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**Life is Too Short.**  
Life is too short to waste  
In unavailing toils,  
Too short to spend in bootless grief,  
In coward doubts and fears,  
Too short to give it up  
To pleasure, or to sorrow  
One hour in guilt, to yield at last  
Eternity of woe.  
Time lags not on its way,  
But spans our days in haste;  
If life should last a thousand years  
'T were still too short to waste.  
For, short-lived as we are,  
Our pleasures yet, we see,  
Evanish soon; they live, indeed,  
Even shorter than we.  
But ever with us here  
Bides sorrow, pain and care;  
The shortest life is long enough  
Its 'lotted grief to bear.  
To the old the end is nigh;  
'Tis life young for all it seems;  
Yet neither should dare to toy with life  
Or waste it in idle dreams.  
For by each Time's servant waits  
Thought not for servant's wage;  
And the same worm nibbles the bud of youth  
That gnaweth the root of age.  
—Live, therefore, as he lives  
Who earns his share of bliss;  
Strive for the prize that Virtue wins,  
Life's not too short for this.  
—London Reader.

## The Story of Jones & Co.

I guess pa and ma was pretty rich one time, for when they came to California it was on their wedding tour, and cost lots—they came by the way of New York and Washington and Panama city, in a steamboat; and ma brought a maid to wait on her, and pa had a servant named Jim; and when we got to California—I say we, I'm only fourteen now, but I was not born then, though that don't matter, I guess—pa had lots of money. I was born at the Lick House, and you ought to see my baby clothes, Jones & Co. haven't the kind of goods that them was, because Maud has dragged them all to pieces. Maud is the baby. Six years old Maud is, and it won't be long before she will be a clerk in Jones & Co. First babies always have the nicest things. Ma says first babies are like second wives.  
But I keep getting away from Jones & Co.  
Well, I am of the opinion that after pa went into his house on Van Ness avenue, he went into stock, whatever that means. Going into stock must be a curious business, and sometimes pa came home looking splendid, and wanted to buy everything, and laughed at ma for being so mean, and not getting better clothes, and then he wanted to drive in the park and to the theater. One day he came home with a bran-new carriage and a span of long-tailed horses, and a coachman and footman. Then sometimes pa came home and looked very blue, and talked about stocks, and I began to watch pa, and noticed that sometimes when he laughed loudest, he looked as if he wanted to cry, and then he sold the horses, and then the house, and the furniture was sent to auction, and ma she felt very bad, and pa wasn't like himself any more, and never told me stories nor kissed me, and once when Maud was asleep in his arms he kissed her and cried, and when I told ma she said she guessed pa did not feel very well, and then she cried.  
After this we went to a boarding-house—a nasty, musty boarding-house. Everything was well enough, only a boarding-house ain't like home.  
Then the baby came, and it died, and ma almost died; and I heard pa say to the man that kept the boarding-house that he was pretty tight up, but it was all coming out right; and the next day pa didn't have any watch nor any sleeve-buttons. I didn't seem to notice it because I seen that maybe he had sold them to pay his board; and I heard pa and ma talk away in the night, and sometimes ma cried, and pa would look in the morning just as if he hadn't slept a wink, and I don't believe he had. Once it was dreadful. Pa came home tipsy, and I never seen ma feel so bad, ever; and then they talked it over, and finally ma went home to grandpa's, in New York, with Maud, and I stayed with pa to go to school.  
Then pa kept getting worse and worse, and we went to live in rooms and eat at restaurants; and pa stayed out late nights, and I guess he drank more than was good for him, and I thought something had to be done. So I said to pa one day, "Pa, let's go into business and open a store."  
And he laughed and said, "What kind of a store?"  
And I said, "Oh, a candy store, or a stationery store, or a thread and needle store, just such as women keep and would help in."  
And pa laughed and said he would think of it, and when he came home that night I asked him if he had thought about it, and he said he hadn't, and I said he had better, and he said he would.

And that morning he didn't go out, but stayed at home and wrote ma a long letter.  
So next day I went into a store on Polk street kept by a nice lady who had a bad husband, where they sold everything, and she said in French they called it *lingerie*.  
I did not know what she meant, because it was French, and I asked if she didn't want to sell her store, and she said:  
"Do you want to buy a store, little girl?"  
And I said, "My pa does." And she smiled and said she guessed the sheriff would have a store to sell in a few days. I said I would tell pa, because he knew Mr. Numan, the sheriff. It was one of Mr. Numan's men that sold pa's house and furniture for him.  
And the next day I told pa about the store and what a nice one it was, and he said he had been a dry-goods man once, had had a large store, and sold silk dress goods, and velvets and furs, and lace, worth ever so much a yard, and India shawls worth more than a thousand dollars apiece.  
I don't know exactly what pa did; but I think something "turned up" a few days afterwards, for I heard him say he had made a "raise," and he showed me more than a thousand dollars in gold notes, and for a day or two he carried them in a side pocket and mostly kept his hand over them, for fear they would jump out and fly away; and pa bought me some shoes and a hat, and stuff for aprons, and I made them myself, and I never saw pa look so happy since ma went away, and one day he said to me:  
"Vevie, I have bought the store on Polk street, and you are to be my sales-woman and partner."  
And sure enough, in a few days we went into the store, and over the door was a great big sign of "Jones & Co.," and pa said I was the "Co." And when I said, "And so, pa, you're 'Jones,'" he blushed, and I guess he didn't like his old friends to know that he was selling needles, and thread, and tape and things.  
We had two snug little rooms in the back of the store to sleep in, and I made pa's bed and swept out the rooms and tidied things. At first pa shut up the store when he had to go down town on business, but after a little while I tended it, and when there was two customers in the store I waited on one, and it wasn't long before I could make change and sell things and add up accounts as good as pa could; and by-and-by when we went down town I tended store, and we had splendid times. We went out to a nice place across the street for our meals. I tended store when pa went, and pa tended store when I went.  
One-day pa came in and looked dreadfully troubled, and then I said: "Pa, ain't I a partner, and don't partners have a right to know everything, and ain't you hiding something about Jones & Co.?" And then I found out that pa had bought too many things for the store, and that a note for a thousand dollars had to be paid, and there wasn't any money to pay it with; and that's what made pa feel bad. And then I thought and thought and wondered how I could get a thousand dollars; and I kept on thinking over everybody that I guessed had a thousand dollars, and every one I guessed had it I guessed wouldn't lend it to pa. And then I thought about Mr. Flood, and said: "I'll go down to his bank and get it, for he's got more than a thousand millions; and down in the Bank of Nevada the cellar is full of gold, and of course he don't use it all the time, and I'll borrow a thousand dollars for pa, and before Mr. Flood wants it I'll take it back and pay the interest." And then I jumped up and hurrahed for "Jones & Co.," took my best bonnet and put on my gloves, and took off my store apron, and combed my hair, and got into a car, went to the Nevada Bank and told the clerk I wanted to borrow a thousand dollars; and he laughed and said he guessed I had better see Mr. McLane. And I asked who Mr. McLane was. The clerk said Mr. McLane was the president, and was in the back room; and I went into the back room, and Mr. McLane said:  
"Well, little girl, what can I do for you?"  
And I said: "I want to borrow a thousand dollars."  
Mr. McLane opened his eyes and screwed his chair around and looked at me, and said, "A thousand dollars!" with as much surprise as though a thousand dollars was all the money he had in the bank. Then I began to get scared and cried; and then I told Mr. McLane all about pa and "Jones & Co.," and what we wanted to do with the money, and that I would pay it back to him; and he looked kinder puzzled and asked me what my pa's name was; and I told him, and where the store was, and all about ma and Maud, and how the baby died. I guess that was not very much like business, and I don't know what Mr. McLane wanted to know all that for. Then he looked at me again, and I guess he wasn't going to let me have the money, when a gentleman at the other desk came up to where I was sitting on a chair, and Mr. McLane said: "Well, Flood, what do you think of this young merchant?" And then I knew it was the rich Mr.

Flood; and I looked into his eyes, and they kind of laughed, and he said: "Let her have the money; I will endorse her note." Then I jumped up and kissed him, and he kissed me back; and Mr. McLane made a note for ninety days, and I signed "Jones & Co.," and Mr. Flood wrote his name on the back of it. I took the money away in a canvas bag that Mr. McLane said I must bring back, and I took the money to pa and didn't he look surprised when I poured out the great big gold twenty-dollar pieces on the counter?  
Then I told him what had happened at the bank; and when I asked him if he didn't think I was a pretty good business woman after all, I guess he felt real ashamed.  
After this, I never see anything like it—such lots of carriages and such nice ladies kept coming every day, and most of all them traded with me, and pa was just as pleased and happy as he could be. Jones & Co. was making lots of money. When I took Mr. Flood's money back, I just marched right through the bank, past the big counters, into Mr. McLane's room, and I took very good care to let the clerk that laughed at me before see the bag. Mr. Flood was in there, and Mr. McLane, and I opened the bag and turned out the money on Mr. McLane's desk, and Mr. Flood came up and laughed, and Mr. McLane laughed, and I heard Mr. Flood tell Mr. McLane they would have the lunch to-day. And then Mr. Flood told me if I wanted to borrow money again not to go to any other banks, but come to his, and I thanked him, and Mr. McLane brought my note canceled by a great blue "Paid" stamped across the face, right over where I wrote "Jones & Co." Then I told Mr. Flood that perhaps when we felt able to send for ma I should come and borrow more money, because I wanted to buy a house for ma and Maud, so that they wouldn't have to go into any more nasty boarding-houses, and Mr. Flood said I should have all the money I wanted.  
When we sent for ma and Maud, grandpa gave ma the money to come, and so we didn't have to borrow any more; and we took a nice cottage, not very near the store, for pa didn't want ma to know about Jones & Co., though I was just crazy to tell her.  
For several days we fooled her. She thought pa had a store down town, and was going to school. I told lots of fibs about being detained at school, going down town, and all sorts of stories to account for being home late.  
One day who should I see coming into the store but ma,  
"Have you any pearl shirt-buttons, little girl?" said ma.  
"Yes, ma'am," said I, looking her right square in the face.  
"Goodness gracious!" said ma. "Is that you, Vevie?"  
I said, "Beg pardon, ma'am, what did you want?" And then ma looked at me again.  
I had a store-apron on, and a small cap like a French girl; and, because I wasn't very high, pa bought me a pair of wooden brogans, with felt on the bottoms, into which I slipped my feet, and they made me four or five inches taller; and ma stared at me, and then laughed and said:  
"Oh, I beg your pardon, little girl; you look so much like my daughter Genevieve that I thought you was her."  
Then I heard pa snicker down behind the counter. He had seen ma come in and hid. Just as soon as ma went out pa jumped up and laughed and said, "Snatch off your apron and cap, Vevie, and run round the block and get home before your mother."  
I did, and when ma got home she was the most surprised woman you ever seen. We knew this thing couldn't last, and so that night we told ma all about the house of "Jones & Co.," and ma kissed pa and said he was a "splendid, noble fellow, and just as good as gold," and that she "never was so proud of him in her life," and fell to kissing him and to crying and taking on. I never saw ma act so foolish in all her life, and pa said she "was making love to him over again."  
Well, now the story is about over. Ma came down to the store to help. At first she looked kinder sheepish, especially when some lady came in that she had known at the Lick House; but soon she got over all that and began to make bonnets, and we had a milliner store; and then she insisted on paying the expense of separate house, and we moved into a larger store next door, with nice rooms fixed up to live in, and a nice show-window for bonnets; and little Maudie is beginning to be handy about, and all of us work, and we are just as happy as the day's long, and have lots of money.  
I have never seen Mr. Flood but once since, when I went down to the bank unbeknown to pa, and told Mr. Flood and Mr. McLane that any time they wanted to borrow a thousand dollars "Jones & Co." would lend it to them; and they laughed and said "they couldn't tell—st-cks might go down." And then Mr. Flood said "if all the people he had given and loaned money

would pay it back as I had, he didn't think he would get lusted in a long time."  
And then I saw the clerk that laughed at me, and I smiled at him and bowed; and since then he has been buying all his gloves at the store. I told him I thought he used a great many pairs of gloves, and he said they wore out very fast counting money. He is dreadful particular about his gloves, and if there is nobody in the store but me he is sometimes half an hour picking out just the kind he wants.  
Pa has bought a splendid gold watch—a real stem-winder; and we—"Jones & Co."—have bought a nice large lot out on Gov. Stanford's new cable railroad, and paid for it; and if the times are good this summer, as pa thinks they will be, we shall have a house of our own again, where we shall all live in peace, die in Greece, and be buried in a cake of tallo.  
—San Francisco Argonaut.

## A Drunkard's Body After Death.

A post-mortem examination of nearly seventy persons who had died from the excessive use of ardent spirits showed the following facts:  
1. Congestion of the scalp and of the membranes of the brain, with much serous (watery) effusion; the substance of the brain white and firm, as if it had lain in alcohol for one or two hours.  
2. The lungs not always, but frequently congested or inflamed.  
3. The heart flabby, enlarged, dilated and loaded with fat on the outside, the blood in it of a cherry-red color, and with tendency to coagulate.  
4. The stomach perfectly white, and thickened in some cases; in others, having patches of chronic inflammation. In the worst cases the larger portion of the stomach covered with that species of inflammation which causes the blood to be poured from the minute veins.  
5. The liver enlarged—in old drunkards weighing from six to twelve pounds.  
6. The omentum—a sort of apron which immediately covers the abdomen in front—loaded with a gray, slushy fat.  
7. The kidneys enlarged, flabby and infiltrated in numerous spots with a whitish matter.  
8. The small intestines filled with bile and coated with tenacious mucus.  
9. The blood in a very fluid condition, having but little albumen and fat.  
10. The whole body except the brain decomposing very rapidly.  
Is it a wonder that "a drunkard hath woes?"

## Unselfishness of Farmers.

The Springfield Republican calls attention to a trait of farmers, in which it thinks they differ, as regards each other, from the members of any other guild. "Each man is eager to show his neighbor that he has possessed himself of that which is likely to help on the business of farming. If he thinks he has a 'good thing,' he wants others to know about it, whether it be the result of some successful experiment in raising a crop, an improved breed of cattle or variety of vegetable, or a package of superior seed which has come from a distance. Apparently he does not for a moment entertain the idea that it would be to his profit to keep such knowledge or specimens to himself. And if another farmer comes to see him, he is pleased to show all his possessions; and there are no corners of the place by which the visitor is hurried because some experimenting is going on there which the owner does not care to have seen, as is often the case when a visitor makes the grand rounds of a factory. Contrast this habit of the farmers with the way that neighboring merchants and manufacturers do their business. Why, when it was first proposed to connect the paper mills in Holyoke with their offices in that city by telephone, objection was at once raised that the papermakers might possibly learn each other's secrets as a consequence."

## A Cure for Dyspepsia.

We have never experienced the miseries of dyspepsia, but those who have "gone through the mill" tell us the different stages of the ailment are far from being enjoyable. Of course, for that, as for every other disease, there are one hundred and one remedies, more or less effective. We copy from an exchange the following cure, which is said to be infallible, and as it is very simple, those who are afflicted may be glad to try it. On the first day take from the time of rising, once an hour, one tablespoonful of skim-milk, omitting it one hour before and one hour after dinner. For dinner, rare roast beef—all the patient desires—and half a cup of clear coffee; nothing else. After dinner resume taking the tablespoonful of milk once every hour for the rest of the day. On the second day let the dose of milk be two teaspoonfuls the other details remaining the same. On the third day take three spoonfuls of milk each hour, and after that a little bread may be crumbled in, if desired. This diet should be continued fifteen days, at the end of which time the worst case of dyspepsia will be cured—so it is said. Don't take our word for it, however.—Boston Courier.

## Timely Topics.

There is a tremendous dispute raging in Madras, India, over a hair from the Prophet Mohammed's beard. This holy relic is inclosed in a case, guarded by an official, who has a government pension of 100 rupees per annum, and six fanatical Mussulmans are disputing for its possession. The dispute has been taken before the Madras High Court.

It is unfortunate for men who have been condemned unjustly that they do not reside in Denmark, for there, in accordance with an old law; a man unjustly condemned is, on his innocence being proved, driven through the streets in one of the king's state carriages, preceded by a herald, who proclaims that the sentence is annulled, and then a pension is settled on him.

## The Sexton.

Nigh to a grave that was newly made, Lensed a sexton old, on his earth-worn spad  
His work was done, and he paused to wait  
The funeral train through the open gate;  
A relic of by-gone days was he,  
And his locks were as white as the foamy sea,  
And these words came from his lips so thin,  
"I gather them in! I gather them in!"  
"I gather them in! for man and boy,  
Year after year of grief and joy,  
I've builded the houses that lie around  
In every nook of this burial ground.  
Mother and daughter, father and son,  
Close to my solitude, one by one,  
But some they strangers, or come they kins;  
I gather them in! I gather them in!"  
"Many are with me, but still I'm alone!  
I am king of the dead and I make my throne  
On a monument slab of marble cold,  
And my scepter of rule is the spade I hold.  
Come they from cottage, or come they from hall,  
Mankind are my subjects—all, all, all,  
Let them loiter in pleasure, or toilfully  
I gather them in! I gather them in!"  
"I gather them in, and their final rest  
Is here, down here, in the Earth's dark breast  
And the sexton ceased—for the funeral train  
Would nately over that solemn plain;  
And I said to my heart—when time is told,  
A mightier voice than the sexton's old  
Will sound o'er the last trump's dreadful din  
"I gather them in! I gather them in!"

## Items of Interest.

Contempt of court—A breach of promise  
House cleaning refrain: "Get up a dust!"  
The snake is not much of a beauty, he always travels on his shape.  
New taxes, to the amount of \$150,000, a year, have been imposed on France since the war.  
Working hours are being rapidly extended from fifty-one to fifty-four hours a week in Scotland.  
The cynic of the New Haven Register is a notion that the "N. B." at the end of a lady's letter mean her bonnets.  
A one-armed street singer was lately assassinated in Paris and his body followed to the grave by three hundred beggars.  
An Ohio farmer was lately annoyed the inroads of sheep upon his grain field and raised the height of his fence. A rat was the only one of the flock that could leap it, but he enabled his companions do so by placing himself alongside a offering his back for them to jump on for clearing it.  
Stout calico is made water-proof by Chinese with a preparation which proved efficient in any climate, and is supposed to be composed of the following ingredients: Boiled oil, one quart; soft-soap, one ounce and beewax, one ounce; the whole to be boiled until reduced to three-quarters of quantity when mixed. The calico treated with this mixture answers well for saving apparatus.  
Down Millereek's fair and fertile vale  
A swift canal-boat sped,  
While on the bank a granger tilted  
His fragment onion bed.  
"Man! man! man!" he the captain cried,  
"Well, ain't I hoeing?" the man replied.  
Up spoke the sturdy captain then:  
"Bring forth the lawes' strength!"  
"It ain't no how, sir, but 'a'mble,  
"That pulls your boat along."  
The granger said: "He was rudder green  
You see, in the terms of the marines."  
—Cin. Sta.

## Curious Phenomena at Pike's Peak.

Some curious natural phenomena were witnessed from the summit of Pike's Peak. Electric storms are so remarkable there that those who have written them are eloquent as to their splendor. Little thunder accompanies them; the whole mountain seems to be on fire, and the top one sheet of flame. Electricity comes out of every rock, and here and there with indescribable force. An observer says that it plays around him continuously; shot down completely—glanced out of his feet, and he is charged like a Leyden jar. He could retain his foothold; he bounded and bounded from the rocks after the manner of an india-rubber ball; he felt through a powerful battery were being and thrilling through his frame, and fearing consequences, he hurried to the signal station. The signalers stationed at the peak seemed wonderful sights, and if they had as much imagination and rhetoric as they had patience and power of observation, could furnish some very vivid descriptions of what they witness. Several of science, who have watched electric storms from the top of the mountain think the phenomena the greatest they have ever witnessed. The peak demands a view of one hundred miles, a wild mountainous region, containing many lakes, and the sources of great rivers—the Platte, Arkansas, Grande and Colorado of California. Imagine that broad, picturesque and kindled and glowing with electricity you have an ideal picture of sublimity which no poet has begun to paint.

## Equal to the Emergency.

A young lady was sitting with a gallant captain in a charmingly-decorated recess. On her knee was a diminutive niece. In the adjoining room, with the door open, were the rest of the company. Says the little niece, in a jealous and very audible voice, "Auntie, kiss me, too." I leave you to imagine what had happened. "You should say twice, Ethel dear; two is not grammar," was the immediate rejoinder; "Clever girl, that."—London World.  
A gentleman late one evening met his servant. "Hallo! where are you going this time of night? for no good I'll warrant." "I was coming for you, sir."

**ANG**  
Fittest.  
It has healed  
15 YEARS!  
WOUND OF  
AMERICA.  
HUMAN EVER.  
FIER  
MAKING.  
ORGAN CO  
The World!  
\$10,000  
SUN  
POLISH  
MUSTACHE  
P. A. and P. I.  
MONS DYES  
COD-LIVER OIL  
BROOKS'S COMBES



# Supplement.

**Masquerade.**  
The lightest and gayest music heard  
Has a mournful undertone,  
That falls on the heart with a dreary sound,  
And wakes an answering moan.  
The bluest and sweetest violets  
Bloom in the grass o'er a grave,  
And countless wreaths and dead hopes lie  
Near the beautiful, smiling wave.  
The fairest flowers of laughter and song  
Bloom by the river of Tears,  
That flows with a mournfully rippling moon  
Through the sorrowful realm of the years.  
And we never dream, as their petals fall,  
Greet our admiring eyes,  
That they're gently waiving to and fro  
To the sorrowful breath of sighs.  
The clown parades the comic stage,  
But a just life doth seem;  
A wonderful joke existence is,  
The fairest and funniest dream.  
When the footlights are out and the curtain down,  
And the light has died on the air,  
Just watch his face as he walks away,  
And read the tragedy there.  
And thus we play our mimic part  
Till Death lets the curtain down,  
And we leave the fickle, giddy stage  
To some other merry clown.  
I wonder what would the old world think,  
If our masks should fall away  
And reveal the tragic undertone  
Beneath the comic play.

## MADAME PATTERSON-BONAPARTE.

The Death of the Last Participant of a Romance which Stirred Two Continents.

The death of Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson, otherwise known as Madame Bonaparte, at the venerable age of ninety-four years, is the closing scene of a very remarkable life, that was as stormy and disappointing in its early experiences as it was retired and prolonged thereafter. It was this old lady's strange destiny that had refused to legitimize her marriage and rejected her from France, themselves rejected and expelled, alienated and exiled, and she, the only recognized member of the proper household of Napoleon the Great, survived them all, and died, as she had lived, in the home of her childhood. The recognition which the French courts and the Bonaparte family denied to her she received in full measure from the church and from society. Pius VII. preferred to go to prison rather than pronounce her marriage invalid, and while Napoleon turned his back upon her, Napoleon's conqueror kissed her hand, and paid compliments in his prim, patriotic way to her beauty. After her long struggle against that injustice by which a second family of her former husband succeeded to the station and honors to which she considered herself and offspring entitled, she accepted the legal title and name of Mistress Elizabeth Patterson, but notwithstanding which, as we have indicated, society over recognized her as Madame Bonaparte.

This venerable lady, who had come down to us like a relic of a past age, was yet no fossil, but a veritable possession of the present generation. She aged little except in years and strength, even when she had turned the point of ninety. She enjoyed the present as if she was one of its contemporaries, and had genuine delight in her sound health, her strong will and her sharp wit. Besides, she had vivid memory, unconquerable hope, and enthusiastic worship for that one *face Napoleonic* which possessed her soul. Whatever else she might doubt or mistrust, she was Bonapartist to the core, and ever upheld the glory, the prestige and the restitution of the family of which, in spite of its rejection and its contumely to her, she felt herself to be a member. Her shrewd father did not perhaps particularly fancy an alliance with the youthful brother of the Corsican who was self-made first consul of France, but Elizabeth Patterson was from the first in love with the Napoleonic idea, and realized the imperial majesty that folded itself in the impulsive arms of the conqueror of Egypt and the hero of Marengo. This was a faith which Madame Bonaparte long cherished. She saw with the eye of faith the Bonapartes and the empire restored again, the violet once more the flower of France, with prospects of her own child and grandchildren as heirs to that great Napoleon who overturned the old order in Europe and set up the new. The contingency for which she braced herself never came about, but all the same, she long lived by it, and upon it, and it served her instead of all other enthusiasms. This unreality in her thoughts kept the lonely and friendless

life she led from growing to be sterile and sapless, and it made her a most picturesque and interesting person in the community as long as her activity lasted. Every one knew her history, and its disappointments and illusions. Every one sympathized with her misfortunes and at one time half believed her ambitions to be attainable; and it is really surprising to recall what an immediate and personal interest all in the community, from the oldest to the youngest, felt and expressed in her affairs and fortunes. The lesson of her life, however, is but one more illustration of the sad ending of all mere human aspirations, which may only be recompensed by the fruition of surer hopes in the life immortal, to the measure of which, however, no one upon earth can determine and no one need essay to judge.

**Curative Properties of Coal Oil.**  
Dr. M. M. Milton, of Bradford, Pa., forwards to the press an interesting letter on crude petroleum as a remedy for bronchial troubles, and cites numerous cases where men afflicted with consumption have gone to work about oil wells and in a short time their lung troubles have disappeared entirely. A refiner of petroleum in France is quoted as showing in his works, where a large number of workmen are employed, certain diseases, particularly phthisis (consumption) and bronchial catarrh never made their appearance. New workmen, who entered the works in a delicate and feeble condition, soon became strong and vigorous. Others stated that on leaving the works for a few hours thoracic pains were felt by them, which disappeared again on entering the works.

The doctor says: I have been a resident of the oil regions five or six years, and as far as my observation goes, I think the oil country singularly exempt from consumption. I have never known a driller or pumpjack to have the disease developed. If the records of death are examined I am sure fewer deaths will be found recorded from consumption than any other one cause. The cause of this exemption, I think, is due to the breathing of the air saturated with gas from the oil, or a certain amount being absorbed.

As an internal remedy for bronchial and laryngeal troubles I think it has no superior. It also enjoys a deserved domestic reputation in this country. My attention was first called to it from the fact that an "old doctor" had a wonderful reputation in curing consumption and kindred diseases. I am aware of several cases cured by her that were undoubtedly tubercular, or were so diagnosed by the faculty. She revealed to me the constituents of her pills, which were simply the *crude petroleum* which had hardened or inspissated in the vicinity of the tanks or wells. I have now been using this simple remedy for the past four or five years, with very satisfactory results in almost every case of bronchial or laryngeal troubles. In consumption, though my experience has not been as large as I desire to a satisfactory test, yet it has been gratifying as far as it went.

Out of thirteen well marked cases nine were entirely cured, three were more benefited from its use than from any other and are still living, and one died that no medicine would have relieved. I have notes of the above cases, but they would not be interesting to the ordinary reader. My mode of using the crude petroleum is the pill form, as in any other shape it nauseates the stomach. Each pill contains from three to four grains. Dose, one four or five times per day, or when the cough is troublesome I use the inspissated or dried that accumulates in the tanks. It is of a dark brown color, and consistency of soft putty. I have usually freed it from dirt and crudities.

The iron trade shows marked signs of improvement in Ohio and neighboring States. Furnace companies are said to be putting their idle furnaces into blast, rolling-mills and forges that have been shut are starting up, and others are beginning to be run on double time. There is an increased demand for pig iron, and iron generally is selling on shorter time and nearer cash than formerly. Altogether, the outlook is represented to be decidedly encouraging.

A newspaper man in Texas has married \$2,000,000, and a sorrowing brother adds "please exchange."

no child's play to keep a trout weighing a pound and a half away from an old stump or a sunken log. Let the line be once entangled, and the fish escapes. The steady strain must be kept up; not an inch of slack line be given; eyes must be wide open and wits keen for fifteen minutes—perhaps longer—and by that time, if all has gone well, the trout is tired out and is ready for the landing net. There is this about fly fishing for trout, that the fish has nearly an equal chance with the fisherman, so much skill is required from first to last to secure the game. Perhaps this should cause it to be classed as sport of a higher order than ordinary angling or shooting.

**The Ten-Dollar Certificates.**  
The demand for the new United States ten-dollar certificates now is strong and they will evidently become a favorite medium of exchange. These certificates have an appearance similar to bank or legal tender notes, but are a little shorter and a little wider. A vignette of Benjamin Franklin occupies one corner of the face side, while the figures and the word Ten stand in the other. They bear the date of issue, and certify that \$10 has been deposited with the treasurer of the United States under act of February 26, 1879, this bearing the signatures of the treasurer and register and the treasury seal. The nature of the certificate is explained by this inscription: "Convertible with accrued interest at 4 per cent. per annum in to 4 per cent. bonds of the United States issued under acts of July 14, 1870, and January 20, 1871, upon presentation at the office of the Treasurer, Washington, D. C., in sums of \$50 or multiples thereof." On the back of the certificate are the words "ten dollars" in large letters, and the following: "Interest on this note will accrue as follows: For each nine days, or 1-10th of a quarter, 1 cent; for each quarter year, 10 cents; for each entire year, 40 cents."

**A Great Picture Sale.**  
The sale of Mr. Albert Spencer's collection of paintings, which took place in New York, was largely attended by buyers, connoisseurs and dealers, and the bidding was spirited. Seventy-one pictures were sold for \$82,430, an average of \$1,160. The leading figures realized were: "Keeper of the Hounds," by Jerome, \$8,000; "Entrance to Spanish Church," Madrazo, \$5,350; "Blind Man's Buff," Diaz, \$4,900; "Winter Travel, Russia," Schreyer, \$4,500; "Shepherdess of Barbizon," Millet, "Arabs Resting," Schreyer, and "Mosque of St. Sophia," Rosini, each \$2,500; "Forest of Fontainebleau," Diaz, \$2,300; "Once Upon a Time," Merle, \$2,300; "Les Parisiennes," Baldini, \$2,100; "Cavalier, Time Louis XIII," Meissonier, \$2,000; "A Bulgarian Train," Schreyer, \$1,800; "Plains of Barbizon," Diaz, \$1,725; "Matador and Sweetheart," Baldini, \$1,700.

**The Live Stock Outlook.**  
The Chicago *Times* discoursing on the prospect of farmers raising live stock, says: The hog supply promises to be larger than ever, and so long as there is more money to be realized in feeding corn to swine than in sending that cereal to market, just so long will the west continue to produce enormous hog "crops." As regards the cattle supply, so far as can be learned, the receipts from Texas, Colorado, and other remote sections, including Wyoming and Montana, are likely to be larger than those of last year, but the supply of choice and fancy grades, such as are produced in Illinois, Iowa and Missouri, will, it is generally thought, run somewhat below an average. Of late the call at the stock yards for this class of cattle has been in excess of the supply, and the demand, especially from exporters, promises to undergo a large expansion.

**How Natural.**  
"Save me doctor, and I'll give you a thousand dollars."  
The doctor gave him a remedy that eased him, and he called out—  
"Keep at it, doctor, and I'll give you a check for five hundred dollars!"  
In half an hour more he was able to sit up, and he calmly remarked—  
"Doctor, I feel like giving you a fifty-dollar bill."

When the doctor was ready to go the sick man was up and dressed; he followed the doctor to the door, and said—  
"Say, doctor, send in your bill the first of the month."

When six months had been gathered to Time's bosom, the doctor sent in a bill amounting to five dollars. He was pressed to cut down to three, and after so doing he sued to get it, got judgment and the patient put in a stay of execution.

A little girl in Indianapolis jumped rope 500 times, became completely exhausted, experienced a congestive chill, and died a day or two subsequently.

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**ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.**  
New York's famous Central Park has cost something like \$15,000,000.  
The Iowa Supreme Court says railroads are not responsible for locomotive sparks.  
The first of April found strawberries were selling in Philadelphia for \$1.50 per quart.  
An Albany florist is endeavoring to arrange a match between a Virginia creeper and a scarlet runner.  
Mrs. John Horine, of Anderson county, Kentucky, a few days ago gave birth to five children at one time. They are all living and doing well.  
In the olden time a lady's hair rarely changed until she was over fifty; in these days a lady's hair will often show several shades of color before she is thirty.  
While the Connecticut Valley farmers are reducing the acreage of the tobacco crop, the York county (Pa.) agriculturists are putting more land to its cultivation.  
There was a slim-built young dame in Tannton, and flesh she most sadly was wanting; she had plenty of chin, but her form, ah, so thin, 'e'en a skeleton skirt it looked gan'tin.  
Let a man pull a straw out of a hay mow at Leadville, Col., to pick his teeth and the first thing he hears is: "Say, you thief, did you know hay was worth \$200 a ton around here?"  
We suppose, when a woman has all the pin money she wants, she has attained the pin nickel of her happiness. We are ashamed of this, now we have said it; but never mind; it will help to fill up.—*Hawkeye.*  
A new fashion in engagement jewelry is that by which a gold bangle takes the place of the customary engagement ring. The bangle has a padlock in place of a clasp, the key of which is worn by the gentleman on his watch chain.  
Col. Mapleson, the English operative manager, met with such success the past season in this country, that he is to return with a fine troupe, and a party of New York capitalists propose erecting a new opera house for him.  
An exchange says: "You can't advertise enough in a week to last a whole year, any more than you can eat enough in seven days to last 365, and yet some so-called business men and boarding-house keepers seem to think so."  
Some Flint, Mich., people amused themselves a few days ago by tying tinware to the tail of a fine collie dog, and scared him into jumping from a third-story window—breaking two legs. The poor animal then tried to run with his broken bones; and they called it sport.  
"I wish you would give me that gold ring on your finger," said a village dandy to a country girl, "for it resembles the duration of my love for you; it has no end."  
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New York's famous Central Park has cost something

### A STARTLING DEVELOPMENT.

Can Unscrupulous Lawyers Procure Legal Divorces for their Clients without the Parties Therein Going Through any Formalities?

An article of the New York World, reports to the editor of that journal, that having been instructed in writing to test the practice of advertising divorce lawyers in that city, with a view to their exposure, he, being an unmarried man, made application to a lawyer advertising in one of the papers of that city to provide "legal divorces within thirty days"—"scandals avoided"—"fee contingent." Pretending to be a poor man tired of his wife, he found the lawyer ready to undertake his case for a retaining fee of ten dollars, and to complete it and hand him the decree of divorce from his imaginary wife for a further final payment of thirty dollars. The reporter persuaded the attorney to believe that he was married, and that his wife lived in St. John's New Brunswick; that he had been married two years, was tired of his wife and wished to be free, having separated from her. The ground upon which divorce was claimed was "incompatibility of temper," and the attorney agreed, his client pretending squeamishness, to arrange about the sworn complaint to be filed. The same obliging legal adviser procured from the spurious wife in New Brunswick (personated by one of the reporter's friends) an admission of service of papers upon a fraudulent statement, and later in the same deceptive manner, a waiver of all other service of papers. The first interview with the lawyer took place on January 10, and on March 12, two months later, the client received a decree of divorce from the bonds of matrimony, purported to have been granted by John T. Walworth, judge of the first judicial circuit of Wisconsin. Thus, so far at least as attorney and client were concerned, an unmarried man was enabled to go through all the motives of a divorce suit and get a decree. If he had been married and had been thus unmarried the reporter might and could have remarried upon the strength and record of the proceedings. No one appeared in person on either side; the affidavits were forgeries; the summonses were not served, and the returns to them were fraudulent, and yet—the proceedings were complete from the very beginning of the case to the duly authenticated record of the decree. These facts are very startling, the more so that if they can be done in one city they may be done in another, wherever attorneys as unscrupulous as this one is represented to be may exist. As the World remarks in its editorial comments upon the reporter's story, "the case makes it frightfully clear that the methods which this lawyer in this case successfully pursued can be successfully pursued in any other case, and there can be but little doubt that many parties are now really in the position in which our reporter was assumed by his unscrupulous attorney to be. It is even probable that we shall be able to produce, at no distant date, the stories of persons who have been practically deluded or defrauded by the methods now exposed." It may be that when the sequel of the story is told, it will be found that the decree was a forgery, and that some real wives and husbands have been made the victims of a similar sort of fraudulent divorces. The domestic misery caused by such practices as that of these unscrupulous attorneys and pretenders must be very great.

### Ignorance of Law.

Francis Lawton, in a law journal, discusses as follows in regard to crimes committed in ignorance of the fact that they are unlawful:

That ignorance of law is not a defense is generally conceded. A conspicuous illustration of this is to be found in the case of Miss Anthony, who was convicted a short time since in New York of illegal voting. She set up as a defense that she believed that she was in law entitled to vote, and that she had been so advised by competent authority. This was held not to avail her, and under Judge Hunt's express directions she was convicted. It has also been held not to be a defense to an indictment for adultery that the defendant erroneously but honestly believed that she had been legally divorced. Were this not the law government would come to an end.

Ignorance of law would also be at a premium if men could have plurality of wives on the ground that such plurality is legal; or could stuff ballot-boxes on the ground that they knew no law forbidding such excesses; or could violate police regulations on the ground that they did not know that such police regulations existed. The most obtuse and stolid of criminals would be those whom the law would most favor; and if we conceive of a person totally ignorant of law, such a person, on this theory, would be totally free from criminal responsibility.

Fanatics, also, would be relieved from civil restraint in proportion to the intensity of their fanaticism; and the very element of fierce infatuation which would add to their dangerousness would add to their immunity. The late decision of the supreme court of the United States in the polygamy case, however, has finally disposed of this kind of defense. Belief in the unconstitutionality of a law; belief in its violation of a higher law; belief in its conflict with conscientious duty, will be no defense to an indictment for disobedience to such law. And even a conscientious belief that an act is right—as labor by a Jew on Sunday in contravention of the Sunday laws—will not prevent such act from being indictable when made so by the State.

Ignorance of fact, however, presents questions far more intricate; and as to this defense we may lay down the following propositions:

When to an offense knowledge of certain facts is essential, then ignorance of these facts is a defense. When a statute makes an act indictable, irrespective of guilty knowledge, then ignorance of fact is no defense. To an indictment for bigamy it is no defense that the defendant, a woman, honestly believed (within the limit of seven years from the time he was last heard from) that her husband was dead. And an indictment has been sustained against a man for marrying a woman who believed herself to be a widow, although eleven years had elapsed since she had last seen or heard from her husband whom she had left; it being held by the court that the statutory exceptions do not apply to the deserting party. It has been further held that when a guilty party in a divorce suit marries again without leave of court (this being legally essential) during the life of the other party, and afterward obtains such leave, an honest belief that the second marriage is or has become legal has no effect in making it so and protecting the parties.

### A Semi-Tropical Scene.

A gentleman traveling in the Everglade State, writes as follows of his experience on the river: When the sun has gone down and the darkness comes on in good earnest, for there is no twilight in Florida, and it is dark a very short time after sunset, you see no signs of the terrapin coming to anchor, you begin to wonder how under the heavens will the pilot, however skillful, manage to steer the boat through what bills fair to be total darkness, when suddenly a strong glare is thrown on the banks and on the river itself for a hundred yards ahead, making the trunks of the trees and gray moss look spectral in the extreme. No imagination can conceive the weird and grotesque forms which are now presented on every side. Sometimes the lurid light partly illuminates the trunk and limbs of some huge cypress tree wrapped in a shroud of moss and clinging vines, making it look like a Laocoon that was struggling with ten thousand snakes instead of two. As the novelty of the scene wears off you begin to grow curious to know from whence comes all this light. If you are a person that has lived in the city all your life, and had been thinking it to be calcium, you will be very much surprised to see that it is only a fire on top of the boat, on a hearth made for the purpose. A negro is kept busy all the time supplying the blaze with unctuous lightwood knots, and looking like an incarnation of the evil one as he stands out in bold relief against the flames.

### A Mathematical Mind.

The late George Bidder, who made his mark in youth as a "calculating boy," had excellent business ability as well as prodigious arithmetical power, and died recently a man of fortune. His mathematical faculty never deserted him, even in his last years. One might read to Bidder two series of fifteen figures each, and without seeing or writing down a single figure, he could multiply the one by the other without error. Once, while he was giving evidence before a parliamentary committee, counsel on the opposite side interrupted him with, "You might as well profess to tell us how many gallons of water flow through Westminster bridge in an hour." "I can tell that too," was the reply, and he gave the number instantaneously. Other members of Bidder's family have the same or similar powers. His son, a successful barrister, can play two games of chess, simultaneously, without seeing the board. George Bidder's elder brother, a clergyman, was not remarkable in mathematics, but he could quote almost any text in the Bible and give chapter and verse, so extraordinary was his memory.

At the funeral of ex-Sheriff Wm. S. Hogincamp, of Paterson, N. J., 100 children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren were present. He had 18 children and all of them married.

### Marabou.

The wide-brimmed bonnets are bent so as to suit the face.

Gay tinsel galleons are among the new bonnet ornaments.

Buff and cowslip yellow tints are fashionable in millinery.

Among the trimmings in mourning millinery are black crape roses.

Canton crape will be one of the materials used for elaborate bonnets.

Heavy English crape does not get rusty when exposed to the damp.

Handsome articles in crystals, designed for ornamenting hats, are shown.

The large Leghorn bonnet, with its floating plume, is always fascinating.

A favorite house brings out a gorgeous bonnet called the "Little Buttercup."

Some of the new silk grenadines are of satin gauze traversed by wored threads of the same color.

The sleeve to be worn with white jackets this summer will, it is said, be gathered in three places, and ornamented with three frills of lace.

For children's clothing are figured linens in checks and stripes, and white figured satin, which is handsomer than pique, and will be the first choice.

Elaborately embroidered flannel undergarments are quite the rage. Both white and colored flannels are employed in working them, and the material used is the very finest. They are generally trousseau accompaniments.

Dressy wraps for spring will be mantles of Chudash or of plain camels' hair trimmed with fringes. Black promises to be the most popular, though light drab or beige colors are considered more dressy. The shades are very similar to those of last season.

Among spring goods are satins soft and fine as silk, and upon white grounds are scattered forget-me-nots, tea roses and other pretty figures, which will make lovely summer dresses. Also the mummy cloth, that look like raw silk, are in chintz patterns, and both will wash.

Here is a description of a very handsome dress worn at an elegant entertainment in Philadelphia: A pale blue satin, with tablier, ornamented with six rows of Brussels lace, sewn on plain; the train of amber satin, painted by hand, with small baskets filled with flowers, a la Louis XV. These had the effect of being strewn carelessly over the satin; the revers to the train were of light caroubier satin; the bodice was blue in front, amber at the back, and was ornamented with a pointed piece of caroubier velvet trimmed with Brussels lace.

American silks, in the standard and fashionable colors, cost \$1.25 and \$1.50 a yard, and so closely resemble the French silks that it is impossible for ordinary buyers to detect any difference between the two. The Louisiana silks of this season come in black, garnet, blue, sapphire, gendarme blue, myrtle green and seal brown, so mingled with white that the effect produced is that of a color seen through a mist. These materials make up well either separately or combined with plain silk, and it is almost impossible to crush them. Nearly all the armor silks contain threads of old gold in combination; blue, seal-brown, all the other dark colors, and some of the lighter tints. Some have a striped and others a checked effect, and all of them may be found in two grades, at \$1.50 and \$1.75 respectively.

### He Turned Out Badly.

Some thirty years ago a German lady, of rank almost princely, was staying at Albano, Italy, and took a fancy to two beggar children—a boy and a girl—of extraordinary beauty. Her excellency, who had plenty of money, adopted the two brats, and gave them the best possible education. The boy turned out an arrant scamp, and took to evil courses, and soon died of dissipation. The girl grew up a model of womanly grace and beauty, and found many admirers, and among others, a young Roman noble, who won her heart, but abused her confidence. The pope heard of the misconduct of the young nobleman and compelled him to marry the girl on pain of his displeasure. The marriage was accomplished, and the German princess settled her enormous fortune on the married couple. For a few years all went happily, but alas! the young husband died of fever, leaving his widow with a son of four years old to inherit a large property and a distinguished title. The child of the Albano beggar girl will be one of the richest counts in Rome when he attains his majority.

The last descendant of John Bunyan died lately in England. She was an ancient dame of 84, and her name was Ann Webster.

### A Call on Victor Hugo.

An American correspondent in Paris, who has had the pleasure of calling on the great novelist thus describes the surroundings of the author of "Les Miserables."

You find yourself in a square parlor of ample dimensions. The walls and ceilings are concealed beneath full draperies of a Persian patterned silk in gay, yet harmonious colors, relieved against a ground-work of crimson. The mantelpiece is hidden beneath a splendid covering of crimson velvet, wrought with antique embroidery, and a bright wood fire blazes on the hearth. Here and there a gilt bracket against the wall supports an antique Chinese vase. The carpet is a rich moquette, with a white ground covered with an arabesque pattern and with a bordering of vivid blue.

The furniture is of the Aubusson tapestry with gilt woodwork. In the corner stands a statuette on a pedestal, representing Victor Hugo in a musing attitude. The master of the house goes from group to group, smiling, chatting, and saying some pleasant, kindly word to each visitor. Now he drops into a chair beside M. Ferrin, the director of the Comedie Francaise, to say something about the forthcoming revival of *Buy Blas*; next he passes to say something about American literature to a great publisher; then he gives a kindly word or two to a very young poet with very wild hair, who has come to ask his advice on some literary question.

Meanwhile Mme. Dronet and his daughter-in-law, Mme. Lockroy, converse with other guests, among whom I note Henri Houssaye and his beautiful American wife. Victor Hugo is looking exceedingly well, and has not apparently aged by a single hour since I first saw him, five years ago. The massive form is as upright as ever, the keen black eyes sparkle with all their old luster, beneath the shadow of that splendid dome-like brow, and the full white locks and beard show no thinning of their luxuriance.

An additional shade of tan, won in his sojourn at Jersey, is all the change that can be discerned by the minutest scrutiny. As the hour of retiring approaches, we bend low over the honored hand and depart, bearing with us the kindest and most pressing of invitations to repeat our visit. Ah, me! how easy it is for the great to give pleasure.

A smile, a pleasant word, a genial acceptance of some genuine outpouring of enthusiasm or admiration—what a charm these kindly acts convey—what a treasury of golden memories they confer upon the gratified guest! Yet how many celebrities, with not half the fame of Victor Hugo, disdain to imitate his courtesy, and consider it incumbent on their dignity to withdraw from what they are pleased to look upon as the vulgar homage of the crowd. And still this very homage, if they but know it, is the truest evidence of their own renown.

### Mesalliances.

An industrious contemporary, in relating the strange infatuation of Miss Sarah Hall, an aristocratic young lady of Providence, for Bernard McDonald, a poor car driver on a Seventh-avenue street car in New York, whom she saw while visiting a wealthy sister in that city, as he was attending to his daily vocation; and to whom she declared her admiration and accepted as her husband despite her relatives' remonstrances, recalls as similar cases the elopement of ex-Gov. Hubbard's daughter from Hartford, Conn., with the family coachman; the marriage of one of New Haven's fair daughters to her father's groom; and also cites a case that caused a sensation in England some years since. A young lady, belonging to one of the old Cheeshire families, was in the habit of riding to Chester to shop, and became interested in the driver of the omnibus. One morning she was missed, and on her return astonished her family by declaring that she had married the man of her choice. She had not remained with her husband five minutes after the marriage, and she had suppressed a portion of her name to prevent the clergyman from recognizing her. The family endeavored to have the marriage set aside on the ground of fraud, but the courts decided that the marriage was legal.

In another noted English case more recently the daughter of the then chief registrar of the court of chancery, eloped with the butler. The father of the young lady was previously warned of the danger, and, on speaking to her about it, she confessed her attachment. The butler was dismissed, but this rather hastened affairs to a crisis, as in a few days she abandoned her home and was married. The union was a happy one, but brought to a brief ending by her death within a year.

Early in the century the Countess of Rothes, a paress in her own right, married a gardener, and the present countess is his granddaughter. It will thus be seen that mesalliances have oftentimes

occurred in the case of persons of very high social positions. Nor have they by any means invariably proved unhappy.

### The Human Body.

The skin contains more than two million openings, which are the outlets of an equal number of sweat glands.

The human skeleton consists of more than two hundred distinct bones.

An amount of blood equal to the whole quantity in the body passes through the heart once every minute.

The full capacity of the lungs is about three hundred and twenty cubic inches.

About two-thirds of a pint of air is inhaled and exhaled at each breath in ordinary respiration.

The stomach daily produces nine pounds of gastric juice for digestion of food; its capacity is about five pints.

There are more than five hundred separate muscles in the body, with an equal number of nerves and blood vessels.

The weight of the heart is from eight to twelve ounces. It beats one hundred thousand times in twenty-four hours.

Each perspiratory duct is one fourth of an inch in length, which will make the aggregate length of the whole nine miles.

The average man takes five and one-half pounds of food and drink each day, which amounts to one ton of solid and liquid nourishment annually.

A man breathes eighteen times a minute, and three thousand cubic feet, or about three hundred and seventy-five hogheads of air per hour.

### The Dignity of Labor.

The Rev. Robert Christie, of Lexington, Ky., has delivered in that city an excellent discourse to young men on the dignity of labor. Having spoken of labor as a primary duty, and as a path to independence, he next pointed out how it led to promotion, and thus illustrated his idea: "I care not how humble the branch of business may be, there is not a trade or a branch of labor that some man has not made the stepping-stone to wealth, to influence, to greatness. Andrew Johnson went from the tailor's board to the presidential chair; Bryan rose from the same level; Henry Wilson went to the presidential chair from the shoemaker's bench; Mackenzie, late premier of Canada, was once a stone-mason. Therefore, if you would advance, get a trade, no matter what, for you will leap further from the lowest branch than from a dead level. Don't wait for a change in outward circumstances. Don't waste your time in lamenting your humble lot or blaming sad fate. That old Roman spoke the truth who said, 'The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings.' Archimedes said, 'Give me a standing-place, and I will move the world.' And a great many young men are content to echo the wish of the philosopher. They say, 'Give me a place suitable to my ability, and I will exert an influence. Goethe says to all such, 'Make good thy standing-place and move the world.' You must be rooted firmly in your own strength before you can move or influence anybody. Only a weakling has to be lifted into any position. The youth who is industrious, intelligent, temperate and persevering, holds the key to all positions."

### Suspicious Gold Coin.

The officials connected with the sub-treasury in Chicago report that with the resumption of specie payments suspicious gold coins of every denomination have made their appearance in large quantities. Among the devices resorted to by the crooked soul of humanity to get the best of Uncle Sam, may be mentioned the issuing of coins from base metals, struck in dies of cast iron; coins saved under the interior removed and the cavity filled with less costly material; coins bored from the edges and plugged with cheap composition; coins "sweated," abraded, clipped and made light, by every imaginable contrivance and other equally ingenious plans. Already, it is stated, every silver coin of the United States has been counterfeited, and the suspicious coins are in many cases so exact imitations as to deceive even experts.

### The Editor.

Josh Billings says: "If anybody has hard work to please most people, it is an editor. If he omits anything, he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are, people get angry. If he glosses over or smooths down the rough points, he is bribed. If he calls things by their proper names, he is declared unfit for his position. If he does not furnish his readers with jokes, he is a mule. If he does, he is a rattle-head, lacking stability. If he indulges in personalities, he is a blackguard. If he does not his paper is dull and insipid."

New A



HOLLO

This Great Hound the Gentle

These famous I act most powerful

Liver, St

and BOWELS, pl these great A They are confid being remedy in from whatever is weakened. They all ailments inclu and as a GENUINE

HOLLO

Its purging and

For the cure of

Old Woun

And an infallible on the neck and SORE THROAT Cough, and ever Swellings, Abscess

Gout,

And every kind of rheumatism to The Pills and Oj

533 OXFORD

And are sold by a on the City of London in almost every I

The Trade M general in Ottas the British Posses Co. Counterfeits

Purchasers: the Pots and 533, Oxford spurious.

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THE undersig Assessor of the Parish of St. An of and request a bring in to the after publication of their property

And further posted at the an of Capt. Green assurance of th of 1837. Dated this 18

J. R. G. J. D.

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The Propriet Phases 7 13 oct wood, furnished at moderate pre payment. Flat coats and warm

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This Great Household Medicine ranks amongst the leading necessities of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on the

Liver, Stomach, Kidneys,

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy, and vigour to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE.

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Its soothing and healing Properties are known throughout the World.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores & Ulcers,

Gout, Rheumatism,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has a

The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at

433 OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines through-

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The Trade Marks of these Medicines are regis-

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Purchasers should look to the label on the

Boxes, and the address is

433, Oxford Street, London, they are

guaranteed.

Assessors Notice.

THE undersigned having been appointed

Assessors of Rates and Taxes for the

Parish of St. Andrews, hereby give notice there-

of and request all persons liable to be rated to

bring in to the Assessors within thirty days

after publication of this notice, true statements

of their property and income liable to be assessed

and further the Valuation List will be

posted at the small building between the stores

of Capt. Green and Balsom, King Street; in

observance of the provisions of the Assessment

Act of 1875.

Dated this 18th February, 1879.

J. R. BRADFORD, Assessors

C. NEIL, Assessors

J. D. ORRIMER, Assessors

of Rates.

First Class Pianos.

The Proprietors offer for sale First Class

Pianos 13 octave, black walnut and rose

wood, furnished with all modern improve-

ment, at moderate prices for cash or other approved

payment. Pianos shipped at manufacturers

cost, and warranted.

E. WILLARD & CO.,

Factory, 390 Tremont St. BOSTON

Orders left at the Standard office, St. An-

draws, will be promptly attended to.

ROBINSON & GLENN,

DEALERS IN

S.A.W.N LUMBER.

Railway Sleepers, Provisions,

Groceries, &c., &c.

SHIPPING AND FORWARDING

AGENTS,

Water Street, St. Andrews, N. B.

Valuable Farm for Sale

THE Subscriber offers for sale, that well

known valuable FARM on which he

resides, situated at Oak Bay. For particulars

apply to

NATHAN SMART,

St. David, March 19, 1879—lipd

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any claims against the

estate of the late Mary E. Clarke, are re-

DR. E. LAWRENCE, SURGEON DENTIST

Graduate of Dental Hospital, and late Assistant Dental Surgeon of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London.

OFFICE— OVER C. E. O. HATHEWAY'S, ESQ. St. Andrews, Aug. 13, 1878.

THE STANDARD JOB PRINTING OFFICE. Advertisements section with contact information for printing services.

Parks' Cotton Yarns!

Awarded the Only Medal Given at the Centennial Exhibition

For Cotton Yarns of Canadian Manufacture.

No. 5's to 10's.

WHITE, BLUE, RED, ORANGE AND GREEN.

Made of Good American Cotton with great care

Correctly numbered and Warranted Full Length and Weight.

WE would ask the purchasers of Cotton Yarn

to remember that our Yarn is spun on Throat-

le Frames which make a stronger yarn than the

Ring Frames, used in making American yarn.

It is also better treated and more carefully reed-

ed; each hank being tied up in 7 less of 120

yards each. This makes it much more easy to

wind than when it is put up without less—as the

American is—and also saves a great deal of

waste.

Those acquainted with weaving will understand

the great advantage it is to them to use yarn put

up in this manner.

COTTON CARPET WARP,

Made of No. 10 Yarn, 4-PLY Twisted.

WHITE, RED BROWN, SLATE, &c.

All fast colors.

Each 5 lb bundle contains 10,000 yards in

US. MEDICAL RESERVES

We have recently published...

of the radical and permanent...

clearly demonstrates, from thirty years successful

practice, that alarming consequences may be rad-

ically cured, without the dangerous use of inter-

nal medicine, or the application of the knife;

pointing out a mode which at once simple, cer-

tain and efficient, by means of which every suf-

ferer, no matter what his condition may be, may

cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This Lecture should be in the hands of

every youth and man in the land.

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.

41 Ann St., New York.

Address: P. O. Box, 1586.

MEGANTIC HOTEL!

Water Street, St. Andrews.

THE Subscriber respectfully an-

nounces to his friends and the public in gen-

eral, that he has taken the above named House

and thoroughly fitted it for the reception of

Travellers & Permanent Boarders

From long experience as a hotel proprietor

and by careful attention to the wants and com-

fort of his guests, he hopes to receive a liberal

share of patronage.

He also keeps on hand a well selected Stock of

Liquors, &c.

A LARGE STABLE and careful hostler on

the premises.

JAMES NEILL, Manager

St. Andrews, Oct. 13, 1878.

NEW GROCERY STORE

OPENED IN

SHOP FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY GAIN BRIDLEY.

A choice assortment of

Family Groceries

PROVISIONS, &c.,

such as are to be found in these establishments,

all of which will be sold at lowest prices for

cash or country produce.

P. McLAUGHLIN.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

Ottawa, May 27, 1878.

No discount on American liquors until fur-

ther notice.

J. JOHNSON,

Commissioner of Customs

MANCHESTER HOUSE.

NOVEMBER, 1878.

Our Departments are well assorted with

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

FOR THE WHOLESALE & RETAIL TRADE.

MANTLE CLOTHS, DRESS GOODS,

CASHMERE, TWEEDES,

Woolen, Shawls, Flannels,

White and Grey BLANKETS, ULSTER Cloth.

Beaver & Nap Cloths, Scotch & Canada Tweeds,

PRINTS COTTON FLANNELS, Cotton WARPS,

Scotch and Canadian YARNS,

Overcoats, Roofing Jackets, Hats,

Caps and Furnishing Goods.

Ladies Hats, FLOWERS, FEATHERS, and all kinds of

MILLINERS GOODS.

Gloves, Hosiery, Haberdashery,

and small wares.

St. Andrews, N. B. Nov. 6, 1878. rpd

ODELL & TURNER.

E. S. POLLEYS.

SUCCESSOR TO THE LATE WILLIAM WHITLOCK, ESQ.

could respectfully inform the inhabitants of Saint Andrews and vicinity, that he purposes

continuing the business at the

Old Stand, Church Block, Water Street,

Near the Post Office.

Having made large additions to the varied stock heretofore kept, he trusts by attention to the want

of the community, to merit a share of patronage.

IN STOCK.

Fresh supplies of SUGARS, English, Crush-

ed, Granulated, Scotch, Refined, &c.

A very choice article of MOLASSES,

TEAS,

Polong, and English Breakfast.

COFFEE,

Pure and Fresh Ground Java.

Macaroni, Tapioca, Sago, Spices, Starch,

SOAPS, Potash, Soda, Saleratus, Dried

Fruits, Fine Navy Bread, Crackers, Biscuits,

TOBACCO, Navy, Black Jack, and Smoking,

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,

DRUGS, GLASS & PUTTY,

Painters Supplies, WOOD WARE, Tub

Pails, Brooms, Brushes, Builders Shelf an

and Carriage HARDWARE, Iron, Stee

Spikes, Nails, Zinc, Lead, Tinware,

CORDAGE, Lines and Twines, Pitch, TAR, RESIN, Oakum, Best brands AME ICAN

Kerosine OILS. — Just received—an assortment of Chairs, BEDSTEADS, Matt-

All of which will be sold at the LOWEST Market rates. my 1 m3

NEW GOODS

Just opened By

GEO. F. STICKNEY.

WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER.

Water Street, St. Andrews.

GOLD and Silver Watches,

Chains, Rings, Brooches,

PINS, LOCKETS, SETS, STUDS,

SOLITAIRE, &c., &c.

BREGUET SEALS and KEYS

Silver, Electroplated, Britannia

Metal.

BRITISH PLATE and GLASS WARE,

Paper Machie, Parian, Wedgwood.

BOHEMIAN, JET and RUBBER GOODS,

PERFUMERY FROM LUBI OF PARIS

CLEAVER & RIGG OF LONDON;

Genuine EAU DE COLOGNE from JOHANN

MARIA FARINA, JULIUS FLATZ No 1

Cologne,

FANCY SOAPS, Combs and Brushes of all kinds.

Joseph Rodgers & Sons Celebrated

Table and Pocket Cutlery.

Hardware, Edge Tools,

HOUSE FURNISHING and FANCY GOODS

Agent for LAZARUS & MORRIS Perfected

SPECTACLES.

Clocks, Watches and Jewelry Repaired

no30rol45.

C. E. O. HATHEWAY,

AUCTIONEER

Office, - - - Water St., St Andrews

July, 1878.

VISITING & BUSINESS CARDS

STANDARD OFFICE.

North British and Mercantile

Insurance Company,

OF EDINBURGH & LONDON.

ESTABLISHED IN 1809.

FIRE & LIFE

PRESIDENT:

His Grace the Duke of Roxburgh, K. T.

VICE PRESIDENTS:

His Grace the Duke of Sutherland, K. G.

His Grace the Duke of Abercorn, K. G.

Sir John L. M. Lawrence, Bart., G. C. B. & K.

CAPITAL - 10,000,000 Dollars

(WITH LARGE ACCUMULATIONS.)

Risks taken as low as any other

Office.

The Subscriber having been appointed

Agent for New Brunswick, for the above Com-

pany, is now prepared to effect insurances on

reasonable terms.

HENRY JACK,

General Agent.

W. B. MORRIS, Agent for St. Andrews and

vicinity.

Office: Railway Depot.

BOOTS & SHOES.

LADIES, MISSES and GENTLEMENS

Boots and Shoes,

BOOT & SHOE MANUFACTORY.

ALSO—A supply of imported Shoes, consisting

Ladies and Misses Boots, Walking shoes

and Rubbers,

which will be sold at the lowest terms.

J. M. HANSON.

St. Andrews, 1878.

E. CAMERON, M. D.

Physician, Surgeon,

AND ACCOUCHEUR.

Dr. CAMERON may be consulted profes-

sionally at his office, at Woodlands Cove, Grand

Manan.

Grand Manan, June

