We Owe No Man a Dollar.

Oh, do not envy, my own dear wife,
The wealth of our next door neighbor,
But bid me still be stout of heart,
And cheerfully follow my labor.
You must know, the last of those little debts
That have been our lingering sorrow
Is paid this night! So we'll both go forth
And shake hands with the world to-morrow!
Oh, the debtor is but a shame faced dog,
With the creditor's name on his collar;
While I am a king and you a queen,
For we owe no man a dollar!

Our neighbor you saw in his coach to-day,
With his wife and his flaunting daughter,
While we sat down, at our coverless board,
To a crust and a cup of water.
I saw that the tear drop stood in your eye,
Though you tried your best to conceal it;
I knew that the contrast reached your heart,
And I could not help but feel it;
But knowing now, that our scanty fare
Has freed my neck from the collar,
You'll join in my laugh, and help me shout
That we owe no man a dollar!

This neighbor, whose show has dazzled your eyes,
In fact, is a wretched debtor;
I pity him oft, from my very heart,
And I wish that his lot were better.
Why, the man is the veriest slave alive,
For his dashing wife and daughter
Will live in style, though ruin should come,
So he goes like a lamb to the slaughter.
But he feels it the tighter every day,
That terrible debtor's collar;
Oh, what would he give could he say with us
That he owed no man a dollar!

You seem amazed, but I'll tell you more,
Within two hours I met him
Sneaking along with a frightened air,
As if a fiend had beset him.
Yet he fled from a very worthy man,
Whom I met with the grandest pleasure;
Whom I called by name and forced to stop,
Though he said he was not at leisure.
He held my last note, so I held him fast,
Till he freed my neck from the collar,
Then I shook his hand as I proudly said:
"Now, I owe no man a dollar!"

Ah! now you smile, for you feel the force
Of the truths I've been repeating;
I knew that a downright honest heart
In that gentle breast was beating!
To-morrow I'll rise with a giant's strength
To follow my daily labor;
But ere we sleep let us humbly pray
For our wretched next door neighbor;
And we pray for the time when all shall be free
From the weight of the debtor's collar;
When the poorest will lift his voice and cry:
"Now, I owe no man a dollar!"

Kissing in Church.

Worshippers at the German Baptist Church on Fourteenth street, between First and Second avenues, were treated to a sensation yesterday morning. In the middle of the service a tall, slender, sallow-faced man of about 30 years rose in a pew in the centre aisle, clasped a young lady who sat next him by the waist, drew her face to his, and frantically embraced her. They were the only occupants of that pew. Other members of the congregation looked on amazed and inactive. The young lady screamed, but the man, not relaxing his grasp in the least, sent forth a succession of earsplitting shouts. The pastor, Rev. G. A. Schulte, who had suspended his sermon at the first outcry, left the pulpit and came down the aisle. When he tried to take the young man out of the pew he found he had a big contract on his hands. Others came to his assistance, and the lady was released. She immediately fainted from excitement and terror.

The pastor walked the young man up and down the aisle, exhorting him in soothing tones to calm himself. This treatment was unsuccessful, the man becoming more violent each moment. He was taken to the Seventeenth precinct station house on a stretcher, but when he got there it took several policemen to hold him down. He was evidently dangerously insane, and was sent to Bellevue hospital, where the surgeons consigned him to a padded cell.

Dr. Schulte, pastor of the church, says the young man has been a regular attendant there for several years. He is Cornelius Hendrickson, a clerk out of employment, living with a relative at No. 138 Essex street. His mind has been affected for a number of years, softening of the brain having resulted from an old sickness. He was hitherto mild and harmless in his demeanor. He was from home all Christmas Day and attended the Christmas night service at the church. Nothing out of the way was then observable in his conduct.—*New York Star.*

After They Found Out.

A Detroiter who was driving out on the Holden road the other day came to a spot where the snow was badly drifted on each side of the track just as a woman driving a horse and "pung" entered the other end of the cut. As they both held to the road their horses soon came head on and stopped.

"Why didn't you turn out?" shouted the man.

"Why didn't you?" replied the woman.

"I've got seven miles to drive, but I'll stay here all winter before I'll turn out!"

"And I've got five dozen eggs here, and I'll let them freeze as hard as rocks before I'll give an inch!"

The man dropped the lines, lighted a cigar and leaned back on his seat. The woman dropped her lines, lighted her pipe and wrapped the old buffalo robe around her feet. Thus they sat for eight minutes, when the man grew impatient and called:

"What's the price of hogs out your way?"

"Oh, you've got all the pork you want in your sleigh," she replied.

"I'm glad I'm a widower!"

"And I'm glad I'm a widder!"

"Eh? Are you a widow?"

"Sartin, and I own 225 acres of the best land in Greenfield. So you are a widower?"

"Yes'm. Madam, pray excuse me. I'll cheerfully turn out."

"Oh, don't mention it. I'm perfectly willing to haul into the snowbank."

"Ah! madam, allow me to hope that you will overlook my——"

"Oh, certainly. Fine weather ut rather cold. Good-bye."

"Good-bye madam. Wish you a safe journey."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Peaches and Persimmons.

In the New York market peaches are quoted at "$2 a dozen and very scarce." Among persons of moderate means peaches at that rate are always scarce. There is more solid comfort in a quart of persimmons at 25 cents a quart than in a peck of $2-a-dozen peaches.—*Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.*

Miss Mabel Wright is the latest discovered professional beauty in New York. She is described as the fairest blonde imaginable, with light hair, blue eyes, and exquisite color.

CURRENT TOPICS.

GEN. BOULANGER, French Minister of War, though his popularity is more civil than military, is a cause of uneasiness to Germany. He has taken no step to alarm any one so far. But as he says nothing, while devoting all his energies to the reorganization of the armies of France, his very silence is suspicious and makes his enemies uneasy.

EDITORIAL writers in various parts of the country are making the mistake of calling the recent Chanceller of the English Exchequer Lord Churchill. There is a Lord Churchill in the English peerage, but Lord Randolph Churchill is an entirely different person. Lord Churchill is only 22 and has never held a higher office than a page of honor to the Queen.

TAKE a back seat, all you Hamilton toboggan slides, please. Tuxedo has just put into operation the longest slide in America. The much-vaunted Montreal slide is 1,600 feet long, the one at Saratoga 1,600 feet, while the Tuxedo slide is over 4,000 feet from top to bottom, and the tobogganers go down the mile in half a minute. One man has broken his leg on it, too.

THE difficulty of sighting rifles in the dark in warfare has been ingeniously overcome by the use of luminous paint. A small luminous bead is clipped on to the rifle over the fore sight and another over the rear sight when used at night in reply to an enemy's fire, forming two luminous sights. The English War Office authorities have had some of these sights under trial for the past six months, and have now given their first order for some.

NOT many years ago the seeds of the cotton boll were thrown away. Now olive oil is made of it that the chemists cannot tell from the best Italian product, save by the freezing test. Oil cake is made from the refuse, and the husk is employed as fuel in the above processes. Even the ashes are made into the finest quality of toilet soap. If cotton isn't king, it is royally connected.

IT is high time to settle the year's outstanding accounts. He is a wise man who opens the new year free of debt. The wisdom of Micawber—not his folly—is most pertinent at present: "Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen, nineteen six; result, happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds, nought and six; result, misery." If men would live within their incomes the United States and the prisons would see fewer of despairing faces.

THE usefulness of asphalt paper appears to be demonstrated by its constantly multiplying applications. In thin sheets it is found admirably adapted for wrapping silks or other fabrics that need protection from moisture, also for lining cases, packing boxes for pianos, etc., and, rolled up into pipes, for conveying water. Asphalt tubes are but one-fifth the weight of iron, will not rust, and are quite tough and strong; they are simply sheets of paper of a peculiar quality dipped in melted asphalt and then rolled upon a cylinder.

MADAGASCAR, until quite recently a barbarous country, whose dusky inhabitants displayed a taste for cannibalism and human sacrifices, is progressing with giant strides in the acquisition of what we are pleased to term civilization. Queen Ranavalo, having been given to understand that every respectable nation possesses a national debt, has just caused a Malagese loan of $3,000,000 to be floated at Paris, mortgaging the Customs revenue of six of her principal ports as security for the payment of the interest. The French are clever people, for it appears that of the $3,000,000, $2,000,000 are to be handed over to M. Grevy's Government in payment of the war indemnity; another half a million will probably be retained by the Paris financiers as commission and expenses incidental to the issue of the loan, and the National Treasury of Madagascar will obtain the balance—that is, if any remains.

AN interesting account is given by Mr. Richards, superintendent of the motive power of the Boston & Providence Railroad, of a visit made by him to the famous Krupp steel works at Essen. He saw a 10-ton crucible steel casting being poured, and an enormous 70-ton steel casting being very gradually cooled, the outside being warmed with coke fires until the inside has partly solidified, when the block is hammered into shape to form the main piece of an immense gun. The enormous array of furnaces in which the crucibles are heated and the perfect manner in which such a large number of men—in some cases as many as 800—all lift their 80-pound crucibles out of the furnaces and pour them into the mould in rapid succession is described as a wonderful sight. The scrupulous care bestowed upon the minutest detail was a noticeable feature about their manipulation of steel. If, after extended trials, a certain practice or proportion of ingredients has been found to give the best results, that practice is absolutely and exactly adhered to, nothing in the whole range of the vast operations of the establishment being left to mere possibilities.

MATTERS have been so arranged in connection with the restoration of the Scottish Parliament Hall, Edinburgh Castle—the cost of which is to be born by Mr. William Nelson—that the work will now be proceeded with. The building is a work of the fifteenth century—an entry in the Exchequer Rolls giving the date of construction as 1434—and is the same in which kings and nobles deliberated throughout the reigns of the Scottish Jameses and their successors, on to the time when in 1648 Cromwell was entertained there by the Earl of Leven. The works will comprise the cleaning and completion of the handsome hardwood roof, which is almost entire, the removal of the modern "garderobe" excresence on the south front, and the opening out and completion of the large windows on that elevation, where the original rybats are still visible. The private stair leading from the Hall to the kitchen on the lower floor, recently discovered by Major Gore Booth, constructed in the thickness of the west gable, will also be repaired; and it is understood that it is Mr. Nelson's intention to complete the Hall and fit it internally in a manner resembling what its original appearance must have been, so that when finished it will doubtless add much to the attractions of the venerable castle. The Hall, as is known, is at present occupied as a military hospital; but it is understood that an arrangement has been come to, under War Office sanction, whereby military patients from the castle—of whom at present there are only about a dozen—will be received into the Edinburgh Royal Asylum.

Clothes for Princess Beatrice's Baby.

For the exclusive benefit of lady readers, I publish the following details of the layette supplied for the infant prince. The bassinet is wicker, with the usual arched top, much the same as the one used for the Queen herself and her own children. It is covered with white satin, and over this is the finest book muslin, edged with a frilling of the same, bordered with Scotch embroidery worked on the muslin itself, with dots exquisitely embroidered in the centre of each. The under blankets are of the finest thick downy flannel, stitched all round and worked with a monogram that appears on everything, "R. N." (royal nursery), and the crown. The pillows and sheets are bordered with fluted muslin, edged with lace, and crisp bows of thick white satin ribbon are introduced on the bassinet here and there. The basket is of the new three-tier kind, most convenient for use, trimmed exactly to match, with satin and muslin and embroidered frilling. The tiny ivory brushes bear the "R. N." monogram and crown on black lettering on the back; the sponge bags are of white india-rubber cloth, drawn on white satin ribbon, the cushions trimmed with fine embroidery and lace. The bibs tied up in dozens with white satin ribbon, are of muslin completely covered with embroidery and edged with Valenciennes lace, and have the same monogram and crown finely wrought. There is not a space where a pin's point could be inserted that is not covered with embroidery. The lace veils are all of Honiton lace, of large size. The dresses made low, with long skirts, are of the finest muslin, with row upon row, reaching almost to the waist, of lace and work insertion, edged with Valenciennes, with robings down the front, just the same in form as the christening robe in which Her Majesty, as well as many of her own children, were christened.—*London Figaro.*

A Good Story Revamped.

"A country parson," in encountering a storm the past season in the voyage across the Atlantic, was reminded of the following:

A clergyman was so unfortunate as to be caught in a severe gale in the voyage out. The water was exceedingly rough and the ship persistently buried her nose in the sea. The rolling was constant, and at last the good man got thoroughly frightened. He believed they were destined for a watery grave. He asked the captain if he could not have prayers. The captain took him by the arm and led him down to the forecastle, where the tars were singing and swearing. "There," said he, "when you hear them swearing you may know there is no danger."

He went back feeling better; but the storm increased his alarm. Disconsolate and unassisted, he managed to stagger to the forecastle again. The ancient mariners were swearing as ever. "Mary," he said, as he crawled into his berth, to his sympathetic wife, after tacking across a wet deck, "Mary, *thank God they're swearing yet.*"—*Harper's Magazine for January.*

Wanted Them at the Old Price.

A very aged man from the southern portion of the county stepped into the county clerk's office on Saturday for the purpose of getting a license to marry for the sixth time in his checkered career.

"What's marriage license worth, Billy?" he asked of Clerk Hill.

"A dollar and a half," replied Mr. Hill.

"That's mighty steep. This is the sixth time I have had occasion to ask this question here, and I have always heretofore got license for $1, and I don't think you ought to raise the price on me in my old age."

"If a man would take six marriage licenses at one time he could get them at reduced rates, but when he takes them at long intervals, like you do, it only amounts to a retail business, and I have to charge retail rates."

Without saying more the old gentleman produced $1.50, and was served with a license with a red seal and blue ribbon.—*Dallas News.*

He Understood.

"But, father," she protested as the old man ceased speaking, "you do not seem to understand the case."

"Oh, but I do. Yor shall never marry William, even if he is my confidential clerk."

"Father, you——"

"That is all, Helen—say no more."

Four days later she wrote him from Toronto, saying: "Will and I arrived here safely, and were married at once. We have $60,000 of your money. Is all forgiven, or shall we settle down here?"

He telegraphed his forgiveness.—*N. Y. Wall Street News.*

Precocious Wisdom.

From the earliest age the children of the poor are initiated into the mysteries of pawning, and they look upon it as a recognized feature of every day life, says a London *News* correspondent. In an infant school in South London the other day the teacher was explaining to the children the parable of the prodigal son.

Said the teacher—And now all the prodigal son's clothes are gone and he has no food. What must he do?

To which a little girl, 3½ years old, immediately responded: "Why, pawn his little gal's boots and fings."

For a Returning Sinner.

Husband—My dear, that is a long motto you are working.

Wife—Yes, John.

He reads on it:

'While the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return.'

"Is it to be hung in the vestibule of the church, my dear?"

"No, John; I'll hang it on the chandelier in the hall."—*Harper's Bazar.*

While Patti was in Kansas City she visited the "points of interest." These consisted, commented the organ of a rival city, of three rendering establishments and a soap factory.

FASTER THAN THE WIND.

A Runaway Train on a Down Grade—Two Miles Per Minute.

Wm. Tillie, one of the men who were on board the train which met with the recent thrilling accident on the Canadian Pacific Railway, gives a graphic account of the disaster. Station Fields is at the bottom of Kicking Horse Pass grade. The track here ascends the mountain in a grade of four and one-half feet to the hundred for eight miles. Hector Station is at the top of the grade. The steepest part of the grade is about two miles from the top, where it is an inch to a foot. Each train has two engines, a small one going before and a large one behind. The large engine behind prevents any car becoming detached and rushing down the mountain side. As a further precaution there are, in the steepest part of the road, two miles apart, safety switches, which are left open, so that should any cars break loose they run off on to the switch, which slopes gradually up in the opposite direction. It was found necessary to divide the train, and the second section, composed of the second-class car and the baggage car, was being hauled to the top of the mountain when the coupling broke. There was no engine behind them and they went tearing down the mountain side at a fearful speed that was constantly increasing. It was very early in the morning and not yet daylight. There were about twenty passengers in the car. "It went through us like an electric shock," said Mr. Tillie, "when we felt that the train was detached, and every person on board supposed that his end had come. The conductor and brakemen in a second were at the brakes, but unfortunately for us the air-brakes were frozen stiff and the other brakes would not catch. It is impossible to describe the scene. There was hardly time to realize the awfulness of the danger which threatened us. Fear seemed to freeze every pulse. There was not a single cry or shout or any expression of emotion. The pace was terrific. It was like a flash of lightning. I can compare it to nothing else. One or two tried to rise, but the speed was so great that they could not stir off their seats. They seemed drawn to the seats, as a piece of steel to a huge magnet. Only one voice was heard to whisper, in a tone of absolute despair, "hang on," and each clung to his seat as a drowning man clings to a straw. The cars were swaying from side to side with a motion that felt like that of a cradle. It seemed an age, but it was in reality not a minute, from the time that the cars broke loose till they reached the switch upon which we had lain all night. Two miles in one minute! When we reached the switch it was half closed by the snow. Our car ran off on the switch, but the baggage car kept right on the main line. There was a 'crack!' we felt ourselves in mid-air, and then we were lying stunned and wounded in a mass of *debris* at the bottom of the hill among the rocks and stumps. It was not yet daylight, and darkness added to the horrors of our condition. The car was smashed to atoms."

Every person on board was more or less hurt, but only two died as a result of their injuries.

The Carpet Worm.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* says: "Last year I noticed inquiries innumerable for protection against the buffalo moth or carpet worm. Although my neighbors have suffered from its invasion to the extent of ruined carpets, clothing, etc., I have never, during my twenty years of house-keeping, had a moth of any description, and attribute my immunity entirely to the use of turpentine. After each of my carpets is well swept, it is at once gone over with the following mixture: To three quarts of pure, cold water, add three tablespoonfuls of turpentine. In this thoroughly saturate a sponge, squeeze about two-thirds dry, and go over each breadth separately and in all the corners. As soon as the water becomes soiled take a fresh supply. You will be surprised to see how beautifully it will clean your carpets, besides being one of the best disinfectants. My father, an eminent physician, had this always practiced in his family, and we were never troubled with fevers any more than with moths."

A Cautious Daughter.

Mrs. Peterby—Why did you cut an item out of the paper?

Miss Peterby—Because I want pa and the boys to swear off on New Year's.

Mrs. P—What's the item got to do with it?

Miss P—Its got a great deal to do with it. If they read that whisky is a sure remedy for the cholera they will never draw another sober breath.

Different.

Father (to rapid son)—My father never gave me money to spend for fast horses, opera tickets, late dinners, and the like.

Rapid Son—Oh, yes, but you forget that I come of a more aristocratic family than you did.—*Life.*

A train on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, in charge of a new engineer and a new conductor, came to a place near Fulton, Ill., where several short tracks branched off from the main line. They wanted to go to Fulton, and did not know which track to take, so they hunted up a farmer and inquired.

The Duke of Westminster has sent £500 to a charitable institution in London. As the Duke receives over a million dollars a year in rents, and as the contribution was made up from the proceeds of the shilling entrance fees paid at Eaton Hall by strangers for the privilege of inspecting that new hall, the "Dook" is entitled to great credit for his generosity.

"Is it true that her father is so very wealthy?" said De Jones, referring to the daughter of a Wall street magnate. "I'm not sure, but I guess he must be," replied De Smithe, "for he has already failed three times."

Age cannot stale nor custom wither the infinite variety of Oliver Wendell Holmes' manner of handling the language of compliment. A Boston lady who sent him a bouquet of roses on Christmas received in return the following note: "Many thanks, dear Mrs. P——, for the beautiful roses; and if the gardens were as full of flowers as your heart is of kind feelings they would leave no room for sidewalks."

DIGESTION.

Is It Assisted by Chewing Gum and Sleeping After Meals?

The physiology of digestion, says a writer in "Science," has been so thoroughly investigated of late years that it would seem that there could be very little opportunity for difference of opinion on most of its leading principles, and yet we find that authorities are on some points very much at variance. We are told that nothing can be more prejudicial than the habit of chewing gum, supposed to be so common among school children. The salivary glands are unnaturally excited, and pour forth so much saliva in the act that when food is masticated they are not able to respond as fully as is necessary for the proper insalivation of the food. We are also informed that food should not be eaten just before retiring; that thoroughly refreshing sleep requires perfect repose of all the organs, and that, if we go to sleep with a more or less full stomach, sleep will be disturbed and unsatisfactory. The authorities of Amherst College evidently do not agree with these views. In the instructions which they give to their students to guide them in their gymnastic exercises, after specifying the kind and amount of physical exercise, they recommend sleeping for half an hour after dinner and supper, if possible, and if sleepless at night from brain work to eat a few graham crackers before retiring, to draw the excess of blood from the brain to the stomach. In reference to the practice of chewing gum, this statement is made: Chewing gum daily before eating and between meals increases the flow of saliva, and so aids the digestion of fat making foods. It also directly stimulates the secretion of the digestive juices of the stomach.

It Wasn't Tooth Powder.

I was told yesterday a rather amusing story at the expense of Mark Twain—and the same story is already a standing joke in society. Not long ago the humorist was travelling in the country, and stopped one evening at a house presided over by an elderly woman. He was shown to a room somewhat bare of ornament and furniture, yet slept until morning. When morning came and he rose he became mindful of the fact that, although he had provided himself with a tooth brush, he had forgotten his tooth powder. He consoled himself with the thought that there must be tooth powder lying somewhere about. After a brief search he discovered something in a small box on the mantel which certainly resembled tooth powder. At any rate he used it vigorously on his teeth, and found it satisfactory. When he got down stairs he apologized to his hostess for using her tooth powder. She appeared surprised. "What tooth powder?" she inquired, blandly. "It was on the mantel," Mark replied. "On the mantel?" she repeated. "Yes, in a small box. It was excellent," he declared. "Good gracious!" she ejaculated, "that wasn't tooth powder!" "What was it?" asked Mark, now slightly alarmed. "Why, that was auntie!" said she. It seems that "auntie" had been cremated.—*Rochester Post.*

Money Saved.

Mrs. Muggins—And so your daughter has married one of your boarders?

Mrs. Muggins—Yes; he was the most expensive boarder I've had since I came to Omaha—always in the house, keeping the fires blazing and the gas burning; why, he was like to ruin me.

"But your daughter married him——"

"Yes; he spends his evenings at the club now."—*Omaha World.*

Pain Cannot Stay

Where Polson's Nerviline is used. Composed of the most powerful pain subduring remedies known, Nerviline connot fail to give prompt relief in rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, pain in the back and side, and the host of painful affections, internal or external, arising from inflammatory action. A 10 cent sample bottle of Nerviline will give sufficient proof of its superiority over every known remedy. Try Nerviline Large bottles 25 cents; trial bottles only 10 cents.

Nicholas Spear, of Hartland, Mich., went home for a week's spree one day last week, and the next morning put Paris green in the waterpail used by the family. Then he forgot all about it and drank of the water himself and died. His wife discovered the poison in the dipper before any other person drank of it.

A Ghost

is a myth, but solid reality will be known by those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, thereby learning, free, about work that they can do, and live at home, wherever they reside, at a profit of from $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over $50 a day. Capital not needed. Hallett & Co. will start you. All is new. Delay not. Pay absolutely sure from start. Wealth awaits every worker. Both sexes. All ages.

Fourteen women left widows and 35 children fatherless, is the sad story that closes the chapter of the last unprofitable and disastrous season of the hardy fishermen of Gloucester, Mass. But men must work and women must weep.

The cost of introducing a girl into society in New York and carrying her successfully through one season is estimated at $1,698, of which all but $250 is for wearing apparel.

The following verdict was recently rendered in Woodland: "We, the jury, find the defendants not guilty, with the recommendation that they leave the town within 48 hours."—*San Francisco Call.*

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

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D C N L. 3. 87.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND