## NOTES OF THE DAY.

NOVEMBER AIRS.

No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthy ease,
No comforable feel in any member;
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
November!

More welcome than voluptuous gales
This keen, crisp air as conscience clear;
November breathes no flattering tale,
The plain truth-teller of the year,
Who wins her heart and he alone
Knows she has sweetness all her own.

"Though winter howleth at the gate
In our hearts 'tis summer still."

"O thou, by winds of grief o'er blown,
Beside some summer's golden bier,
Take heart! thy birds are only flown,
Thy blossoms sleeping, tearful sown,
To greet thee in the immortal year."

HOLIDAY SWEETS.

Small barrels of confectionery stand in the windows of the candy stores and make a new attraction by their homely resemblance to flour or potatoe barrels. But if you want something in the vegetable line there are cabbages, potatoes, carrots, beets, all the perfection of art in the way of resemblance and with a trap door which opens to admit the sweets. Old shoes, dozens of gloves in packages, with natural wrists, and wrapped in paper so artistically that even the feminine eye is deceived, and bon-bon boxes of satin, fancifully decorated, adorn the windows. Small hampers, baskets with cloth covers, in imitation of the summer fruit baskets, feathered owls whose heads come off, and other novelties attract the eye searching for candy comfits.

TAILOR-MADE DRESSES.

The tailor-made dress has been a remarkable success and ladies who own one declare they could "live in it," it is so neat and comfortable. But there is a great departure from the extreme simplicity and elegance of the first appearance. Panels of velvet, fur and even lace are now added, giving it a dressy but inharmonious style. The true tailor-made dress is as severely plain as a man's coat. Its only decoration is a simple braid binding, a few rows of vest buttons and narrow bands of machine stitching. It is glove fitting, with a long, plain overskirt with unwrinkled front. If there are side panels they are of the dress cloth and distinguished by rows of the plain buttons. A small bonnet and walking jacket of the same completes this sensible costume.

TABLE TALK.

"Frogs legs" are to be the fashionable dish for lunch this season, instead of oysters. They will be cooked in bunches and served up tied with ribbon.

No two dishes alike is still a popular method of setting the dining table. Very particular hostesses have lunch cloths of appropriate subjects, worked by their own hands. In inviting a lunch or dinner company, special care must be taken to avoid the fateful number thirteen. Much china and bric-a-brac, and as little food as possible, is to be the rule of elegant spreads.

FIRE-PICTURES.

The newest society wrinkle is a twilight party at which the only light is from the grate fire. All the company gather about the glowing coals, and each one tells a story or recites a poem. These novel entertainments originated in the East last season, among the cultured and refined people who enjoy a social, intellectual entertainment. At one of these, in a home of wealth and refinement, John McCullough was present. Naturally he was called on first, being the guest of the occasion. With that slow voice and listless manner, characteristic of his later years, he began with Longfellow:

"Between the dark and the dayl ight,
When night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation
That is known as the children's hour."

When Mr. McCullough had reached the last verse almost without a pause or inflection of voice in the same pathetic monotone with which he used to recite "The Stowaway" everybody was in tears, and when he closed with the last verse sobs went freely round.

"Till the walls shall crumble to ruin"

Was sad enough to have been a prophesy. The charm of the twilight party is an unbroken attention, the story-teller alone speaking. Pictures in the fire can be extemporized to suit the company.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

One of the old customs that is gradually dying out is that of asking blessing on food. We can all remember the indistinct but solemn remarks that accompanied each meal in our youthful days, when none of the children—not even the baby in the high chair—dared to smile. Leaving out the emotions of thankfulness and gratitude the custom was supposed to represent, it was good discipline for giddypated youth. The irreverent youngster of to-day could hardly be made to comprehend the necessity of sitting absolutely still and preserving decorous silence over his plate. Apropos of which comes a good story from a family circle in Louisville, where the habit is still observed, each small boy in a lot of six being required to say the blessing in rotation. One of these recently fell into disgrace. It was his turn to say grace, but it was transferred to his younger brother, who devoutly said:

"Lord bless the food prepared for us (all except Sterling) and receive our thanks (all except Sterling). Amen."

## MARRIED AT 13.

*A Child Bride Seeks the Protection of the Humane Society.*

A Philadelphia special to the New York *World* says: Wednesday a bright-looking girl of 13 years entered the office of the Society to Protect Children from Cruelty and approaching the desk said to Secretary Crew: "I am only 13 years old and my father wants me to marry a man I don't like." Mr. Crew looked up in surprise. The child was large for her age and decidedly pretty. Her features were of the Italian cast. She was closely interrogated and told the following remarkable story:

"My name is Katie Ferraro and I was 13 years old last August. I live with my father, John Ferraro, in the court at 741 South Seventh street. My father made me marry a man named Angelo Gilebertc. We were married on Friday night of last week by Magistrate Collins, but my father says we must be married over again by the priest. I have never lived with Gileberto and never will. I'll kill myself first. When my father first spoke to me about marrying the man I said that I never would do so. He then beat me and said that if I didn't marry Gileberto he would kill me. Of course that frightened me, and when the magistrate came around to our house to marry us I said 'Yes.' Yesterday afternoon my father and Gileberto took me to a store on Chestnut street and bought the goods for my wedding-dress. It was blue silk and cost $50. It was to be finished in time for me to be married in it by the priest next Sunday. To-day while I was being measured I told the dressmaker that I would never wear the dress, and she asked me why not. Then I told her all about the marriage. The dressmaker pitied me and said that if I did not want to marry the man that I should go to the society that protects children from cruelty. She then told me where it was, and I came here. My father is a rag dealer and Gileberto is a tailor. He is 22 years old and lives on Eighth street, near Fitzwater."

*How Justice Was Satisfied.*

"You got off from that charge of burglary, I see."

"Yes, the judge discharged me."

"Why?"

"Because the prosecutor's name was spelled wrong in the indictment"—The *Current.*

*Saving Her Bacon.*

An interesting encounter between a rattle snake and two hogs was witnessed a few days ago near where the Jacksonville, Tampa & Key West Railroad crosses Black Creek, in this county. There were two sows in the same locality, each with a litter of pigs. A large rattlesnake attacked and killed one of the pigs, when the mother of the pig attacked the snake, but, being bitten by the serpent, fell on her offspring and died immediately. The other sow then rushed upon his snakeship when she also received the fangs of the rattler. The sow, however, got in her work on the snake and killed him, when she also laid down and died.—Green Cove (Fla.) Spring.

## SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

SOMETHING IN THE AIR.—Mr. Richard A. Proctor reports that the total lunar eclipse of Oct. 4th presented to him a very unusual appearance. At the time of greatest obscuration the moon was barely visible as an ill-defined ring of a sickly green hue, while its ordinary appearance at such a time is that of a huge glowing coppery-red ball hung up in the sky. He thinks it probable that the earth's atmosphere was laden with *somethinp* which acted as a dense screen to the sun's rays, which are pretty certainly known to be refracted through our atmosphere into the shadow cone to such a degree as to produce the usual ruddy tinge of the moon when totally eclipsed. He asks whether we are here once more brought face to face with the cause of the persistent haze in the sun's neighborhood, and of the late wonderful sunrises and sunsets.

A French *savant*, Mons. Forel, affirms that during the months of July and August last a red halo or corona surrounded the sun, which though difficult to see at low altitudes, became quite brilliant at 6,000 feet above the sea. He witnessed the phenomenon several times from heights ranging from 3,000 to 10,000 feet.

A CURIOUS FACT.—One of the remarkable things which botanists tell us is that we have more plants of the Japanese flora than Europe has, and that even the Pacific coast of America has fewer than are found on the Atlantic slope. A few American plants may have reached Europe by natural means; but in the main the course of plant migration has been from the Old World to us—from west to east.

Mons. Trouvelot, the eminent astronomer Mendon Observatory, has suggested that the brilliant light of the faculae, and possibly the entire light of the sun, is generated at the solar surface, the coronal atmosphere being perhaps necessary for its production.

A WORLD'S BUREAU.—The International Committee of Weights and Measures, whose work is chiefly to test the standards of measurement used in the different countries, was established at Paris in 1875 by a convention of nations, but has only just received the adhesion of England. With the further accession of Roumania and Servia the committee now represents an aggregate population of 421,440,396, distributed over Germany, England, Austria, Hungary, Belgium, the Argentine Republic, Denmark, Spain, the United States, France, Italy, Peru, Portugal, Roumania, Russia, Servie, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, Turkey and Venezuela.

A BETTER CALENDER.—The French astronomer, Mons. C. Flammarion, has received anonymously the sum of 5,000 francs to be given as a prize to the author of the best project for the reform of the Calender. Papers must be sent in by Oct. 1, 1886. A committee will make the award, and propose the reform to an international congress.

A bridge at Lyons, France, has a stone parapet, pierced at intervals for light, forming a passage which plays the part of a gigantic flute. The rush of the air-currents through the openings causes the bridge to emit such sounds of music at different parts of its course that "one might believe it haunted by legions of invisible naiads pursuing the passengers with their plaintive melodies."

In this and other countries there are said to be 1,000 scientific societies. The two great and leading bodies of such character as to embrace all the scientific men of a nation are the British and American Associations for the Advancement of Science, both of which have met this year on American soil. The British Association is 54 years old, the American 33,

Experiments with the electric light in forcing plant-growth are showing less effect than was expected.

SANITARY CLOTHING.—The clothing reform proposed by Dr. Gustav Jaeger, of Stuttgart, is said to have been already approved and carried out by thousands of Germans, not a few Russians and some Englishmen. Dr. Jaeger contends that clothing made exclusively from wool, a natural covering for animal bodies, is the safest and most healthful for mankind to wear and he urges its use for all purposes of men and women. Not only would he exclude every article made from cotton, or other vegetable fiber from the apparel in use by day, but he would also reject them from the beds on which we sleep at night. He advocates garments of such form that draughts of cold air under them are prevented, while he doubly protects the throat and chest by an extra thickness of cloth, and keeps the feet clean and dry by the use of boots of porous leather or felt, and porous inner-soles. The advantages of wool over vegetable fibers are claimed to be very great as the latter impede the circulation of the air, retain the noxious emanations of the body, and expose the surface of the skin to sudden change of temperature, while wool is free from those objections.

A species of ant observed in the island of St. Thomas has been described to the French Academy of Sciences. A large fire having been kindled at a certain distance from the ant-hill, the ants were seen to precipitate themselves into it by thousands until it was completely extinguished. It is proposed to call the species *Formica ignivora.*

A new motor driven by the explosion of small charges of gun-cotton has been produced in England, and is said to be applicable wherever small powers are required.

According to French authority, the vibrations caused by a moving railway train a mile distant may make the use of delicate astronomical instruments impossible for the time being.

*How "Old Trinity's" Congregation Was Once Dispersed.*

Uncle Jerry—he would hardly forgive it if his full name were used, in view of what fellows—carted leather for many years for the "swamp" people, his stand being in Jacob street, a busy little thoroughfare not much known to those outside the great center of the New York leather trade.

Just as honest as the day is long was Uncle Jerry and as truthful as need be; but as full of fun "as an egg is of meat." His boyish pranks have always stuck to him. One Sunday, when his horse and carts were cared for and at rest, he took it into head to go into the country and hear the birds sing and watch the flowers grow, for he was born in the country and his old habits stuck to him. As he started for home he spied a hornet's nest He knew what a hornet's nest was; he had fought hornets often enough when a boy, and he immediately saw that his nest belonged to the yellow-tipped variety—the really fierce warriors of the family. The nest was large and of perfect form, and hung on a branch within reach.

Uncle Jerry waited until the hornets had settled down pretty well, most of them having gone inside through the only passage way a hole in the bottom. Then he quietly came up and with a wad of paper plugged the hole cut off the twig which held the nest and started with it for his home in the lower part of the city. It is safe to say that a host of the people he met hadn't an idea as to what he was carrying. He got down by Trinity Church just as the evening service was over and the large congregation was coming out. The old spirit of fun got hold of him; he quietly unplugged that hornets' nest, gave it such a vigorous shake as would have maddened any set of hornets, dropped it right among the crowd and innocently walked on. Well, boys, to cut it short, it is perfectly safe to bet that few church congregations have ever dispersed in a greater hurry.—New York *Telegram.*


### Interesting to the Retail Grocers.

The celebrated jobbing houses of St. Paul, viz: P. H. Kelly & Co., Beaupre, Keogh & Co., Glidden, Griggs & Co., Yanz & Howes, Allen, Moon & Co., and Maxfield & Seabury; also the leading jobbing houses of Minneapolis, viz: George R. Newell & Co., Anthony Kelly & Co., Murray, Warner & Co., Harrison, Farrington & Co., Dunham & Johnson, and Pinkerton, Mortley & Haynes, are all handling Andrews' Pearl Baking Powder very lagely. This is an evidence that the Pearl stands without a peer.


## "A GENTLEMAN."

*A Few Useful Hints for Young Men.*

[Alfred Ayres in The Mentor.]

HOW TO WALK.

If a man would appear a gentleman, he must walk, stand and sit like one. In walking he should, above all, avoid everything that is unnatural or that smacks of self-consciousness. How often do we see men in the street whose every movement tells us their minds are chiefly on themselves! One throws his chest out *a la dindon*, while another walks with an abnormal stoop, but both delight in a kind of rolling, swaggering, gait and an unnatural swing of the arms We all know, when we see such a man, no matter what his appearance in other respects may be, that he is a person of low breeding. Not only is a man's walk an index of his character and of the grade of his culture, but it is also an index of the frame of mind he is in. There is the thoughtful walk and the thoughtless walk, the responsible walk and the careless walk, the worker's walk and the idler's walk, the ingenious walk and the insidious walk, and so on. In a word, what there is in us we all carry in essentially the same way; hence the surest way to have the carriage of gentility is to have gentility to carry.

MAKING A BOW.

In public the bow is the proper mode of salutation, also under certain circumstances it should be familiar, cordial, respectful or formal. An inclination of the head or a gesture with the hand or cane suffices between men, except when one would be specially deferential to age or position; but in saluting a lady the hat should be removed. A very common mode of doing this in New York, at present, particularly by the younger men, is to jerk the hat off and sling it on as hastily as possible. As haste is incompatible with grace, and as there is an old pantomimic law that "every picture must be held" for a longer or shorter time, the jerk-and-sling manner of removing the hat in salutation is not to be commended. The *empressement* a man puts into his salutations is graduated by circumstances, the most deferential manner being to carry the hat down the full length of the arm, keeping it there until the person saluted has passed. If a man stops to speak to a lady in the street he should remain uncovered, unless the conversation should be protracted, which it is sure not to be, if either of the parties knows and cares to observe the proprieties.

A well-bred man, meeting a lady in a public place, though she is a near relative—wife, mother or sister—and though he may have parted from her but half an hour before, will salute her as deferentially as he would salute a mere acquaintance. The passers-by are ignorant of the relationship, and to them his deferential manner says: "She is a lady."

RULES FOR INTRODUCTIONS.

If you meet an acquaintance in the street when you are walking with a friend, do not introduce them; nor should you ever introduce people in public places, unless you have good reason to believe that the introduction will be agreeable—nay, more, is desired by both parties. The universal introducer is a very unpleasant person to associate with. In introducing persons it is the lower that is introduced to the higher, and, as a rule, the younger to the older, the gentlemean to the lady.

A PUBLIC NUISANCE.

Another disagreeable habit is that of going about singing, humming or whistling. The man thpt habitually does either of these either in the street—no matter what the hour—in the halls of hotels, as he goes up and down stairs, or in his own apartments, when there is any one within hearing, has the manners of a boor, and deserves the calaboose for disorderly conduct.

SMOKING AS A GENTLEMAN.

There is no one thing perhads, in which the difference between the well-bred man and the ill-bred man more appears than in the manner in which, the place where, and the time when they smoke. The well-bred man does not smoke, nor does he seem to smoke, to show off, whereas the ill-bred man very often smokes in a self-conscious manner that seems to say: "Look at me! see how skilfully my lips hold this cigar; how I can shift it from one side of my mouth to the other without touching it with my fingers and how well I can articulate with it in my mouth; in short, look you, what perfect control I have over my labial muscles, and having seen, admire!" In short, there are many low bred young men—very many—that appear to smoke only to display their, imagined grace and skill, when, in fact, in smoking as they do, where they do, and when they do they but publish their vulgarity. Such men are certainly not of the sort that Shakspeare accuses of having a "vaunting ambition." As they smoke chiefly for show, a poor cigar answers their purpose as well as a good one; consequently, they usually buy of the kind that are sold at the rate of two for a cent.

The well-bred man on the contrary, the gentleman, the man that smokes only for the love of it, puts but as much of his cigar in his mouth as is necessary in order to draw it, keeps it in his mouth no longer than is necessary, and never fails to remove it when he talks, or passes any one toward whom he would be respectful, especially a lady. Further, our best bred men never smoke in any street at an hour when it is much frequented, nor in any public place where smoking is likely to be offensive to others.

THE BOOR IN PUBLIC.

Finally, if you remain to the end of a performance, remain indeed to the end—remain in your seat and remain quiet until the last word has been spoken, or the last note has been sung. Be not one of those unbred persons that when the end approaches begin to make ready to go, or perhaps get up and push past others, disturbing everybody in the house, players as well as auditors, in their selfish haste to reach the door. I repeat: You have no more right to disturb others at a place of amusement than you have to pick their pockets, for when you disturb others you rob them of a part of that for which they have paid their money.

WHAT A GENTLEMAN WILL DO.

If you would be worthy to live among well-bred, right-thinking people you will always consider the interests, respect the rights and study the comfort of others. For example, if you visit a reading-room where the aim is so to keep the newspapers that any particular one can be easily found, you will always be careful to put those you read back in their proper places; you will never scratch a match on anybody's wall or woodwork; you will never spit on anybody's floor, whether carpeted or not; you will never walk over the upholstered seats of a place of amusement, and so on. The doing or the leaving undone of little things is the sure index of a man's breeding or of his lack of it.


### CURE FOR PILES.

The first symptoms of Piles is an intense itching at night after getting warm. This unpleasant sensation is immediately relieved by an application of Dr. Bosankoy's Pile Remedy. Piles in all forms, Itch, Salt Rheum and Ringworm can be permanently cured by the use of this great remedy. Price 50 cents. Manufactured by the Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piqua, O. Sold by A. P. Wilkes, Seven Corners; F. H. Heinert, 374 Dayton avenue; John Boyden, 323 East Seventh street; and P. C. Lutz, Wabashaw street, opposite post office.


*Bolted Flour.*

The Sanitary Engineer says: "We have been taught for a number of years that we ought to eat bread made from unbolted flour, containing the whole of the grain. After we have habituated ourselves to eating such bread—not without suspicion that the color and appearance are sometimes due to something besides grain—we now find that the tide is turned, and the most wholesome flour is that from which the outer envelope of the grain is removed. Such, at any rate, was the opinion of Mr. Clifford Richardson, of the Agricultural Department, if we understood his remarks at the recent meeting of the American Association. Such is the view of M. Aime Girard, in a recent number of the *Comtes Rendus*, and such is the opinion of other modern authorities.

*Importation of Rags.*

The United States Treasury Department has issued the following circular in reference to the importation of rags into this country. *To Customs Officers:*

Department circular No. 145, dated August 30, 1884, is modified so as to limit it to infected ports only, and all Mediterranean ports are deemed infected ports within the meaning of this order; provided, however, that no old rags shall be landed at any port of the United States except on a certificate of the United States Consular officer at the point of departure that such rags were not gathered, or baled at, or shipped from any infected place, or any region continuous thereto.

W. Q. GRESHAM,
*Secretary.*

## A SMILE, PICTURE, AND NOTE.

*Mme. Theo's Duenna Responsible for a "Heart-Break.*

New York Times: "Portraits of Mme. Theo! Portraits of Mme. Theo! Portraits of Mme Theo!!!" shouted the boy of Wallack's in ever increasing crescendo accents. He would have added: "in the third act of the 'Mascotte' she appears in tights," but such information would have been absurdly superfluous. The gilded youth in the back seats knew it as well as he did. Consequently he made a lazy tour of the theater with a little pile of photographs representing the diva in every conceivable costume—hastening past the ladies, slurring over stout old gentlemen, who would have loved to examine the pictures if they had dared, and stopping only in front of those promising youths whom Theo would call "gommeux."

He was a most provoking boy, was that portrait-seller. For, though he knew that nearly every one of the faint youths present would reduce his stock, he pretended to be quite indifferent, and would feign to pass them by until a light hand, gently grasping a picture, would detain him, when he would turn round with a surprised air and ask the faint youth what he wanted.

On Saturday night, just before the curtain rose on the third act of "LaMaacotte," he of the pictures passed a tender youth of 10 summers, with a flower in his coat and three fingers of a kid glove on his right hand. The tender youth looked beseechingly at the portrait-seller. The portrait-seller gazed smilingly at a copy of pretty little Theo's face, and then turned it over so that nobody could see it. This was more than the faint youth could stand.

"Boy," he chirruped, how much are those photographs?"

"Fifty cents each," was the prompt answer, "but," he added, "I'll let you have twelve for $5."

"Dayvilish cheap," said the faint youth, grandly, "but I'll only require one. Boy," he again chirrupped, may I examine them, in order to select a fitting subject for my bedroom?"

He took the packet of photographs and glanced at them reverently. "Theo in a hat is charming," he murmured. "Theo without a hat is adorable. Theo in a low bodice is exquisite. Theo without a——"

"Come, young man," interrupted he of the pictures, "be quick. The curtain will be up in two minutes."

Slowly the faint youth drew forth a portrait; still more slowly he placed it in his coat pocket near the pulsations of the right ventricle of his heart. And more slowly yet he looked at the picture-seller, as much as to say: "I suppose you intend to reduce this transaction to a miserable level of dollars and cents?" Then he fumbled in his trouser pockets for the money. First he drew forth a pocket-knife, then a mustache comb, a toothpick, a cigarette case, a button, a latch-key, a watch-bag, and a few more similar trinkets.

"Ah! at last!" Here he fished out a little match box. "Take your money," he said, grandly, as he presented the picture-seller with a quarteo, a 10-cent piece, a couple of nickle 3-cent bits, as many copper 2-cent coins, and half a dime. "That's right." he added.

"Yes," said he of the pictures, brokenly, "I'm awful sorry to take your savings, but I can't help it."

Presently the faint youth was joined by a friend. "Hello! Archibald, you here to-night! Why, what's the matter?" asked that gentleman as he noticed the blushes of the faint youth. "Ah, I see," he added. "Archie, you've got a portrait of Theo. I can see by your face."

"N-no," ejaculated the miserable purchaser, you're mistaken."

"No, I'm not," was the stern rejoinder. "Archibald, Theo doesn't care a cent for you."

Tears started to the eyes of the wretched owner of Theo's fac-simile. "Anyway," he exclaimed indignantly, "she smiled at me three times pointedly the other night when I was in that private box with my mother, and I had to pretend I didn't see. You're jealous that's what you are. I called at the Belvidere house as well last week and saw Theo's duenna. Such an ugly woman But she told me to call on Saturday, and said that if Theo were not in she'd write to me. I blessed her mustache—which beats mine, old man—and departed. On Saturday I called again. Theo was not in, but she had left a note for me—such a sweet little note, written on a black-bordered card—ah! poor little widowed mite—and breathing amiability in every word. This is the note. You can look at it."

Critically the misanthrope examined the card. There was no signature; only Theo's name in copperplate and a few French adjectives expressive of regard, admiration, or anything one might choose to translate, scribbled in ink.

"Isn't it pretty? She calls me 'cher,'" chirrupped the faint youth.

"Archibald, I see through it all," was the severe comment. "I knew Theo in Paris, I don't like to dash your hopes to the ground, but, oh, dear boy, I must tell you——"

"What? what? Speak man."

"Theo never wrote this. The note was composed by one whom Theo keeps for the purpose. The stern duenna, Archie, with the large mustache, is your correspondent. She it is who calls you 'cher,' my friend. She it is who breathes amiability.

And they bore him reverently from the theater. Next morning the portrait seller found Theo's fac-simile torn into fifty pieces on the floor, and he murmured softly: "Poor fellow! All his savings gone for nothing!

*Secret of the Jumping Bean.*

[Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.]

The mystery of the jumping beans of Mexcio was solved several years ago here on the Comstock. The explanation is simple enough; there is in each bean a worm whose instinct it is to so skip as to put the bean in motion. The insect gives motion to the bean by drawing itself into a close coil and then suddenly uncoiling in such a way as to strike against the upper part of the cavity it occupies. In Mexico these beans in great numbers are to be seen skipping over the ground under the trees upon which they are produced. They thus skip and roll along the ground until they lodge in some hole or cavity where they are likely to be covered with earth by the first rains. The worm is a provision of nature by means of which the beans are distributed and planted. When the beans were brought here our Comstockers did not let the "concealment" of the "worm i' the bud" worry their "damask" cheeks, but "busted" the bean and went after the inner consciousness of the thing. When dug out of its nest the insect—which resembles those found in peas—continues to skip and is able to hop to a foot or more.

*How to Reduce Fat*

[London Truth.]

Dr. Schweninger, of Munich, has discovered a new mode of reducing the human frame It is never to eat and drink at the same time. But to let two hours intervene. He has, it is said, cured Prince Bismarck of a tendency to obesity in this way. Fat people have now their choice between four systems: 1. The original Banting, which consists of eating nothing containing starch, sugar or fat. 2. The German Banting, which allows fat but forbids sugar or starch. 3. A Munich system, which consists of being clothed in wool, and sleeping in flannel blankets instead of sheets. 4. Not eating and drinking at the same time. In Huxley's "Elements of physiology" he divides foods into proteids, which are composed of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, and which consists of gluten, albumen, blood serum, fibrin, synotonin, casein, gelatin and chondrin; fats, which are composed of carbon hydrogen and oxygen, and consists of all fatty matters and oils; amyloids, which are composed of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, and consists of starch dextrine, sugar and gum, and minerals, which consist of water and sundry alkalis, earths and metals.

## NERVE OF AN ELEPHANT HUNTER.

The coolest thing I ever saw done in elephant shooting was one day myself and a friend were sitting in the bungalow, when a coolie rushed in and informed us that there was an elephant in the coffee. The only "battery" we had in the bungalow, which was merely a wooden shanty run up for temporary shelter at the new clearing, was an old percussion shot-gun, used chiefly for firing "sparrow hail" at the legs of natives caught coffee stealing at night, and the only bullets we had, if I may be pardoned the "bull," were small shot with a few swan shot mixed. There was, however, a bullet mold which fitted the gun, so we set to work and cast some rough bullets, as we were determined to have a shot at the elephant even if it was with a pistol. Our next proceeding was to toss up who should have the first shot and it fell to my friend J.

When we went out it was found that the elephant was not in the coffee, but on a strip of "patna" or grass alongside of it. J. accordingly went down to the tournament, while I stood at a safe distance to cheer on the knight. When J. got on the "patna" he saw that the brute he was going against was evidently a "roque" of the worst description at which he began to trumpet very loud. That is the first thing a "roque" does. I suppose he thinks it will put the fear of death in the hunter. The next part of the show is for Jumbo to charge right down on you, still trumpeting and waving his trunk until he comes within about twenty yards, when down goes the trunk, and at the same time he lowers his head. This is the time to fire, and the only place you have any chance of bringing him down by hitting is a small oval space just above the trunk. This is a vital spot, and if you hit this it is sure death to the elephant. J. was an old hunter, so he calmly awaited Mr. Jumbo's approach. Just at the right moment up went his gun to his shoulder, and I waited breathlessly to see the flash and behold the roque fall. But no flash came, and presently I saw J. running backward facing the elephant, and evidently feeling in his pocket for something. The explanation was now easy, the infernal percussion cap had missed fire! Luckily he had another, and in a moment, just as the elephant was upon him, I saw his gun again go up. There was a flash, then a report, and down tumbled the huge beast just at J.'s feet. In fact, so close was he that he had to jump aside to prevent the body falling on him. There are few men I know of, and I have met a few men of nerve in my time that would have the coolness to run backward in face of a charging elephant, remove the old cap and feel in his pocket for a new one, and then kill his quarry. I know of nothing more inclined to make one run the first time of trying than to wait on an elephant which is charging, but a better spirit comes over you and you shoot without a tremor. From "Elephant Hunting in Ceylon," in American Field.

*Boston's Beautiful Quadroons.*

[From the Boston Courier.]

Ira Gray, who was familiar to the citizens of Boston many years ago, is still in the land of the living and was in the city not long since. Probably not one man in a thousand in Boston to-day remembers who or what Ira Gray was. Well, he was the handsomest quadroon of his day, and the most accomplished gambler ever seen in Boston. He and his brother-in law, Coburn, kept a private place in Southac street, corner of North Russell street. It was the resort of the upper ten who had acquired a taste for gambling. There were at this time among the mixed colored population of Boston several females of remarkable beauty and voluptuous development, such as the two Thacker girls, Mary and Maria. Mary was tall, and a dark brunette. Maria was petite, and in her da was possibly the handsomest girl in Boston showing no trace of her colored origin. Then there were the Howard girls, whose father was for years a noted barber on Cambridge street. The Howard girls were a great attraction to certain circles, and probably had as much to do with the advance of abolition of slavery as a Boston sentiment as any direct moral principle involved. Ira Gray and Coburn intermarried in these families and the beauty of their surroundings gave an additional charm to the gambling circle, composed chiefly of the habitues of Beacon and Mt. Vernon streets, such as Bigelow Lawrence, Grenville T. Winthrop and others whose names should be left blank. Ira Gray is now over seventy years of age and his once black locks are the color of mixed white. At one time he had a large fortune, but to-day he is probably poor. What a repertoie of fashionable society fifty years ago hereoud furnish.

*The Niagara Rink.*

A little town up in New York has a skating rink that they call the "Niagara." It is supposed that they call it that because the people go there to see the "falls."—*The Hatchet.*


**Words of Warning and Comfort.**

'If you are suffering from poor health or
'languishing on a bed of sickness, take cheer
'if you are simply ailing, or if you feel
'weak and dispirited,
'without clearly knowing why, Hop Bitters
'will surely cure you.

If you are a minister, and have overtaxed yourself with your pastoral duties, or a mother, worn out with care and work, or a man of business or labor, weakened by the strain of you everyday duties, or a man of letters toiling over your midnight work, Hop Bitter will most surely strengthen you.

If you are suffering from over-eating or drinking, any indiscretion or dissipation, or are young and growing too fast, as is often the case,

"Or if you are in the workshop, on the
'farm, at the desk, anywhere, and feel
'that your system needs cleansing, toning, or stimulating, without intoxicating, if you are old,
'blood thin and impure, pulse
'feeble, nerves unsteady, faculties
'waning, Hop Bitters is what you need to
'give you new life, health and vigor."

If you are costive, or dyspeptic or suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill. If you are wasting away with any form of Cidney disease, stop tempting death this moment, and turn for a—cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness, Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead." in Hop Bitters.

—If you are a frequenter, or a resident of,
—a miasmatic district, barricade your sys-
—tem against the scourge of all countries
—Malaria, Epidemic, Bilious and Inter-
—mitten Fevers by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply, or sallow skin, bad breath, Hop Bitter will give you fair skin, rich blood, the sweetest breath and health, $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

**A Lady's Wish.**

"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend, "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the first lady.

"By using Hop Bitters that makes pure, rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me as you observe."

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous, stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.


## CONTRACT WORK.

### Grading Robie Street.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS,
CITY OF ST. PAUL, Minn., Nov. 3, 1884.

Sealed bids will be received by the Board of Public Works in and for the corporation of the city of St. Paul, Minnesota, at their office in said city, until 12 m. on the 17th day of November, A. D. 1884, for the grading of Robie street from Ohio street to Manomin street in said city, according to plans and specifications on file in the office of said Board.

A bond with at least two (2) sureties, in a sum of at least twenty (20) per cent. of the gross amount bid must accompany each bid.

The said Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

JOHN FARRINGTON, President.

Official:
R. L. GORMAN, Clerk Board of Public Works.
310-320

*Before and After.*

Before Gribley's election, a citizen says: "That fellow he hasn't got sense enough to shake when he has a chill. He should never be elected." After Gribley's election: "Yes he is elected, and in my opinion will make a fine officer. I have always been his friend, and I regard his success as a great triumah of brains."—Arkansaw *Traveler.*

LEGAL.

### Notice of Assignment.

State of Minnesota, County of Otter Tail. District Court.

In the matter of the assignment of Abel Anderson and Nels Norgren, copartners as Anderson & Norgren.

Notice is hereby given that Abel Anderson and Nels Norgren, copartners as Anderson & Norgren, of Fergus Falls, in said county and state, have, by deed in writing, dated Oct. 25th, 1884, made a general assignment to the undersigned, of all their property not exempt by law from levy and sale on execution, for the benefit of all their creditors, without preferences.

All claims must be verified and presented to the undersigned for allowance.

A. O. ROISE, Assignee.

H. E. RAWSON, Attorney for Assignee.
Dated November 1, 1884. 309

### Administrator's Sale.

Pursuant to an order of license of the Probate Court of Ramsey county, dated September 8, 1884, I the undersigned, will on the 15th day of November, A. D. 1884, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the premises, (near the corner of Virginia and St. Anthony avenues,) sell at public auction "Lot five (5) in block one (1) of Nininger's addition to St. Paul, according to the recorded plat thereof on file in the office of the Register of Deeds of said Ramsey county. Terms of sale, cash.

BERNARD ALLEN,
Administrator of estate of Catharine Allen, deceased.
P. T. KAVANAGH, Auctioneer. oc15-4w-wed

STATE OF MINNESOTA—COUNTY OF POLK—ss. District Court, Eleventh Judicial District.

Carl Knetzschmar, plaintiff, against The Red Lake Falls Milling and Lumber Company, a corporation, defendant.

The State of Minnesota to the abovenamed defendants:

You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint of the plaintiff in the above entitled action, which has been filed with the clerk of the above named court, in his office in the court house, in the city of Crookston and county of Polk, and state of Minnesota, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, in the city of Crookston, in said county, within twenty days after the service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of such service; and, if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will take judgment against you for the sum of six thousand nine hundred and thirty-one dollars, and sixty-eight cents ($6,931 68 103) together with interest thereon from May 22, A. D. 1884, besides the costs and disbursements of this action,

P. A. DUFOUR,
Plaintiff's Attorney, Crookston, Minn.
oc1-7w-wed

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF POLK—ss. District Court, Eleventh Judicial District.

Carl Kretzschmar, plaintiff, against The Red Lake Falls Milling and Lumber company, a corporation, defendant.

SUMMONS.

The state of Minnesota to the above named defendant:

You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint of the plaintiff in the above entitled action, which is filed in the office of the Clerk of the District court of the Eleventh judicial district, in and for the county of Polk and state of Minnesota, and to serve a copy of your answer to said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, in the city of Crookston, in said county within twenty days after the service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of such service; and, if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated October 11th, A. D. 1884.

P. A. DUFOUR,
Plaintiff's Attorney, Crookston, Minn.
oct29-7w-wed

### Notice of Mortgage Sale.

Whereas William Murphy and Garetta M. Murphy, his wife, mortgagors, did duly execute and deliver to Sarah Jane Hill, mortgagee, a certain indenture of mortgage, bearing date the 24th day of June, 1878, whereby said mortgagors did grant, bargain, sell and convey to said mortgagee her heirs and assigns, the following described land and appurtenances, lying and being in the city of St. Paul, county of Ramsey and state of Minnesota, to-wit: the easterly fifty (50) feet of lot six (6), block eighteen (18) Robert & Randall's addition to St. Paul, according to the plat thereof on record in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for said county of Ramsey, to secure the payment of the sum of $500, and interest thereon at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, according to the conditions of a certain promissory note therein described, which said indenture of mortgage was on the 29th day of June, 1878, at 12 o'clock M, duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for said county of Ramsey, in book 56 of Mortgage Deeds, page 50.

And whereas said mortgagors did covenant and agree in said mortgage, in case of a foreclosure thereof, to pay said mortgagee, her heirs or assigns, the sum of twenty-five dollars, attorney's fees; and whereas default has been made in the conditions of said mortgage, by which the power to sell has become operative; and there is now due on said mortgage, at the date of this notice, the sum of $753.90, and $25 attorney's fee as aforesaid, and no action or proceeding at law has been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof.

And whereas Sarah Jane Hill, the mortgagee above named, afterwards, on the — day of ——, 188-, died intestate, at Cornwall, Orange county, New York, and on the 13th day of June, 1884, letters of administration on the goods, chattels, credits and estate, which were of the said Sarah Jane Hill were duly issued to Daniel T. Hill, Jr., who is now the administrator thereof, and an authenticated copy of his appointment as such administrator, was on the 27th day of October, 1884, duly filed for record in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for said county of Ramsey.

Now,