A WORD ABOUT WORDS.

Ah me! those terrible tongues of cure!
Are we half aware of their mighty powers?
Do we ever trouble our heads at all
Where the jest may strike or the hint may fall?
The latest chirp of that "little bird,"
That spicy story, "you must have heard"—
We jerk away in our gossip rash,
And somebody's glass, of course, goes smash.
What fames have been blasted and broken,
What pestilent sinks have been stirred
By a word in lightness spoken,
By only an idle word!

A sneer—a shrug—a whisper low,
They are poisoned shafts from an ambushed ow,
Shot by the coward, the fool, the knave;
They pierce the mail of the great or brave.
Vain is buckler of wisdom and pride
To turn the pitiless point aside;
The lips may cure with a careless smile,
But the heart drips blood—drips blood the while.
Ah me! what hearts have been broken,
What rivers of blood been stirred,
By a word in malice spoken,
By only a bitter word!

A kindly word and a tender tone—
To only God is their virtue known!
They can lift from the dust the abject head,
They can turn a foe to a friend instead;
The heart close-barred with passion and pride
Will fling at their knock its portals wide,
And the hate that blights and the scorn that sears
Will melt in the fountain of childlike tears.
What ice-bound griefs have been broken,
What rivers of love been stirred,
By a word in kindness spoken,
By only a gentle word!

LOVE PASSAGES.

Cupid, I adore thee! There is a charm——

Turn up your lip, old Sourcrout! we cannot. We—the young—the gay—the healthy—the happy! Wisdom!—physic—no more!—fling them both to the dogs, say I. Wisdom! fiddlesticks! I am tired of it. What is it?—a mourning dress!—water gruel!—a pair of goggles to the eyes of ardent youth!—a lame foot!—a peddler's pack, full of invaluable things, but then so heavy! Wisdom is a schoolmaster, with a ferule and a frown, a broad-brimmed hat, a voice that makes the ears ring. It is always hammering away at your ears and your conscience. You are circumscribed within narrow limits. You must not, for your life's sake, go out of bounds. You must not look at the sunshine, nor pluck the fruit, nor bathe in the stream, nor smell the opening flowers. This is wisdom. It makes avarice a habit and suspicion a duty. It checks the ardor of youth, extinguishes the fire of hope, and saddens even the brightness of virtue. Who has it?—the old, the wrinkled, the sick, the superannuated!—they who have drained the dregs of pleasure. It is the lesson of rashness, bought by disappointment; and it teaches distrust, melancholy and despair.

Give me hope, joy, youth, love! And this brings me back to my subject.

Cupid—laughing, rosy, blooming boy! How thy sweet mischief troubles men and women, beardless imp!—gray heads, prudes, scholars, philosophers, statesmen; and as for poets, such as Frederick—Jove! it makes my heart ache. Poor Frederick! One of my peculiarities is a strong tendency to differ in opinion from other people upon almost every possible subject. I never mouth the matter. I come out roundly.

I have no doubt the reader is fond of roast beef and plum pudding. Now, I detest them. Nothing could be more gross, earthly, stultifying. Beside, no man fond of such stuff does, ever did, or can sit down to such a meal without running into excess. Then come custard, ice-cream, fruit, almonds, raisins, wine. You rise with a distended stomach and heavy head, and stagger away with brutish apathy. I am for light diet—milk, rice, fruit—sweet, harmless things of nature. No lamb bleeds for me. No stately ox is slain that I may feast. Old mother earth supplies my slender appetites. The deep, deep spring, clear as crystal—the innocent vegetables—ethereal food. Thus I am light as fair. I am keenly susceptible to every moral and natural beauty which few enthusiastic beef-eaters are.

I differ from everybody in another thing. I believe in love at first sight. We ought to be able to tell in a week whether a woman would do for a wife. The judgment of true love is intuitive; a glance, and it is done. A man of genius has in his own imagination a standard of the object of his love—an unexplainable model—the prototype to which exists somewhere in reality, although he may never have seen or heard of her. This is wonderful, but it is true.

He wanders about the world, impervious to all the delicious, thrilling, soul-melting beams of beauty, till he reaches the right one. There are blue eyes—they are tender, but they touch not him. There are black—they are piercing, but his heart remains whole. At length accident flings him into contact with a creature—he hears the tones of her voice—he feels the warm streams of soul shining from her countenance. Gaze meets gaze, and thought sparkles into thought until the magic blaze is kindled, and—they fall in love.

It sometimes happens that, for one model in the imagination of a man of genius, there are, accidentally, two or three prototypes in real life; or, rather, he has two or three different models.

It is a great misfortune for a man to have more models than one. They lead him astray. They involve him in difficulties. They play the very mischief with him.

And yet metaphysicians and phrenologists ought to know that it is no affair of his. If a schoolboy have the organ of destructiveness you may whip him for killing flies, but you must not wonder at him. If a youth—. But this brings me back again to my subject.

I never could tell how many of these models Fred had; a great many, no doubt. He was a sad dog—a Don Juan—a sort of Giovanni—but that was his business. Oh, the sweet woman! It is almost incredulous. He must have dealt in magic. It was a perfect blessing to be near him; to catch the light and heat of the thousand glances which fell upon—and of which you caught a few stray ones—though only by accident. Lovely women fell into his mouth like ripe plums. He had clusters of them. They all loved him and he loved them all. His soul was as large as St. Peter's.

"What are you thinking of, Fred?" said I.

"Caroline," he answered.

"She who sailed yesterday for England?"

"Yes—I love her."

"And she——?"

He arose and opened an escritoire.

"Is it not perfectly beautiful?"

The sweet relic of golden sunshiny hair lay curled charmingly in a rose-colored envelope. It did look pretty. But—

"Has Caroline B—— such light hair?" asked I. "I never knew—I always thought—I was observing only yesterday that—surely, surely you have made some mistake—see, what is that written on the bottom of the paper? 'Julia!'"

Fred hastily looked again in the little pigeon hole, and drew forth another rose-colored envelope—another and another.

I smiled. So did he.

"What a vile, narrow prejudice it is," said Fred.

"What?"

"That a man can love only once. I have loved twenty—fifty—nay, a hundred times. I always love some one. Sometimes two at a time—sometimes twenty."

"Heartless!" exclaimed I. "This is not love. Love is sole, absorbing, pure, constant, immutable."

"Hark ye," said Fred, "I seldom cease to love. Adding another angel to the list does not infer the striking out of any of the others. There is no limit. A man of soul loves just as he happens to be placed in relation to women. I am warmed by them as I am when I stand in the sunshine. Because I have a garden here, when the beams of the god of day fall on my shoulders with a pleasing ardor—must I not feel the warmth when I stand in your garden yonder? It is the great principle—should the object of my early love die, must I be ever thereafter dead to the most exquisite of human passions? Death is only absence. I know twelve pretty women. They are better than men. Nature made them so. They are all different—all excellent—all divine. Can I be blind? Can I be deaf? Shall I deny that their voices are sweet—their hearts tender—their minds clear and intelligent? No. I love them all—Julia, Mary, Fanny, Helen, Henrietta, Eliza. I never think of them without sensations of delight."

Frederick felt a hand upon his shoulder. He looked up. It was Mrs. B., his wife.

"The deuce!" said he. I had withdrawn, of course. I am a bachelor myself—curtain lectures are not in my way. I have troubles enough of my own. Mrs. B. did not come down to dinner. Mr. B. did not come home to tea. I did not get up next morning to breakfast. So I could not know what was the result. Mrs. B. is one of the very loveliest women I ever met. I believe I have two or three models myself. It is pleasant enough, but then—every rose has its thorns.

"Only think!" said she to me, her eyes moistened with tears, her cheek crimson with shame, her bosom palpitating with distress, "twelve! He loves twelve, he says."

"A whole jury!" said I.

"It is monstrous!" said she.

"Monstrous indeed!" echoed I.

"What if I should love twelve officers?" said she.

"Tit for tat," said I.

"Or six," said she.

"Too good for him," said I, taking her hand.

"Or three," said she.

"Or one," said I, drawing her toward me and kissing her soft lips. She was my only sister and I always loved her. The plot was arranged. Frederick had meditated a journey of two days, but was called back by an anonymous note at 9 the same evening.

Tall women are so scarce! We hired the uniforms at the tailor's. "I am thunder-struck!" exclaimed Fred to me. "The world is at an end. The sun is out. What! Kate—my dear Kate!" Tears gushed from his eyes.

"I saw it myself," said the servant.

"Kissed her!"

"Six times," said John.

Frederick caught the pistol and pointed it at his head. I wrenched it from his grasp.

"Come with me," I said. "Perhaps it may be a mistake."

We opened the door softly. In the next room sat Mrs. B.; at her feet a richly-dressed young soldier, who kissed her hand, received from her a lock of hair, swore he loved her, and left her with an ardent embrace.

"I am suffocating," said Fred.

"Hush!" I exclaimed. "See, there is another. How familiarly he seats himself by her side—takes her hand—"

"I shall strangle to death!"

"Patience!"

"Dearest Colonel!" exclaimed Julia.

"The other was only the Lieutenant," whispered John.

"I am blessed with too few such faithful friends as you."

I held Fred still with the grasp of a giant.

"That I love you, I cannot deny. A woman of soul loves just as she happens to be placed in relation to men. She is warmed by their noble characters as she is when she stands in the sunshine. It is the great principle."

"Loveliest of thy sex," said her companion.

Fred burst forth, leveling both pistols at the Colonel. He pulled the triggers, but they did not go off. Pistols loaded with sawdust seldom do.

The Colonel uttered a scream and fled.

"Madam," said Fred, swelling with indignation, "have you any more of these affectionate friends?"

"Only eight, my dear husband. Why, what puts you in such a rage?"

"Perfidious wretch!"

"Hear me," said Mrs. B., solemnly; "when we married I intended to devote my life, my actions, my heart, to you. From you I expected the same. I can see no distinction in our relative duties toward each other. Love must exist on both sides, or on neither. Whatever may be the opinions of a heartless man, a 'man of true genius' and of true virtue makes his wife—"

"I am not to be preached to, traitress," exclaimed Fred. "I will leave you now, forever, but not until I take vengeance on my new military acquaintances. Where are they?"

"They are here," she answered.

The door was thrown open, and the two officers, with their chapeaux off, were heard giggling and laughing in a most unmilitary manner.

Fred soon discovered the truth, and read him his moral.

Husbands all, remember that wives have equal anguish and shame with yourselves in receiving a share of affection, though they do not possess your haughty and despotic power in extorting it. The slightest dereliction, even though only the carelessness of a moment on the part of a wife, stamps her forever with ignominy and pain; while the customs of society allow to a man a greater latitude in slighting, neglecting and deceiving her whose happiness is in his keeping. Of these customs "the man of true genius" will never take advantage.

Feeble Ladies.

Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its elasticity; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvelous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once, while the special cause of periodical pain is permanently removed. Will you heed this?—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A WOMAN—a lovely woman it is to be supposed—had her first political trouble at Port Jarvis. A horrid and wicked man challenged her as not being twenty-one years old, and instead of swearing her vote in she commenced to weep bitterly and tore her ballot to tatters. If a woman has got to swear to her age before she can vote, the knell of female suffrage is already sounded.

THE greatest effects have sometimes the smallest cause. Life is constantly sacrificed by neglect of Coughs and Colds, when a 25-cent bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup would save the sufferer.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

IT is said that no rhymes exist in the English language for the words silver, orange, month, kiln, bilge and gulf.

IT has been said that man is the only animal that makes use of tools, but the statement has been controverted, observation having shown that other animals do occasionally employ tools. This is especially the case with monkeys, which in confinement have been observed to use stones to crack nuts, and sticks or leather straps to draw toward them objects which lay beyond their reach.

SHAKSPEARE uses more different words than any other writer in the English language. Writers on the statistics of words inform us that he uses about 15,000 different words in his plays and sonnets, while there is no other writer who uses so many as 10,000. Some few writers use as many as 12,000 words, but the great majority of writers do not employ more than 8,000. In conversation but from 3,000 to 5,000 different words are used.

IN the city of Dublin there are 24,000 families, averaging five members, who are each living in a single room. The death-rate of the city is 40 per 1,000, which is equivalent to 60 per 1,000 in the tenement-house districts. These two facts, the enormous number of families living in a single room, and the high death-rate, prove that the horrors and dangers of Irish distress have not been exaggerated. These families of five, shut up each in a single room, depend for support upon wages of from 10 to 17 English shillings a week.

THE ease with which the Esquimaux of St. Lawrence island can see to a great distance, and the marvelous way in which news is transmitted from the most distant points, is really wonderful. A native will describe the dress and appearance of a man who is approaching at a great distance. A white man, even a sharp-eyed sailor, can just make out that it is a human figure. So if anything occurs on the coast, if a piece of wreck comes ashore, the full particulars will be known in a short time 1,000 miles from the place where it occurred. It is a wonderful system of telegraphy—one native rushing off to pass the news to another, and thus speeding intelligence over hundreds of miles in a single day.

FROM the examination of a book compiled 2,000 years B. C. it has been ascertained, what has long been supposed, that Chaldea was the parent land of astronomy; for it is found, from this compilation and from other bricks, that the Babylonians catalogued the stars, and distinguished and named the constellations. They observed the seventh day as one of rest. They invented the sun-dial to mark the movements of the heavenly bodies, the water-clock to measure time, and they speak in this work of the spots on the sun, a fact they could only have known by the aid of telescopes, which it is supposed they possessed, from observations that they have noted down of the rising of Venus and the fact that Layard found a crystal lens in the ruins of Nineveh. These "bricks" contain an account of the deluge, substantially the same as the narrative in the Bible. They disclose that houses and lands were then sold, leased and mortgaged, that money was loaned at interest, and that the market gardeners, to use an American phrase, "worked on shares;" that the farmer, when plowing with his oxen, beguiled his labor with homely songs, two of which have been found, and connect this very remote civilization with the usages of to-day.

One Experience from Many.

"I had been sick and miserable so long and had caused my husband so much trouble and expense, no one seemed to know what ailed me, that I was completely disheartened and discouraged. In this frame of mind I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve and gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural, but when I told them what had helped me, they said 'Hurrah for Hop Bitters! long may they prosper, for they have made mother well and us happy.'"—The Mother.—*Home Journal.*

Something Nice for Breakfast.

A cadaverous, hollow-eyed, "lean and hungry," Cassius-like man is the victim generally to a "pick-up" breakfast, "stale, flat, and unprofitable;" he goes forth hungry, ill-disposed for business, rebellious and dyspeptic; hideous and beggarly ideas get into his head; his brain is filled with suspicious chimeras. If he must eat hash it need not be the abominable melange which might be called a general postoffice where letters of all descriptions are thrown in—scraps of tasteless beef, the other table-scraps innocent of condiment; but there is a hash that will satisfy: Cut some beef in nice little slices from the bone, removing all the hard parts and skin; put the gravy in a saucepan with a pint of water, three table-spoonfuls of catchup, a desert-spoonful of minced savory herbs, an onion chopped fine, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a third of cayenne; take out a cupful of the liquid and rub into it a table-spoonful of flour; stir it well into the stewpan again and stew for ten minutes longer. Strain it through a sieve, return it to the pan, place the slices of beef in it, and keep the saucepan on the side of the range until the meat is heated through—not to boil, or it will become hard. A few minutes before serving add half a wine-glass of tarragon vinegar. Arrange some toasted sippets round a very hot dish, and serve the hash immediately after it is cooked. An excellent condiment for breakfast is potted tomatoes. The ripe tomatoes must be scalded and skinned, passed through a sieve to remove the seeds from the pulp, and heated gently in a stewpan; add salt, a little horseradish, some white vinegar, some onions to taste, minced very fine; when cold, put it in small pots and cover with melted butter; tie up in stout paper. A simple but delicate way of preparing potatoes is a favorite breakfast-dish in the West Indies: Two pounds of peeled potatoes are washed and grated; four ounces each are added of sugar and butter melted; one teaspoonful each of salt and pepper, mixed well together; placed in a baking-dish, and put into a brisk oven until done and shows a delicate brown color. Another mode of preparing potatoes by the French, after the potatoes are boiled in their jackets, is to peel and mash them with a fork; put them in a stewpan with some butter and salt, moisten through with cream, and let them grow dry while stirring them over the fire; add more cream, and continue adding for nearly an hour; turn them into a dish, and brown them on the top with a salamander.—*New York Evening Post.*

Artificial Sleep.

The artificial means by which drowsiness may be induced have been investigated lately in Germany by Preyer. The ordinary drowsiness of fatigue is supposed to be caused by the introduction into the blood of lactic acid, a compound proceeding from the disintegration of the bodily tissues of nerves and muscle. To ascertain whether this view was correct, Preyer administered large quantities of the acid to animals, and found that it would induce a drowsiness and slumber apparently identical with normal sleep, and from which they awakened seemingly much refreshed. Not only lactate soda, but sour milk and whey, fed to animals which had been fasting, produced this artificial sleep.

Little Mary and the Man With a Long Nose.

We heard a very amusing anecdote related of a gentleman possessed of a somewhat-prominent proboscis being invited out to take tea with a handsome young widow, having the small incumbrance of $40,000, and a beautiful and interesting little daughter of about 5 years of age. This little girl—whom we shall take the liberty of calling Mary—although very much beloved by all who knew her, had the habit of speaking aloud in company, and commenting on each and every peculiarity that any of her mamma's guests might have; and the charming widow, knowing the fact, took little Mary aside on the afternoon in question, and gave her a lesson, somewhat in the following manner:

"Mary, dear! I have invited a very particular friend of mine to come and take tea with me this evening, and, as he has rather a long nose, I wish to warn you against speaking of it in his presence. He is the most sensitive upon that point of all subjects; therefore, if you allude to it in his presence, you shall most assuredly be severely reprimanded. But, on the other hand, if you will sit up in your little chair and be a lady, you shall have that beautiful frosted cake I purchased of the baker this morning."

Little Mary made the requisite promise, and was amusing herself with her abundant supply of playthings when the long-nosed friend arrived. The compliments of the day having been exchanged, and the usual topics of the time fully discussed, the widow, with one of her blandest smiles, invited Mr.—— into the adjoining room to partake of the choicest dainties with which the table was bountifully supplied. As they were passing out of the room, leaving little Mary to amuse herself as best she could, the little cherub hastily intercepted them at the door, and, archly looking up into the animated countenance of her mother, exclaimed:

"Mother, dear, ain't it most time for me to have my nice frosted cake for not saying anything about this gentleman's long nose?"

The widow fainted, and the long-nosed gentleman is still a bachelor.

The Omaha Weekly Bee.

Over fifteen thousand dollars in premiums given to the subscribers of the Omaha *Weekly Bee*. These premiums include one forty-acre farm; over $4,000 in farm machinery and implements; $3,000 worth of household goods, musical instruments and sewing machines; $7,000 worth of watches, silverware, books, &c. The *Weekly Bee* is the best paper west of the Mississippi; contains more far Western news, including the Rocky mountain Territories and Pacific slope, than any other paper in America. Sample copies, with full premium list, mailed free to any applicant. Address DAILY BEE, Omaha, Neb.

European Rapacity—Chinese Moderation.

If Europeans, in truth, understood the duties resulting from the five relationships, then we should discern the effects in their lives. Love between prince and minister, father and son, elder and younger brothers, husband and wife, friend and friend would bring due subordination and careful fulfilment of relative duties; peace and order would reign supreme; there would be no angry rivalry or unrestrained greed, making use of deadly weapons to bring destruction on mankind. But do we see these results in Western countries? No, indeed! Their whole energy is centred in the manufacture of different kinds of machines—steam vessels and locomotives to bring rapid returns of profit, guns and rifles to slay their fellow-men. They rival one another in greed and in cunning methods of acquiring wealth; they say they are rich and mighty; and put it all down to their true knowledge, forsooth! But from the time when the heavens were spread out and the earth came into existence China can boast a continuous line of great men; so that man's wants have been better supplied each day than the one before it, and our language immeasably excels those of Europe in strength and depth. Property is wealth to the foreigner; moderation in his desires to the Chinese; material power is might to the foreigner; to live and let live is might to the Chinese. But the heaping up of words will not explain these principles. China forbids strange devices (machinery) in order to prevent confusion; she encourages humanity and justice as the very foundation of good government; and this will be her policy forever. Yet foreigners say that such principles are profitless. Profitless, indeed! Profitable, rather, beyond expression!—*Diary of Liu Ta-Jen, in the Nineteenth Century.*

A Pastor Made Happy.

I have been greatly troubled with my kidneys and liver for over twenty years, and during that entire time I was never free from pain. My medical bills were enormous, and I visited both the Hot and White Springs, noted for the curative qualities of the water. I am happy to say I am now a well man, and entirely as the result of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. With such glorious results I am only too glad to testify regarding the remedy which has made me so happy.

(Rev.) P. F. HARKLEE.

Coal Run Crossing, Arkansas.

THAT gigantic floating palace, the Livadia, made, in passing from Cork to Gibraltar, upward of seventeen miles an hour, while there was a total lack of any disagreeable motion, her "pitch" being but one degree. This may lead to a great change in ship-building.

Science in Aid of the Housewife.

Mending of all kinds of clothing, table and bed linen, etc., and elegant embroidery, is now done on the Wilson Oscillating Shuttle Sewing Machine, without an attachment. Wonders will never cease in this age of progress.—*Scientific American.*

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., Will send their Electro-Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon thirty days' trial. See their advertisement in this paper, headed, "On Thirty Days' Trial."

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Has again made its appearance in various parts of the country. As prevention is better than cure, the attention of owners of stock is called to UNCLE SAM'S CONDITION POWDERS. These celebrated powders stand unrivaled for their excellency as a preventive from disease. By mixing with the feed they will keep the animal in the best general health, toning up the system and keeping the digestive organs and blood in a healthy condition.
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DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS.

The symptoms of an acute attack of inflammation of the kidneys are as follows: Fever, pain in the small of the back, and thence shooting downward; numbness of the thigh, vomiting, usually at first a deep red color of the urine, which becomes pale and colorless as the disease increases, and is discharged very often with pain and difficulty; costiveness, and some degree of colic. In chronic diseases of the kidneys the symptoms are pain in the back and limbs, dryness of the skin, frequent urination (especially at night), general dropsy, headache, dizziness of sight, indigestion and palpitation of the heart, gradual loss of strength, paleness and puffiness of the face, cough, and shortness of breath.
In diseases of the kidneys the VEGETINE gives immediate relief. It has never failed to cure when it is taken regularly and directions followed. In many cases it may take several bottles, especially cases of long standing. It acts directly upon the secretions, cleansing and strengthening, removing all obstructions and impurities. A great many can testify to cases of long standing having been perfectly cured by the VEGETINE, even after trying many of the known remedies which are said to be expressly for this disease.

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS.

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Respectfully, O. H. SMITH.
Attested to by K. B. Ashfield, Druggist, corner Eighth and Central Avenues.

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Yours respectfully,
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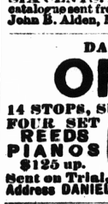
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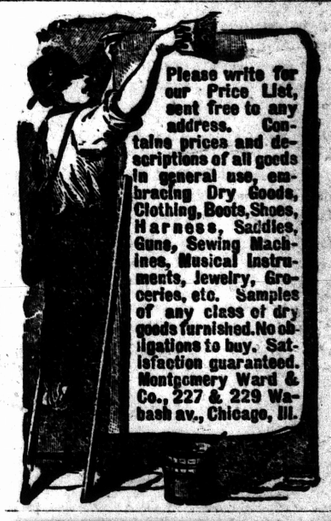
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