THE COUNTY PAPER
By DAVENPORT & BOBYNS.
OREGON, MO

FATE.

BRET HARTE.

"The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare:
The spray of the tempest is white in air;
The winds are out with the waves at play,
And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.

The trail is narrow, the woods are dim,
The panther clings to the arching limb,
And the lion's whelps are abroad at play,
And I shall not join in the chase to-day."

But the ship sailed safely over the sea,
And the hunters came home from the chase in glee;
And the town that was builded upon a rock
Was swallowed up in the earthquake shock

MY WIFE'S NEW FRIEND.

Mrs. Jones had quite a habit of cultivating sudden friendships, which have every appearence of blooming eternally, but which soon wither in the world's cold blasts. I used to think this characteristic was confined to school girls, who swear immortal fidelity in letters crossed and recrossed, but forget each other as soon as they have caught a lover.

My wife's last acquisition in the way of a bosom friend is Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray, with whom she became acquainted last summer, while we were boarding out of town. Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray had her carriage with her, and created quite a sensation; in fact, every lady in the house was eager to become her confident; but the amiable deportment of Mrs. Jones, combined, I doubt not, with her intellectual accomplishments, rendered her the favorite; and she it was who daily occupied the spare seat in the coach, and had the honor of advising Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray in those thousand grave perplexities under which women suffer.

We returned to the city after the Mowbrays, but my wife although usually very firm on questions of etiquette, waived her privileges on this occasion, and made the first call. She was graciously received, and came home in high spirits. All the evening she could do nothing but talk of Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray. "Such an elegant establishment," she said. "A footman, with manners like a prince, waited at the door. The drawing-room was the perfection of luxury and taste. Mrs. Mowbray had on such a sweet cap, and altogether looked so lady-like. Her manners were indeed, most aristocratic, just what one would suppose those of a countess to be."

In a few days Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray returned my wife's call, coming in a shining new carriage, and with a new span of horses. Her equipage created quite a sensation in our street.

Mrs. Jones, soon after this, began to act as if brooding over some vast design, which not being yet quite matured, she deemed it wisest to be silent respecting. At last, however, the mighty secret was broached.

"I was thinking, Jones," she said, one night, just as I was composing myself to sleep, on my pillow, "that we ought to give a party. Not a regular ball, indeed, but a select entertainment, where a few congenial minds may be brought together. I should like to introduce my dear Mrs. Mowbray to some of the choicest of our set."

Now I detest parties, small or large, but as the delicacy of my wife's nerves does not allow of her being thwarted, I made no objection to this proposal, though I sighed to myself.

"Of course, my dear," I said. "You know best."

"We'll ask about thirty," continued my wife, warming with the subject. "There's Mrs. Wharton, and Mrs. Horace Shinn, and Mrs. Price, and the three Misses Trelawnews," and thus the dear creature ran on until she had mentioned about forty names, and I saw that her "select party of congenial souls" was going to be, after all, a crowded rout.

"You have forgotten the two Misses Howell," I said at last, when my wife stopped for want of breath.

The two Misses Howell were amiable, intelligent, and pretty girls, in whom I took a particular interest, because their father had been an extensive shipping merchant, but having become reduced and died bankrupt, the sisters were compelled to earn a livelihood by standing in a store. They had numerous rich relations on whom they might have billeted themselves, but, with a spirit of proper independance, they preferred to work for their maintenance, instead of eating the bread of charity. I had long nourished a romantic idea of seeing them married well, and had consequently made it a point always to invite them to our parties; to praise them highly to the young gentleman there, and in every other indirect way to assist in realizing my pet scheme.

My wife, heretofore, had seconded me in my benevolent plan; but on the present occasion she hesitated to reply, and I knew at once that there was something the matter.

"Ahem!" she said at last clearing her throat. "Ahem! The Misses Howell are very nice girls, to be sure—that is in their place—but it is to be a select party, and as I have already mentioned rather too many, and as Mrs. Mowbray may not want to meet all sorts of people, and as——"

"Stop, my dear," said I, with a sigh, for I saw that my favorites were not to be invited, "you have given reasons enough—it is a great pity, though." And I sighed again—a sign eloquent of passive recognition.

My wife heard my sighs, and her tender heart was touched. She paused a moment in embarrassment, and perhaps revolved the idea of yielding to my wishes, but, in the end, she raised herself on her elbow, and said:

"Mr. Jones, do listen to reason. You don't know how foolish you make yourself about those Howell girls. They've been unfortunate, to be sure; and they're very passable, indeed; but there's a prejudice, you are aware, against girls who stand in stores; and who knows but what Mrs. Mowbray would take offense at my inviting such persons to meet her? I shouldn't like to do it, indeed, without first asking her; and I can't do that this time. She's very particular and so excessively high bred."

"Then I don't think she'd regard you the less, my dear," I ventured to say, "for being acquainted with two such excellent girls as Patty and Lizzie Howell."

"Mr. Jones, don't be a child," replied my wife, flinging herself to the other side of the bed. "At your age you should know something of the world. Exclusive people, like Mrs. Mowbray, don't care to meet nobodies. She was very choice, as you saw, as to whom she admitted to her acquaintance this summer; I may say, indeed, that I am the only one of all she met whom she recognizes now."

To have protracted the conversation would have excited my wife's nerves and deprived her of sleep, so I said no more, but closed my eyes and courted slumber anew. I have no recollection of anything after that, till I woke the next morning, and leaving Mrs. Jones abed, as usual, went down to see that the fires were right, and to do the marketing while breakfast was being prepared.

The invitations to the party were issued that week, Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray graciously promising to attend.

When the important evening arrived, my wife was all nerves. At every ring of the bell the color rose to her face with expectation; but guest after guest entered without Mrs. Mowbray appearing. Her nervousness soon began to change into anxiety, and this, as the hours wore on, to disappointment and dismay. She delayed the supper for a full hour, thinking that her new friend might yet arrive, but in vain.

"What can be the matter, I wonder?" she said to me, as soon as we were alone. "I hope the dear babe is well. Perhaps, however, Mrs. Mowbray is herself sick. Dear me, I am afraid I shall not sleep for anxiety. The first thing I'll do to-morrow will be to call on Mrs. Mowbray and see what is the matter."

"Wouldn't that be against etiquette?" I ventured to ask. "It seems to me that Mrs. Mowbray should send you a note, or message, or something of that sort, at least, to apologize for her absence."

Mrs. Jones did not reply in words, but she gave me a look. And such a look! It expressed all the indignation which her outraged bosom felt at having the slightest suspicion cast upon her friend.

When I came home to dinner that day I saw, at a glance, that something had occurred to ruffle my wife's nerves. She had nothing whatever to say to me, but she scolded the servants and children incessantly. I was too wise to inquire what was wrong. I knew that Mrs. Jones, if she thought proper, would tell me; and if not, that idle questions would only aggravate her secret troubles.

But the next day, having heard something that cast light on Mrs. Mowbray's absence from our party, I could not contain myself when I came home.

"Did you ever hear, my love," I said, as I began to carve the turkey, at dinner, "that the Misses Howell had a married sister?"

Mrs. Jones looked sharply up, as if she suspected I meant more than I said; and then answered laconically.

"I heard it casually, but never asked further."

"It seems," I continued, "that Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray is that sister."

"I have heard so since," said Mrs. Jones, sharply; and turning to our second child, who was asking for the wing-bone, she rapped him over the head, exclaiming, tartly: "Haven't I told you to wait until you were helped? Take that, now, and learn manners."

I allowed a minute and more to elapse, in order that my wife's ebulition might subside, when I remarked.

"Mrs. Mowbray, it seems, expected to meet her sisters here."

"I shouldn't wonder if he did," snappishly said Mrs. Jones, looking down in her plate, and apparently absorbed in parting a wing-joint.

"When she found," I continued, that her sisters were not asked, she grew indignant. She heard the reason, it seems. Your friend, Mrs. Wharton, whom you had made a confident, told some lady, who told her, and hence her anger."

"I am sure I don't care if I never see the proud thing again," said my wife, reddening very much; but still without looking up. "One could not have supposed that she was a sister to the Misses Howell."

After another pause, I said:

"Did you call on Mrs. Mowbray, as you intended?"

Mrs. Jones was silent for a full moment, and seemed half disposed to decline answering altogether; but finally she blurted out her reply, as follows:

"Yes, I did, since you must know. And she wasn't in. So at least, the footman said; but if I didn't see her at the drawing-room window," and here she burst into tears of mortification and rage, "may I never eat another mouthful."

I saw that it would not do to continue the conversation; so I quietly 'ate my dinner, kissed the children, and like Christian in "The Pilgrims Progress," went my way.

Of course the intimacy of my wife with Mrs. Mowbray ceased from the date of that fatal party; and I am sorry to say, that the Misses Howell also have, as the phrase goes, "cut our acquaintance."

Only a Dog.

Detroit Free Press.

We were all crying, every one of us. Father declared it was smoke that had got into his eyes and made them smart, but mother threw her apron over her head, and sat rocking and sobbing for ten minutes. Phœbe and I threw ourselves down on the floor by poor Leo, and I took his dear old shaggy head in my lap, and the hot tears dropped one by one; and Phœbe patted his old stiff ears and smoothed out his thin, gray hairs; and then we took off the old brass collar that was marked all over with hieroglyphics that we had scratched with pins in the proud days when he first wore it; then we cried again, and just then in walked Squire Toots, and he didn't seem to know what to do when he saw us all so distressed; he looked at us and then at Leo. Then he took out his handkerchief and gave his nose a real Sunday-school blowing, and said kind of huskily:

"Why, it's wicked to feel s' bad. Anybody would 'spose it was a pusson; 'taint only a dog!"

That just made us all feel worse! There wasn't any heaven for him to go to, and we knew we could never see him again, and we couldn't remember any life without Leo, we were such little tots when he came to us, and he had been one of the family all the time. Father used to lecture him just as he did us children. "Where did I see you to-day, sir?" he would say; "over at Mr. Mason's associating with that dog that steals? Shame!" And then Leo would whine, and soon after father would say, "Go to bed, sir!" and he'd sneak off to his box in the back shed and lie awake all night to protect us while we slept, and he never once in over fourteen years was forgetful of his trust—and he was "only a dog."

Only a dog! Why, was there ever a time that we went racing home from school that Leo hadn't met us half-way to race with us and do all sorts of funny tricks at our bidding? And how proud we had always been of him with his handsome, stately presence and superior manner, and how safe we felt to hear his deep chested bark as we went to sleep.

Well, death had found him sure enough, and we buried him out in the grove in a little hollow, where he loved to lie on hot summer days, and there will be no resurrection for him, though there will be for the vilest thief he kept from our doors; but none the less in looking over his honest, blameless life, in which he was never faithless to any, even the smallest trust, I dare apply to him the Master's meed of praise, "Well done, good and faithful servant;" though as Squire Toots said, "he was only a dog."

Who He Was.

One of the boookkeepers for a Detroit lumber firm was recently sent to the north woods to transact some business for his employers. He is a man of good mind and strong limb, and has hung about gymnasiums long enough to work up his muscle and understand how to strike from the shoulder. He reached a camp belonging to another firm just at noon one day, and all but one of the loggers gave him a hearty welcome. This one seemed out of sorts and bent on mischief. After throwing out repeated slurs and insults he boldly said:

"Stranger, I've been aching for a whole week past to put some one in my vest pocket."

This was turned off in a pleasant manner, but the logger persisted:

"I've got a great hankering to play pitch and toss with you, and if you don't run before I finish my dinner I'm going to heave you over the shanty a few times."

The Detroiter didn't run worth a cent. When he saw that a fuss was inevitable he removed his watch and pin, shed his overcoat and was in first rate trim when the logger got ready to heave away As the bully came forward he was neatly knocked down. He got up with a grin and went down again. The third time he got up he sat down on a log to collect his ideas, and when they had returned to him he carefully approached the Detroiter and said:

"Mebbe you are a Presidin' Elder?"

"No."

"Regular preacher?"

"No."

"Circuit rider?"

"No."

"Tract distributor?"

"No. I am a bookkeeper in the employ of Lath & Shingle, of Detroit."

"Put it thar!" said the man, as he held out his hand. "I'm all bluff and no fight, but I took you for some sort of a preacher, and I thought I might wallop you and stand solid with the boys. Say, will you do me a favor?"

"Yes."

"All right. I'm going to tell the boys that you are Tom Sayers, and don't you deny it! Carrying two black eyes around this camp for the next fortnight will be grief enough for me to stagger under, let alone any one knowing that I got 'em from a man wearing a biled shirt and a clean collar."

If that historic ass had been put in prison would his master have been willing to Baalam out?

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE BABIES' STRIKE.

Harper's Young People.

Oh, such a funny dream I had when I was fast asleep;
I saw a lot of baby tots out of their cradles leap;
They threw away their rattles and their little ivory rings,
And joined their little hands to dance, the darling little things!

"Hurrah! hurrah!" they gayly sang; "we're on a jolly strike;
The nurse's rule is over now, and we do what we like;
We'll go to bed just when we please, and sit up at the table,
And eat whatever old folks do, as long as we are able.

"And if the nurses fret and scold, we'll put them all to bed,
And tell them not to make a noise, as they have often said;
They'll be afraid of getting whipped, and will not dare to peep."
And that's the funny dream I had when I was fast asleep.

Newspaper Boys.

Youth's Companion.

Several thousand boys in the United States are employed in the sale and distribution of newspapers. Some of them have a pretty hard time of it these freezing winter days.

In most of our Northern cities of ten thousand inhabitants, there is, at least, one daily paper, and the subscribers generally expect their paper to be delivered by half-past six in the morning. The carriers are sometimes men, but oftener are boys under fourteen years of age, who are in many cases paid about two dollars a month, which is scarcely seven cents per morning.

To get that seven cents, a boy must be at the office of the paper at about four o'clock in the morning, walk some distance to his round, and then deliver his papers from house to house.

An energetic boy can deliver about two hundred papers in two hours, provided the subscribers live pretty near together, and provided also that "the going" is good.

At this season of the year, the streets are often in an exceedingly bad condition. We had a snowstorm two or three weeks ago which piled up high drifts before most front doors, and the storm was at its height during the time when the boys were out on duty.

Many of them, to our knowledge, contended most gallantly with the difficulties of their task, and got their papers delivered in wonderfully good time.

Most of these early boys go to school, and some of them show the same energy and resolution there that they show in the streets facing a northeaster. Such boys, if they eat well, and avoid bad habits, are likely to take the lead, by-and-by, in whatever branch of business they finally choose.

We have often pitied these brave little fellows as we have watched them trudging along of a cold winter morning, and no doubt some of them are overtasked.

Probably, however, the spoiled children of luxury are much more rational objects of compassion. Hardship sometimes injures a growing child, but it seldom spoils one:

The publisher of one of the oldest of the daily papers in New England has assured us, from his own observation of half a century, that these little paper-carriers, though usually the sons of poor widows, have a better chance for success in life than the boys who are robbed of good development by having all their duties made easy for them. His maxim is: Hardship sometimes hurts; indulgence generally spoils.

Celia's Composition.

BY M. R. GILKESON.

Celia was twelve years old; a bright little girl at her lessons, anxious to be at the head of her classes, and a general favorite in school. No matter how long or hard the lesson, the first little face to brighten, as the teacher marked it off to the class, was sure to be Celia Brown's.

Accordingly, Miss Nelson was prepared to receive a bright look of acquiescence from Celia, at least, when she one morning announced to the little class that a composition would be expected from each one on the Friday of the following week. But she was disappointed. To her surprise, Celia's face said as plainly as words could have spoken, "I can't possibly do it, Miss Nelson, and it's of no sort of use to try."

"What are we to write a composition about, Miss Nelson?" asked one girl, whose face matched Celia's in expression. "I don't know enough to tell of any one single thing in this whole world!"

Miss Nelson smiled.

"Oh, yes, you do, my dear," she replied, pleasantly. "I think you will find you know something worth telling about salt when you put on your thinking-cap and make up your mind to try. At any rate, that is what I expect you to do—try! And I will let you know afterward how nearly you have succeeded to my satisfaction."

Celia Brown never said a word. She just closed her lips tightly, and shook her head in utter despair. It was of no use to talk to her; a composition she could not write.

Pages of spelling, half the grammar or geography, miles of arithmetic would not have daunted her anything like the mere word composition.

"Mamma, Miss Nelson has told all the girls in my class to write a composition for next Friday," said Celia at the tea-table, looking anxiously at her mother; "and I know I can't do it. I just couldn't if it would save my life; I would rather undertake to recite seventeen chapters of history!"

"Nonsense!" said her father, laughing; "it is quite time you learned to use your mind in composition. Seventeen or twenty-seven chapters of history will not do you half the good that six lines of carefully-written composition will do. And you will not find it difficult, Celia, if you do not make up your mind against it. Did Miss Nelson give you a subject?"

"Yes, papa—salt," was the reply, in a disgusted tone. "The idea of such a subject! I can't think how anything interesting could be written upon salt!"

"Oh, write about the 'cat,' sister," exclaimed Willie. "I wouldn't write about salt, either; nasty stuff! Just write on the 'cat.' I'll tell you exactly what to say; I can write a composition. Pooh! it's awful easy. Wait till mamma sends me to school. Now you just write this: "The cat is a real nice animal. It's got three white feet, and one black one. It's got a spot on its breast, too. It has four dear little kittens; and it washes her face every morning with her paws. She licks her face—this ain't nice, but what can you expect of a poor silly cat? It don't know any better. And ours is named Thomas Matilda, after nurse's brother and sister!"

"Bravo, Willie!" exclaimed his father, joining in the hearty laugh of the others at the little boy. "So you can write a composition. I'd advise sister to call on you for help, by all means."

"That composition might do for you, Willie dear," said Celia, still laughing; "but I think it would sound rather queer to Miss Nelson."

"Why, you needn't care how it sounds. Need she, papa? She just tells every single bit she knows. That is the way I'm going to do when I write compositions."

"That is tolerably sound advice," said her mother, looking at her, with a smile. "Just put the thought of 'how it will sound' quite out of your mind, and write down all you know about salt. Miss Nelson will not expect perfection the first time, remember, and I should be disappointed if you did not try to do as she wishes."

The next day was Saturday. About ten o'clock Celia sat down at the little table in her bedroom, and made up her mind to try.

"Salt!" she wrote at the top of her paper, and then there came an awful pause. "Oh, dear, what shall I say about it? Salt! Salt is—' Well, I'm sure I don't know exactly what it is, unless it's salt!" and here Celia's thoughts were interrupted by a laugh. "I'll get old Webster," she continued, thinking aloud. "Let's see now," and she whirled the leaves rapidly to the S's. "Um! here it is; 'Salt—chloride of sodium—a substance used for seasoning certain kinds of food, and for the preservation of meats, etc. It is found native in the earth, or it is produced by evaporation or crystilization from water impregnated with saline particles.' Well, I do declare! If that's all Mr. Webster has to say about salt how should I be expected to know any more? The idea! Why I don't know any more, and I don't know that! Well, I do say Miss Nelson is unreasonable." Celia wriggled herself nearly off her chair, sighed, groaned, fanned herself, bit her pen-handle, and finally, at Willie's call, jumped up and ran from the room, leaving the composition still to be written.

She and her little brother mounted the see-saw in the garden, and during this pleasant pastime Celia interrogated him upon what he knew about salt. Willie didn't know much, but what he did know he generously told.

"Salt," he informed her, "was very good to make ice-cream with. That cows liked salt," he also told her, "although he didn't," and he concluded his slender stock of information with the startling remark that "salt, put in lots of hot water, would make you throw up just like anything!"

Celia laughed so at this that she could not see-saw any longer, and she went back to the house to take her music lesson, and afterward she drove out with her mother; and the day went, and she entered her room at night to find the big sheet of blank paper staring up at her in mute surprise as she looked down upon it, before consigning it to the table drawer.

She tried again on Monday, slightly, and on Tuesday. Wednesday she had no time, that being one of her music days, and Thursday was her very last day of grace. She made a very strong effort then, but, at her very best, she could think of nothing superior to what Mr. Webster's dictionary said; and, in fact, nothing at all beyond one simple fact, that "salt was a very exceedingly useful substance."

In despair she laid the matter before her mother.

"My dear," said Mrs. Brown, "if you have honestly tried, and cannot succeed with a composition, you may yourself write a letter to Miss Nelson asking to be excused instead of my doing it. Tell her exactly how hard you have tried, and ask her to give you an easier subject."

Mrs. Brown's eyes twinkled as she gave this advice, and her little daughter went up to her room much comforted. Here is the letter she wrote:

"DEAR MISS NELSON: Mamma told me that I might write this letter, and say that I cannot write a composition on salt. She says perhaps you will be so kind as to give me an easier subject. I don't know any thing about salt—at least, not much, except that it is dug out of the earth, and is then a mineral, and sometimes we get it by letting sea-water evaporate. I am very fond of salt, and for that reason I know I ought to be ashamed of not knowing more about it. Last week Mary, our cook, made the bread and forgot to salt it, and none of us could eat it. It certainly is a very useful article. Did you know that, to get the silver away from the rock it is buried in, they roast the pieces with salt? I read this in a lovely book called 'Nelly's Silver Mine.' Of course they do something else, but they do this too, and I remember, because I felt such an interest in the very word. I didn't know till I saw it in the dictionary that an old sailor is called a 'salt,' I suppose because he follows the salt water. Are there not a great many different sorts of salt? I was thinking about them this morning, because I happened to see the bottle that has the salt of lemons in it: you take out iron-rust from linen with that. And there is saltpetre, and salt of hartshorn, and the salts you take for medicine. And mamma says we could have scarcely any food that would be fit to eat without salt. I must tell you what a funny thing Willie said when I was talking about my composition to mamma. He said, 'Tell Miss Nelson that salt is the only thing that will catch a pigeon, only I never can get near enough to throw it on the tail.' Well, my letter is done. I am very sorry to disappoint you, dear Miss Nelson, and I will try real hard the next time. I tried this time, and I could have done it, only I knew nothing to say.

"I am your affectionate scholar,

"CELIA BROWN."

To Celia's great astonishment, Miss Nelson insisted upon considering this letter a "composition"—as, of course, it was; and she read it herself before the whole school. The secret of Celia's ability to write a letter where she could not write a composition" lay in the fact that she unconsciously followed little Willie's advice, and wrote what she thought and felt without regard to "how it might sound."

The Word Blizzard.

Milwaukee Republican.

Of late there has been considerable newspaper discussion about the origin of the term blizzard. The *Daily Republican* is enabled to give positive information concerning the first use of the word, as applied to storms, by newspapers: Yesterday a representative of the *Republican* directed the following note to a resident of Milwaukee who, in the days when Minnesota blizzard meant death to scores of settlers and hundreds of cattle on the northwestern frontier, lived in that portion of the country: "What is your recollection of the origin of the term 'blizzard?'"

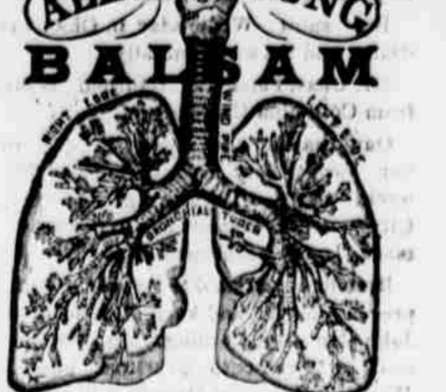
The following reply was received last evening: "'Lightning Ellis,' whom you will remember as one of the northwestern weather prophets, originated the word 'blizzard,' as it was subsequently applied to the awful storms which devastated Minnesota and northwestern Iowa in the '60s. The word was first given to the public by O. C. Bates, Esq., through the columns of the *Northern Vindicator*. Perhaps you remember his saying, in the old *Vindicator* office in the 'barracks,' when he used the word blizzard for the first time—as he had heard 'Lightning Ellis' use it—to head an article on a great storm, that the term will immortalize 'Lightning Ellis.'"

Undoubtedly the word was first] used in print in the *Northern Vindicator*, as above described, some time in the '60s. The *Vindicator* was then published in the officers' quarters of old Fort Defiance, at Estherville. O. C. Bates, the editor, was a brother of Gov. Bates of Michigan, and nephew or cousin of Senator Bates of Missouri. "Lightning Ellis" was at the time one of the decided characters of the frontier. He was called "Lightning" because of his amazing slowness. He was a genuine star gazer and weather prophet, and is entitled to credit doubtless, of originating the term. At any rate, the *Daily Republican* can show the word "blizzard," as applied to a storm, in a newspaper published nearly fifteen years ago, and challenges earlier public use of the term.

The Turkey.

Notes and Queries.

Many conjectures have been hazarded as to how the very inappropriate name of "turkey" has been applied to a bird which we know was introduced from America. I believe the truth of the matter to be this: Several, if not most, of the medieval zoologists—I may particularly cite Belon and Aldrovandus—hopelessly confounded the turkey and the guinea fowl under the name, proper to the latter of Meleagris. Gesner must indeed, be excepted, for he clearly saw that the turkey was not the Meleagris, and, finding that it had been written as Gallus peregriana or Pavo Indicus, he accordingly (in 1555) coined for it the names Gallopavue or Pavugallus, which he used almost indiscriminately. But this confusion was not confined to naturalists. We have in Cooper's edition of the "Bibliothera Eliothæ," published in 1542, "Meleagrides, byrdes which we doo call hennes of Genny, or Turkey hennes"—the earliest use of the latter name with which I am acquainted. It is, therefore, obvious that "Turkey hen" was at first synonimous with Guinea hen." As the bird became commoner and better known the confusion was, of course, gradually cleared up, and the name "turkey," clove to the bird from the New World; not, I think, without some reason, for by its constantly-repeated call-note, which may be sylabled "turk, turk, turk," it may be said to have named itself.

A Good Family Remedy!
STRICTLY PURE.
HARMLESS TO THE MOST DELICATE.
ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

(This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.)
What the Doctors Say.
ISAAC R. DORAN, M. D., of Logan Co., Ohio, writes, that "Allen's Lung Balsam gives perfect satisfaction in every case within my knowledge. Having confidence in it, I freely use it in my daily practice, and with unbounded success."
DR. FLETCHER, of Lexington, Missouri, says: "I recommend your 'Balsam' in preference to any other medicine for coughs and colds."
DR. A. C. JOHNSON, of Mt. Vernon, Ills., writes of some wonderful cures of Consumption in his place by the use of "Allen's Lung Balsam."
DR. J. B. TURNER, Blountsville, Ala., a practicing physician of twenty five years, writes, "It is the best preparation for Consumption in the world."
For all Diseases of the Throat, Lungs and Pulmonary Organs, it will be found a most excellent Remedy.
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