### The Editor.

BEFORE.

Who in his sanctum sits up late,
And strives, with sentences of weight,
To set to right affairs of state?
The editor. Admire him!

Who deeply molds the public thought?
For money who can ne'er be bought?
Who always for the right has fought?
The editor. Respect him!

Who notes what great men do and say,
And files obituaries away
When they shall die, to print next day?
The editor. Revere him!

Who gives us cure for cough or cold,
Who suffers patiently and long
And seldom uses language strong?
The editor. Don't chide him!

Who ignorance must ne'er confess,
Who knows of all things more or less—
Or what he don't know sure can guess?
The editor. Consult him

When youthful talent seeks to rise,
Who views its growth with friendly eyes,
Its merits quick to recognize?
The editor. Oh, bless him!

AFTER.

Who doth good judgment sadly lack,
Who has of taste not e'er a smack
Who sent my little poem back?
The editor. Confound him!

### SHAWSL.

**How the Average Woman Effects Her Evenings on the Veranda.**

The average woman over 40 is never so content as when hugging herself in a shawl on a hotel piazza, says a correspondent of the Boston *Gazette*.

Shawls to the right of us,
Shawls to the left of us,
Shawls all around the house
Hug without question.
Chuddas of brown or gray,
Blue, white or cafe au lait;
And each old girl will say
Hers is the best one.

On the slightest pretext a woman will give a little shudder, seize her shawl, and, enveloping herself from waist to ears in it, will settle down like a cat in a feather bed. The white chudda seems to be the most popular, and after dusk it is a wise man that knows his own wife, though it is immaterial for the moment which is which, for women in shawls are all alike; they shiver and hug their elbows, and answer in monosyllables; and if their shawl for a moment slips from their shoulders they are like clipped poodles or wet hens—disgruntled and whining.

### How to Manage a Man.

A man never stoops to the means employed by women; he is broader, more liberal, he applies himself to the things which belong to the day, the hour and the object for which we live. Whoever heard of a man losing his temper because his suit would not match his complexion, or fume because six button gloves had been sent when he had ordered seven? What man would faint on Broadway because the clasp that held his hosiery gave way and wriggled on the sidewalk? None! Yet I saw that happen to a woman recently. Yet men are very much like children. Humor them, and they will do your bidding. Make them believe they are always having their own way; don't let them see the silken net you have woven about them, and they will blandly obey your will; but once let them believe they are captive and no puny woman's power will avail against their superior strength.—*Marie Jansen in New York World.*

### Economy in Food.

Farmer Sawyer, of Wallingford, had quite an experience last winter with his cattle. His stock of hay ran out, and being unable to get more in time he gave the cows some of the dry leaves he had collected for bedding, and he was surprised to see that they appeared to enjoy them. The leaves went so well that he concluded that he wouldn't get any more hay for a while, and, in fact, leaves were the only thing that the six cows and two horses lived on during the last half of the winter. While eating hay the cows had given 12 quarts of milk weekly, yielding five pounds of butter. After being put on diet of leaves the quantity and quality of milk increased until they gave 15 quarts of milk, yielding seven pounds of butter. Mr. Sawyer intends to use nothing but leaves during the winter hereafter, as the leaves can be had for the trouble of collecting them, and are better than costly hay or grain.—*Meriden Republican.*

### Character of the Black Bass.

If you want a real good argument any day touch up the black bass issue among the local fishermen. Some of them say that he is an enemy to all sport, a mean, low-lived, vicious specimen of the tribe of fish who sleep in the mud all winter and is worm-eaten all summer. Fish Commissioner Stanley says that the black bass is a splendid mannered, high bred fish, a fighter it is true, but an honest fighter, and one of the best food fishes that swim the streams of Northern America. He says that the stocking of ponds with the fish was wise, and that in years to come more sport will be realized with this fish than the sporting men of rod and line have yet dreamed.—*Lewiston Journal.*

### Anything But That.

Miss Cynthia Mushroom—Now, papa, do be careful at dinner, and don't mortify us before Mr. Stuyvesant Sturtevant.

Mrs. M.—Yes, Phineas, do mind your manners and remember all them little points in that book about etiquette that I've been reading to you.

Mr. M.—Well, that's all right. You kin go ahead and arrange things to suit yerself, but I'm darned if I eat pie with a fork for anybody.

### An Experienced Teacher.

"Must I aim at that black spot in the centre of the circle?"

"Why, no; that's what I want you to hit. Aim at that ice-house 10 feet to the right.

—These lines from John Boyle O'Reilly's Plymouth poem are greatly praised over all the country:

One righteous word for Law—the common will;
One living truth of Faith—God regnant still;
One primal test of Freedom—all combined;
One sacred Revolution—change of mind;
One trust unfailing for the night and need—
The tyrant-flower shall cast the freedom-seed.

—Albert C. Savage's little daughter caught the smallpox on board the Pacific mail steamer Newport. Mr. Savage has sued the company for $25,000 damages. He thinks a disfigured girl is handicapped to that amount in life's race.

### SCOTLAND'S PRIDE.

**The Greatest Bridge in the World—A Cantilever Triumph.**

The bridge across the Firth of Forth at Queen's Ferry, Scotland, now approaching completion, is a work of such magnitude and presents so many points of novelty that it has attracted the attention of the whole engineering world. In 1804 a surveyor published designs for a bridge across the Forth at the same spot, and with spans of the like magnitude. That, however, was to be a suspension bridge, with chains like the cable of a fifty-ton yacht, and the total weight of iron was estimated at 200 tons, as contrasted with 50,000 tons of steel in the present structure. While a bridge of 1,700 feet in span was thus conceived of nearly a century ago, it may also be said that the cantilever principle of construction can be found in Egyptian and Indian temples built before the introduction of the arch. An eminent engineer says that the cantilever was in all probability invented by some intelligent savage, who, wanting to get across a stream too deep to ford and too wide to jump, utilized the projecting branches of two opposite trees as cantilevers or brackets, and connected them by a short independent piece of timber, and so formed a cantilever and central girder structure.

The true principle of construction and the nature of the stresses may be illustrated in a simple way. Two men who sit on chairs extend their arms, which they support by grasping sticks butting against the chairs. This represents the two double cantilevers. The central girder is represented by a short stick slung from the arm of each man, and the anchorage by ropes extending from the other arms to two piles of bricks. When stresses are brought on this system by a load on the central girder the arms of the men and the anchorage ropes come into tension, and the sticks and chair legs into compression. In the Forth bridge we must imagine the chairs to be placed a third of a mile apart, the men's heads to be 360 feet above the ground, the pull on the arms 10,000 tons, and the pressure on the legs of the chairs on the ground 100,000 tons. As regards size and weight no existing bridge at all approaches the Forth bridge. There are two spans, each 1,700 feet long; the width of the bridge at the piers is 120 feet; there is a clear headway for navigation at high water of 150 feet; the deepest foundation below high water is 89 feet; the highest part of the bridge above high water is 360 feet, and the depth of water in the centre of the channel is 210 feet. With this depth the bridge could never have been built had it not been for an island in the middle of the Forth. The train weight that will be put upon the bridge will be small compared with the wind pressure needed to be overcome, and to resist wind the lofty columns over the piers are 120 feet apart at the base and 33 feet at the top. As furnishing an idea of the enormous force which the cantilevers are capable of resisting it may be said that a pull of 45,000 tons would be needed to tear asunder the top ties. The greatest pull from passing trains can be only 2,000 tons. The bridge is looked upon as a railway necessity. Indeed, it will furnish the missing link in a great chain of communication throughout the United Kingdom. When we read of such structures, and know that trains reach a speed of sixty miles an hour, we cannot but smile at what the staid old "Quarterly Review" said in 1825: "We trust that Parliament will, in all railways it may sanction, limit the speed to eight or nine miles an hour, which is as as great as can be ventured on with safety."

### How and when to Drink Water.

According to Dr. Leuf, when water is taken into the full or partly full stomach, it does not mingle with the food, as we are taught, but passes along quickly between the food and lesser curvative toward the pylorus, through which it passes into the intestines. The secretion of mucus by the lining membrane is constant, and during the night a considerable amount accumulates in the stomach; some of its liquid portion is absorbed, and that which remains is thick and tenacious. If food is taken into the stomach when in this condition it becomes coated with mucus, and the secretion of the gastric juice and its action are delayed. These facts show the value of a goblet of water before breakfast. This washes out the tenacious mucus, and stimulates the gastric glands to secretion. In old and feeble persons water should not be taken cold, but it may be with great advantage taken warm or hot. This removal of the accumulated mucus from the stomach is probably one of the reasons why taking soup at the beginning of a meal has been found so beneficial.

### An Effective Threat.

New Yorker—No, sir. I have no money for you.

Dirty Tramp—Well, I don't see nothing fer me ter do but drown myself.

New Yorker—I can't help that.

Dirty Tramp—All right. Where's the reservoir?

New Yorker—Here! Take this dollar and live.

### Clearly Defined.

Boston Young Lady—What do you mean by saying that your ball nine has the opposing team 'rattled'?

Omaha Miss—It's when we have them razzle-dazzled and give them the grand razoo.

Lord Randolph Churchill's present to the duchess of Fife was a prayer book.

The compositor who was required to set up "cold horror then my vitals froze" and made it read "my victuals," etc., is now enjoying a vacation in company with the proof reader.

Flowery summer, golden summer, summer of
our northern clime;
Spring may be a joyous season, but you beat it
every time.

Season of delightful evenings, charming mornings, sultry noons,
Purple dawnings, crimson sunsets, placid starlight, tender moons,

Flowery summer, golden summer, summer of our
northern clime,
Life is sweet and worth the living when we see
you in your prime.

—First Chicago woman—Have you seen Mrs. Fowler's new summer suit? Second Chicago woman—No, what is it? First Chicago woman—Principally allegations against her husband. She hopes to get the divorce in ten days.

### TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS.

**A Young Student's Cheap Trip to England**

Two hundred dollars is a large sum to a poor man and a small sum to a rich man, says the *Youth's Companion*. But in the matter of money everything depends on the way it is used. Some men will get a vast amount of amusement, recreation and refinement out of a few dollars. Other men will spend large sums, and be unhappy or unblessed by the spending. Having occasion to put the matter to a practical test, a young student who lately went to Europe with just $200 is ready to tell what he got for it for the benefit of any who may be blessed with so moderate a sum, and still hesitates to go abroad for fear of not getting enough for the money. This philosophical traveller says:

"I went over, intermediate cabin passage, for $35 from Boston to Liverpool, by one of the finest Cunard steamers. The intermediate passage was not equal to first cabin it its table fare, but I had more fun in other ways. When I reached Liverpool I went to a plain hotel, where I could dine a la carte, or go to the sideboard and help myself, and generally did, and spent three days in the city at very moderate expense. I then went on to London, stopping one day at the Duke of Devonshire's estate, Chatsworth. Once in London I determined on one of the several ways of spending what money I had left. I procured lodging and breakfast and dinner at a cheap boarding-house in Bloomsbury, about ten minutes' walk from the British Museum. I had a Bædeker's guide book, and with its help I mapped out a number of famous places where I could go sight-seeing at very little expense. While on my tramps in the city I would go for a lunch into some restaurant where meals were served from some joint, or into the nearest coffee stand, where I often obtained all I wanted for eightpence and sometimes for sixpence. When I had to use the railways I always went third class. This was not so comfortable as second or first class, but more interesting in many ways on account of the people I met, and that is half the good of travelling at all. When I had occasion to ride I always took a 'bus if I could. This was a never-failing source of amusement to me. I saw more to remember from the top of an English 'bus than from any other place during my whole visit in London, and it was a very cheap source of instruction. The hansom cab was an expensive vehicle, costing a shilling, while the 'bus fares were usually very reasonable, and on some lines, at certain hours of the day, absurdly cheap for the distance. By selecting the right day and hour for visiting many places of interest I succeeded in seeing them for half price or for nothing. There are many places of interest in and about London where, on certain days of the week, admission is free. On certain other days it is sixpence or a shilling. By consulting my 'Bædeker,' and planning a little ahead, I saved many small items in this way. I was also content to do a large amount of walking; and, indeed, in this way I not only saved riding fares, but often saw curious and even rare sights which I should have missed if I had been in the habit of riding to and from points of interest. I spent seven weeks in London, and visited nearly all the large places of note. St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, Parliament buildings, National Gallery, the Tower, the museum, where I went almost daily, the bank, where I did not go so often, nearly all the suburbs on the west side, the parks and art galleries, the Thames and Chelsea, Lord's cricket grounds and the Zoological Gardens. In many of these places I spent much time in special study, and went frequently, especially to the museums and churches, on the principle that as I had confined my trip abroad to one city I would know as much about it as possible. Getting back to Liverpool I still had money enough for first-class cabin fare to New York, and paid £10, or $50, for my return passage. In the time I was abroad I saw and enjoyed $200 worth at least. My board cost me about $55. My travelling, counting going and coming, was $115. The remaining $30 went for sundries, clothing, amusements, washing and keepsakes of the trip. But if any one can get more out of $200 abroad I wish they would write me and let me know how that I may try it again."

### The Spinal Cord Mending.

Dr. Chauncey Biggs, of Bellevue Hospital, has a case of much interest to the medical fraternity. On the 8th inst. H. W. Benedict rode from Fifty-seventh street to Forty-seventh street on a Third avenue surface car. At Forty-seventh street he jumped off. He jumped on the wrong side, and was knocked down and run over by an uptown car. He was taken to Bellevue Hospital, where it was discovered that his spinal cord was fractured. As a rule, the patient does not survive long under these circumstances, but Mr. Benedict is getting along so well that Dr. Biggs hopes the column will knit, and that the patient will recover.—*New York Star.*

### Height of Great Sea Waves.

Carefully repeated experiments made by an experienced English navigator at Santander, on the north coast of Spain, showed the crest of the sea waves in a prolonged and heavy gale of wind to be 42 feet high, and allowing the same for the depth between the waves would make a height of 84 feet from crest to base. The length from crest to crest was found to be 386 feet. Other estimates of the waves in the South Atlantic during great storms give a height of 50 feet for the crests and 400 feet for length. In the North Sea the height of crest seldom exceeds 10 feet and the length 150 feet.

### Work of Electricity.

There are now in use in the United States more than 5,650 central electric stations for light and power. There are 210,000 arc lights and 2,600,000 incandescent lamps. There were 59 electrical railways in operation in March last, and 86 roads in process of construction. The increase of capital in electrical investments during 1888 was nearly $70,000,000. These are very significant figures, and they point unmistakably to the course of future inventions and discoveries.

### Didn't Agree With Him.

An Eastern man who moved to Chicago lost 120 pounds in three weeks. His wife eloped with a car driver.

### "NOTHING FOR OLD MAIDS."

**The Mistake the Two Spinster Boggs Made**

An elderly lady once remarked to a pretty girl that it was a very serious matter for a young woman to have a sweetheart. The girl answered that it was a far more serious matter not to have one. Certainly the two Misses Boggs, who have committed suicide at Point Pleasant, W. Va., agreed with the young lady. The two sisters were well-to-do. There was no reason why they should die by their own hand, or die at all, apparently. But they killed themselves, leaving a pathetic note, signed by both their names, saying there was "nothing in life for old maids."

It is a melancholy story, but the suicide was founded on a gigantic misapprehension of life. There is just as much here below for an old maid as for anybody else. Suppose they were without husbands? Husbands are not always what the old or young maiden fancy paints them. No more are wives always satisfactory. Socrates is credited with saying that whether one marries or does not marry, he regrets it. If the Misses Boggs had married, they might have got husbands whom they would have had to commit suicide to get rid of. Women have done the like, more than once. But the gravest possible mistake one can make is to take for granted that his personal love, personal comfort and happiness play a very large figure in the plan of this universe. Whoever pursues these aims alone finds they invariably elude him at last, like Will o' the Wisp. If the Misses Boggs wanted children, there was a world full of forlorn, homeless babies, many of them quite as sweet and pretty as any possible Boggs' babies would have been. How much they could have added to human happiness by adopting four or five little waifs and giving them home and education! Then there was the whole world of ideas before them—study, travel, science, art and music. Humanity stumbles blindly and painfully on, seeking always the better way in everything, thankful always to people who show it the better way. All of us owe it to the race to give some part of our time to aiding the rest. In philanthropy, in helping mankind to prosperity, to better, wiser, sweeter ways of living, there is work enough for a million single women, heaven knows!

It is sometimes necessary to pass through a sea of troubles to find at last that the only genuine happiness is found in giving happiness to others. Exactly in proportion as men lose sight of the "miserable aims that end in self," by a mysterious law friends, happiness and hope will drift their way. It is indeed:

A miserable, petty, low-roofed life,
That knows the mighty orbits of the skies
Through naught save light or dark in its own
cabin.

—*Elmira Advertiser.*

### How the Shah Keeps Accounts.

Nasr-ed-Deen, like many other potentates, is fond of money, and is supposed to possess a colossal fortune. He pays small salaries to his servants and dignitaries if the money comes out of his own pocket—that is, out of the legitimate revenues of the country—but he pays at least promtly and fairly what he agrees to pay. After deducting what he deems right for army, administration and household purposes he puts the balance away every year into his private treasury. Once the money—which must always be coin—has been dumped into his vaults no power on earth can induce the Shah to give the slightest portion of it back again or to touch it for any purpose whatsoever. When he is compelled to borrow money from the Armenians he pays usurious interest sooner than go to his strong box and take from its illimitable treasures the smallest sum.—*Cosmopolitan.*

### Dwellings for the People.

There is in London a corporation, composed of men and women, called the Ladies' Residential Dwelling Company. This company has already erected dwelling-houses in Gower street and Sloan Gardens for the use of educated women who are obliged to earn their living and to live in lodgings. It is now proposed to build a block of these dwellings in Hampstead. These buildings are arranged in sets of flats, renting from 10 to 25 shillings (from $2.50 to $6.25) per week, or from £2 to £5 per month. There is a cooking range set in each suite, but there is also a large general dining-room connected with each house, in which dinner is served after the work of the day is finished.

### Faded Footlight Flowers Bloom Again.

"And, doctor, can you make this bloom again?" asked Father Time, pointing to a specimen of the vintage of 1840.

"I was once a footlight favorite, and men showered me with pearls and diamonds. Oh, *can I* be young again," she exclaimed with all the fervor of a maiden of 62 summers.

"You shall be queen of the May," responded Dr. Brown-Sequard, as he proceeded to his laboratory and slaughtered a fresh guinea pig.—*After the New York World.*

### The Dog Had no Cause To Be.

She (tenderly)—Did the dog bite you, darling?

He—Yes, he did.

She (reassuringly)—Well, it was papa's dog, darling, and we know he isn't mad.

He—Yes; but I am.

### He Should if He Didn't.

DeRyter—Here is a joke I have brought you.

Editor (after reading it)—That is not a joke.

DeRyter—But I say it is. I made it, and I ought to know.

ALL competent authorities, prominent among them being F. F. Roberts, M. D., Professor of Chemical Medicine at University College Hospital, London, Eng., say "Bright's disease has no marked symptoms of its own, but takes the symptoms of other (so-called) diseases." If you have headache, fickle appetite, failure of eyesight, tube casts in urine, gradual loss of flesh and dropsical swelling, extreme wakefulness, distressing nervousness, do not neglect such symptoms, or you will eventually have Bright's disease, or some other effect of neglected kidney disease. Take Warner's Safe Cure, the only recognized specific for this disease.

To give stoves a good lustre add either sugar or alum to the lead.

### ERRATIC WATCHES CURBED.

**How the Effects of Electric Magnets Have Been Neutralized by a Bright Idea.**

Electricity is now applied to a majority of the watches now made in this country. It used to be that a valuable watch would suddenly lose all self-respect and run like a race-horse on one day and a tortoise on the next. No one could tell what it was. Big prices were paid to the jewellers by unhappy watch-owners who hoped that the wizard of the balance wheel and mainspring could repair their timepieces. As electricity became more popular the irregularities of watches became more marked. But before the watch trade grew desperate a bright mind solved the mystery. He made an experiment, applying the battery to a fine watch, and then tried the effect of the dynamo upon the electrified movement. As one poison counteracts another's effect, so one battery equalized the other's effect. The magnet and the watch movement were made friends, and now a timepiece can mingle with the battery in a familiar way and feel no evil effects from the association.

### Mrs. Gladstone.

Margaret F. Sullivan in New York World.

Her figure is tall, shapely and impressive; her carriage is a little too rapid to be entirely graceful; her costuming is—is English, which requires no elucidation. Despite deficiencies in externals, which a French modiste would have no difficulty in abolishing—for Mrs. Gladstone would be a charming subject for a dressmaker of taste—she would be singled out in any company as its most distinguished woman.

The face is uncommonly long even in England, very high in the forehead, and very strong and gentle, equally devoid of romance and of pedantry. The eyes are large, liquid, well-shaped, dark blue, and meditative. The silvering hair is parted in the usual way, and combed in natural waves down either cheek, as in the familiar portraits of noted women forty years ago. Her mouth is well proportioned to the other dimensions of her face, and her voice is low and vibrant with cordiality toward those she addresses.


"Death has so many doors to let out, life,

sang an old time poet. In those days they had not discovered remedies that shut these doors. How different is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, from the old time doses. Consumption or lung scrofula, is one *wide* door that it shuts, if taken in time. *Don't waste a moment*, then lest life slip through that open door. It is *guaranteed* to cure in all cases of diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be refunded.

There's a blessing in the bottle on whose label
we can read
Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for the woman
who has need
Of a remedy for troubles none but women ever
know.
'Tis her best and truest friend, and happy thousands call it so,
As they think of years of suff'ring that were
theirs before it came,
Bringing them the balm of healing, and they
bless the very name

of this wonderfully, and deservedly, popular remedy for the various ills woman is heir to. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee*, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.


### Not to Be Ruled.

A bachelor who lives in Newark, N. J., and who has always had a fear that his little wife might rule him, says now that a new idea has struck him. He is going to marry a typewriter girl, because he can dictate to her.


### The Great Dismal Swamp

of Virginia, is one enormous quagmire of decayed vegetation, a region of gloom and desolation; but not more so than the human system when blocked up by decayed animal matter, which poisons the blood and brings gloom to an otherwise happy household. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets remove all waste matter, and give Nature a chance to build up.


### An Unfortunate Sequence.

A gentleman was once lamenting to a friend the conduct of his son.

"You should speak to him with firmness and remind him of his duties," said the other.

"He pays no attention to what I say. He listens only to the advice of fools." Then, with a sudden thought, "I wish you would speak to him!"

—"There's a flood in Richmond, Va.," remarked the telegraph editor. "Gweat heaven!" exclaimed the dude reporter, "will it spoil the thiggawettes?"

She wore a mannish little coat
With knowing little pockets;
She cast aside her necklaces,
Her bangles and her lockets
Her dickey, collar and cravat
Exactly match her brother's;
Her round straw hat is so like his
You can't tell one from 'tother's,
She ventures on a little slang
That sounds quite brusque and mannish
But show her once a mouse or worm
And see the disguise vanish!

—"See here, Mr. Grocer," said a Hartford housewife, "if you are going to bring me any more goods I want them to be the very best." "We keep none but the best." "I presume so; you sell the worst in order to keep the best."

—If you care to boss your own ranch a 60 save your cash at 30.

Dr. Nansen, the explorer, says that the ice in Greenland is 6,000 feet thick.


DONL 35 89.

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DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND