Bill Jones Complains.

It 'pears t' me thet other folks kin allus sing an dance,
W'ile somehow 'ruther farmers never seem t' have a chance.
I've tilled th' soil with sweat an' moil fer more'n forty year
An' all that I kin show fer't is a lot o' worn-out gear.
I reckon w'en I started in thet I wuz jest' ez spry
Ez any man thet ever hitched a hoss er cradled rye;
An' w'en it come t' tradin'—w'y, I got so sharp folks said
"You orter kep' a store, Bill Jones, fer you've got th' head"
My crops wuz allus av'ridge less twuz dry er rained too much;
I seldom envied others' fields er bore my neighbor grutch;
But, durn it all! 'twas other things thet in my gullet stuck
An' made me think thet I wuz born t' be down on my luck.
A red-haired man 'oo talked jes' like a preacher sayin' grace
Sold me some lighnin'-rods an' tuck a mortgage on th' place.
W'en I'd paid him an another un thet had a patent churn
W'ich he allowed wuz wuth more coin 'an twenty mules cud earn
Jes' kept' right on a-talkin'—he stayed with me all one night—
Till I swapped all my live stock with 'im for a county right.
An' how it would churn water! We'n he'd got off with my team
I foun' th' apyratus wouldn't work w'en I tried cream.
I guess 'twuz two years after w'en a man thet wore a weed
Sold me three bags o' million-billion-trillion turnip seed.
He said a peck if planted right ud make me ric by fall.
I must a-missed directions—them seed didn't grow at all!
One year I had some likely hops—th' crop wuz mighty short—
An' I jes' kalculated thet with 'em I'd hold th fort.
Th' price jumped up—right up—'way up! but I held on fer more
I lost three thousan' dollars. Sech things make a man feel sore.
It 'pears t' me thet other folks kin allus sing an dance,
But farmers somehow 'ruther, never seem t' git a chance.

J. A. WALDRON.

The Ambulance.

Along the streets like cyclone ran
The ambulance with one dead man,
Who had too freely rushed the can;
And all who saw the car advance
Cried "Ambulance!"

As 'round the corner fast it flew,
Another man it overthrew,
And he was carried in it, too;
Then smarter still did onward dance
The ambulance.

One ancient lady, passing by,
Scarce saw it with her eagle eye,
When, lo! it lifted her sky high,
What good to her, her eagle glance?
Vile ambulance!

How quick it made the people drop!
It for the dead scarce seemed to stop—
Seemed just to take them on the hop!
From one poor man it tore the pants,
That ambulance.

It killed a score of men before
It reached the hospital's grim door,
Five men it bore whose days were o'er,
The people watched with gloomy glance
That ambulance.

It kept the good work going well,
It wildly rung its horrid bell,
The knell of folk who 'fore is fell.
It made the crowd disperse like ants,
That ambulance.

When at the hospital it stayed,
"A lot of dead," the driver said;
"But, gosh! it is the life of trade."
And many watched, as in a trance,
That ambulance.

Buffalo News

Baby Has a Tooth.

There are many mighty interests
To attract us in this life,
Railroads to build and towns to boom,
Make business strong and rife.
But in all the fuss and bustle
Of middle age and youth,
These little words will stop us short,
"The baby's got a tooth."

We take the brightest silver spoon
And stick it in its mouth,
And feel around from east to west
And to the north and south.
At last there comes a rattle,
Though a little one forsooth,
That indicates exactly where
"The baby's got a tooth."

Just a little peg of ivory,
Much like a grain of rice,
Peeks up above the rosy gums
So very cute and nice.
It's very little you may say
But mighty big in truth—
The pride and wonder of the day,
Dear baby's got a tooth.

Romance Reduced to Figures.

There is an English literary man who at the end of each year penetrates into the published fiction and extracts therefrom very often some exceedingly interesting figures. The results of his researches into last year's fiction are entertaining. Of the heroines portrayed in novels he finds 372 were described as blondes, while 190 were brunettes. Of the 562 heroines, 437 were beautiful, 274 were married to men of their choice, while 30 were unfortunate enough to be bound in wedlock to the wrong man. The heroines of fiction, this literary statistician claims, are greatly improving in health and do not die as early as in previous years, although consumption is still in the lead among fatal maladies to which they succumb. Early marriages, however, are on the increase. The personal charms of the heroines included 980 "expressive eyes" and "792 shell like ears." Of the eyes, 543 had a dreamy look, 390 flashed fire, while the remainder had no special attributes. Eyes of brown and blue are in the ascendant. There was found to be a large increase in the number of heroines who possessed dimples; 502 were blessed with sisters and 342 had brothers. In 47 cases mothers figured as heroines, with 112 children between them. Of these 71 children were rescued from watery graves. Eighteen of the husbands of these heroines were found to be bigamists, while seven husbands had notes found in their pockets exposing "everything." And thus is the romance of a year reduced to figures.

Some women look as if they had been born clothed, some as if they had achieved clothing, namely, bought it ready-made, and others as if they had had their clothes thrust upon them. It is this difference in the manner of dressing, and not the difference in dollars and cents, that constitutes the wide variation there is in the appearance of different women.

A funny case was that of the badly distressed bridegroom who stared blankly at the minister until asked if he took "this woman to be his lawful, wedded wife," when he started suddenly, and in the blandest manner said: "Ah, beg pardon—were you speaking to me?"

A man never realizes the full extent of his depravity until he runs for office.

TEA TABLE GOSSIP

—Philadelphia has 138 female physicians.

—Items of interest — pawnbrokers' pledges.

—Pure simplicity is the ideal now in note paper.

—Black night shirts for men have been announced.

—The little town of Albion, Mich., claims 250 widows.

—It is the dentist who can do tooth things at once.

—A letter need not have much information in it to be well posted.

—Put a lazy man on a hot griddle and he would want time to turn himself.

—Furnace shaking is now a fashionable after breakfast exercise for gentlemen.

—The man diligent in his business shall stand before kings, when he holds aces.

They polled the town to ascertain
The drinkers old and sage,
And learned that men who drink old rye
Had reached a rye-polled age.

—Adversity is not without comfort—your enemy may be in harder luck than you.

—A woman will rail against horse races, and yet keep her own tongue running all day long.

If you at first do not succeed
And fail in life to rise,
Do not despair, but with all speed
Go forth and advertis.

—The longer a man lives the more he becomes convinced of the unfailing friendship of a dollar.

—"This is a votive offering," said he, as he put a dollar bill in the hand of the vacillating voter.

—Matting will always look bright if wiped off with a cloth dampened with salt water after sweeping.

—The collars and ties seen on the pictures of dignified elderly gentlemen of fifty years ago are being revived.

—"Did you say he was a vegetarian?" "No; I said he was a vegetable." "What do you mean?" "A beat."

A SURE SIGN.

Now proudly struts with royal sway
The lordly turkey tall;
While nearer draws Thanksgiving day—
"Pride goeth before a fall."

—Japanese pillows are said to be endowed with beauty preserving qualities. The virtue is in the color—black.

—Keep your troubles to yourself. When you tell them you are taking up the time of the man who is waiting to tell his

—An absent-minded man in a bar-room the other day drank somebody's drink and then put his hand out to be paid for it.

—Smile wrinkles at her temples betray woman's age. Every long one represents ten years, and small creases stand for one.

"The winter," saith the goose,
With sadness in her tone,
"Will be both long and cold;
I feel it in my bone."

—"Financial fatigue" is a new word in Stock Exchange parlance. It's an illness following in the wake of unfortunate investments.

—The wholesome prejudice that has been aroused against the slaughter of birds for hat decorating purposes has led to the manufacture of artificial birds.

—There is something wrong with the electric lamp at the corner of Emerald and Barton streets. For some nights past its light has been very intermittent.

—I rather commend the McKinley Bill, said the Church Treasurer. "I do not find nearly so many pearl buttons in the plate as I used to."—*New York Herald.*

When at night we go to bed,
Poor old bachelors!
When at night we go to bed,
No curtain lectures e'er read,
No widows left when we are dead.
Poor old bachelors!

—The fifty largest libraries in Germany possess about 12,700,000 volumes, against England with about 6,450,000, and North America with about 6,001,000 volumes.

—Father Ignatius, the evangelist monk of the English Church, is now at the Hotel Huntington, Boston. He will deliver a course of lectures in that city this week.

—"The most desperate creature on earth," said the clerk of an up-town hotel to a New York *Sun* writer, "is a woman from out of town in a hotel bedroom on a wet Sunday."

—A blind old soldier asking for alms at a Manchester, England, church door had a board hung around his neck inscribed as follows: "Engagements, 8; wounds, 10; children, 6; total, 24."

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
But most of us have heard of it
All that we want to know.

She Shouldn't Marry a Poor Man.

When Miss Debutante dons a dainty costume made for her in New York this fall she will represent an expenditure of exactly $493, which may be divided as follows:

Sable trimmed dress	$350 00
Sable toque	85 00
Bronze boots, bought in England	5 00
Silk underwear	25 00
Petticoat of bronze changeable silk	15 00
Satin corset	8 00
Brown kid gloves	2 50
Brown silk stockings	2 50
Total	$493 0

Cold Figures About the Fair.

The average results of the physical measurements of 325 New York girls and women averaging 19.4 years of age is as follows:

	Inches.		Inches.
Weight	117.5		
Height	64.0	Girth—hips	35.2
Girth—Chest	29.2	Upper arm	9.5
Full	31.2	Forearm	8.7
Ninth rib	26 2	Depth of chest	5.9
Full	27 9	Depth of abdomen	6.1
Waist	22.7	Tests—Cap. lung c. in	135.4

The hereditary Prince of Waldeck-Pyrmont, only brother of the Duchess of Albany, and Prince Maximillian of Baden, nephew and heir presumptive of the grand duke, will seek brides in England. So, at least, it is reported is Vienna.

Field Marshal von Moltke lives in a plain, square house of two stories, near Schweidnitz, in Silesia. The entrance is guarded by two great guns from Mount Valerian that were presented to the Count by the late Emperor William.

DR. TALMAGE'S FIRST CIGA

How it Tasted and How He Felt After Smoking it.

The time had come in our boyhood which we thought demanded of us a capacity to smoke, says the Rev. Dr. Talmage in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. The old people of the household could abide neither the sight nor the smell of the Virginia weed. When ministers came there, not by positive injunction, but by a sort of instinct as to what would be safest, they whiffed their pipe on the back step. If the house could not stand sanctified smoke, you may know how little chance there was for adolescent cigar-puffing.

By some rare good fortune which put in our hands 3 cents we found access to a tobacco store. As the lid of the long, narrow fragrant box opened, and for the first time we owned a cigar, our feelings of elation, manliness, superiority and anticipation can scarcely be imagined, save by those who have had the same sensation. Our first ride on horseback, though we fell off before we got to the barn, and our first pair of new boots (real squeakers) we had thought could never be surpassed in interest; but when we put the cigar to our lips and stuck the lucifer match to the end of the weed and commenced to pull with an energy that brought every facial muscle to its utmost tension, our satisfaction with this world was so great our temptation was never to want to leave it.

The cigar did not burn well; it required an amount of suction that tasked our determination to the utmost. You see that our worldly means had limited us to a quality that cost only 3 cents. But we had been taught that nothing great was accomplished without effort, and so we puffed away. Indeed, we had heard our older brothers in their Latin lessons say, omnia vincet labor; which translated means, If you want to make anything go, you must scratch for it.

With these sentiments, we passed down the village street and out toward our country home. Our head did not feel exactly right, and the street began to rock from side to side, so that it was uncertain to us which side of the street we were on. So we crossed over, but found ourself on the same side that we were on before we crossed over. Indeed, we imagined that we were on both sides at the same time, and several fast teams driving between. We met another boy who asked us why we looked so pale, and we told him we did not look pale, but that he was pale himself. We sat down under the bridge and began to reflect on the prospect of early disease and on the uncertainty of all earthly expectations. We had determined to smoke the cigar all up and thus get the worth of our money, but we were compelled to throw three fourths of it away, yet knew just where we threw it in case we felt better the next day.

Getting home, the old people were frightened, and demanded that we state what kept us so late, and what was the matter with us. Not feeling that we were called to go into particulars, and not wishing to increase our parents' apprehension, that we were going to turn out badly, we summed up the case with the statement that we felt miserable at the pit of the stomach. We had mustard plasters administered, and careful watching for some hours, when we fell asleep and forgot our disappointment and humiliation in being obliged to throw away three-fourths of our first cigar.

The Air of Bed-rooms.

Whilst the importance of keeping pure the air of living-rooms during the day is recognized by a large majority of the educated classes at the present time, it is to be feared that there are still very many who by preference sleep at night in closely shut bed-rooms. The conviction that night air is unwholesome and should be rigidly excluded, once so prevalent, probably now only survives amongst the unlettered and ignorant. It doubtless had its origin in times when undrained swamps and malaria-breeding mists, arising at nightfall, were characteristic of large tracts of rural England, and is thus a survival of a belief founded more or less on the results of observation and experience; but at the present day it cannot be too strongly asserted that for those who enjoy reasonably good health night air is as wholesome as that of the day, and may even be said to be purer, as it is more free from dust and spores raised from the ground by winds, human traffic and evaporation. In towns, no doubt, many people sleep with their windows shut to deaden the noise of the streets, which in busy cities like London are rarely without traffic of some sort except in the early morning hours, rather than to avoid inhaling night air. That the practice is exceedingly common amongst the working classes is shown by an observer at Leeds, who on several occasions in July and August has counted the number of open and shut bedroom windows in a workman's quarter of that city, and found only about 33 per cent. of the windows to be partially open, the remaining 67 per cent. being tightly closed. If any one will take the trouble to return to his shut up bedroom after spending ten minutes in the fresh morning air outside he will be surprised how close and disagreeable is the atmosphere in which he has slept the last eight or nine hours. All hygienists have advocated sleeping in pure air, and the effects of camping out in a suitable climate in pine woods, as a cure for the early stages of consumption, are well known to medical men. We would then recommend to all who are in health the adoption of open bed-room windows at night. If cold is experienced the bedclothes should be increased; even a nightcap is preferable to a close and stuffy bed-room. The effect of the purer air will soon be ascertained in increased health and spirits, and a larger capacity for bearing the toils and troubles of the day.—*British Medical Journal.*

They Make Light Reading.

Rochester *Herald*: Canadian postal cards of late issue are very slimpsy. They are almost "too thin."

Slightly Related.

New York *Sun*: "Is Deborah related to Charley Henderson?"

"Yes. She is his sister by a refusal of marriage."

More women in proportion to population are employed in industrial occupations in England than in any other European country—twelve per cent. of the industrial classes are females.

DRY GOODS CLERKS.

Some Things They Should Know and Practise To Be Successful.

It would be a good plan to send clerks out shopping now and then that they might learn from experience how pleasant or disagreeable this business may become according as the salesmen or saleswomen make it, says the "Dry Goods Economist." We are not going to discuss the customer this time, but wish to point out some glaring defects in the system of selling to customers. Clerks seem to be divided into two classes—the know-all and the indifferent or know-nothing. The first one impresses you from the moment you stop at the counter with the idea that he knows better than you do what you want, or rather knows what you should wish. He tries to sell either a color, style or quality that you do not want, and dogmatically announces that such and so is the correct thing, all of which does not make a shopper incline to return to that store, as the greatest fool on earth does not care to be told that he does not know what he wants. The lordly air assumed is as irritating as it is often amusing, and so is the manner that is supposed to impress you with the idea that it is a favor to wait on you. Never make this mistake; the merchant solicits the customer, not the customer the merchant.

The indifferent clerk never sees you, only half hears, does not know whether they have that color or goods, is slow and generally stupid, until a customer feels like doing without the article rather than be waited on in such a manner. The clerk that rises to be a buyer, manager or merchant has sufficient interest in his stock to have it, figuratively speaking, at his finger ends. It is well to keep posted in regard to the current fashions, as shoppers often ask, "Do they wear this and that together?" Study the nature of the goods you handle that you may become a judge of their quality and the relation they bear to the special trade of the store. Be able to converse intelligently upon the stock from the foundation of its manufacture and thus raise your standard from an ordinary clerk to a well-versed business man. It becomes an interesting study to the mind eager for information to dive deep into the secrets of the silk, wool, cotton, trimming, ribbon, etc., trade; how designed, made, used, etc. Shoppers are apt to consult a clerk as to whether they think such a piece of goods a good match, accords well or looks stylish. When it is proven that your choice is really good you will secure a good customer, but once persuade her to buy a color or design unfit for her purpose and no power can induce that shopper to buy of you again.

It is your duty to please the customer and to satisfy the merchant, and this is possible to effect, but not if indifferent to the results. Politeness does not mean to be familiar, neither does dignity signify "don't care whether you buy or not." You must care, for every purchase is to your credit and advances your commercial worth. Have ambition and energy sufficient to aim at mounting the highest round of the ladder, even though you only reach the middle, for that round would still remain beyond your grasp if the aim were not at the top.

The Plaint of the Unmarried.

The London *Spectator* thus sums up the recent correspondence in the *Daily Telegraph* on the subject of "Matrimony and Matrimonial Agencies" which has been running in that journal: The whole controversy is very vulgar, very sordid and very disagreeable; and it would be ridiculous enough if it were not so utterly pitiful. On reading such letters as these, there rises before one's eyes a dismal vision of the London suburbs; of mile upon mile of little stucco-houses, a dreary desert of drab-colored dwellings wherein people pass a dreary and drab-colored life. The men go to their daily work, and, when that is over, seek their evening pleasure abroad also, while the unfortunate women remain at home, and day after day engage in the monotonous and heart-rending struggle of keeping up appearances. For the most part the young girls have no resources in themselves; they are only sufficiently educated to read second-rate novels, which they devour greedily, cramming their imaginations with all kinds of tawdry romance, and vain dreams of beautiful young heroes riding to their rescue. They, too, grow sick of shadows, and hunger for some more substantial change in their meagre existence; to many of them this mental starvation is infinitely more distressing and difficult to bear than actual physical want. Who can wonder that they raise a voice of despairing revolt against their surroundings, as year after year passes and brings no hope of escape, and the fate of perpetual spinsterhood inexorably closes in upon them? After all, the natural life of a woman is that of a wife and mother, and many of these poor girls are absolutely unfitted for any other life that compels them to face the world alone and unsupported. Their case is the more pitiful because it is so hopeless, as absolutely without remedy, as far so marriage is concerned. The large preponderance of women over men in England renders it inevitable that a great number of the former should go unmarried, and it would be difficult for them to cross the seas in search of husbands. As for their lives, they might well be made brighter and more useful, if it were not for the appearance of painful gentility which they struggle to preserve. The grinding tyranny that sham respectability exercises over the lower middle-class is a thing grievous to contemplate; and, unfortunately, this Moloch that devours young girls' lives is an idol that appears unbreakable.

Shakespeare.

Somerville *Journal*: "Ay, there's the rub," said the girl in the kitchen sadly, as she looked at the wash-board on Monday morning.

Bright military scarlet is to play an important part in the autumn and winter dress. It goes well with all shades of brown; but, on the other hand, it is so hard a tint as to be extremely trying to the complexion. In Paris palest pinks, blues, lemons and greens are in vogue for evening dresses in the vie de chateau.

Post-office Inspector French, of Ottawa, died very suddenly yesterday.

$305,010 AN OUNCE.

The Costliest Drug in the World's Great Pharmacopœia.

Here is a list of scarce and costly drugs Three-pound bottle of alkaloid of aconitine, $485.50; quarter-ounce phial of chelidonine alkaloid, a new drug used in skin diseases, scrofula and dropsy, $88; cocaine, about $120 per pound. A five-ounce bottle of "true cotoin" will cost about $350, or about $70 per ounce. Crystals of elaterin, a poison used in cases of hydrophobia and lockjaw, prepared from a plant called South American Indian arrow, is worth about $145 per ounce.

Among other costly drugs we might mention the following and the different sized bottles and phials in which they are sold: Agaricin, 4½ ounces, $43.75; colocinthin, 5½ ounces, $114 75.

Besides the above there are various preparations made from the Calabar bean, the cost of which are amazing. They are chiefly used in diseases of the eye.

The costliest of these preparations from the Calabar is physostigmine salicylate crystals, an aristocratic drug that is furnished to the customer who is able to buy at the reasonable charge of $1,810,020 for a 2 ounce phial!—*St. Louis Republic.*

Since Gladstone Was a Young Man.

Mr. Gladstone concluded his Midlothian speech as follows: Our path is straightforward to the end. We were never disheartened for a moment in the day of adversity, and I hope we shall see the necessity of care and moderation in the day of prosperity. We look forward, as Lord Rosebery has said, to attack in this great question the last fortress of bigotry and of prejudice. Why, when I was a young man the British Empire was full of these sad and painful cases. The State was at issue with the people. For India we had done nothing. A million of negroes we held by the degrading yoke of slavery. At the Cape of Good Hope the colonists, who were then in a great majority, were every man of them hostile to the British Government. In the Ionian Islands we had kept down a Greek population anxious to be associated with their own blood, and in Canada we so managed matters that two rebellions were necessary to bring us to our senses. Every one of these stains has been removed. Every one of these changes has been made with honor, and with benefit, and with increase of strength. The cause of Ireland alone remains our reproach before the world, a cause and witness of perpetual disunion among ourselves at home. It keeps the country in a perpetual fever. Never in my whole life, until within the last five years, have I known an instance when every by-election as it occurs formed the great subject of public interest from one end of the country to the other. And it is not unnatural or unjust, because we know that the entire welfare of the Empire is at present bound up with the settlement of the Irish question. That settlement is what we have in view: that settlement is the object with which we ought not to permit, if we are rational men, any subject whatever, be it great or be it small, to interfere. The settlement it is which is likely, as I believe, to rid the Empire at once of an intolerable nuisance and of a deep disgrace, and which is likely also to gild with a brighter glow even than any former period the closing years of a glorious reign.

Washing the Face.

"I wash my face," Mme. Ruppert said to a New York *World* man, "twice a day—the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning. Then I am facially done for the day. Before retiring I lather my hands with a good unscented soap and rub it into my face with friction enough to make the skin crimson, and wash it off with cold water. That cleanses. In the morning a wash in clear, cold water refreshes. During the day if my face looks gray or greasy I wipe it carefully with a soft cloth. The complexion is a delicate affair and requires nice treatment.

"Hot water I consider bad, for this reason: There is a natural oil in the skin, which hot water washes out of the pores or removes, just as hot water will clean greasy dishes. With cold water the oil thickens. It is just so on the face. The oil preserves the skin, keeps it fresh looking and soft.

The British Lion's Big Bite.

The territory of the fierce Barotse, who range over 225,000 square miles of land above the famous Victoria Falls, on the north side of the Zambesi River, has fallen under British governmental protection. The King of the Barotse has solemnly promised to abolish the killing of alleged witches and the terrible custom of human sacrifices. Nothing of importance is done among the Barotse without a human sacrifice, in most cases a child. First the fingers and toes are cut of and the blood is sprinkled on the boan, drum, house, or whatever may be the object in view. The victim is then killed and thrown into the river. The burning of men for witchcraft is carried on to a terrible extent. Not a day passes but some one is tried and burned.

An interesting article entitled "How London is Governed" in this month's *Century* magazine gives some particulars as to the way in which the great metropolis of the world is run. It says:

London's new government rests upon a franchise so popular that practically nobody who would care to vote is excluded. In the first place all householders are enfranchised; and this includes every man who rents a place for his family, even if it be only a small room in the garret or the cellar of a tenement house. It also includes those who live within fifteen miles of the metropolis, but own or occupy metropolitan quarters, for any purpose, worth a certain very limited rental. Owners of freehold property in London, no matter where they live, if British subjects, are entitled to vote. Widows and unmarried women who are householders, occupiers or owners of property, are also authorized to vote for county councillors. The principal basis of the franchise is the household; and the chief disqualifications are receipt of public alms and failure to pay rates that have fallen due. Any resident of the metropolis or vicinity who is entitled to vote is eligible to election. Furthermore, any British subject who owns land in London, or who is possessed of a limited amount of property, no matter where he lives, may be chosen a councillor of the county of London. The fact of residence in one district does not disqualify, either in law or in the popular judgment, for candidacy in another district.

Mr. S. J. Ritchie, of Akron, Ohio, who is at present in Ottawa, says he is confident of the value of the nickel deposits in Sudbury.