CURRENT TOPICS.

BAVARIA has passed a law forbidding the marriage of people who have received public charity within three years, who have not paid their taxes, or who by reason of vicious habits, laziness or poverty are likely to make home wretched. Such a statute here would cut off the hopes of many a young fellow in the heyday of cigarettes and caramels.

MR. GEO. WM. CURTIS suggests as to "woman's rights" that "there is one right of woman which the most unreasonable conservatism will not deny, and that is the right of earning her own living by her own industry and skill." This is *apropos* of the women's exhibit at New Orleans, which he discusses in the forthcoming February "Harper's."

DR. EDSON's report of his discoveries in the groceries of New York lightens up the ways that are dark in that line of trade. He found that common Rio coffee is put through a process of manipulation and poisoning which transforms it into any desired variety. Tea sweepings and willow leaves under treatment come forth "the best imported." Mustard is adulterated with tumeric and buckwheat middlings, when there is any mustard in the mixture. Pepper contains the tumeric and buckwheat with condemned sea-biscuit. Lead and its compounds are found in almost every article of prepared food, while copper and arsenic are in frequent use.

THERE are some interesting facts for the use of petroleum speculators. A German savant, Dr. Biel by name, has made a study of the petroleum question in Russia, and has been lecturing and writing in Europe on the subject. It appears from his statements that while Russia has only 115 wells against some 20,000 American wells, the average product of a Caucasian well is sixteen times as large as that of an American well. The Caucasian beds are said to be absolutely inexhaustible, and to have also the advantage over the Pennsylvania beds of being disposed in horizontal layers. In 1872 the Caucasian wells produced but 30,000 tons of oil; in 1882 the yield reached 1,000,000 tons.

THE controversy as to keeping live plants in a room at night continues to be carried on with vigor and acrimony, although most people have probably supposed that it was long since set at rest. At a medical conference recently held in France it was demonstrated to the satisfaction of all the savants there present that plants, as long as they are plants only, may safely, and even with advantage, be admitted to the elysium from which they have so often been exiled. These pretty ornaments, as a learned writer now declares, "far from being hurtful, are beneficial, inasmuch as they exhale a certain amount of ozone and vapor, which maintain a healthy dampness in the air, and, besides that, are destructive of the microbes which promote consumptive tendencies in human beings. It is only flowers, and not the plants which bear them, that do the damage. Ferns are innocuous; roses and sunflowers are pernicious, at least while they are in bloom."

INVESTIGATIONS made by Prof. Williams show that, as a rule, American asbestos is inferior in textile quality, being more brittle and harsh in fibre, as well as shorter than the foreign, and is therefore not so well adapted to the manufacture of spun or woven goods; it is stated, however, that the quality of the American asbestos is improving, new sorts being almost constantly found. There appears to be but little difference between this and the foreign in point of fireproof qualities, though some manufacturers report that as a general thing, the American article will stand a higher degree of heat; it is also better adapted for making fire-proof cements and paints, for which purpose it is generally used, the length of fibre being unessential. The Canadian is said to be the best for general use. The Italian is the finest for textile purposes, but on account of its higher price it cannot compete with either the Canadian or the American material, some exceptionally fine specimens being of very high cost.

A NEW use for the frog has been discovered. A medical correspondent of the London *Lancet* says that, finding the treatment of granulating wounds by skin grafting is in country practice liable to fall into disuse, through the unwillingness of patients to part with the little bit of skin necessary, he has lately been induced to try experiments with other substances as a substitute for human grafts. As the outcome of these experiments, he finds that bits of skin from a decapitated frog make grafts which admirably answer all purposes, forming a source of supply always at hand in the country, except during the winter months, and being easily applied on account of their uniformity in thickness and necessitating no pain to suffering humanity. The skin of a single frog yields grafts for an enormous extent of surface, and preserves its vitality so long that, if the patient is at a distance, the portion of skin required can be carried by the surgeon in his pocket for an hour or more without injury, provided it is wrapped in waterproof tissue to prevent drying.

GRAIN speculators who are in the habit of watching only the Black Sea reports of the movements of Russian grain ought to look in another direction. From facts recently published by the *Journal de St. Petersbourg* it appears that the development of railroads in Russia has completely changed the grain shipping question in that country. Less than twenty years ago over 85 per cent. of the total yearly Russian grain exports were shipped from Odessa. To-day that port supplies only about 17 per cent., the difference having been gained by the Baltic ports. Taganrog has suffered still more. But a few years ago it worked a district with a radius of over two hundred miles. To-day that radius is reduced to some fifty miles, the rest being diverted by rail to the northern ports. Thus, when Chicago corner-makers begin to make too much fuss about the decrease of Black Sea exports, shippers as well as speculators should study Baltic reports, published in London. They are usually quite trustworthy, London being in the grain trade for Riga, Libau and Konieburg what Liverpool is for this continent.

THE London correspondent of the Liverpool *Mercury*, referring to the incident mentioned by Canon Liddon in a recent sermon of Sir Robert Peel leaving a table at which the Christian religion was reviled, says: "The incident occurred at the table of a son of a peer, now himself a member of the House of Lords. There was a young man present whose ribaldry reached a height which nowadays would not for an instant be tolerated under any respectable roof. Sir Robert rose and left the room. He did not ring the bell and call his carriage, for it was too early in the evening for his carriage to be there; he left the room. His host, rising and following him into the hall, asked him if he were ill. "No," replied Sir Robert, "but I cannot sit any longer and hear that young man's conversation." "Come back and I will stop him," said the host. "No," rejoined Sir Robert decidedly. "I cannot sit in an atmosphere polluted by that young man's presence." And he departed in an ordinary cab. Though that young man was a rising politician on the Conservative side, though he had many parts and attained great weight, Peel never associated him in any of his Governments. His neglect made a bitter enemy of him, and he was pursued by him to the end of his days. That young man was Mr. Benjamin Disraeli.

ALWAYS SPOILING FOR A FIGHT.

Interesting Reminiscences of Morgan O'Connell.

Morgan O'Connell (son of Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish agitator), whose death was recorded by cable the other day, was a fire-eater in the days of his hot youth. His father was constantly waging war against the Saxons, and Morgan was his trusty lieutenant. Thus, when the Liberator denounced Lord Alvanley as a "bloated buffoon," and on receiving a challenge from the insulted nobleman, declined it on conscientious scruples, Morgan stepped in. He declared that he had no scruples, conscientious or otherwise, and was quite at the service of Lord Alvanley. A hostile meeting took place. They exchanged three shots each. No one was hurt, and Lord Alvanley left the field. The next to incur the enmity of Daniel O'Connell was a young, impetuous man named Benjamin Disraeli, at that time unknown to fame. In those days Disraeli had not decided upon a political party. He had been rejected by the Radicals, although his programme was quite revolutionary. When he sought their suffrages he went before them flourishing a letter of recommendation from Daniel O'Connell. After his rejection he changed his front. Joining the Tories, he endeavored to conciliate them by an attack on the Liberator. Accordingly, in a speech at Taunton, he denounced O'Connell with great vigor and ferocity. O'Connell was surprised at the attack, which he thought was rather an ungenerous return for his letter of recommendation. Accordingly he took an early opportunity of replying to Disraeli. In the course of his remarks he alluded to him as "the heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief who died upon the cross." Disraeli challenged Daniel O'Connell, but was simply laughed at for his pains. He next called upon Morgan O'Connell to do his "vicarious duty for his shrinking sire," ending his letter thus: "Now, sir, it is my hope that I have insulted him; assuredly it was my intention to do so, and I fervently pray that you or some one of his blood may attempt to avenge the inextinguishable hatred with which I shall pursue his existence."

Morgan O'Connell, acting under the advice of his father, refused to fight Disraeli. But he wrote a satirical lampoon in one of the scandalous journals of the day. In it Mr. Disraeli was represented as a bloodthirsty miscreant whose cry was:

> Is nobody coming to fight me?
> Will no one step forward to fight me?
> They hiss and they hoot
> But there's no one to shoot
> When in armor of Judah I dight me!

After Daniel O'Connell's death his son Morgan led a quieter life. His pursuits were not of the sort to bring him before the public, and he relapsed into a quiet, estimable gentleman, who desired repose after the troublous passages of his early career.

THIRTY-NINE LASHES.

The Punishment Inflicted on the Slanderer of a Lady.

Thirty-nine lashes and the signing of an affidavit that he was a malicious liar is the penalty which G. W. Murphy, of Americus, Ga., has just paid for slanderous remarks concerning a respectable lady. On January 8th, Murphy told a slanderous tale to several companions, which was subsequently conveyed to the friends of the lady whose reputation was at stake. They promptly held a council of war and decided to hold Murphy to account. He was first taken to the office of Clerk Pillsbury, of the Superior Court, where he affixed his signature to a card stating that what he had said was "a base and malicious falsehood." He was then taken to a secluded spot, where, his shoulders being stripped, a cowhide was used to such effect as to draw yells of pain from the wretch. When fifteen lashes had been administered he begged and pleaded for remission of the balance, but it was not until the entire thirty-nine had been given that he was turned loose with the admonition to get out of the way. The parties alleged to have administered the chastisement are very secretive, but one of them was heard to say exultingly: "Simon Cohn did the cowhiding like a veteran."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

His Educated Wife.

Jones—I tell you what it is, there's nothing like having a highly-educated wife.

Smith—I am a great admirer of cultivated women myself, and hope when I marry I will get one.

"Take no other, my friend. Take no other. You don't know how much unpleasantness I have escaped on account of my wife's accomplishments."

"I do not quite catch your drift."

"Well, you see, the first time she welcomed me with a curtain lecture I whispered to her that the servants might overhear. So, ever since that she has always done her scolding in French."

"A good idea certainly, but how does that relieve you?"

"I don't understand the language."

A PITIFUL FATE.

How a Minister's Good Deed Landed Him in an Insane Asylum—The Story of His Escape.

To the Editor of the Milwaukee Sentinel.

SIR,—I have read a good many stories of late concerning the confinement of sane persons in lunatic asylums, and I am thereby prompted to relate a bit of personal experience.

In the year 1855, while I was serving the Methodist Episcopal Church in a New England town, a neighbor's house took fire. In common with others, I stood on the verge of the roof, passing buckets of water, exposed to intense heat on one side and freezing winds on the other. I took a fearful cold. For twenty-five years it worked havoc in my physical and mental systems. Nevertheless, I continued in my ministerial duties. I preached many a sermon when suffering intense agony. At certain periods, however, I would be comparatively well, and then again, my head would get heavy, my breathing labored, my appetite fickle. I would lose interest in life; feel sleepy at mid-day and wakeful at midnight. My heart occasionally gave me great concern. Not knowing to the contrary, I attributed this ill feeling to malaria. But eventually mental strength faded away, and I was utterly prostrated. I was cauterized, cupped, blistered, and treated by many physicians in many different ways.

My case was a puzzle as much to my physicians as to myself. For one of them at first prescribed for delirium tremens, and yet I never had tasted intoxicating liquors. Another said I had brain disease, another spinal difficulty, another nervous prostration, heart disease, etc.

My mind eventually gave way, and in 1882 I was confined in the Brattleboro, Vt., Insane Asylum for six months. When I knew where I was I demanded instant release. I then made a visit to Oceanic, N. J., but I had recokned too much on my strength. I again lost my reason for a considerable period.

That I was in a desperate condition is evident. My blood had become infected with virus, which inflamed my brain occasionally, and doomed me to an early death; for no physician gave me any hope of a cure. I finally found out what my real disorder was, and undertook my own treatment. In a few months I was restored to such a state of health as I never expected to enjoy. That was over three years ago, and my physical and mental health have remained intact to this day.

Last March I came west, and engaged in garden farming. In all that time I have not lost a day's work; have apparently enjoyed the most vigorous health and I expect to live the full term of life. The remedy I used was Warner's Safe Cure, and if I should live a thousand years, I should never tire of telling of its praises.

You will confess with me, Mr. Editor, that such a change is remarkable. And you will, also, I am sure, agree with me, when I say that whatever created such a mental and physical restoration is deserving the highest praise.

Very truly yours,
REV. E. D. HOPKINS.

Dodge's Corners, Wis.

There are undoubtedly thousands who have an experience similar to the above, to whom Mr. Hopkins' recital will appeal with persuasive force.

The Proposed Memorial to King Alexander III. of Scotland.

The approach of the sixth century of this good king's death, an event which happened in a remarkable way, suddenly closing a prosperous reign, and touching the nation deeply, has once more awakened a desire to erect a memorial stone between Burntisland and Kinghorn, on the spot where the King was killed. The wedge like piece of rock, beside the sea where the King lay stiff beneath his steed, is still well-defined, and is literally protected by the ivy, which has long and tenaciously clung to the stone as if it were an emblem of the affection with which King Alexander's memory should be cherished. A stone cross at one time marked the scene of the accident, either at this place or on the cliff above where the horse stumbled; but it has long since disappeared. The proposal to replace it by a substantial monument was advocated at a meeting held at Burntisland about fifteen years ago, when a committee was formed; but owing to the death of the principal promoters of the movement it was allowed to drop. It is now sought to be revived by a member of the original committee, Dr. Alexander Laing, of Newburgh, who has done much to commemorate the interesting historical scene in his own locality, and who has already collected a few subscriptions towards the memorial. A small sum for this purpose also lies at the bank at Burntisland, and it is contemplated to make these the nucleus of a fund to provide a fitting memorial, to which Scotsmen will be invited to contribute. It may be mentioned, as an indication of the nature of the memorial aimed at, that a design was submitted to the old committee showing a Celtic cross raised over a rustic arch. Another idea was to raise a huge cairn over the spot, the large stones of which might be polished on the face to receive inscriptions.—*Scottish American.*

Why They Were Not at the Ball.

Before the ball—First Would-be Society Man.—"Going to the ball?"

Second W. B. S. M.—"I expect to."

First W. B. S. M.—"Very sorry, I wanted to borrow your dress suit."

Second W. B. S. M.—"Oh, you are going, are you?"

First W. B. S. M.—"Why, certainly."

Second W. B. S. M.—"Bought your ticket?"

First W. B. S. M.—"Yes."

Second W. B. S. M.—"Very sorry, I wanted to go and I was going to ask you to lend me $10."

Dr. Holmes has rendered the music of the village choir into words. He says that "three hymns more or less lugubrious" were "rendered by a village choir, got into voice by many preliminary snuffles and other expiatory efforts and accompanied by the snort of a huge bass-viol which wallowed through the tune like a hippopotamus."

Mary Anderson is taking lessons on the violin. More strings to Mary's bow, eh?

Barnum has thirty-eight elephants in training in winter quarters at Bridgeport.

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I

Could not move!

I shrunk!

From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles, I am not only as sound as a sovereign, but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

R. FITZPATRICK.

Dublin, June 6, '81.

CHAPTER II.

"Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1880. Gentlemen—I suffered with attacks of sick headache."

Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner. No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure, until I used Hop Bitters.

"The first bottle

"Nearly cured me;"

The second made me as well and strong as when a child,

"And I have been so to this day."

My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious

"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint,

"Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—

"Incurable!"

Seven bottles of your Bitters cured him and I know of the

"Lives of eight persons"

In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters,

And many more are using them with great benefit.

"They almost

Do miracles?" —*Mrs. E. D. Slack.*

HOW TO GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know *how to get well*, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Nearly two thousand Chinese gamblers and opium smokers were arrested in San Francisco last year and paid $27,000 in fines.

A Printer's Error.

Sweet are the uses of *adversity*, the printer's copy said, but he set it up, sweet are the uses of advertising. Sweet, indeed, to those who in sickness and suffering have seen the advertisement of some sovereign remedy, which upon trial has brought them from death's door. "The best thing I ever saw in my paper was the advertisement of Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery'" is again and again the testimony of those who have been healed by it of lung disease, bronchial affections, tumors, ulcers, liver complaints and the ills to which flesh is heir.

There are 5,000 unemployed men in Buffalo.

What's the Use?

Why suffer a single moment, when you can get immediate relief from internal or external pain by the use of Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain cure? Nerviline has never known to fail. Try a 10 cent sample bottle. You will find it just as recommended. Neuralgia, toothache, cramps, headache, and all similar complaints disappear as if by magic when Nerviline is used. Large bottles 25 cents. Test bottles 10 cents, at druggists and country dealers.

Photographs of Prince Henry of Battenberg are being sold in London by the tens of thousands. The Prince, by the way, will be made a Knight of the Garter on his wedding-day.

——Any lady who desires further information than can be given in the limited public space of newspaper columns can obtain Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's pamphlet "Guide to Health" by sending a stamp to Lynn, Mass.

In Doubt.

A young man was for several years on the most intimate terms with an old but very rich widow.

Two men came to talk about the couple. Said one of them:

"I hear that the relationship between the young man and the widow are to receive the sanctions of the law."

"Why don't you talk plainly," responded the other. "From what you say I can't make out whether she is going to adopt or marry him."

A Laughing Plant

This is not a flower that laughs, but one that creates laughter, if the printed stories of travellers are to be believed. It grows in Arabia, and is called the laughing plant, because its seeds produce effects like those produced by laughing gas. The flowers are of a bright yellow and the seed pods are soft and woolly, while the seeds resemble small black beans, and only two or three grow in a pod. The natives dry and pulverize them, and the powder, if taken in small doses, makes the soberest person behave like a circus clown or a madman, for he will dance, sing and laugh most boisterously, and cut the most fantastic capers, and be in an uproariously ridiculous condition for about an hour. When the excitement ceases the exhausted exhibitor of these antics falls asleep, and when he awakes he has not the slightest remembrance of his frisky doings.—*Vick's Floral Magazine.*

Wine and a Dry Tongue.

Two Polish coreligionists were on a journey on a hot summer day. "Have you anything with you, Matthias?" "Yes, a bottle of Hungarian wine. What have you got, Tiloff?" "A dry tongue." "Good. Then we will divide our provisions." "Very good, Begin." Matthias produced a bottle of wine from his wallet, and its contents were honorably divided. After this had been done Matthias wiping his mouth, asked his fellow-traveller to bring out his provision. "I?" answered Tiloff. "Why, yes, your dry tongue." "I haven't got one now!" was the reply.—*Hebrew Journal.*

What an Englishman Wants.

LEEDS,
25 Norwood Crescent,
Victoria Road, Leeds.
21 January, 1884.

Gents: Kindly send me the price of PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR. I have tried it and found it an admirable remedy. I call every three months upon the best boot dealers in the north of England. I will if I can profitably, buy and sell it.

Yours truly,
S. DUNN.

Use only Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. N. C. Polson & Co, Kingston, proprs.

The highest-priced pew in Grace Church New York, cost the owner $3,000.

"Nip't in the Bud!"

Sad to say, many a good thing attains to nothing more than a fair beginning. On the other hand it is a matter for congratulation that the growth of some evil things may be also promptly frustrated. A large proportion of the cases of the most widespread and fatal of diseases—consumption, have their inception in nasal catarrh. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is pleasant, soothing and effectual. Try it. It has cured thousands. All druggists.

There are thirty-two miles of elevated railway in New York City.

* * * Loss of power in either sex, however induced, speedily, thoroughly and permanently cured. Address, with three letter stamps for reply and book of particulars, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Gen. Grant's memoirs are to include reminiscences of the Mexican war as well as of the rebellion. It is likely that the volume will be finished within the coming three months.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE

For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

IT WILL CURE ENTIRELY THE WORST FORM OF FEMALE COMPLAINTS, ALL OVARIAN TROUBLES, INFLAMMATION AND ULCERATION, FALLING AND DISPLACEMENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WEAKNESS, AND IS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THE CHANGE OF LIFE.

IT WILL DISSOLVE AND EXPEL TUMORS FROM THE UTERUS IN AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE TENDENCY TO CANCEROUS HUMORS THERE IS CHECKED VERY SPEEDILY BY ITS USE.

IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, DESTROYS ALL CRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH. IT CURES BLOATING, HEADACHE, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, GENERAL DEBILITY, DEPRESSION AND INDIGESTION.

THAT FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY CURED BY ITS USE.

IT WILL AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS THAT GOVERN THE FEMALE SYSTEM.

☞ ITS PURPOSE IS SOLELY FOR THE LEGITIMATE HEALING OF DISEASE AND THE RELIEF OF PAIN, AND THAT IT DOES ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO, THOUSANDS OF LADIES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY. ☜

FOR THE CURE OF KIDNEY COMPLAINTS IN EITHER SEX THIS REMEDY IS UNSURPASSED.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. *Sold by all druggists.* Sent by mail, postage paid, in form of Pills or Lozenges on receipt of price as above. Mrs. Pinkham's "Guide to Health" will be mailed free to any Lady sending stamp. Letters confidentially answered.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

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J. WINCKLER
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The simplest and best in the market. Price $3
Address 68 Hughson street south Hamilton.

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich, offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them once for illustrated pamphlet free.

CLIMAX Unadulterated GRADE

R. U. AWARE
THAT
Lorillard's Climax Plug
bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

EYE, EAR AND THROAT.

DR. G. S. RYERSON, L. R. C. P. S. E., Lecturer on the Eye, Ear and Throat' Trinity Medical College, Toronto. Oculist and Aurist to the Toronto General Hospital, late Clinical Assistant Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorefield's and Central London Throat and Ear Hospital. 317 Church Street. Toronto. Artificial Human Eyes

Best PLACE to secure a Business Education or Spencerian Penmanship at the STERLING BUSINESS COLLEGE Cleveland Ohio Circulars free