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The Oxford Democrat
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GEO. H. WATKINS,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Don't Die In The House—Ask druggists for "Hough-on Rats." It clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, bed-bugs, etc.
To live in an absolutely fire-proof building in New York is certain death in case of fire, says the N. O. Picayune.
Not a drink, not sold in bar-rooms, but a reliable non-alcoholic tonic medicine, useful at all times, and in all seasons, is Brown's Iron Bitters.
An old proverb amended: Never cry over spilt milk. The milkman has already wasted enough water on it.
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There are few skilled tailors in Poland. This is because the Pole is not attracted to the needle as the needle is attracted to the Pole.
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To prevent Night Sweats, to ease the cough and arrest the emaciation and decline, no other form of malt or medicine can possibly equal MALT BITTERS. This original Nutrient and Tonic is rich in nourishment and strength. It tides the patient over the most critical stages of the disease, digests and assimilates food, enriches and purifies the blood. It builds up the system by stimulating into new life the entire process of digestion.
"What cigarettes are made of" is no longer interesting. "What cigarettes are not made of" would be a much briefer article—tobacco.
BEWARE OF IMITATION.
We find that in various parts of the country, unscrupulous Druggists, for the purpose of making a large profit are palming off on a too confiding public a worthless counterfeit of POND'S EXTRACT under the plea that "it is just as good," and in some cases that it is POND'S EXTRACT. Trust no Druggist who makes any such representations. Beware of all such impositions. Insist upon getting the genuine article. Take nothing else, and see that the words "POND'S EXTRACT" are blown in the bottle, and that our trade-mark is on the surrounding wrapper.

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The medical student ought to make a first-class end-man for a minstrel troupe. He is all the time practicing on the bones, you know.
COSMETICION.
To prevent Night Sweats, to ease the cough and arrest the emaciation and decline, no other form of malt or medicine can possibly equal MALT BITTERS. This original Nutrient and Tonic is rich in nourishment and strength. It tides the patient over the most critical stages of the disease, digests and assimilates food, enriches and purifies the blood. It builds up the system by stimulating into new life the entire process of digestion.
"What cigarettes are made of" is no longer interesting. "What cigarettes are not made of" would be a much briefer article—tobacco.
BEWARE OF IMITATION.
We find that in various parts of the country, unscrupulous Druggists, for the purpose of making a large profit are palming off on a too confiding public a worthless counterfeit of POND'S EXTRACT under the plea that "it is just as good," and in some cases that it is POND'S EXTRACT. Trust no Druggist who makes any such representations. Beware of all such impositions. Insist upon getting the genuine article. Take nothing else, and see that the words "POND'S EXTRACT" are blown in the bottle, and that our trade-mark is on the surrounding wrapper.

BEAULT'S
Cures all kinds of skin diseases, including scabies, eczema, and other eruptions. It is a powerful and reliable remedy, and is sold by all druggists.

SWAYNE'S
Cures all kinds of skin diseases, including scabies, eczema, and other eruptions. It is a powerful and reliable remedy, and is sold by all druggists.

LONGFELLOW.
Columbia's Poet King, whose gentle way by pleasing numbers ruled the enchanted heart. Emblem of purity and grace, whose life harmonious no discordant sound produced in all its course; whose quiet songs touch all the nobler nature of man's soul, and bid us know that a true poet's lay can please and aid yet be God-like! Deeply grieved.

SOUTHERN ELECTION FRAUDS.
There promises to be considerable music in the House, not of the most harmonious sort, when the contested election cases are reached. If the Democrats are foolish enough, as it appears quite probable they will be, to shoulder and defend all the frauds and outrages perpetrated in their name at the South, the Republicans will be under continued obligations to them. It will furnish an effective remnant of the old southern question for use in the fall elections, in districts where the leaders still depend on the remains of the war issue. The evidence of a deliberate and widespread conspiracy to thwart the will of the voters by ballot-box stuffing, false returns, and dishonest canvassing, is too conclusive to leave those who planned and executed it any defense except an alleged necessity. The Mackey canvass in South Carolina, on which the report has been prepared, is one of the worst of these. In forty-five precincts 6,247 more votes were found in the boxes than there were names on the polling lists. It is in evidence that the Republicans voted open tickets, so that no chance for concealment was possible, even had not their known large majority rendered fraud unnecessary. The Democratic ballots, on the other hand, were printed on very thin paper, and they became separated when shaken up. At the close of the polls the excess was removed by drawing ballots; but, as the fingers of the Democratic election officers could not fail to detect the difference which their eyes were not permitted to see, in twenty-nine precincts, 2451 Republican, and only 353 Democratic ballots were drawn. In other heavy Republican precincts the whole Republican vote was thrown out by Democratic canvassers. As the result of all this effort to assert the "supremacy of the white race," a Republican majority of over 9,000 was wiped out, and a Democrat returned to Congress. In the present state of parties and of the country, no southern district needs a so-called Democrat in Congress badly enough to resort to such desperate and despicable measures to elect him. It is not probable that these tactics will be repeated, but they will be less likely to be, if the House sends back the bogus member. And, if the Democrats are not fools and blind, they will show their regard for "a free ballot and an honest count" by voting to unseat him.—Boston Herald.

SOMETHING HUMOROUS.
Under the head of "Congressman Dingley's Humorous Appeal," the Gazette appropriately copies from the New York Sun (Dem.) an article opposing a bill introduced into Congress by Mr. D. which provided that the payment of a duty on imported liquors shall not authorize the sale of such liquors contrary to the laws of any State, and which is entitled, "A Bill to place the Sale of Imported Liquors on the same basis as the Sale of Domestic Liquors."
The Sun and Gazette think "there is something humorous" in this appeal to Congress, and ask if it would not be better to enforce the laws of Maine, under which 791 dealers in liquor paid a tax to the United States, last year, before asking Congress for aid. It may encourage these papers to know that the liquor dealers on the Province line, who make it a business to import into this State and sell liquors in the original packages, in which condition the United States Courts have decided it can be sold in the face of State laws, agree with them. One of these rum-sellers, (whose name we omit), has recently scattered over the State the following circular:

Hope is a splendid thing for such as have the spirits to bear it.
Don't Die In The House—Ask druggists for "Hough-on Rats." It clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, bed-bugs, etc.
To live in an absolutely fire-proof building in New York is certain death in case of fire, says the N. O. Picayune.
Not a drink, not sold in bar-rooms, but a reliable non-alcoholic tonic medicine, useful at all times, and in all seasons, is Brown's Iron Bitters.
An old proverb amended: Never cry over spilt milk. The milkman has already wasted enough water on it.

The Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 49.

PARIS, ME., TUESDAY, MAY 2, 1882.

NUMBER 17.

HOSPITAL BIRD.
breath of joy, sweet bird,
A solace to each prisoner of pain,
A pledge of hope returning, is thy strain
Through the long watches heard.

The soul in sleepless sighs, [the prey,
Or else of dreams, through panting hours,
Hails in thy voice a prophecy of day
Ere yet the darkness dies.

The tender babe, new-born,—
The dying mother, startled by its wail,—
The fevered brow,—the cheek of malice
rule—
The bosom rest-forlorn,—
Each, with emotion strong,
Heaves thro' the billowed agonies of night,
Whilst over them, a glittering foam of light,
Drifts thy unshadowed song.

How vast its influence sweet!
How small the voiceless compass of thy
throat,
Whereof each silver, scintillating note
A thousand blessings greet!

Tenth me the power divine
Some light o'er dark humanity to fling,
Some song of hope celestial to sing,
Dear to all hearts as thine.

—John B. Todd.

CONVERTED.

"Albert, I wish you would let me have seventy-five cents," said Kate Landman, who spoke carefully, for she knew that her husband had not much money to spare; yet she spoke earnestly, and there was a world of entreaty in her look.

"What do you want seventy-five cents for?" asked Albert.

"I want to get some braid for my new dress."

"I thought you had all the material on hand for that."

"So I thought I had; but Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Thompson both have a trimming of braid upon theirs, and it looks very pretty."

"Plague take these women's fashions! Your endless trimmings and things a-makes cost more than the dress is worth. It's nothing but shell out money when even a woman thinks of a new dress."

"I don't have many new dresses. I do certainly try to be as economical as I can."

"It is a funny kind of economy, at all events. But if you must have it I suppose you must."

And Albert Landman took out his wallet and counted out seventy-five cents; but he gave it grudgingly.

When Albert reached the outer door on his way to work he found the weather so threatening that he concluded to go back and get his umbrella; and upon re-entering the sitting room he found his wife in tears. She tried to hide the fact that she had been weeping, but he caught her in the act, and asked what it meant.

"Good gracious!" cried the husband, "I should like to know if you are crying about what I said about the dress?"

"I was not crying at what you said, Albert," said Kate, tremulously; "but you were so reluctant to grant me the favor. I was tied to the house; how many little things I have to perplex me, then to think—"

"Pshaw! what do you want to be so foolish for?"

And away started Albert Landman a second time; but he was not to escape so easily. In the hall, he met by his daughter Lizzie, a bright-eyed, rosy-checked girl of ten years.

"Oh, papa, give me fifteen cents!"

"What?"

"Oh, I want fifteen cents. Do please give it to me."

"What in the world do you want with it? Are you changing school books again?"

"No, I want to buy a hoop. Ellen Smith has got one, and so has Mary Dick and Sarah Allen. Mr. Grant has got some real pretty ones to sell. Can't I have one?"

"Nonsense! If you want a hoop, go and get one off some ash barrel. I can't afford to be buying hoops for you to trundle about the street."

"Please, papa."

"No, I told you."

The blue eyes filled with tears, and the child's sobbing broke upon his ear. Albert Landman hurried from the house with some very impatient words upon his lips.

At one of the stores Albert Landman met some of his old friends.

"Hello, Albert! What's up?"

"Nothing particular."

"What do you say to a game of billiards, Albert?"

"Good! I'm in for that."

And away went Albert to the billiard hall, where he had a glorious time with his friends. He liked billiards. It was a healthy, pretty game, and the keeper of the hall allowed no rough scuffs on his premises.

They played four games. Albert had won two and his opponent had won two.

"That's two and two," cried Tom Fiske. "What do you say to playing this one off, Albert?"

"All right, go in," said Albert, full of animation.

And so they played the fifth game, and he who lost was to pay for the five games. It was an exciting contest. Both made capital runs, but in the end Albert was beaten by three points; and with a little laugh he went up to settle the bill. Five games, twenty cents a game—just one dollar. Not much for such sport; and he paid out the money with a grace, and never once seemed to feel that he could not afford it.

"Have a cigar?" said Tom.

"Yes."

They lighted their cigars and then sauntered down the hall to watch the others play.

Albert soon found himself seated over against a table at which some of his friends were playing, and close by stood two gentlemen, strangers to him, one of whom was explaining to the other the mysteries of the game.

"It is a healthy pastime," said he who had been making the explanation; "and certainly is one which has no evil tendency."

Albert heard the remarks very plainly and had a curiosity to hear what the other, who seemed unacquainted with billiards, would say.

"I cannot, of course, assert that any game which calls for skill and judgment, and which is free from the attendant curse of gaming is of itself an evil," remarked the second gentleman. "Such things are only evil so far as they excite and stimulate men beyond the bounds of healthy recreation."

"That result can scarcely follow such a game," said the first speaker.

"But the other shook his head."

"You are wrong there. The result can follow in two ways. First, it can lead men away from their business; it can lead men to spend money who have not money to spend. Whenever I visit a place of this kind I am led to reflect upon a most strange and prominent weakness of humanity as developed in our sex. For instance, observe that young man who is just settling his bill at the desk. He looks like a mechanic, and I should say that he means to do as near right as he can. He has been beaten, and he pays one dollar and forty cents for the recreation of some two hours' duration. If you observe you will see that he pays it freely, and pockets the loss with a smile. Happy fact! But how do you suppose it is in that young man's home? Suppose his wife had come to him this morning, and asked him for a dollar to spend for some trifling thing—some household ornament, or some bit of jewelry to adorn her person—and suppose his little child put in a plea for forty cents to buy a paper and picture-books with, what do you think he would have answered? Of fifty men just like him, would not forty and five men have declared that they had not the money to spare for any such purpose? And, moreover, they would have said so, feeling that they were telling the truth. Am I not right?"

"Upon my word," said the man who understood billiards, "you speak to the point. I know that young man who has paid his bill, and you have not misjudged him in a single particular. And what is more, I happen to have a fact at hand to illustrate your charge. We have a club for an excellent literary paper in our village, and last year that man was one of our subscribers. This year he felt obliged to discontinue it. His wife was very anxious to take it, for it had become a genial companion in leisure moments, but he could not afford it. The club rate was one dollar and fifty cents."

"And so it goes," said the other gentleman. "Well, that man's wife may be wishing at this very moment that she had her paper to read, while he is paying almost its full price for a year—for what? And yet how smilingly he does it. Ah! those poor, sympathizing wives! How many clouds often darken upon them from the brows of their husbands when they ask for a trifling sum of money, and how grudgingly the mate is handed over when such is given! What perfect floods of joy that dollar and forty cents might have poured upon the children of that unsuccessful billiard player. Ah! it is well for such wives and children that they do not know where the money all goes."

They had finished at the nearest table. The two gentlemen moved on and Albert Landman arose from his seat and left the house. Never before had he such thoughts as now possessed him; he had never dwelt upon the same grouping of ideas. That very morning his own true, faithful, loving wife had been sad and heart-sick because he had harshly and unkindly met her request for a small sum of money. And his sweet Lizzie was almost broken-hearted for the want of a simple toy, such as her mates possessed, and yet the sum of both their wants amounted to not as much as he had paid away that evening for billiard-playing.

Albert Landman wanted to be an honest husband and father, and the lesson was not lost upon him. On his way home he stopped at Mr. Grant's and purchased the best and greatest hoop to be found, with driving stick painted red, white and blue, and in the morning, when he beheld his child's delight, and had received her grateful, happy kiss, he was the best and happiest result—that or the five games of billiards? The hoop cost thirty cents. He could play two games of billiards less and be the absolute gainer of ten cents by the pleasant operation.

A few mornings after this, as Albert arose from the breakfast table, he detected an uneasy, wistful look upon his wife's face.

"Kate, what is it?"

"Ah, could you spare me half a dollar this morning?"

And out came the wallet and, the money was handed over with a warm, genial smile. What! Tears at that? Was it possible she had been so little used to such scenes on his part, that so simple an act of loving kindness thus affected her? How many games of billiards would be required to secure such satisfaction as Albert carried with him that morning to the shop?

A very simple lesson, is it not?

IRISH EMIGRATION STATISTICS.

A Parliamentary paper, just issued, shows that the number of emigrants who left Irish ports in 1881 was 78,719, a decrease of 17,138 as compared with 1880, the number of males being 40,317, or 9872, less than in the previous year, and of females 38,402, a decrease of 7266; 78,417 of the emigrants were natives of Ireland—16,232 coming from Ulster, and 16,332 from Connaught. The total number of emigrants, natives of Ireland, since 1851, has been 2,715,604. The number fluctuated from 190,322 in 1852 to 37,587 in 1876. Of the emigrants in 1881, 76 per cent. were between the ages of 15 and 35 years; 61,450, or 78.4 per cent., went to the United States, 10,623 to Great Britain. Of the 40,317 males who emigrated, 27,566, or 68.4 per cent., were laborers and 5,440 farmers. Of the 38,402 females, 24,083 were returned as servants.

BOSTON CANDY.

Secrets in the Making of Sweets.

Where the Glucose and Adulteration Comes In.

Some seven years ago the manufacture of low priced confectionery was begun in this city, and it has attained gigantic proportions. The product is familiarly known by retail confectioners "grocers' candy," as, to a great extent, it is retail-grocery. Since these dealers have taken to selling it, the trade of the retail confectioners has suffered to a considerable extent. The grocer buys his goods at prices varying from 11 cents to 13 cents a pound, and retails them at from 14 to 18 cents a pound. Of course, a man depending solely on confectionery could not do business, and even pay his expenses at such prices and profits. Are these cheap candies pure? is a question often asked. If glucose, grape sugar and terra alba are pure, these goods are; if they are an adulteration, then these goods are not pure. The present writer remembers hearing of a contract made by a prominent firm for the delivery to them of a certain number of barrels of broken and mixed candy, at 10 1/2 cents per pound. At the same time, granulated sugar (the kind all confectioners use) was quoted at 10 3/4 cents by the 20-barrel (refiners') lot. How could the contract be carried out—how could the manufacturer get a profit—or even his money back? Let us illustrate.

50 pounds granulated sugar at 10 1/4 cts.	\$5.18
Flavor (oil)	.25
Fire and shop rent	.25
Labor, at \$2 per day	.50
Cost of candy	\$6.18
Boxing	.30
Delivery	.10
Total	\$6.53

Thus a pure drop mixture would cost a fraction over 13 cents a pound to make, without adding the manufacturer's profit. But the way the thing is done, is after this style:

25 pounds granulated sugar, at 10 1/4 cts.	\$2.57
25 pounds glucose, at 3 1/2 cts.	.87
Flavor (extract)	.10
Fire and shop rent	.25
Labor, at \$2 per day	.50
Boxing and delivery	.40
Total	\$4.74

Which gives the cost of the same kind candy at 12 cents per pound. Another kind that will show the great difference in quality and make in chocolate caramels, and herewith are given the figures on a 50 pound batch of, first, the best quality, and, second, the poorer quality:

50 pounds granulated sugar, at 10 1/4 cts.	\$5.18
1 pound butter	.30
2 quarts cream (whole)	.30
8 pounds chocolate, at 32 cents	2.56
Fire and shop rent	.25
Labor, at \$2 per day	.50
Boxing	.40
Total	\$9.71

This shows the cost to be about 17 3/4 cents per pound, as such a batch as the above would turn out about 55 pounds. The cheaper way of making is this:

25 pounds brown sugar, at 8 3/4 cts.	\$2.17
25 pounds glucose, at 3 1/2 cts.	.87
2 quarts milk, at 5 cents	.10
4 pounds chocolate, at 24 cents	.96
Fire and shop rent	.25
Labor, at \$2 per day	.50
Boxing	.40
Total	\$5.53

Making the caramels cost a fraction over 11 cents per pound. In addition to this cost, caramels have to be wrapped in wax paper, and are generally boxed in five-pound boxes. The expense of wax paper and labor in doing them up would be alike for both grades of goods. It should not be understood that glucose is used to the extent of half-and-half with sugar by all manufacturers who use it, but this illustration gives simply to show how these low-priced candies can be made and sold at such low figures. When granulated sugar is worth 10 1/2 or 11 cents per pound, it must be clearly seen by any reasonable person that pure candy can not be made and sold at retail for 12 1/2 cents per pound. Gum drops, such as are usually sold at the above price at retail, are known by confectioners as "A. B." gum drops, and usually can be given simply to show how these low-priced candies can be made and sold at such low figures. When granulated sugar is worth 10 1/2 or 11 cents per pound, it must be clearly seen by any reasonable person that pure candy can not be made and sold at retail for 12 1/2 cents per pound. Gum drops, such as are usually sold at the above price at retail, are known by confectioners as "A. B." gum drops, and usually can be given simply to show how these low-priced candies can be made and sold at such low figures.

in a wooden tray; small wood or plaster Paris patterns are then pressed into it, making the molds. The material is then poured in, and, when ready, the starch is sifted and the candy remains in the sieve. Molasses candy is pulled on a hook, and then cut off in lengths. "Boston chips" are made in precisely the same way, but pulled out from a heater in the long thin ribbon shape to be seen in the shop windows. Plain sugar is boiled, and flavored, just before taking from the fire or after it is turned on the marble, with lemon, horehound, checkerberry, peppermint and other oils, and then either cut in "kisses" or run through a machine in drops. During the winter season goods are made expressly for the holiday trade, such as barley toys, canes, baskets and various other designs. Barley toys are made from pure sugar, and either run in lead molds or (by large manufacturers) cut by machinery. Baskets and canes are all hand work. Candy toys are also made from sugar, flour, etc., and then painted to give them a more attractive appearance. The colorings used by confectioners are chiefly of vegetable origin, although most of the red tints are made by the use of cochineal, which is also used to give color to strawberry ice cream.—Boston Herald.

FOOD FOR POWDER.

ENLISTMENTS IN THE ARMY.

There are three recruiting regiments in New York, where an able bodied man between the ages of 21 and 35 years, of good character, may contract to wear government clothing and carry a musket or saber for five years, with privilege of renewal if mutually satisfactory. The number of eligible men who present themselves for enlistment is, at present, not sufficient to fill the vacancies in the ranks which have occurred since last year. This is said to be the natural result of establishing too high a standard for applicants for enlistment. The existing prosperity in business likewise militates against recruiting. Good, moral young men, such as are required by the recruiting officers, can generally find more desirable employment than a five years' enlistment in either branch of the service. Col. Wood, who is in charge of the different regiments, said: "The adjutant-general's latest orders were to the effect that none but the very best young men who came to the recruiting stations should be enlisted. There is room for many more men than are being enlisted, both in the infantry and cavalry, but more are needed for the latter branch of the service. Less than 25 per cent. of applicants for enlistment are accepted, while about 300 at least are needed to fill the vacancies in the rank and file caused by discharges, dismissals, desertions and death, in order to bring the number of enlisted men up to the standard of 25,000 effective troops."

"Is there any preference indicated for a particular branch of the service?"

"Well, the majority of the young men who enlist want to go into the cavalry, as they naturally suppose that riding a horse makes army life much easier; but I think it is the hardest branch of the business. Cavalrymen have to perform all of an infantryman's duties in addition to taking care of their horses and equipments. It is, perhaps, the best branch of the service, as the greater restrictions are placed upon enlistments."

It is a matter of surprise to many why the young men unemployed in the cavalry do not enlist in the cavalry more than they do. There is every inducement offered them. At most of the garrisons on the frontier, libraries and other comforts have been established for the men, and every effort is made to help and improve the soldier. Since I joined my regiment at Corpus Christi in 1845 I have never known the soldier to be hindered if he wanted to push himself ahead, and when the service has been improved immensely. There is now a good chance for petty officers to rise to regular commissions. Four sergeants are before the board here now, who will probably be promoted to lieutenancies.

"I remember after the close of the Mexican war it was very difficult to get troops, on account of the California gold fever which had just broken out, and up to the commencement of the rebellion the demand for men was so great that but little trouble could be taken outside of ascertaining the physical condition of a recruit. Good bone and sinew were all the 'moral character' required. If a man was sound and sober when he presented himself to the recruiting officer, unmarried, and said he was between 21 and 35 years of age, his chances of becoming a soldier were pretty certain. Healthy Germans used to be often enlisted, as well as other foreigners, who at one time outnumbered the native-born soldiers four to one, but since 1864 the Americans are ten to one over foreigners."

POTATOES.

This country produced an enormous potato crop last year; and yet she is importing from Europe. But it should be remembered that Americans are good potato eaters and wonderful wasters. The crop of the whole country was 167,659,570 bushels, or about three and a half bushels to every man, woman and child. New York alone produced 32,571,000 bushels. Wisconsin stood second with 13,552,132 bushels, Pennsylvania third with 13,430,320, and Illinois fourth with 11,195,750 bushels.

Towels: Never put a new towel in the wash until you have overcast the fringed edge. The use of this is obvious the moment one is told of it, though a dozen towels might be worn out before one discover it. If, when towels are washed, the fringe is shaken well before they are hung up to dry, the fresh appearance will be preserved for a long time. If vigorously shaken, that is all that is necessary; otherwise it is best to have the laundress whip the fringe over the clean back of a kitchen chair. This is much better than any combing process. Besides, it does not wear the fringe so much.

FLOATING WIT.

It is getting toward the season for discovering thurles with "G. W. 1776," cut on their thurles.

A bird who lives on the funny tribe is a fish-hawk, and the man who sells the funny tribe is a fish-hawker.

It may seem best to colonize the Chinese in Salt Lake City where they can wash out the stains of polygamy.

"Old age is coming upon me rapidly," said an uncle who was stealing apples from an old man's garden, as he saw the owner coming seriously towards him with a stick in his hand.

"Where is the island of Java situated?" asked a school-teacher of a small, rather forlorn looking boy. "I dunno, sir." "Don't you know where coffee comes from?" "Yes, sir—we borrow it."

"Now," said the book agent, in order to get the gentleman's attention, "if you will allow me to read the prospectus of the work; it is short—"

"So am I," interrupted the gentleman. "Good day."

Amelia: "You may talk about your city fellows, but give me a bean from the country." Juliet: "And why do you want a country bean, I should love to hear?" Amelia: "Because, sir, he's very likely to become a husbandman."

Some one says "bread and butter is the dress of this world—love and kindness its trimming." We'll bet \$400 the man who wrote that isn't married. Any married man knows that the trimmings always cost four times as much as the dress.

"Why do you suppose Rev. Johnson Reedy is always driving over to Smithville?" asked one gentleman of another. "His wife says he goes over to admire the beauty of the place," was the reply. "Yes, but does his wife know the beauty of the place is a young widow?"

In the Moravian settlement near Salem, N. C., the old custom of announcing the death of a church member by the music of a band in the church tower is still adhered to. Those versed in music, it is said, can tell from the air played whether the dead person was married or single, young or old, male or female.

It is stated in an English journal that at a recent sale of rabbits the enormous sum of \$200 was given for one of these little animals. Of course it was a rabbit of famous breed, but it seems an exorbitant price to pay for so insignificant an animal. One cannot wonder that a large sum should be paid for Jumbo when a rabbit fetches so much.

There was displayed near the soda-water fountain in an up-town drug-store the sign "Vaccine." A young man, accompanied by a young woman who might have been his country cousin or sweetheart, entered, and in response to the inquiring look of the boy who tended the fountain, said, "You may give me vaccine." The young woman's eyes had been resting on the unusual sign near the fountain, and when her companion turned to her and asked how she would have her, she said, timidly, "I guess I'll try a little vaccine."

HERE AND THERE.

It has been stated that there is every probability of coffee-growing becoming a profitable industry in Natal.

The poppy is now largely cultivated in the greater portion of Persia, and there is British talk of giving up the opium trade of India.

The manufacture of oleomargarine in St. Louis has been investigated by the board of health, and proof was obtained of the use of fat from horses and dogs.

The manufacture of olive oil is among the rising industries of Australia; its cultivation on a large scale being advocated by the South Australian Register.

A pasture in Texas is described as containing 16,000 acres, and requiring to inclose it sixteen miles of fence, which is all built of rock four and a half feet thick.

A steady increase in the production of beet sugar has been noted in California since 1878; in that year 500,000 pounds were raised, in 1881 1,410,533 pounds, yet more being expected from the crop of 1882.

The rise of bicycling as a popular sport has given a great impetus to the industries engaged in producing the numerous articles supposed necessary for the comfort of riders and the durability of the machines, such as patent bearings or saddles, lamps, bells and lubricators.

At a recent meeting of silk manufacturers, held in London, it was resolved that it is desirable that an exhibition of bona fide British-made silk goods shall be held in London, with a view of showing their excellence and of removing any prejudice which may exist against them. A committee was formed for the purpose of organizing such an exhibition.

Under the operation of the treaty with Hawaii a sugar company is building in San Francisco one of the largest refineries in the United States, expending over \$1,000,000 in its erection, and intending that when finished it shall give employment to a small army of work people.

It is all very well to be extravagant and wasteful, if the margin permit; but if the outlay goes beyond the income, what is to be done? The humiliation involved in sudden and undeniable recalculation is as great as the personal loss. The little boxes in which the matches are packed—now familiar, it is supposed, throughout the world—are made by prisoners in the jail of Stockholm.

TEMPERANCE.

It would be much more to the purpose to take the warning, and do something toward staying the huge mischief which, in one way or another, confounds us all, and may, for we cannot be sure, crush and ruin any of us.—London Times.

The most detestable traffic. I use strong language because I see the mischief the traffic is doing. I know that every effort I make as a minister of religion is more than neutralized by the efforts that are being made in an opposite direction.—The Bishop of Manchester.

The Alliance News, of London, says: The American bar system has unfortunately, with all its various pernicious consequences, taken at length a somewhat firm hold in London. The habit of indulging in irregular "tips," "pick-me-ups," etc., is rapidly extending itself in our midst. The custom of drinking liquors of this kind at odd times as a mere "nip," is said to be greatly on the increase amongst our business men. It is most injurious to health, the forerunner of inebriety, and a habit to be deprecated from every point of view.

A friend writes: "One of my noble boys of the Band of Hope of about nine years, said, 'I have converted my mother and about converted my father.' A sixteen-years-old, son of a former saloon-keeper, says, 'If my father ever keeps saloon again, I will not clerk for him.' A young girl, daughter of a saloon-keeper, a fine musician, is so ashamed of her father's business, she can never be induced to take part in any entertainment. A German mother, who used to allow beer at home, says, 'Beer and I are sworn enemies from this time.' A German beer-drinker wishes, 'every saloon banished.' Thank God! and take courage!"

A Sailor's Story.

I have been fourteen years a sailor, and I've found in all parts of the world I could get along just as well without alcoholic liquors as with them, and better too.

Some years ago, when we lay in Jamaica, several of us were sick with the fever, and among the rest the second mate. The doctor had given him brandy to keep him up, but I thought it was a queer kind of "keeping up." Why, you see, it stands to reason that if you heap fuel on the fire it will burn the faster; and putting the brandy to a fever is just the same kind of a thing. Brandy is more than half alcohol, you know.

Well, the doctor gave him up, and I was set to watch with him. No medicine was left, for it was of no use. Nothing would help him, and I had my directions what to do with the body when he was dead. Toward midnight he asked for water. I got him the coolest I could find, and gave him all he wanted, and if you'll believe me, in less than three hours he drank three gallons.

The sweat rolled off from him like rain. Then he sank off and I thought sure he was gone, but he was sleeping, and as quietly as a child. In the morning, when the doctor came, he asked what time the mate died.

"Won't you go in and look at him?" said I.

He went in and took the mate's hand. "Why," said he, "the man is not dead! He's alive and doing well! What have you been giving him?"

"Water, simply water, and all he wanted of it," said I.

"I don't know as the doctor learned anything from that, but I did; and now no doctor puts alcoholics down me, or any of my folks, for a fever, I can tell you! I am a plain, unlettered man, but I know too much to let any doctor burn me up with alcohol.—Sailor."

Ohio's Liquor Law.

The passage by the Legislature of the Pond bill, taxing all saloons and places where liquor is sold, and requiring proprietors to give bond to observe the requirements of the law as well, has created great excitement among the brewers, distillers, and small dealers.

Although there is a strict state law, forbidding the sale of liquor to be drunk on the premises, it has always been a dead letter in the larger cities and towns, and malt liquors and native wines are exempt from its provision by a decision of the supreme court.

The Pond bill fixes the tax in Cincinnati at \$300 a year, and the bond at \$1000. Cials, anxious to obtain his majesty's sanction to the pronouncement of the law, but not venturing to remind him of his omission to sign these papers, have availed themselves of his temporary absence from his study to lift the casque and move the documents in such sort that their edges have slightly protruded from under the helmet's brim. In ten cases out of twelve, however, this hint has proved unavailing, for the emperor, as soon as he caught sight of the detested papers peeping out from the place of their concealment, has quietly pushed them back again, and forbore ever thereafter from making any allusion to the incident. In such cases the obnoxious documents have been discreetly abstracted and destroyed, it being obvious that his majesty would never be induced to sign them.

WISE PRECAUTION.

It is said that if you have presence of mind enough to face a raging bull and look straight into his eyes he is powerless to do you harm. "We tried this experiment once," says an agricultural contemporary, "and found it worked admirably. The fierce animal tore the ground with his feet, and hellowed with all his might; but something seemed to hold him back like magic, and he did us no injury. Perhaps we ought to add in order to be correct, that the bull was on the outside of a fence. We never try an experiment of that kind without taking proper precautions before hand."

FORGETFUL CHAP.

The bridegroom of an Indiana wedding lost his marriage license, without which the minister could not legally make him a husband, and the ceremony was postponed four hours to enable him to procure a duplicate. In his agitation he left this one on the county clerk's desk, and hurried back without it. The wedding party could wait no longer, as it was then midnight, and they were about to depart, leaving the bride in tears, when a mud-spattered messenger arrived on horseback with the important document.

SINGULAR AFFAIR.

A strange case of fatality, in which three sisters died within half an hour, took place recently in Philadelphia. Two of the women, Sarah Watson, a widow aged 52 years, and Mrs. Cynthia Winsmore aged 59 years, lived at 329 Wharton street, and the third, Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, at 1355 South Fourth street. At about 10 o'clock at night Mrs. Winsmore went to her bedroom to retire for the night, when she heard a noise in her sister's room. On reaching her room, Mrs. Winsmore found Mrs. Watson in a dying condition. Medical assistance was promptly summoned, and Mrs. Smith was also sent for. The physicians found Mrs. Watson in a comatose condition and administered ammonia, but she did not revive, and expired in a few minutes. Before they had recovered from their astonishment, Mrs. Winsmore was overcome and fell to the door in an unconscious state, and in ten minutes she died, and ten minutes later Mrs. Smith, the third sister, was a corpse. The physicians were nonplussed, and the greatest consternation spread through the household. The only theory upon which the deaths are accounted for is that Mrs. Watson was seized with a congestive chill and died from an attack of apoplexy which ensued, and that both Mrs. Winsmore and Mrs. Smith died from nervous prostration, which caused attacks of heart disease or apoplexy. There is no suspicion of foul play, as the family lived on the most amicable terms.

PREPARING FOR DEATH.

An elegantly-dressed lady recently entered the shop of Messrs. Schultz & Robert, undertakers, in Berlin, and purchased a handsome black casket with gilt lions' claws and lid. For this and the other arrangements incident to the funeral of the first-class, including the burial permit required by the Prussian law, she paid on the spot, having obtained a certain discount for cash down, and gave directions that the casket should be sent the following morning to the residence of a Miss Franziska W—, who had just expired at the age of 37. Mr. Robert, one of the partners in the firm, conducted the funeral procession at the appointed hour to the place indicated, when he found that the lady was still alive, although her death was expected every minute. Admitted to the room in which she was lying, almost at her last gasp, he recognized in the sufferer the lady who had given him his directions on the previous day. Franziska W—, who died very shortly after her identification by the undertaker, had ordered and paid for her funeral in person, and then taken poison, intending to kill herself in time to be ready for interment at the hour fixed by herself for the ceremony. The motive prompting her to commit suicide has not yet appeared.

CHINESE VICE.

The evil of opium-smoking has been growing with alarming rapidity in New York city during the past few months. In the dens where it is most fostered, no Chinamen are seen; those who keep these places and those who frequent them are nearly all Americans. In all other respects an effort is made to impart to the places an Oriental look. The dens are lighted dimly by jets burning in globes stained deep blue, these places, with their carpeted benches along the walls, their heavy curtains, and the atmosphere laden with the not unpleasant fumes of the drug, prove attractive to those of the imperilled classes who go there for the first time. All that has been written about the private carriages of ladies of wealth and position halting near these dens to allow their occupants to alight and surreptitiously enter is untrue. Neither do wealthy and respectable women visit bar-rooms; but it is necessary to make an effort to control the sale of liquor, and save as many as possible of those whom it is ruining, and it will soon be evident that legislation to check the evil of opium-smoking in New York is imperatively demanded. Its growth is something unprecedented in that city.

HORSES WITHOUT SHOES.

The business of more than half the blacksmiths would be ruined were the theory that horses should remain shoeless to be generally accepted. Its advocates appear to be increasing, and a farmer writes that, although at first skeptical, he has put the theory to a practical test, and found the result satisfactory. He thinks horses suffer as much from bare shoes as do men and women, and that to let them go without iron on their hoofs will increase their comfort and the economy of their service. Mr. Bergh ought to investigate the subject and pronounce an opinion as to which is more cruel—to make a horse wear shoes, or to make him work without them. If it is a fact that the unsheathed hoof will become so hard and tough that no usage can destroy it, the shoeless theory ought to prevail.

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Mechanic Falls, Maine.

