The Greatest of All.

There is something about Missouri particularly precious to every one of us. There is no country on the green earth that can equal its beauty and grandeur. Every reaper in the field sings songs of gladness and every sheaf of grain tells of the richness and fertility of our soil. The thousands of acres of waving corn, the shout of many laborers, hundreds of her towns and cities nestled amid the deepening shadows or sitting gracefully upon the bosom of our vast prairies, the many happy homes that sound a royal welcome, that glide down the years of time in peace and plenty, are the symbols of ennobling life and the precursor of the grandest thoughts and purposes. Missouri is an asylum and home of honest men at all times. It has been singularly unanimous in its regard of public pledges and enforcement of the law. It has demanded always that simple manhood was superior to mere riches and aristocracy, so-called, has no recognition in its borders. Inexhaustible in nature, all abounding in good harvests, pure social relation, unrivaled in scenery and unsurpassed in schools and churches, she stands forth the greatest of all west of the "Father of Waters," an honor to the government and a beacon light to progress and civilization. —West Plains Gazette.

Mischief is wrought

by bad cooking, tough meats, late hours business worries, irregular livers, sour dispositions, evil digestions and impure blood. Much of this mischief can be overcome by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters, the best tonic ever made. Mrs. Emile Crawford, Reidsville, Ga., writes: "After trying Brown's Iron Bitters we are persuaded that it is all that it claims to be—a good and reliable tonic. Thousands of others speak in like manner.

Peculiar Men.

"Yes, my husband is a peculiar man about some things," remarked Mrs. Mangos to her caller, Mrs. Pebley. "He will trust the judgment of any one except in the matter of beefsteak. This, he declares, no one but himself can select. Early every morning, no matter how cold the weather may be, he gets out of bed before the fires are made and goes down to the butcher's. Many a time have I asked him why he did not bring the meat as he comes home in the evening, but he declares that meat should always be selected at morning. Sometimes he cannot find meat to suit him, and then he comes home without any."

"Just for the world like my husband," remarked Mrs. Pebley. "The morning is never too cold for him to go down to see about his beefsteak. I had no idea that any other man was like him.",

* * *

Following morning. Saloon adjoing butcher shop:

"Hello, Mangos."

"Good morning, Pebley. Right sharp frost this morning."

"Yes, heavy. What are you going to take?"

"Never mind, you set'em up yesterday morning. What are you going to take?"

"Cocktail."

"Same for me."

"The other day," said Mangos, "I took two or three pretty stiff drinks and forgot my meat. Told the old lady that I couldn't find any to suit me. Here's to you."

At all seasons of the year people are liable to contract chills and fever, and other sorts of malarial diseases. Mishler's Herb Bitters is without a rival in the treatment of all complaints of this character, as it is for cholera morbus, dysentery, indigestion, etc. Charles J. Rhodes a prominent citizen of Safe Harbor, Co., Pa., writes; Your bitters cured me of fever and ague. I beleive it will cure any case of fever agee. I have seen it tried often enough to know what it can do."

Finding it impossible to play successfully against loaded dice—in other words, to contest caucuses with professional politicians—and having no desire to intrude where they are not wanted, the independents will, for the present, keep away from the primary meetings, and induce good nominations by voting steadily against bad ones. This is a very comfortable and satisfactory position. Why should the mugwumps "go" anywhere?—Boston Herald.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warranted to speedily cure Burns Bruises, Cuts, Ulcers Salt Rheum, Fever sores, Cancers, Piles, Chilblains, Corns, Tetter, Chapped Hands, and all skin eruptions, guaranteed to cure in every instance, or money refunded. Price 25 cts per box. For sale by F. M. Crumly & Co. 6 tf

POPULAR SONGS.

Songs That Have Moved Nations—Who Wrote Them and What Inspired Them.

The greatest poem of the war was written at Washington by Julia Ward Howe, under the title of "the Battle Hymn of the Republic." It is sung to the tune of "John Brown," and commences, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord." Mrs. Howe wrote it early one morning and it is said that she penned the lines with her eyes shut. The night before she she had been out riding in the country near Washington and her party had narrowly escaped being captured by a troop of Confederates. As they came into Washington they sang "John Brown's Body," and the tune kept ringing in Mrs. Howe's head all night. When she awoke before daylight she began to make verses of it, and in the fear that she would forget them she wrote them off, according to a habit she had formed to save her eyes, without looking at the paper. Mrs. Howe is still living, and she ranks among the leaders of the woman's rights movement.

Speaking of "John Brown's Body," the tune itself is an old Methodist camp-meeting tune and the words were adapted to it by a glee club of Boston in 1861. It was first published at Charlestown, Mass. Capt. James Greenleaf, an organist of the Harvard Church, set the notes for music, and a Massachusetts regiment made them first noted by singing them at Fort Warren in 1861.

The author of "Maryland, My Maryland," lives at Washington, and you may see him in the press galleries of Congress almost any day during the session. He writes gossipy letters to the Augusta *Chronicle*. His name is James R. Randall, and he is a modest-looking, dark-complexioned man of 40. He must have been very young when he wrote that beautiful poem. His ideas are broader now, and he is as liberal in his views as any member of the gallery.

"America" was written by the Rev. Samuel Francis Smith in 1832, and it was first sung in Boston on the Fourth of July of that year. Like the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," it was inspired by a great tune, viz: "God Save the King." This tune is in use in nearly eve y country, and it has been ascribed to Handel. The writer of the words still lives in Massachusetts, and he says he wrote the song at a sitting. He is now 76 years old, and he graduated at Harvard in the same class with Oliver Wendell Holmes.

John Howard Payne's "Home, Sweet Home," was written for an opera, and he never got anything for it but his tombstone in Oak Hill cemetery. It was first sung in the Covent Garden Theatre, at London, and made a big hit. One hundred thousand copies were sold the first year, and by the end of the second year its publishers had cleared $10,000 from it.

Robert Treat Paine wrote "Ye Sons of Columbia," early in 1800, under the title of "Adams and Liberty," and he was paid $750 for it. Paine was the son of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was christened Tom Paine, but on account of his dislike to Tom Paine's infidel tendencies, he had the Massachusetts Legislature change his name, and give him what he called a Christian one.

Foster got $15,000 for writing "Old Folks at Home." Crouch, the writer of "Kathleen Mavourneen," received $25 for the production, and afterwards became a begging tramp while his publisher could have built a brown stone front out of its sales. George P. Morris wrote "Woodman, Spare that Tree," because the purchaser of a friend's estate wanted to cut down a tree which his grandfather had planted.

"Hail Columbia" was written by Joseph Hopkinson, in the summer of 1798, and it was first called the "President's March." It was always sung when Washington came into the theater, and one of the objects of its writing was the cultivation of a patriotic spirit among the people of the new Republic. It was first put into music by a German music teacher at Philadelphia, named Roth.

"The Star Spangled Banner" was written by Francis Scott Key while watching the bombardment of Fort McHenry, in 1814. He was in a small vessel among the British ships, and he saw his countrymen win the victory. All through the fight he watched anxiously to see if the flag was still standing, looking for it at night by the flash of the bombshells, and anxiously waiting the dawning. The song was printed in the Baltimore *American* eight days after the battle, under the title of "The Defense of Fort McHenry."

Many people will be surprised to learn that "Yankee Doodle" is not of American origin. Even the words date back beyond the days of Queen Anne, and the tune is still older. In the wars of the Roundheads, says Commodore Preble, in his book on the flag of the United States, "Yankee Doodle," or "Nankee Doodle," was applied in derision to Oliver Cromwell, and Professor Rimbault, a prominent musician of London, wrote a song directed at Cromwell under this title. The jingle of these two songs is about the same, and the words are not much different. Dr. Schuchburg first introduced the song into this country in 1755, and this was also in contempt of the ragged colonial soldiers. At Concord and Lexington the British, when advancing to fight, bravely played "God Save the King," and after they were defeated the Yankees, as they watched their retreat, struck up "Yankee Doodle."—"*Carp*" *in the Cleveland Leader.*

The New York Catering Company, which was organized about a year ago with $100,000 capital for the purpose of supplying families at their own homes with breakfasts and dinners at so much a head per week, has failed. The failure is alleged to be due to lack of management.

Spouting Oil-Wells in Russia.

The principal oil-wells of the Baku district lie at Balaxame or Balakhani, about six miles to the northeast of the town: this is an oil-field about three and a half miles in length by one and a half in breadth. To the south lies a smaller field called Bebeahat. One fountain at Balakhani, ninety-eight feet in depth, is noticed as having been flowing steadily for upward of two years, and still continuing to yield 800 barrels a day. Another well not far off, 40 feet deep, commenced its career by throwing up jet thirty feet in the air, and then flooding the land with oil for a considerable distance all around, overflowing other wells and several small refineries, so as effectually to stop their work. The roar of the rushing oil and gas could be heard a mile from the spot.

Various flowing wells are said to yield 6,000 barrels a day, and some far more; but, from the fact that these quantities are generally stated in the Russian measure of poods, it is not very easy to realize what is meant. One pood, we learn, is equal to thirty-six pounds English. Hence one thousand poods represent somewhere about sixteen tons. Accounts have just reached England of an oil-fountain which was struck last December, and flows at the rate of from fifty to sixty thousand poods daily, gushing forth with such force as to break in pieces a three-inch cast-iron plate which had been fastened over the well in order to divert the flow in a particular direction. In the same district a huge heap of sand marks the spot where an oil-spring, on being tapped, straightway threw up a column of petroleum to twice the height and size of the Great Geyser in Iceland, forming a huge black fountain two hundred feet in height—a fountain, however, due solely to the removal of the pressure on the confined gas, for there is no trace of volcanic heat. The fountain was visible for many miles round, and on the first day it poured forth about two million gallons, equal to fifty thousand barrels.

An enterprising photographer who was on the spot secured a photograph which places this matter beyond cavil. The fountain continued to play for five months, gradually decreasing week by week, till it finally ceased to play, leaving its unfortunate owners (an Armenian company) well-nigh ruined by the claims brought against them by neighbors whose lands were destroyed by the flood of oil. *Popular Science Monthly for December.*

A Perfect Female Figure.

"Define a good figure!" said a well-known Detroit sculptor. "Well, a good figure is a rarity. There are so many girls who come to me to pose as models and so very few who are of the least use! Their knees are crooked and their arms bent and their waists pinched in—there is always something wrong. See that head and trunk? That is Proserpine. She is shrinking away from Pluto who is about to carry her away to the infernal regions to be his wife. Now do you know that it took sittings of five different models to make that one piece.

"I did see a good figure once. She was almost perfect. You know the Venus de Medici is supposed to be the perfection of form. Well, this girl's figure was almost identical with hers. Had I wished to make a full sized statue I would not have changed her one iota. She was a very wealthy girl and very indolent. Sitting always in her room in neglige costume and taking so little exercise, she grew to be the very perfection of grace. Every pose was a study, and every move beautiful. And do you know that girl laced—terribly so. She compressed her waist, I should think, seven inches smaller than it naturally was. But then she wore corsets for only about three hours each week, she went out so little. She was a very attractive girl, but not very pretty—very good figures seldom are. I will give you her dimensions. She was 5 feet 4½ inches high. Then she measured 31 inches about the bust, 26½ inches about the waist, 35 inches over the hips, 9 inches from the armpit to the waist, 11½ inches around the ball of the arm, 9½ inches around the elbow, 6½ inches around the wrist. You see she tapered 4½ inches from the bust to the waist; that is right. Then her hands and her feet were good and large. An artist always looks for large extremities. The feet of this girl were 9½ inches long. 'What an immense hoof?' do you say. Well, not so very large. I think it was a No. 4 shoe she took. Now, here is a cut of a foot no so large, you will say. Well, it measures 8½ inches. The fingers of the hand too, must be long and taper with a curve backward at the tips. Women have come to me so proud of their hands, such tiny hands, and yet perfect deformities, with every finger warped and crooked.

"I should have said, of course, that no figure can be good unless well rounded and free from angles. I must confess, though, that a fine statuesque figure would not look well draped in the present fashion. Yes, I will give my idea of a fine figure in the present fashion. Bust measure, 32 inches; waist, 24; 9 inches from armpit to waist; long arms and long neck. By 'neck' I mean from the collar-bone to the chin; and, recollect this, I would far rather see the waist 25 inches than 28. This figure shall be 5 feet 4½ inches in height. I once saw a figure I admired a good deal, that was 34 about the bust and 26 about the waist."

Christmas Expectations.

"Can I hang up my stocking Christmas eve, mama?"

"Yes, dear; if you are a real good little girl."

"Oh! won't that be nice! Will Santa Claus put a piano in it?"

"You mustn't talk that way, darling."

"Why, mama? Is it naughty?"

"No, dear; but if anybody should hear you ask such a question they might think you were a Chicago girl."

Rheumatism

Though painful and wearing almost beyond endurance, is not an incurable disease if treated in time. Perhaps no other disease has so baffled the efforts of science and medicine as this, but at last a remedy has been discovered in Tongaline which CURES RHEUMATISM, and is heartily endorsed by many of the Leading Physicians.

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"Had a case of Inflammatory Rheumatism of nearly all the large joints. Gave TONGALINE, and to-day my patient is out and doing well."
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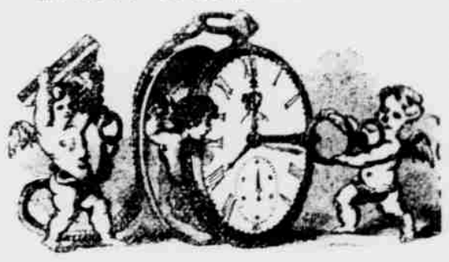

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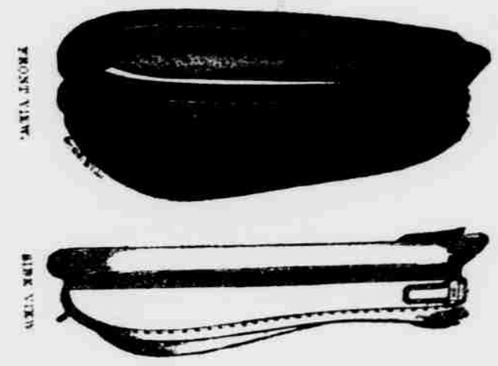

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Dr J A Sherman, of 251 Broadway, N Y famous for the past 25 years for his successful method of curing rupture without surgical operation, is now at his office, St Louis Mo where he will remain to treat patients until the 20th of December. During treatment patients can labor without intertering with the cure, and with safety from strangulated rupture, his book with likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, is mailed for 10 cts. Remember, in St Louis, offices 404 Market St.

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