LUKE XVII. 21.

BY EMILIE CLARE.

A sudden tempest thunder rent
The very heavens, whose wrath was spent
In one spontaneous burst of power.
Then stillness all, and leaf, and flower,
With deluged face 'neath rainbow skies,
Smiled out its thanks in glad surprise.

The heavy thunders rumbled far
Till distance stilled the noisy car,
And sleep, sweet soother of our woes,
Soon wrapped the earth in soft repose.
And then I dreamed—though not a dream,
So real did the vision seem,
So perfect and so finely planned,
That, were the language at command,
I still should want an artist's pen
To paint the beauty of the scene.

'Twas not a flash, though instant willed,
From God's own fiat seemed distilled,
That all the noxious things of earth
Had disappeared, as if their birth
Had never been. Earth, air and seas
Held naught but luxury and ease,
But man, sole monarch of a will,
Alone had power for good and ill.

In mute thanksgiving I surveyed
A world so grand and perfect made,
Reflecting, as I'm wont to do,
That 'twould be natural to pursue
The course of right, and upward tend
To where true pleasures never end.

But ah! my transport hour was brief;
Full soon I found a source for grief.
Though with a fair and faultless realm,
Frail man still guided at the helm,
And still his bark would wayward prove,
Though sailed o'er rippling seas of love.

Prone still to wander from the right,
He seeks to group in error's might,
And nurture all the lusts of sin
His time-taught nature holds within.

The morbid thirst for draughts of fire,
With all the curse did not expire;
And foul delirium burns the brain
That seeks an antidote in vain.

The miser with his golden store
Counts all his treasures o'er and o'er,
Yet finds no increase; may not lend
Where fate conspires to be the friend
To rich and poor, and none may feel
A sense of want, save those who will.

But some there are who ever crave
A nameless happiness. The slave
To voidless longings knows no rest,
Though formed by nature to be blest.

And thus, amid this boundless space,
With naught to vex, annoy, no trace
Of taint or crime, of sin or stain
Man's bosom still the curse retain,
And proves beyond a doubt, a shade
His weal or woe himself has made.

ANITA, Iowa.

STRAY LEAVES FROM A LIFE.

BY MAUDE POWELL.

"You surely are not in earnest, Marjorie?"

"Why not?" asked that young lady, standing on tip-toe to reach a bunch of apple-blossoms just above her head; "is it anything unreasonable in me to prefer being Miss Melrose, the talented young authoress of New York, instead of a country minister's wife and helpmate?"

"But, Marjorie, do you think I expect or desire you to bury your heaven-born talent? God forbid! Come to me, and, surrounded by the friends who have known and loved you from childhood, and, under the shadow of your favorite apple-blossoms that you said were your first inspiration, write as much as you please."

"No, Willard; what you ask is impossible, for I am not the least bit in love with you. Besides," she continued hurriedly, and not seeming to see the look of pain in her companion's eyes, "I could never be happy in the life you describe. I would be miserable in chains, even though they were the flowery chains of love that bound me to my jailer, and my repinings and rebellion would soon make us both unhappy. I must have excitement and active work. I must be in the thickest of the battle of life. I long for power, influence and fame; but, even if I cannot "Be a hero in the strife," I must be on the scene of battle, and do all I can. I shall write no more poetry, though the eulogiums of the public on my little book were more than I ever dared hope for. Henceforth I intend to live upon my reason, and not even waste sentiment on verse. But with politics, philosophy, or some other literary weapon, I will conquer the fickle goddess fame, steal a few laurel leaves for my brow and a key to her temple."

"And do you expect to be happy? Ah! Marjorie, there is a mighty factor you have omitted in your calculations. Your brain will be busy, your intellect expanding; but, even if fame should shake the choicest bonbons from her store at your feet, your heart will be starving, and you will be miserable."

"Pshaw!" said Marjorie, recklessly; "let but the gods endow me with the gifts I crave, and Cupid may keep his paltry arrows in peace. My heart has been too highly educated to sigh for so childish an article. For this much-talked-of love is merely a diseased imagination, common to youth, like measles and whooping-cough, and which we get over in time, just as we do with Annie Leigh. As old Mrs. Andrews would say, I feel it in my bones."

Marjorie gained her wish. A few months after her arrival at her uncle's Fifth avenue home, she had, like Byron, waked to find herself famous on the publication of her first prose work. Two others followed in quick succession. But just when my heroine felt she had almost climbed the height of literary renown, when the praises of an admiring public were wafted to her like incense, with only now and then a criticism, which she insisted only spiced the otherwise insipid ovation, that eccentric young lady suddenly declared her intention of devoting her time to American politics. So thorough was her study of the subject that she now (six years after you first met her) virtually stood at the head of her uncle's widely-circulated and influential daily. She had indeed climbed to a dizzy height where few women ever ventured. Her editorials were copied everywhere, her opinions quoted from "Dan to Beersheba," but was she happy? some one asks. Was the mountain as purple and beautiful as when she gazed longingly at it from the sweet valley of youth? or did she find it but common earth after all, and the mysterious beauty lay in the misty valley of girlhood she had left behind?

Marjorie dropped her pen with a short, impatient sigh. "It is strange that little Nell's words should haunt me so to-night, ringing in my ears, and waking echoes of that still, small voice I had hoped was forever stilled. What does that child of 18 know of the heart, that she should assert so confidently, 'Ambition, even gratified ambition can never satisfy the inner sanctuary of your soul; you will never be happy till you love.' Are the words of a child to undermine the foundations of my theories of life, love and happiness that six years ago I boasted were built on the solid rock of reason instead of on the shifting sands of human affection? And yet—have they brought peace to me after all? I would freely give power, fame and ambition for the look in Nell's blue eyes as she talked of her husband. Ah! child, with only your trusting heart to guide you, you have found and gathered the little wayside flower, happiness, which in my selfishness and pride I have missed. Across the chasm of years, comes a faint yet never-dying echo of the same words.

"Willard, you at least truly loved me, and would have saved me from myself, and I would not, and now it is forever too late, for the fire in my heart has burned so low that there is now left only a faint, tender strain of regret, and the white ashes of memory. I have indeed passed the Rubicon of youth and hope, and for me there is no redemption."

Little Joe Harris, Marjorie's special errand boy and devoted slave, after arranging to his satisfaction the furniture and papers in her private sanctum in her uncle's large establishment, had placed a tiny bunch of apple-blossoms on his idol's desk, and now stood half bashfully watching Marjorie, as she came in, pale and weary looking from last night's vigil, and sat down to write. Seeing the flowers, she drew them toward her with a look of pleased surprise, but, as she inhaled their fragrance, gradually there stole over her face a shadow, marring its brightness, as a cloud crosses the face of the sun. The breath of the flowers was laden with old associations and memories of her happy home at Appledale farm, of her grandmother, who had long since crossed that mystic river whose tide never ebbs toward the shores of time, and wafted on their sweet breath came her talk with Willard Lester in the sun-lit orchard on that afternoon so long ago. Then a full knowledge of her mistake swept over

It was hard to tear herself away from her business engagements and duties, harder still to persuade her uncle that her, and, laying her cheek against the pink petals, she burst into a passion of tears. Poor Joe, utterly amazed at such a reception of so paltry a gift, started to her, then stole softly from the room, and stood guard outside to prevent intruders. Like the smitten rock at Horeb, the tears burst through the icy wall that was gradually forming round her heart, and, when the flowers whispered to her of Willard's solemn "I will wait for you always," the white blossoms of hope sprung into bloom.

"It was all wrong," she whispered, in return; "I wandered into the wrong pathway, and my palace car of ambition has only brought me to the gates of discontent, but I will go home and begin over again, trusting to Heaven and my awakened heart this time."

our fancy for dolls and tops, and our belief in ghosts and fairies."

"You are doubtless sincere in your belief now, Marjorie," said her companion, a little impatiently, "but the time will come when, even in the zenith of your success, you will be willing to barter it all for a heart that is tender and true."

"Your prophecies are certainly like Cassandra's in one respect, Will, at least, for I don't believe a word of them; but if I am erring, and they ever come true, why, I'll come back to D. with the aforesaid wreath and key, and you shall teach me to love. Is it a bargain?"

"I will wait for you always, my darling!" said Willard, solemnly.

"It is unkind in you to say all this," said the girl, with sudden resentment, "just when I had boasted in my diary that we were a living illustration of dear old Plato's theory; but you always were thoughtless."

"You are coming to see grandma?" she added, presently, as the supper-bell sent a cheery invitation through the orchard; "she will never forgive you if you slight her," and, seeing that her companion hesitated, "if you do not come, I shall think you are offended, and angry with me."

"Would you care, Marjorie, dear?" Willard asked, eagerly.

"Of course it would make me very unhappy to think that we, who have been friends from our cradles, should, on the eve of my departure, be estranged about such a trifle as *love;* something that you will forget before this fruit blushes 'neath August's kisses; and, before apple-blossoms come again, there will be a pretty, blue-eyed wife at the parsonage—Annie Leigh, perhaps—who will fill the position so much more worthily and gracefully than I."

"Stop, Marjorie," interrupted Willard almost sternly, "Heaven knows I have borne a great deal from you, but I cannot endure this unkind jesting when you well know that 'as long as life hath shadows, as long as the heart hath woes, I shall love you, only you.'"

"Of course, that is the proper speech to make just now, Will dear, but I predict you will console yourself very soon he could certainly spare her a while, and that she really needed a rest; but her indomitable energy enabled her to accomplish them all, and one week later found her sitting on the old, familiar porch gazing at the lovely scene before her and listening to a perfect tirade of gossip from her mother's only sister, who now lived at the farm. Marjorie was longing to ask for one old friend in particular, yet something in her heart choked back his name, and she sat wondering at her own reticence, and why Aunt Lizzie did not speak of the minister, when two figures came through the little wicket gate and up to the porch, where she now rose to welcome her guests.

"Miss Melrose," said Willard Lester—for one of them was, indeed, he—"I am most happy to welcome you once more to D., where, I assure you, you have always been missed;" then, turning to his companion, he continued, "I hope you will need no introduction to my wife, whom you once knew as Annie Leigh."

For one moment the earth seemed slipping from under Marjorie's feet, and the fair landscape looked black before her startled eyes; but, before Mr. Lester's voice died away, the woman of the world greeted his wife in her calm, clear voice and most winning smile.

Marjorie stayed two weeks at Appledale farm, and then, in spite of their remonstrances, went back to her old life and work. To her aunt's pleadings and Willard's arguments, who pointed out to her the good she could accomplish in the village with her wealth, energy and culture, she made only one reply.

"Busy myself as I will, the range of action seems monotonous and confined. I began too soon to draw around me the large circle of literature and action, and the small sphere open to me in D. seems a sad going back in life. No, the wanderer's ban is again upon me, and I must turn again to the land of excitement."

Her city friends saw no change in their queen, when she was again among them, except, perhaps, the lines about her mouth were a trifle deeper and the shadow in her wonderful eyes a shade denser and more impenetrable than before. "But," they argued, "of course Marjorie had been inexpressibly bored by that duty visit to her aunt; she would be her old self after the anticipated trip to Europe during the summer."

As for her, burying the dead blossoms of hope from her sight and heart, she turned resolutely to her work again.

Was her fate an exceptionally hard one, after all?

"Ah, well! for us all, some sweet hope lies deeply buried from human eyes."

DURING the past fifteen months about 10,000,000 acres of Government land were sold under the homestead laws—a more than usual heavy amount.

ALL SORTS.

CALIFORNIA girls prefer runaway marriages.

A STONE in a stocking is the nearest approach the Chicagoans have to mistletoe.

A ST. LOUIS firm is building a steamboat for the exclusive use of its commercial agents.

INGERSOLL says: "You have got to fight for everything that is good, and the work is never done."

THE New Orleans *Picayune* thinks that in this country professional beauties are crowded out by amateurs.

THERE are two distinct kinds of boys in this world—the human boy and the boy who exists in Sunday-school books.

DURING the past twenty-five years sixty persons have gone over the Niagara Falls, and been washed into eternity.

THE people of the United States consume more coffee than those of any other country — some 333,000,000 pounds yearly.

A SCIENTIFIC man will study all day over a poor little worm's work, when he might get at the hole thing in a nutshell by eating a few chincapins.

THOSE troubled with flatulent dyspepsia may do well to replace the sugar in their tea and coffee with glycerine—a teaspoonful or two to sweeten it.

CORSETS are said to have originated from an iron waistband, in which tyrannical husbands in the early history of the human family encased their wives.

COLONEL BOB INGERSOLL says that when a man smokes or chews he should confess the fault to his intended wife, and if after that she accepts him, he "has the dead wood on her."

CRYSTALIZED water or ice has hitherto furnished the only good surface for skating. But by a mixture of a carbonate and sulphate of soda an Englishman has been able to make a new skating surface which can be easily made and repaired.

AN old bachelor out West, who years agone was jilted by a woman, became such a woman hater that before he died, recently, he ordered that none of the female sex be permitted to attend his funeral. It was a terrible revenge.—*Norristown Herald.*

JOAQUIN MILLER looks tamer than he used to. His hair is no longer spreading over his coat collar, and his costume is quieter than it used to be. But he has the gloomy, dreamy aspect of old, and he is one who cannot pass unnoticed along the busy streets.

AN English curate happened recently to preach on the wages of sin, and to make some uncomplimentary references to the Prodigal Son. A young scapegrace in the congregation fancied that the sermon was aimed at himself. He horsewhipped the curate the next day.

WE are pleased to learn that sealskin dolmans, forty to fifty-two inches long, trimmed with hair in beaver, about seven inches deep, will be the fashionable thing in furs this winter, and will retail at $500. We were afraid they were going to be dear.—*Norristown Herald.*

A FATHER gave unto his son $1,000, and the latter went to Chicago to enter business. In six days he returned without a cent. "You found the Chicago people pretty smart, didn't you, Peter?" said the old gentleman. "Yes," replied the son; "but what you call pretty smart in Chicago, we call d—n mean here."

IT is related that the Chinese women about the year 1200 attempted a rebellion, whereupon laws were passed that girl babies should have their feet bandaged to prevent their growth. In this way it was proposed to thwart all future rebellions on the part of women! For anything like positive action good understandings are quite requisite.

THE Norwich *Bulletin* says: A violinist in this city has a fiddle manufactured in 1615, which under his skillful manipulation still imitates with thrilling effect the voices of nature, and sends forth soul-inspiring melodies. How many hands have commanded its magic tones, or how many feet tripped to its music in the past two centuries and a half no one will ever know.

Champagne.

Champagne is a modern wine. The sparkling beverage now so extensively known is a comparatively recent discovery. Its origin hardly dates beyond the eighteenth century; and even in 1780 Moet and Chandon, the chief manufacturers, whose present annual sale amounts to over 150,000 dozen, thought it a bold venture to have made 6,000 bottles in the year. The royal monastery of St. Peter, in Hautvilliers, gave to the world a monk named Perignon, who was the original discoverer. His chief duty was to take charge of the extensive vineyards of the monastery, to receive the eleventh barrel of all the wine made in the district, and to make the wine of the establishment. "Dom Perignon, born a taster, and strengthened by constant practice, became so expert that, when in the decline of life he was blind, no one of his holy brethren, even with the aid of his eyes, could compete with him as a judge of wine." Dom Perignon, says an old chronicler, being blind toward the end of his life, ordered the grapes of different vineyards to be brought to him, recognized each kind by the taste, and said, "You must marry (mix) the wine of this grape with the other." In the course of his wine-mixings and experiments, the worthy Dom discovered the effervescing wine, now known as champagne. The secret was, however, kept to himself, and the wine for the brotherhood, sending, however, an occasional bottle to the King. Dom Perignon is said to have died in the full odor of sanctity, gratefully remembered by his convivial and holy brethren, and his name should be embalmed in the memory of everyone within the sound of a pop of the champagne bottle. Among his other virtues, heavenly and terrestrial, there is not only the discovery of champagne, but that of the cork, which he was the first to put into a bottle, for, before his time, the only stopper used was a bunch of flax soaked in oil.

Those Golden Tresses.

He said he once fell desperately in love with a pretty blonde, who had the most bewitching ringlets that ever ensnared the heart of a man in their meshes. That he raved like a lunatic over these golden tresses. That he wrote sonnets to their beauty and luxuriance, and ever wore a tiny love-lock, which he stole from them one starry night, upon his head for six long months. And that, in fact, he was so much entranced by the ringlets that he resolved to marry their fair owner. And so, one evening, when he had fully made up his mind to propose, he set off to visit his inamorata, quoting poetry as he went along, and wondering how a fellow set about, anyway, when he really wanted to marry a pretty girl. Unluckily, the fair one with the golden locks was not at home when he called that night, and her younger sister came waltzing into the parlor to meet him. And, O! horror of horrors! she had pinned on her little head a mass of golden curls, which the poor fellow recognized at once. "Sister Belle's gone out," said the little minx, "and I thought I'd put on her curls and come down to see her bean!" This broke up the intended match, put an end to sonnet-writing and other vague, lover-like rhapsodies, and added one more to the fearfully long list of Saratoga old bachelors.—*Sophie Sparkle, in New York Mail.*

Pleasant Life in Bengal.

The daily life of the family is a series of pictures of Arcadian simplicity. At daybreak, when the crows begin to caw, the whole household is astir. The two elder brothers are off to the fields, while Gayaram is seeing after the cows. The women are busy in the huts and courtyard. Sometimes the men come home to their mid-day meal, and sometimes it is carried to them in the fields. At sunset the labors of the day are brought to a close. A mat is spread in the courtyard and the men sit down cross-legged and smoke their hubble-bubbles; and at such times it is the joy of Badan's life to listen to the childish prattle of his little daughter Malati. Occasionally the brothers pay visits to their neighbors, or neighbors drop in and join in the smoking. The conversation is nearly always the same—the weather, the bullocks, the crops, and the cows; the plowing, harvesting, sowing or irrigating. But money is ever the burden of the talk; rupees, annas, and pice; the zemindar's rent; the interest paid to the money lender; the cost, profit or loss of every transaction connected with the farm or household. The whole family is religious; indeed all Hindus is religious. They may be everything that is good or bad, but they are never wanting in fear of the gods. They are constantly uttering the sacred names, and they offer a portion of every meal to the gods of the earth, water, and sky. They see deity in everything that exists, and omens of good or evil in everything that moves. If they meet a cow or a wedding they rejoice over their good fortune; if they see a widow or a funeral they are downhearted at their ill luck. They engage in no business, or journey, or transaction of any sort or kind, without a prayer to the goddess Lakshimi or an invocation to the elephant-headed Ganesha. Every family or group of families has its own Purohita, or domestic Brahman, who performs endless ceremonies of propitiation, consecration or purification at births, deaths, marriages, feasts, festivals, religious celebrations, and family incidents of every kind. In return, the Purohita receives all the offerings of rice, fruits, and vegetables that are made to the gods, with occasional presents of a like character. Every year the Guru, or religious teacher of the sect or district, makes his appearance to receive his shilling fee from every household, and to confirm younger neophytes by whispering into their respective ears the name of the god that each one is to worship as his own individual deity. This name is known as the "seed prayer," and is to be uttered by the worshiper one hundred and eight times every day until the end of his earthly career.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

Our Postoffices Compared with the English Department.

Following the example of the English Postoffice Department, the department at Washington has made an attempt by counting the mail matter for one week to get a rude guess of the number of pieces annually mailed by the United States. The first seven days in November was the week selected, and the return then made, multiplied by 52, gives the total mail of the country for one year at 2,217,068,129 pieces. The English postal system is simpler than ours, affording only three varieties of postal matter; a comparison between the return now made for the "original" postoffice business in this country and that in England, for the year ending March 31, 1879, is as follows:

	United States.	Great Britain.
Letters	866,493,572	1,067,000,000
Postal-cards	276,446,711	111,000,000
Newspapers and printed matter	1,049,493,380	328,000,000

The last item in this country, besides newspapers and magazines, includes, under "books, circulars and miscellaneous printed matter," 300,845,480 pieces, of which much the largest share are circulars, reckoned in the English return as letters; so that the number of letters is about the same in the two countries. The return of mail matter for the United States includes, in addition to the items given above, "articles of merchandise" to the amount of 22,634,456. The ten States in which the largest amount of mail matter originated are as follows: New York, 538,950,724; Pennsylvania, 207,196,080; Ohio, 168,565,500; Illinois, 167,944,868; Massachusetts, 145,973,364; Missouri, 92,057,580; Michigan, 64,753,364; Iowa, 57,297,650; Indiana, 51,922,208; and Wisconsin, 47,943,064. Nearly 50 per cent. of the mail matter reported "originated" in the fifty principal cities of the country.

The Oyster.

According to Mr. Frank Buckland a great deal has to be said in a physiological view in favor of the oyster as an article of food. There is an average of about two and a half ounces of meat to every twelve ounces of shell in each oyster, and its constituents include much phosphate of iron and oxmazone, or creative matter similar to essence of meat, and also a certain quantity of gelatine or mucilaginous matter, and another material of which phosphorus is the main ingredient. It is the principal brain-giving food that can be taken, and hence is so largely used by those fond of literary pursuits, and in this manner has become an almost essential element of diet to intellectual men. The annals of the University of Paris shadow forth that when scholastic disputations were more than usually rife and boisterous the students were in the habit of rehearsing their debates over oyster suppers. Louis VIII., who died in 1226, loved oysters so well and thought so much of his cook for the savory manner in which he furnished them up for the royal tablet, hat he invested the *chef de cuisine* with a patent of nobility and made him a handsome annual allowance. The members of the College of the Sorbonne were invited by Louis XI. to come once every year to feast upon oysters, until on one occasion a distinguished theologian came to an untimely end by drowning in the River Seine after the symposium had concluded.

THERE is at Brussels a curious case of chronic drowsiness. A man about forty-five years of age, apparently in perfect health, has lately been attacked by an irresistible tendency to sleep. As soon as he stops walking or seats himself even to eat he falls into a deep slumber. All the remedies prescribed by the leading Belgian physicians have failed to produce any effect upon him. This is said to be the first case of the kind in Europe, although such cases are by no means rare among the negroes of Guinea, who call them *Nelavan.*

THEATER-GOERS, club-visitors, late supper-takers, and patrons of the horse-railroad owl-trains, should all certainly have a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup convenient. Gentlemen, you will need it.

The Village Hotel Veranda.

After supper we march into the office in Indian file, arm ourselves with poplar toothpicks, and then all march out and take seats on the hotel veranda and hold a convention. If you have never taken part in one of these gatherings on the veranda of a village hotel you have missed a good thing. The audience includes every phase of human nature.

The discussion usually opens between the village blacksmith and a farmer, and it starts on the weather.

The blacksmith asserts that we have had too much rain. The farmer can't agree. The undertaker, who used to farm it, then joins in with the remark that he has seen seasons when we had more rain, and seasons when we didn't have as much. This calls out the shoemaker, who can remember one year when it didn't rain from the 20th of March to the 1st of October. While he is trying to remember what year it was, the cooper tilts back his chair and asserts that he can distinctly recall a year in which it rained every day from the 1st of May to the middle of November. He can remember it all the more distinctly because his father believed that a second deluge was coming, and spent two months trying to make a watertight Noah's ark of the horse barn. He can't tell the exact year without footing it a distance of six miles to examine some old documents but rather than have his word disputed he would willingly go to that trouble. No one doubts him, however, and he sits down to give room to the man whose three-year-old colt has been impaled on a fence-stake, and who wants a cure for the wound. He follows a discussion on horses, lasting fifteen minutes, and it is about to cross the line and take up mules when an old man spits over the heads of three boys in line and says:

"I don't know much about hosses, but if I had one, and he should drive a fence-stake clear through him, I believe I should grease the stake and pick off the slivers before I pulled it out! I tell ye, horses can't stand everything, no more'n a man can."

Whatever new discussion might be created by this bold assertion is barred by the appearance of a villager who made the trip to California in overland days. No one knows just how much money he brought back. The estimate runs all the way from two shillings to $20,000, but he is discreetly silent as to the exact amount. There is one thing certain, however. He killed upward of fifty Indians, a dozen grizzly bears, and over a hundred buffalos while he was gone, and that settles the question of his being entitled to command the parade on the Fourth of July. A move is about to be made to draw him out on wild Western scenes, when somebody suddenly recollects that old Uncle Jerry is lying at the point of death. Everybody seems to feel bad for a moment, and then it is remembered how he made his wife go barefooted in winter, lent money at fourteen per cent., and whipped a yoke of steers to death, and the tide slowly turns. There is one question, however, on which all are agreed. Uncle Jerry, during his palmy days, once shouldered a barrel of cider and carried it forty rods.

"Yes, and I seed him do it," sighs the old man behind me. "Fact of it was, it was all on my account, and I beat him pretty bad. I was up to Fuller's cider-mill arter a barrel of the sweet, when Uncle Jerry came along with a bouncing three-year-old steer. We got to bantering, and we finally agreed that if I could lift his steer I was to have him, and he was to have the cider if he could shoulder it. I don't keer to brag around now in my old age, but I think I lifted that steer without even growin' red in the face. Uncle Jerry turned as white as a sheet, and I thought he'd faint away, but he stuck to his word and I took the steer hum. He got a heap o' credit all over the county for liftin' that cider, and never let on that I lifted the steer, and that's one thing I've kinder laid up agin the old man."

Then the next man lies about the number of crows he saw in Kansas, and so we go until it is sharp 10 o'clock and the mosquitoes begin to hunger for evening lunch. Then they bid each other good-night and separate to meet and lie again.—*M. Quad.*

The Cure of Drunkenness.

The *Churchman*, discussing the results of the treatment of inebriety at the Kings county (N. Y.) and other asylums, says: Whether drunkenness be considered a disease or a vice—and it is undoubtedly both—it does not appear on the face of it why it may not be treated with as successful results as insanity, for instance. It is not pretended that all cases of insanity can be cured, being sometimes hereditary, and in other instances superinduced by causes, and come to a degree to which no skill of man is equal. It is enough that the number of permanent cures ranges from 50 to 80 per cent., while others are largely benefited. This seems to be about the state of the case in the treatment of drunkenness. There may be cases enough in which the vice or disease has been inherited from the second or third generation, or in which the nervous system has become so utterly shattered that nothing can restore it. This stands to reason. But in other, and, it will be seen, the majority of cases, either there is no especial appetite for strong drink, or, even if this appetite amounts to a passionate craving for it, there is still such a basis of physical and moral power to build upon that by a few months' treatment a man may again become his own master.

A Lost Occupation.

The Hon. John Wentworth comprehends the present condition of politics. He says that the newspaper has made the orator a thing of the past, and destroyed the usefulness of mass meetings and other clap-trap accessories or campaigns. And why? Simply because they present the arguments of parties if they are party journals, or the facts if the newspapers are independent, and the reader is enabled to decide for himself, uninfluenced by appeals to his passions and uncontrolled by the personal magnetism of orators. The voter, having become a reader, is also a thinker. As a thinker he rises superior to demagogues and their tools.

PLENTY OF MONEY.

[From the Columbus Evening Dispatch.]

Plenty of money secures leisure and buys pleasure; but will not always restore health when lost. Mr. H. Lulay, Suffield, O., writes: My wife was affected with Liver Complaint for fifteen years, and could not find any relief, with the aid of all the physicians we consulted. I concluded to try the Hamburg Drops. My wife was cured, and since that day we have not seen a physician in our house.

SAID Funny Fogg, at a private bathing establishment: "I have always heard that you couldn't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, but these people contrive to fill their purse out of a souse 'ere." Nobody laughed. The remark was too painful.

[From the Holly (Mich.) Register.]

THE wife of Rev. A. A. Allen, had been afflicted with Rheumatism for the past six years; she tried St. Jacobs Oil one evening, which relieved her of all pain, and she rested in peace for the night. One bottle cured her.

A Defense of Cleopatra.

Allow me to inquire here, parenthetically, how it happens that the queen of Egypt has come to be regarded as an example of extreme inconstancy. She has been grossly misrepresented. History tells us that she was married to her brother, Ptolemy XII, by the will of her father after his death. The union was merely an arrangement of state; had no binding force, and was not probably, ever consummated, as the couple were minors. Pompey was appointed their guardian, and it has been intimated that he was her lover. There was no authority whatever for this, indeed everything points to the contrary. He was not merely chaste, he was almost passionless, as Cicero has testified. When Cæsar had invaded the country, and Pompey had been murdered, he was fascinated by her, and she became his mistress, more from love than interest. Then, in order to give weight to her sovereignty, she was given in marriage to her second brother, a child of seven years—her other brother, Ptolemy XII, having been drowned—and the foremost man of all the world lived with her until he returned to Rome, carrying with him the woman who was the most splendid part of his splendid conquest. When he went to his last campaign in Hispania, she saw him for the last time.

At Antony's meeting with her, Cæsar had been dead nine years; so that her relation to him was no disloyalty to her former protector. They were the only men of whom she ever pretended to be fond, and she was devoted to them in mind, heart and soul. The opinion that she accepted Augustus (Octavius) Cæsar has no basis. Shakspeare gives this impression, but merely as a poetic license. Cleopatra, therefore, instead of being an incarnation of disloyalty, was a model of loyalty, especially for that time.—*Chicago Times' Long Branch Letter.*

"MORE food and less medicine, more of nourishment and strength, less of the debilitating influence of drugs, is what our exhausted constitutions require," said Baron Liebig, when he perfected the composition of the "Malt Bitters," prepared by Malt Bitters Co.

THERE are no professional beauties in his country; beauty is so common here that brains are considered a better mark of distinction.—*Buffalo Courier.*

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If the Liver is the source of your trouble, you can find an absolute remedy in DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR, the only vegetable cathartic which acts directly on the Liver. Cures all Bilious diseases. For Book address DR. SANFORD, 162 Broadway, New York.

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