmony throughout the land by maintaining a National government pledged to those objects and principles, are cordially invited to send from each state four delegates at large, from each congressional district two delegates, and for each Representative at large two delegates to the convention.

The delegates at large shall be chosen by popular delegate state conventions, called on not less than twenty days' public notice, and held not less than thirty days nor more than sixty days before the time fixed for the meeting of the National convention.

The Republicans of the various Congressional districts shall have the option of electing their delegates at separate popular delegate conventions, called on similar notice, and held in the congressional districts at any time within the fifteen days next prior to the meeting of the State convention, or by subdivisions of the State convention into district conventions, and such delegates shall be chosen in the latter method if not elected previous to the meeting of the State convention. All district delegates shall be accredited by the officers of such district conventions.

Two delegates shall be allowed from each Territory and from the District of Columbia, similarly chosen.

Notice of contests shall be given to the National Committee, accompanied by full printed statements of the grounds of contest, which shall also be made public; and preference in the order of hearing and determining contests so all be given to the convention according to the dates of the receipt of such notices and statements by the National Committee.

D. M. SABIN, Minnesota, Chairman.
JOHN A. MARTIN, Kansas, Secretary.

Paul Strobach, Ala.	Geo. A. Bailey, N. J.
Powell Clayton, Ark.	Thomas C. Platt, N. Y.
John P. Moler, Cal.	Wm. P. Canady, N. C.
J. B. Chaffee, Col.	Wm. C. Cooper, Ohio.
O. H. Platt, Conn.	John H. Mitchell, Ore.
Christian Shaer, Del.	J. L. Magee, Penn.
William M. Hicks, Fla.	Wm. A. Jones, R. I.
James B. Sweany, Ga.	Samuel Lee, S. C.
John A. Logan, Ill.	William Cole, Tenn.
John C. New, Ind.	A. G. Malloy, Texas.
John S. Runnells, Iowa	George W. Booker, Vt.
Wm. P. Bradley, Ken.	Samuel M. Yost, Va.
Frank Morey, La.	Nathan Goff, W. Va.
William P. Frye, Me.	Philo Ross, Wis.
James A. Garry, Md.	Levi Bashford, Ariz.
John M. Forbes, Mass.	C. C. McCoy, Dak.
James H. Stone, Mich.	Geo. L. Shoup, Idaho.
Geo. L. McKee, Miss.	S. H. Elkins, N. M.
Chauncey I. Filley, Mo.	A. W. Bennett, Utah.
James W. Dawes, Neb.	Thos. H. Brents, Wash.
John P. Jones, Nev.	Joseph M. Carey, Wyo.
Wm. E. Chandler, N. H.	Chas. J. Currie, D. C.

Republican National committee.

Almost Incredible.

Texas Siftings.

Mrs. Bill Plumbottle is one of the wealthiest ladies in Austin, but she hasn't got a particle of sense. One day last week she drove up to the store door of a prominent grocer. He came out, bowing, and asked what he could do for her.

"Have you any more hams like that one I got last week," she asked.

"Yes, Mrs. Plumbottle, we have six more just like them."

"If they are not the same kind I don't want 'em."

"Why, madam, I assure you they are all from the same animal."

"Well, if the whole six are from the same animal, you may send them to my house," replied Mrs. Plumbottle.

Peck's Sun: There seems to be a lack of respect for sacred things on the part of some editors. One now rises up and calls Barnum's white elephant a "dude elephant." Now what on earth has that sacred beast been doing, that such a name should be given it? It is admitted that the dude is an elephant, so to speak, on the hands of society, but that is no reason for insulting that sacred mountain of white-washed flesh.

FACT AND FANCY.

Boston has 3,000 barbers.

Texas has 6,139 miles of railway.

France leads the world in silk weaving.

Handsboro, Miss., is to have a new cotton mill.

The wool crop of Texas brought $4,100,441 last year.

There are 18,600 stockholders in the Panama Railroad.

Patti's diamonds are worth $200,000; Langtry's $100,000.

Over 200,000 people are employed in lace making in France.

One-fourth of the cotton in this country is produced in Texas.

Jay Gould gave his son George $3,000,000 to begin life with.

The house that Villard built will cost, when completed, $1,000,000.

Over $3,000,000 are invested in manufactories at Knoxville, Tenn.

A hotel at Niles, Mich., is the property of John G. Saxe, the poet.

The yield of sorghum in this country in 1883 was valued at $7,189,826 04.

The brotherhood of locomotive engineers now number over 13,000 members.

At Blackburn, England, 70,000 weavers are going to resist a reduction of wages.

When a man refuses to be baptised he is evidently out side the pale of the church.

A cross fellow says a strong-minded woman will always be speaker of the house.

In Alabama the coal and iron ore are, in many places, within a half mile of each other.

Will Barnum's white elephant travel by the trunk line when he comes to this country?

Over 30,000 people are directly affected by the cotton spinners' strike at Fall River, Mass.

Arabi Pasha gets an allowance of £50 a month from the English government during his exile.

Australian carpenters work only eight hours per day, and have a half holiday every Saturday.

American companies have spent over $50,000,000 on railroads in Mexico,