The Cambridge Chronicle.

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Salvation Through Poverty.

Dying alone
Because he is poor,
Going through the invisible door
To the unknown,
All unattended—
All unbefriended—
No one to see it all over and ended,
Priestly or lay;
No one to pray—
No one to say
Good-bye to the spirit departing to-day
Because he is poor.

Open your doors,
Ye angels that take
Unfriended mortals for charity's sake
Up to your floors;
Say, have ye places
Where Love's lighted faces
Shall welcome him, freed from the earth's cold embraces,
Where he was torn
By talons of scorn—
Manfully borne
All night through, though ever more crying for morn—
Because he was poor?

He died alone,
Because he was poor;
None lingered or watched at the sad earthly door,
For hearts are stone
Not one to ache
For his pitiful sake—
Ah! well that the morning was *only* to break
There by his bed;
None at his head
Save invisible dead—
Who come in our places to watch, it is said—
Because he was poor.

I see how it is—
How it seems to me,
He treads the bright floors, which I barely see,
And the Heavens are his;
His sickness, health—
His penury, wealth—
And bliss insupportable comes, as by stealth
From endless skies.
This is the prize
Of one who dies
Unsunned in the warmth of our human eyes
Because he is poor.

A Strange Delusion.

Placards have suddenly appeared in the most important localities in Canton province of China, charging foreigners with having concocted a diabolical medicine, which causes the bowels and the feet of the victim to swell up within some twenty-five days after it is taken, unless the patient will consent to enter the Roman Catholic church.

The medicine is said to be circulated in all quarters at foreign expense, through the agency of Buddhist nuns, old women and various sorts of hawkers and peddlers. Persons are induced to partake by the representation that a pestilence is impending, from which immunity can be secured only by a dose of the powder. If, when the swelling begins, they refuse to become Catholic they die, and report has it that some twenty thousand persons have already perished.

Of course the excitement caused among an ignorant and superstitious people by such a story is by no means trifling. As a consequence trouble and bloodshot have followed. A poor Chinaman was killed in the streets of Canton, by an excited mob on suspicion of dealing in this powder. A woman was killed in the Yamun, and a man was executed by the Viceroy on the same ground. Sharp despatches by the consuls have been followed by proclamations by the viceroy and Provincial Judge. The latter order the people to maintain order, under the severest penalties, but at the same time they assume the correctness of the report that such a powder is in circulation. As a reward is offered for any one engaged in its distribution, and as the official retrospects of the matter do not affirm the falsity of the charges regarding foreigners, the impression remains on the minds of the people that they are actually guilty. It is, therefore, clearly a matter of question whether the harm does not surpass the good.

The origin and design of these placards demand the gravest inquiry. To pass them over as mere ebullitions of ignorance which cease to do evil after a lull supervenes, is to practise political quackery, of which we may some day be the victims. First of all, be it observed, these placards are a common agency of stirring up a popular commotion, and placards against foreigners have been known ever since the old Hong days of Canton. What distinguishes the present movement is the extent of territory over which it prevails, and the homogeneity of pain indicates extraordinary facilities for attaining a common understanding and concert of action.

Two theories are advanced to explain the movement. By some it is regarded as part of a plan to overthrow the Tartar dynasty, by embroiling them with foreigners. And it is by no means an ill-chosen agency for that purpose, as I shall point out hereafter. By others it is looked upon as a most ingenious device of the mandarins to implant a deeper dislike of the foreigner in the minds of the common people, and there is an abundance of testimony in favor of this opinion. The manipulations of Chinese state-craft have a special end to accomplish at the present time. The treaties are to be revised, and the inland residence question is to be discussed. The Chinese are bent on refusing that demand. The Earl of Clarendon, moved by the representations of Mr. Burlingame, gave various classes of foreigners a rebuke for not paying more deference to the wishes and prejudices of the people. The Chinese had these papers translated and took the hint, and the mandarins are now manufacturing a public opinion bitterly hostile to the residence of foreigners inland.

No less than four German missionaries living in inland towns have been driven back to Canton or Hong Kong, while their houses have been looted and destroyed. Since the British Cabinet has ordered that the prejudices of the Chinese should be respected (and which is all right enough in itself), the Chinese have resolved that there shall be an increased multitude of prejudices to be respected. You will hear, of course, that the ostentatious vermilion-tipped proclamations are posted after the placards, and the placards will be pulled down, and you will be told to infer that all is moving on as before. The inference will by no means be just. The mischief intended will be fully accomplished. A condition of public sentiment will be superinduced which may lie passive and dormant enough when not needed, but which can be utilized hereafter if deemed desirable by the crafty mandarins.

Let not the public be deceived by any syren-song of mandarin desire for closer relations with the West. We are drifting in the direction of war rather than of peace.—*Chinese correspondent.*

The Downfall of Babylon.

Of the various wonders of Babylon, the product of the labors of its engineers or architects, we have no leisure to speak, yet the chief pride of the impulsive population was its impregnable walls. Nature had left the city easy of access on every side; the ingenuity of man had covered it with fortifications. The Babylonians mocked at the futile efforts of their foes. A deep moat surrounded the city. Walls more than three hundred feet high covered each of the sides. They were seventy-five feet wide, formed of unburned brick; houses were built on the spacious top: yet between them ran a street so wide that a chariot of four horses might drive or turn upon it at will. An inner wall of not inferior strength provided a new defense. Massive gates of bronze secured every opening. The city was more impregnable to ancient tactics than the finest work of Vauban to his contempories—than the redoubts of Paris to modern cannon. Twice only was Babylon taken; once by surprise, and once by treachery. Nor was any ancient engineer ever able to dry its enormous ditch, to sap its gigantic walls, taller than most European spires, to crush in its solid gates, or penetrate its exterior defenses. The mighty fortress ruled for centuries over the plains of the Euphrates and the Tigris; the fame of its strength filled the world; it was celebrated in the annals of Greece and the chronicles of the Middle Ages; and in the fanciful days of chivalry and of barbarism every nightly castle seems to have been modeled upon tho plan of the Assyrian stronghold, and possessed on an insignificant scale its ditch, its double walls, its interior keep, and its protecting towers.

Yet, compared with the enormous stone-work of Egypt or the Cyclopean fortress of Mycenæ, Babylon seems to have been singularly fragile It was a mass of sun-dried bricks. Clay bound together by chopped straw and asphaltum, was almost the sole material employed by its architects. Palaces and temples, its lofty houses and its towering walls, were all composed of crumbling earth; and when at length decay settled upon the mighty capital, and its deserted buildings were abandoned to the ravages of time, it melted away like a baseless vision, and faded into a heap of dust. Except a hill of broken bricks, no trace remains of the tower of Belus. The Euphrates has broken its neglected embankments, and converted the site of Babylon into a desolate marsh. Wild beasts make their dens in the crevices of the pile of ruins. Bats and owls cling to the arid caverns. The fair plains of Babylonia, once clad in boundless harvests of Mesopotamian wheat, rich with endless groves of palm, are sown alone with brambles. The canals, the broad highways, and the spacious inns are gone. The gifted Semitic race, who wrought the flowered muslins, and cut the precious gems of Babylon, are mingled with the dust. All is solitude. The scornful Euphrates sweeps at will over the fields it was once condemned to fertilize, and mocks at the faded glories of Cyrus or Samiramis, of Darius and Alexander, so low has Babylon fallen!

Its renown was altogether material: no poets, historians, musicians, artists, sprang up amidst its crowded throngs. A single Burns or a Babylonian Pindar might have saved it from contempt; and but for the pen of a cultivated Greek its mighty towers and its gigantic walls would have risen and sunk undistinguished upon the Assyrian plain; but for the cry of Hebrew prophecy the name of Babylon would never have become the symbol of civic corruption, or its fate the lesson of all ages.

Anecdote of Ezekiel Webster.

In these latter days, when the office of the Surrogate is the theatre of so much unseemly wrangle over the wills of testators that men who have property to leave may sometimes despair of their wishes being consummated, an anecdote of Ezekiel Webster, brother of the "godlike," may be aptly quoted:

When in full practice he was employed to defend the will of Roger Perkins, of Hopkinton. The physicians made affidavit that the testator was struck with death when he signed his will. Mr. Webster subjected his testimony to a most thorough examination, showing, by quoting medical authorities, that doctors disagree as to the precise moment when a dying man is struck with death; some affirming that it is at the commencement of the fatal disease, others at its climax, and others still affirming that we begin to die as soon as we are born.

"I should like to know," said Mr. Sullivan, the opposing counsel, "what doctor maintains that theory?"

"Dr. Watts," said Mr. Webster, with great gravity:

"The moment we begin to live,
We all begin to die."

The reply convulsed the Court and audience with laughter.

Success in California.—Col. Kollister, a former citizen of Licking County, Ohio, emigrated to California shortly after its acquisition to the United States. He began in a small way near Los Angelos, raising sheep and cattle. His present possessions are immense He has an almond grove covering seven hundred acres, and over sixty thousand almond trees yielding fruit. He has planted, and is successfully growing, one hundred thousand orange, lemon and olive trees, had at one time over one hundred and fifty thousand head of sheep and cattle; owns about one hundred thousand acres of land divided into three ranches. He has recently purchased in Japan twenty-six bushels of Japan tea seed, and sent over for and obtained two or three Japanese to cultivate it and expects to meet with great success in this new experiment.

Will Parents Take Heed.—On all hands complaints are made of the increasing ill health of our school children. Now who is to take the matter in hand? Who is to say there shall be absolutely *no* lessons learned out of school, unless the present duration of school hours shall be shortened? It needs, we think, only that the parents shall themselves *insist* upon this to effect it. Why wait till brain-fever has set in? Why wait till little spines are irretrievably crooked? And of what mortal use is it to keep on pouring anything into a vessel when it is incapable of holding any more, and is only wasted upon the ground?

Fanny Fern.

Wyoming's Great Legislative Joke.

The accident, for such it was, by which woman suffrage became the law of Wyoming happened in this way: The President of the Council of the first Territorial Legislature of Wyoming strolled into the office of the Secretary of the Territory one morning in November, 1869, to talk about local politics. Woman suffrage came in for its share of attention. Said the Secretary, who was a staunch advocate of woman's right:

"Mr. President, do you know you have the greatest opportunity of any man in America to immortalize yourself?"

"How?" inquired the president.

"By introducing a bill to the council extending the right of suffrage to woman," replied the secretary.

"By Jove! I'll do it if you'll draw up the bill," responded the president.

"Agreed," answered the secretary; and Mr. President smiled the quiet smile of satisfaction incident to the birth of a new idea, pulled away at his cigar, straightened himself and walked to the Council chamber to ponder on his future greatness. The bill was drawn, introduced and passed the first reading of the Council—more for the novelty and notoriety than because its members were in its favor.

In the lower house, however, the bill met opposition, and became the subject of earnest dissension on the part of a minority. The majority looked upon the whole thing as a joke of the rollicking secretary, and were disposed to let him have his fun, while they would enjoy the big supper promised them by the secretary if they would pass the bill. Thus the bill passed the House, not supposing the Council would confirm it on its final reading. The Council, however, did pass the bill, whether from indifference or to appear consistent with its former action it is impossible to say, as it is equally impossible to account for most of the laws passed by this Legislature on any known hypothesis. But whether joke or design on the part of the secretary, the members of the House were certainly victimized, for they never got that big supper, and the bill did pass.

It only waited now for the Governor's signature under the great seal of the Territory to make this bill a law in the land. In a few days the bill was returned with his Excellency's familiar O. K., and woman suffrage became both a fact and a law in Wyoming.

Home, Wife, and Saturday Night.

Happy is the man who has a little home and a little angel in it, of a Saturday night. A house, no matter how little, provided it will hold two or so—no matter how humbly furnished, provided there is hope in it; let the winds blow—close the curtains. What if they are plain calico, without border, tassel, or any such thing? Let the rain come down, heap up the fire. No matter if you haven't a candle to bless yourself with, for what a beautiful light glowing coal makes, rendering cloudless, shedding a sunset through the room; just light enough to talk by, not loud, as in the highways; nor rapid, as in the hurrying world, but softly, slowly, whisperingly, with pauses between, for the storm without and the thoughts within to fill up with. Then wheel the sofa around by the fire; no matter if the sofa is a settee, uncushioned at that, if so be it is just long enough for two and a half in it. How sweetly the music of silver bells from the time to come falls on the listening heart then. How mournfully swell the chimes of "the days that are no more." Under such circumstances, and at such a time, one can get at least sixty-nine and a half miles nearer "kingdom come," than any other point in this world laid down in "Malte Brun." May be you may smile at this picture; but there is a secret between us, viz.: it is a copy of a picture ruddely done, but true as the Pentateuch of an original in every human heart.

A Wonderful Balsam.

A manufacturer and vender of quack medicines for rheumatism and the growth of hair combined, recently wrote to a friend for a recommendation of his (the manufacturer's) "balsam." In a few days he received the following, which we call pretty strong:

Dear Sir:—The land composing this farm his hitherto been so poor that a Chinaman could not get a living off it, and so stony that we had to slice our potatoes, and plant them edgeways; but, hearing of your balsam, I put some on the corner of a ten-acre field surrounded by a rail fence, and in the morning I found the stones had entirely disappeared, and a neat wall encircled the field; the rails were split up into firewood, and piled up symmetrically in my backyard. I put half an ounce in the middle of a huckleberry swamp; two days saw it clear off, planted with corn and pumpkins, and a row of peach trees in full blossom through the middle. As an evidence of its tremendous strength, I would say that it drew a striking likeness of my eldest son out of a mill-pond, drew a blister all over his stomach, drew a load of potatoes four miles to market, drew grease out of a flint, and eventually drew a prize of ninety-seven dollars out of a defunct lottery."

Ugliness of Mormon Women.

A late writer says: Nothing impressed us more in Salt Lake city than the homeliness of the women. It may be ungallant to mention it; but, as every one that goes there thinks it, here goes the statement of the fact. Now, homeliness of feature is not a disadvantage. There is a handsome ugliness and a pious homeliness; but with these Mormon women it is a vicious, outrageous uncomelness, indicative of moral disfigurement. The Tabernacle was alive with them. They made us shudder. It is "assault and battery" to have them look at you. What Brigham or any other man would want of seventeen such creatures I cannot imagine. One of them, I should think, would be a great horror. Such dislocations of noses and misplacements of mouths, and ruins of eyebrows, are not gathered together in any other place on this continent. There must be a good many witches among them. We would not have been much surprised to see them riding home on a broomstick. The only excuse that we can see for polygamy is that it would take at least fifty such women to make one wife.

Mayor Mason of Chicago, has issued a proclamation appointing a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer.

The Death of Nero.

One night Nero, dressed in women's clothes, was in one of the palaces of Rome, surrounded by his boon companions, male and female, indulging in the most loathsome orgies, when a great uproar was heard in the streets. A messenger was sent to ascertain the cause. He returned with the appalling tidings that Galba, at the head of an avenging army, was marching rapidly into Rome; that insurrection had broken out in the streets, and that a countless mob, breathing threatenings and slaughter, were surging toward the palace.

The wretched tyrant, as cowardly as he was infamous, was struck with dismay. He sprang from the table so suddenly as to overturn it, dashing the most costly vases in fragments, he cried, "I am ruined! I am ruined!" and called for a cup of poison. Suicide was the common resort in those days of the cowardly in the hours of wretchedness. Nero took the poisoned cup, but dare not drink it. He called for a dagger, examined its polished point, but had not nerve to press that to his heart. He then rushed from the palace in his woman's garb, and with his long hair fluttering in the wind. Thus disguised, he almost flew through the dark and narrow streets, intending to plunge into the Tiber. When he reached the bank and gazed upon its gloomy waves again his courage failed.

Several of his companions had accompained him. One of them suggested that he should flee to a country seat, about three miles from Rome, and there conceal himself. Insane with terror, bareheaded, in his shameful garb, he covered his face with a handkerchief, leaped upon a horse, and succeeded, through a thousand perils, in gaining his retreat. Just before he reached the villa, some alarm so frightened him that he leaped from his horse and plunged into a thicket by the roadside. Through briers and thorns, with torn clothes and lacerated flesh, he reached the insecure asylum he sought.

In the meantime, the Roman senate had hurriedly assembled. Emboldened by the insurrection, and by the approach of Galba, they passed a decree declaring Nero to be the enemy of his country, and doomed him to death. *more majorum*—that is, according to ancient custom. Some one of Nero's companions brought him the tidings in his hiding place. Pallid and trembling, he inquired, "And what is death *more majorum*?" The appalling reply was: "It is to be stripped naked, to have the head fastened in the pillory, and be scourged to death!"

The monster who had amused himself in witnessing the torture of others recoiled with horror from the dreadful affliction. Seizing a dagger he again endeavored to nerve himself to plunge it into his heart. A pick from the sharp point was all he could summon resolution to inflict. He threw the dagger aside and groaned in terror. He then strove to talk himself into courage.

"Ought Nero," said he, "to be afraid? Shall the emperor be a coward? No! Let me die courageously!"

Again he grasped the dagger, anxiously examined its keen edge, and again threw it aside with a groan of despair.

Just then the clatter of horsemen was heard, and a party of dragoons was seen approaching. His retreat was discovered, and in a few moments Nero would be helpless in the hands of his enemies. Then there would be no possible escape from the ignominious and agonizing death. In the delirium of despair he ordered a freeman to hold a sharp sword so that he might throw himself violently against it. He thus succeeded in severing the jugular vein, and his life blood spurted forth. As he sank upon the ground the soldiers came up. He looked at them with a malignant scowl, saying, "You are too late!" and died.

Thus perished this monster of depravity. It is said that this event took place on the 19th of June, A. D. 68. Many Christians at the time supposed Nero to be the Anti Christ. The wretch had reigned thirteen years, and died in the thirty-second year of his age.

The First Newspaper in America.

In Buckingham's "Newspaper Specimens" we find that the first attempt to set up a newspaper in North America, so far as can be ascertained from existing records or from tradition, was made in Boston in the year 1690. Only one copy is known to be in existence, and this is deposited in the state paper office in London.

Number one of this paper, and probably the only number ever published, is dated September 25, 1690. Immediately on its publication the legislative authorities spoke of it as a pamphlet, stated that it was contrary to law, and contained "reflections of a very high nature." They strictly forbade "anything in print without license first obtained from those appointed by the government to grant the same." This paper was printed by Richard Pierce for Benjamin Harris. Mr. Pierce is said to have been the first person who carried on the printing business in Boston.

Benjamin Harris, who was the proprietor of this paper, had a printing house in Boston, and in 1692 and 1694 printed the acts and laws of Massachusetts, and was "printer to his Excellency the Governor, and Council." Harris's commission to print the laws was in the following words:

"By his Excellency—I order Benjamin Harris to print the acts and laws made by the great and general court or assembly of their Majesty's province of Massachusetts Bay of New England, that we people may be informed thereof.

"William Phipps.

"Boston, December 16, 1692."

This is a curious, interesting and important history, showing that the advent of the newspaper to this country took place a hundred and eighty years ago!

Treating.—A party of gentlemen in a liquor saloon disputing whether the American system of not treating was preferable couldn't settle the matter by talking, and so they went to work, testing the matter by practice. First each man took a drink by himself. After that each single friend returned the compliment. And finally each man in the party—there were six of them—asked all the rest to drink. When all that was accomplished, not a soul in the room could tell where the discussion originated, or what it was about.

Ladies Wearing Apparel.

A New York fashion Journal says Cloth paletots are so convenient and jaunty that they will remain in favor. They are also most reasonable in price. Among those imported from Berlin are fine cloth jackets, slashed, and in Gothic points, with velvet collar and cuffs, made in the best manner and sold for $18 or $20. Others of coarser cloth, though all wool, trimmed with fringe and velvet pipings, cost from $15 to $18.

Ponson's blue-black velvet, three-fourths of a yard wide, is the quality found most available for this season's garments. It costs from $11 to $15 a yard. The double capes of velvet are much less expensive than polonaises, are graceful and stylish-looking, with the advantage, in addition, of not cutting the velvet in small pieces. A pretty velvet Inverness, with gimp and fringe, is sold for $75; a double cape, or a sacque with cape, for $35, Ladies who have velvet basqueins, or loose sacques made two or three years ago, are modernizing them by adding a large talma, open only half-way up the back, and thus concealing that part of the velvet that has lost its lustre or become worn.

Bright and warm jackets for the house are made of flannel cloth of two or three red shades, scarlet, cherry, or crimson, braided with white worsted curled braid in Gothic patterns, and fringed or scalloped. White flannel cloth is braided with blue or scarlet, blue with white, and black with white or blue. The collar, cuffs, and breast pockets are pointed in Gothic fashion. Price $10.

The most comfortable garment for midwinter is a fur cloak. Seal will be most worn this year, and the shape is a loose double-breasted sacque, bordered with a sea-otter or with beaver. The small round muff must be bordered also. Astrakhan cloaks are given a new effect by borders of another skin, such as fur seal or that of the Persian lamb. Those are in fitted jackets, slashed in each seam, and cost from $90 to $120.

A Story of Industry.

The French papers have a story about the beginning of M. Thiers's career which is a pendant to that of the first introduction of the great banker, Laffitte, to the tide that led on to fortune. Young Laffitte being rebuffed by a banker to whom he applied for employment, and turning sadly away, spied a pin on the floor, and stooped to pick it up; on which the banker called him back, made him a clerk, and finally a partner, and so made his fortune. The Thiers story is that soon after he came to Paris to seek his fortune M. Coste, the editor of the *Temps*, and M. Bellet, one of his chief collaborators, noticed a light always burning in the attic of a house they had to pass about 2 A. M., as they left the office to go home. This excited their curiosity so strongly that one night they knocked at the door and asked the porter who it was that lived *au cinquieme*. He said it was an industrious young man, working hard to fit himself for a journalist. Upon this they mounted to the garret, and presenting themselves to the youth, like Providence in human shape; and, a brief conversation satisfying them of his competency, the editor gave him immediately a place on the staff of the paper, which was the first round of "young ambition's ladder," which has conducted him to the highest places of fame and power. We tell this story, as the French papers say in such cases, *avec toutes les reserves*, by no means guaranteeing its authenticity. There is no inherent improbability about it; and, at any rate, it is a good story.

Leading the Jews Back to Palestine.

An ambitious project has been formed by a small knot of rabbis at Frankfort, viz., to lead the scattered children of Israel back to Palestine, and to establish a Jewish kingdom there once more, Invitations to join the project have been printed in great numbers, and are by this time circulating among the numerous members of the ancient race throughout Germany; and, if we may credit the report of newspapers friendly to Judaism, influential moneyed men in the old imperial capital—the headquarters of German Jews—have given it their substantial support. The originators endeavor to prove that the undertaking is by no means as impracticable as it at first sight seems, and remind their fellow-creedsmen that it is what they pray for—if they pray at all—three or four times every day—viz., in the "Shemoneh Esrech," in their noon and evening, and, in fact, in every prayer sanctioned by their law. Moreover, they interpret the Bible passage. "Return to me and I will return to you," as meaning literally that on the Jews returning to Jerusalem the Lord, and with Him power and prosperity, will return to them.

Systematizing Mental Labor.—As a marvellous instance of what one man may achieve by doing systematically and thoroughly whatever he undertakes, we can not do better than consider the life of Alexander von Humboldt. There was no part of the world he had not visited, and he had been nowhere without acquiring the most exact knowledge of the whole country, its geology, its animal life, its botany, all its physical characteristics, as well as the language, habits, customs, laws, religion, and history of its people. He led this life till he was ninety years of age, and even then no fact, in any part of the world, that had any bearing on scientific truth escaped his notice. His mind was a museum, where all the knowledge that had been brought into the world was placed in order, carefully guarded, and always ready for use. We are not wrong in attributing the boundless learning and prodigious memory of this great man to his habit of systematizing his mental labor, and to his power of self-concentration; and to his belief in the wisdom of God.—*Scientific American.*

Frightful Disaster.—Another frightful colliery disaster is reported. An explosion took place in the Seahan Mine, near Newcastle, England. Thirty-three men were in the pit at the time, none of whom where saved. The families of the victims with numbers of people gathered around the mouth of the pit, and former scenes of excitement and distress were renewed.

A cover-lid knit of shell-work pattern was recently exhibited at a fair in Maine, that contained 786,240 stitches, all knit by hand.

Chicago.

Blackened and bleeding, helpless, panting, prone,
On the charred fragments of her shattered throne
Lies she who stood but yesterday alone.

Queen of the West! by some enchanter taught
To lift the glory of Aladdin's court,
Then lose the spell that all that wonder wrought.

Like her own prairies by some chance seed sown,
Like her own prairies in one brief day grown,
Like her own prairies in one fierce night mown.

She lifts her voice, and in her pleading call
We hear the cry of Macedon to Paul—
The cry for help that makes her kin to all.

But haply with wan fingers may she feel
The silver cup hid in the proffered meal—
The gifts her kinship and our loves reveal.

October 10, 1871. *By Bret Harte.*

Facts and Fancies.

The world is like a treadmill which turns incessantly and leaves no choice but to sink or climb

A Tennessean, who is already blind of one eye, has been obliged to have his teeth extracted to save the other one.

Many young ladies are accused of wearing their engagement rings in their pockets except when "he" is around.

It is said that the three hardest words of the English language to pronounce, consecutively, are—"I was mistaken."

It is sweet to have friends you can trust, and convenient sometimes to have friends who are not afraid to trust you.

When I see a man's name
Scratch'd upon a glass,
I know he owns a diamond,
And his father owns an ass.

A vermont contemporary is in favor of keeping hens, for the reason that every kernel of grain they eat they give a peck.

Young ladies declare that this season's bonnets are "perfectly lovely." Their shape is something indescribable; they become most girls, and cost outrageously.

It is claimed that when the necessary works are completed coal can be mined in Alaska, and delivered at San Francisco at a cost of from $5.60 to $6 per ton,

In northern Iowa, notwithstanding the ravages of the potato bug at the beginning of the season, potatoes have not been so large or plentiful for years as at present. They are selling at twenty-five cents a bushel.

The prize of the Cleveland County (Tenn.) Fair for the best butter exhibited, was awarded to Mrs. Patterson, who was mistress of the White House during the administration of her father, ex-President Johnson.

A witty clergyman, accosted by an old acquaintance by the name of Cobb, replied: "I don't know you, sir." "My name is Cobb," rejoined the man, who was about half seas over. "Ah, sir," said the minister, "you have so much corn on you that I did not see the cob."

A lady teacher in an Iowa school made a boy stand up and show how he kissed the big girls in the woodshed, in hopes that he would shed tears and promise to do so no more, all the boys are leaving the other schools now, and going to this lady teacher.

It is said that a number of French soldiers, who were taken prisoners by the Germans and afterwards escaped, are now lurking in the forests of Germany, and that many of them have formed themselves into regular bands of outlaws, who subsist by robbery and depredation.

(The following we extract from a little book on Chronic Diseases, by R. V. PIERCE, M. D., of Buffalo, N. Y. Our readers can receive this interesting and useful little book, post-paid, by enclosing one postage stamp to the doctor.)

CATARRH.

Symptoms.—In the early stages of the disease the patient may be annoyed with "only a slight dropping in the throat," as many express it, the amount of discharge from the air passages of the head at this stage of the disease being only slightly in excess of health. In some cases the discharge is thick, ropy and tough, requiring frequent and strong effort in the way of hawking, blowing and spitting to remove it from the throat, where it frequently lodges. In other cases, or in other stages of the same case, the disharge is thin, watery, acrid, irritating and profuse. The nose may be stopped up from the swollened and thickened condition of the lining mucous membrane, so as to necessitate respiration through the mouth, giving to the voice a disagreeable nasal twang. The disease sometimes assumes a dry form, there being very little or no discharge. In some cases the patient suffers from headache a great portion of the time or may experience a dull, heavy, disagreeable fullness or pressure in the head, with confusion of his ideas, which renders him quite unfit for business, especially such as requires deep thought and mental labor. Memory may be more or less affected, and the disposition of those who are otherwise amiable is often rendered irritable, or morose and despondent The mental faculties suffer to such extent in some cases as to result in insanity. The sense of smell is in many cases impaired, and sometimes entirely lost, and the senses of taste and hearing may be more or less affected.

The secretion which is thrown out in the more advanced stages of Chronic Catarrh become so acrid, unhealthy and poisonous, that it produces severe irritation and inflammation which are followed by excoriation and ulceration of the delicate lining membrane of the air passages in the head. As the ulceration eats its way up among the small bones the discharge generally becomes profuse and often excessively fetid, requires the frequent use of the handkerchief, and renders the poor sufferer disagreeable both to himself and those with whom he associates. Thick, tough, brownish incrustations or hardened lumps, are many times formed in the head by the evaporation of the watery portion of the discharge. These lumps are sometimes so large and tough that it is with great difficulty that they can be removed. They are usually discharged every day or two, but only to be succeeded by another crop. It is painfully unpleasant to witness the ravages of this terrible disease, and observe the extent to which it sometimes progresses. Holes are eaten through the roof of the mouth, and great cavities excavated into the solid bones of the face, and in such cases only the best and most thorough treatment, both local and constitutional, will check the progress and fatal termination of the disease.

Only a few of the large number of symptoms which I have described as common to the different stages of Catarrh will be likely to be manifested at one time in a single case Although they are all *common* to the disease in some of its stages, yet thousands of cases annually terminate in consumption or insanity and end in the grave, without ever having manifested one-half of the symptoms above enumerated.

As the disease progresses, or frequently in its earlier stages, the throat is apt to become affected. It becomes dry, sore or raw, or studded with very small ulcers, which, as seen through the mouth, look like small pimples or "canker sores," for which they are often mistaken. The voice may be more or less affected, especially on exposure to cold or over-exertion, and a hacking cough is not unfrequent. Creeping along the continuous lining mucous membrane of the air passages, the disease gradually extends to the *larynx*, and by the same process of extension the bronchial tubes, and lastly the substance of the lungs, in their turn, are diseased, and Bronchitis and Consumption firmly established. Tightness in the chest, with difficulty of breathing, soreness, darting, sharp or dull heavy pain, or a prickly distressing sensation, accompanied with more or less cough and expectoration, are evidence that the bronchial tubes have become affected, and should admonish the sufferer *that he is now standing upon the stepping-stone to Consumption*, over which thousands annually tread in their slow, yet sure, journey to the grave.

TREATMENT OF CATARRH.

If you would remove an evil, *strike at its root*. This is the "common-sense," or rational way to treat Catarrh. As the predisposing or real cause of Catarrh is, in the majority of cases, some weakness, impurity or otherwise faulty condition of the system, which invites the disease, and needs only the irritation produced in the nasal passages by an attack of cold to kindle the flame and establish the loathsome malady, in attempting to cure it our chief aim must be directed to the removal of that cause. The more I see of this odious disease, the more do I recognize the importance and necessity of combining, with the use of a local soothing and healing application, a thorough internal use of blood-cleansing and strengthening medicine, if we would successfully treat the disease.

As a local application for healing the diseased condition in the head,

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY

Is beyond all comparison the best preparation ever discovered. It is mild and pleasant to use, producing no smarting or pain, and contains no strong irritating or caustic drug or other poison. Its ingredients are simple and harmless, yet when scientifically and skillfully combined in just the right proportions they form a most wonderful and valuable healing medicine. Like gunpowder, which is formed by the combination of saltpetre, sulphur and charcoal, the ingredients are simple, but the product of their combination is wonderful in its effects. It is a powerful antiseptic, and speedily destroys all bad smell which accompanies so many cases, thus affording great comfort to those who suffer in this way. It speedily subdues acute attacks of "cold in the head," thus preventing their resulting in Chronic Catarrh. Its cleansing, antiseptic, soothing and healing properties are truly wonderful. The Catarrh Remedy fluid should be applied by the use of

DR. PIERCE'S NASAL DOUCHE,

which carries it high up and applies it to all parts of the affected nasal passages, and the chambers and cavities communicating therewith. Three or four packages of the Remedy used with this instrument—which is sold by druggists at sixty cents—will do more good than a dozen used in any other manner While the Catarrh Remedy is being used locally, we must not neglect to correct the constitutional fault upon which the disease generally depends, or the Catarrh, if relieved at all, is very apt to show itself again upon slight exposure. If it does not, the weakness or humor may manifest its presence by developing disease of the lungs, liver, bones or other organs or structures. For this reason in particular, the reader must see the great importance of purifying and regulating the system and building up the strength to a healthy standard at the same time that the disease in the head is being healed by the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Not only will the cure be thus more surely, speedily and permanently effected, but you thereby guard against other forms of disease breaking out as the result of humors in the blood or constitutional derangements or weaknesses.

For this purpose I have discovered a medicine that will, better than any other, accomplish the object sought. To designate this wonderful medicine, I have named it

Dr. Pierce's Alt. Ext., or Golden Medical Discovery.

No other alterative or blood cleanser, and no other pectoral, or throat, bronchial or lung medicine should ever be used with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, as none other is so well calculated to work in harmony with, and assist it in its operations.

Many blood and cough medicines have a tendency to interfere with the effects of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. They should not therefore be used.

My Golden Medical Discovery is the natural "help-mate" of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It not only cleanses, purifies, regulates and builds up the system to a healthy standard, and conquers throat, bronchial and lung complications when any such exist, but from its specific effects upon the lining membrane of the nasal passages it aids materially in restoring the diseased, thickened or ulcerated membrane to a healthy condition, and thus eradicating the disease. When a cure is effected in this manner it is permanent

Indeed very few cases of Catarrh can be cured at all by the use of local applications only. A thorough course of alterative and tonic treatment must be used with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, if you would derive the greatest amount of benefit. This will require the use of from six to twelve bottles of my Golden Medical Discovery.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy effects cures upon "common-sense," rational and scientific principles, by its mild, soothing and healing properties, to which the disease gradually yields, when the system has been put in perfect order by the use of my Golden Medical Discovery. This is the only perfectly safe, scientific and successful mode of acting upon and healing it.

Scarcely a mail arrives that does not bring me new testimony of cures effected by the treatment which I here recommend. The best evidence of what *can* be done in the treatment of any disease is to be found in the *past* success of the treatment to be employed. An old proverb says, "what *has been* done *may* be done again." In view of these facts, and knowing that *I have cured thousands of the worst cases of Catarrh, and have never failed to effect a perfect cure when I have had a reasonable chance*, I hereby offer in good faith, $500 Reward for a case of Catarrh which I cannot cure. I claim that I can cure any and every case of it if my directions are faithfully followed. Why then trifle with this disease, reader? Why put off the use of the sure means of cure which I offer? Do you not know that "procrastination is the thief of time?" Why try to make light of it by thinking that it is only Catarrh? Do you not know that *consumption and insanity are among its frequent results*, and that thereby *millions of graves are filled?* Do I speak strongly? Can I speak too strongly? Why disgust your friends and associates with the offensive odor of your breath, or by your constant hawking, blowing and spitting, when relief is so easily and cheaply obtained? Is it not a duty that you owe to others as well as yourself to get rid of this disgusting complaint? Do not think that the disease will in time wear out. On the contrary, it will, unless cured, wear *you* out. Do not think that you cannot be cured. *The world moves*, and *medical science is progressive*. Many forms of disease, which would once have been entirely incurable with the means then known, are, in the light of more recent discoveries in medicine, *very easily cured*.

Dr. Pierce's Medicines are sold by druggists everywhere, or the Catarrh Remedy or Nasal Douche will be sent by mail, post-paid on receipt of sixty cents.

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