The Palladium

At the Garrick Club.

Disciple friend, bear the bell:
I have [illegible] December [illegible],
The [illegible] earth, the dreary sky,
[illegible] with [illegible].
[illegible] the darkening room!
What [illegible] the [illegible]—
[illegible] waiter! [illegible]
I [illegible] the familiar shades.
And [illegible] old [illegible] for ear,
[illegible] with half-shut eyes I hear
[illegible] voice, [illegible] loud and long
[illegible] of politics or song;
[illegible] with a stroke,
[illegible] heart of oak!
[illegible] of men, [illegible]
For Lily Dale [illegible];
And many a charming English lass
Is mirrored in your magic glass,
[illegible] roof or base.
Ah! never in the [illegible] place
Shall we [illegible]
[illegible]
Now, [illegible] live in features,
But [illegible] of human creatures—
[illegible]
[illegible] to [illegible]
[illegible] Eliot's will in story,
And [illegible] her glory.
[illegible] sitting at his ease,
[illegible] place,
[illegible]
[illegible] as well as [illegible],
Or [illegible] back to [illegible],
[illegible] and [illegible] Waller,
And [illegible] Brooks, whose handsome face
[illegible] the first place,
[illegible] of wit about at pleasure,
Indulging in the well earned leisure,
And [illegible], whose [illegible] board
Welcomed the tyro and the lord.
[illegible]
All these upon the [illegible]
have [illegible], and, [illegible] than we,
Have solved life's deep [illegible]
Whereto we know who [illegible]
Dead voices speak or word of cheer,
Dead eyes [illegible] of light,
[illegible] might,
And all the [illegible] spake
Lost sweet in a [illegible] of oak.

[illegible]
Thus [illegible] fear;
As if the [illegible] sky
Had [illegible] heart, and brain, and eye;
[illegible]
[illegible] by [illegible] heart;
As if [illegible]
Had failed [illegible] tablet;
As if, when [illegible]
No room were left for hope and trust.

— [London Spectator.

A HAPPY ACCIDENT.

"Good morning, Jennie, the gray mare and I have come to ask you to drive with us to Nickford on this lovely day. How soon can you be ready?"

The speaker, a young, handsome fellow of some four and twenty years, stood in the open doorway of Jennie Russell's exquisitely kept dairy. He wore a morning suit of coarse tweed, the cut of which, however, betrayed it city made, and there was about him a certain air which betokened him accustomed to city ways; but the girl, who lifted a bright, winsome face, with a half start at his unexpected appearance, was engaged in deftly skimming the rich yellow cream with her own little fingers, neither white nor tapering, and though the great brown eyes were [illegible] with [illegible] failed to give her beauty. A sweet, true face it was, pretty at times—at times aglow with something better than beauty, but never beautiful.

"Thank you, Allen," she answered. "I'll go, with pleasure, and will keep you and the mare five minutes."

True to her word, within that time the two were comfortably seated in the high wheeled dog cart, and a flicker of the whip had given the signal for their departure.

Well pleased, Jennie's mother watched them from an upper window. Allen Edgar was the young squire. He had been educated in a great college far away, and money without stint had been lavished upon him. But he had studied hard, and when he returned home, too honest a love was in his heart for the acres which had been so many years his heritage of his family for him to wish to live elsewhere than upon them.

Neither had he forgotten his little playmate, and though, socially, a wide gulf yawned between him and simple little Jennie Russel, love has bridged many a wide chasm, and Mrs Russell eagerly suspected that the little god was already busy sowing his seed in the young man's heart.

"I'm so glad you came to day, Allen," said Jennie, naively, "for I've a great piece of news to tell you. We're to have a boarder this summer—a young girl like myself. She has been ill, and is to come to us for quiet. I am so anxious to see her! Early this morning I was arranging the room which is to be hers, and making it as pretty as I could. She will arrive to-morrow. You are so good to me, Allen, you'll try to make it sometimes pleasant for her, won't you?"

"What you call being good to you, Jennie, is being good to myself. You forget that it is all the harder to make it pleasant to this stranger, because she will interfere with our own happy, quiet hours. For one, I don't like her coming at all. More and more, Jennie, I want you all to myself. Why is it, I wonder?"

And he turned toward her with a tender smile, to which her only reply was a crimson wave. But she spoke no more of the stranger's coming, which late the next afternoon became an accomplished fact.

As she drove up to the storm house in Mr. Russel's wagon, Jennie stood in the open doorway to greet her; but somehow the words she had meant to utter died away, and a strange shyness took possession of her.

Two enormous trunks filled the wagon, from which the [illegible] had been taken to make room for them; and though the dress the young lady wore was quiet in color and in make, it was wholly different from anything Nellie had ever seen, and somehow reminded her, in the difference between it and her own, of the nameless difference she had detected between Allen and the other young men of the place. But the wearer of the garments would lend the plainest costume grace. Never had Jennie beheld anything so beautiful as the colorless face, lighted by the great blue eyes, and the little head crowned by a mass of rippling, golden hair. The figure was [illegible], was faultlessly white, and sparkling with wonderful jewels.

"I hope your journey has not tired you very much," ventured Jennie, wistfully.

"I am always tired," replied Miss Carrol, and the low voice had in it a tone as of perpetual weariness.

How tiny the pretty room looked assigned their guest when herself and her two great trunks filled it. But she languidly expressed her appreciation of it, as reclining on the sofa, Jennie herself served her with the dainty supper prepared for her, and which she was too exhausted to take in the room below.

Three days passed before Allen and Miss Carrol met. She was half buried in a great arm chair, one lovely morning, when he stole up behind her, thinking it his little companion.

"Come, little girl!" he said. "The mare and I have been cheated long enough."

And then a pair of blue, surprised eyes glanced up at him, and two red lips uttered a tiny little scream.

At that instant Jennie entered and the formal presentation was made.

Allen laughingly expressed contrition for his mistake.

Miss Carrol graciously accepted his apologies; but the blue eyes grew less sleepy, and the pretty golden head had meditated certain satisfactory thoughts that the country promised to be less dull than she had anticipated, and that she was by no means sorry that she had that morning bedecked herself in a very becoming white embroidered gown.

Allen and Jennie had their drive, but the former was more quiet than his wont, and he spoke no more of his regret at Miss Carrol's coming. Nor, as the days merged into weeks, did Jennie need again to ask him to make it less dull for her guest.

Sometimes a strange, new pang shot through her heart, and into the brown eyes would creep a look of infinite sadness [illegible] beside Allen and behind the gray mare would be filled by another, and she could not but see how content he was that it should be so.

It was not all idle jealousy; but Jennie had learned the shallow, heartless nature of the girl who had bewitched him with her beauty and her grace.

She had seen her flush into quick passion when some dress, tried for the first time, failed to fit; had known how dull and listless she was until Allen's coming quickened her into life; had been herself the martyr of her thoughtlessness and her supreme selfishness.

But none of this might she tell to Allen—not even on one day he came to her, with more of the old Allen than she had seen of late in his manner, and with a glow of happiness on his face which made her own heart beat madly for a moment, as he explained to her its cause.

He had asked Miss Carroll to marry him, and she was his promised wife. Somehow the poor little girl hid her own hurts with a brave smile as she wished him happiness; but that night no sleep came to the brown eyes, and her pillow was wet with tears.

In September Miss Carrol left them; but another gem was added to her stock of jewels, and she wore it on the third finger of her left hand—the finger, they say, from which runs a vein direct to the heart.

The weeks that followed were very hard for Jennie to bear, for into her ear Allen poured all his lover's rhapsodies. Every day he came to the farm, but he could talk of nothing but the beauty and perfection of his future wife.

Poor little Jennie! She early learned the lesson few women are spared—teaching her lips to smile, while her soul writhed in agony.

But Jennie's revenge, if her generous nature could have harbored such a thought, was near at hand.

Christmas was fast approaching—when one day, Allen, as usual, came unannounced into the cheery sitting room.

The smile died on her face as she looked into his and saw it white, and set and stern.

"Allen!" she cried. "What is it? What has happened?"

"Read that!" he answered, and tossed a crested sheet of paper upon her lap.

Wonderingly she unfolded and read it through. Thus it ran:

"I wrote you last summer, dearest, of my flirtation in the country with a man kindly fate threw in my path—a flirtation I foolishly allowed to run into an engagement—though, of course, no one here suspects the truth, and really the boy (he is hardly more than a boy) was so desperately in earnest that I could not help my- self. After all, it makes no difference. Engagements, happily are easily broken; and when I tell you what Louis Latrobe has written papa—that he is coming to pay us a fortnight's visit at Christmas—you will understand [illegible] a prospect of my last sharing the fate with some others which have preceded it.

"You know, of course, how immensely rich Mr. Latrobe is; how his father, in early life, has made some sort of obligation to papa; and how, if we should happen so to fall in love, it would be a charming termination to the old friendship between them. Of course, I am prepared to be a willing victim. I have seen his picture. He is very handsome, and such wealth, ma chere! I could outrival all of my friends.

"Unfortunately, Allen writes me that he intends spending Christmas with me, too, and fills his letters with all a lover's rhapsodies, and his [illegible] more behold my charms.

Of course, I do not wish to break my engagement with him (really, he is not at all a bad parti, and I have rather a sentimental liking for him,) until I know something of Mr. Latrobe's intentions; therefore I have written him (Allen) a letter I shall send by this mail, telling him that mamma is quite ill (she has a very bad cold,) and asking him to postpone coming until January, when I can see more of him.

"More or less it will be, according to developments; but naturally I shall not dwell upon the latter possibility. Now, my dear, after unburdening to you my hearts and conscience, I feel it lighted of a load. Do you wonder that the responsibility was to good to bear alone?"

Jennie could read no more. With a face as white as Allen's own, she uplifted it from the sheet, which, unconsciously, she crushed in her right hand with a gesture of contempt.

"Allen!" she almost gasped. "What does it all mean? I—I can't understand it."

"It means that Miss Carrol's usual sagacity failed her, and she put the letter intended for her friend in the envelope addressed to me. It means that heaven has been kinder to me than I deserve. Then, suddenly breaking down, he dropped into a chair and bowed his head on his arms. [illegible] "I have been tottering on the brink of ruin, and thought I stood on the threshold of heaven!"

No words could comfort him, Jennie knew, and, forgetful of herself, she crossed to his side and laid her little hand tightly on the chestnut hair. He put up his own and drew it down to his lips. It was the first caress he gave her. From that day Miss Carrol's name was never spoken between them, save once when a letter came to her.

Allen had redirected the letter he had received through mistake and sent it back to her. She had mailed no reply until Mr. Louis Latrobe had come and gone, when, believing her own power infinite, she had written to recall him.

"It was all a sorry jest, Allen," she said, "I sent you the letter purposely to try you, and then determined to punish your [illegible] by my silence. Why, Mr. Latrobe is engaged to be married, and came to us for our congratulations. I knew it all the time. Don't be unbelieving, dear, and above all things, [illegible] love. When may I expect you?"

The new year had dawned when this letter came, and, like the first, he brought and put it into Jennie's hand.

"Will you send the reply, Jennie?" he asked.

"What shall I say?" she wonderingly replied.

"That I have been blind, and suddenly see. Blinded by her beauty, I forgot a truth I had already learned, that my heart was never here to break, for it belonged to you Jennie, I don't deserve you dearest; but if you will give yourself to me, I will try to make you happy as my wife. I will not ask you to write Miss Carroll, dear, but for answer let me enclose our wedding cards. Perhaps Mr. Louis Latrobe's will come to her by the same mail."

Which, by a strange coincidence, proved to be the case.

"Winter fuel out, what Summer lays by." Kidney-Wort cures in Winter and in Summer. There is scarcely a person to be found who will not be greatly benefited by a thorough course of Kidney-Wort every spring. If you cannot prepare the dry, buy the liquid. It has the same effect. jan30dw1w3p

Mr. Beecher's pews sold Tuesday night for a smaller sum than they have brought since 1863.

HONEST AND LIBERAL.

When the Hops in each bottle of Hop Bitters (at the present price, $1.25 per pound,) cost more than a bottle is sold for, besides the other costly medicines, and the quality and price are kept the same, we think it is honest and liberal in the proprietors, and no one should complain, or buy or use worthless stuff, or cheating bogus [illegible] because the price is less. jan23dwdp

[illegible] Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

BEECHER ON EVOLUTION.

HE DOES NOT BELIEVE IN THE EXISTENCE OF HELL—THEOLOGICAL DOGMAS ATTACKED—HIS IDEAS AS TO A FUTURE STATE.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered a lecture in the free course of the Cooper Union, in the hall of the institution, on Saturday night. His theme was "Evolution and Revolution." By half past seven o'clock there were 2,500 persons in the hall, and the police closed the doors. Hundreds more came, but they could not get in. It was not safe, the police said. Many prominent persons who were to occupy seats on the platform arrived late and went away unable to gain admittance. Those who could not find seats in the auditorium took the unoccupied places that had been reserved on the platform. Mr. Beecher was attired in a plain black suit, and stood a good share of the time with one hand resting on the reader's desk. He began with a statement of evolution as a description of the divine methods pursued in the creation. The creation was not the poetic decree that God said let it be and it was, but according to evidences furnished by science, was a gradual growth and the product of natural laws. This was held in a general way by scientists of the present day up to the point of the origin of man. Here there was a difference of opinion as to whether the human soul was the progress of the product described or of special influences not given to beings lower than man. As regards the relation of evolution to the existence of the Divine Creator, the question was left where it was before. There were three kinds of evolution from a moral standpoint—atheistic, agnostic and theistic. The existence of God could not be shown by physical proof any more than the weight of perfume by a pair of scales. In all high moral natures the existence of the Divine being was felt. The speaker did not say that man actually did descend from the animal creation by uninterrupted natural law. But if evolution was true it threw light on many questions and explained many difficulties.

"How did this view effect the Word of God?" Mr. Beecher asked. "It would rescue the Word of God from the abuse that had been made of it by the belief in plenary or verbal inspiration. The Bible was a history of the moral development of man along a certain special line. The Bible was itself a special example of special inspiration. So, then, the Word of God was in its construction a confirmation of evolution. It worked the advance and development of reason. It drew aside the curtain and revealed immortality and glory. If men were animals, said he, musingly, they have a firm foothold. After the laughter had ended he went on to say if men were to ascend little by little—if this was the divine method—it was what was seen in every household. The child was without reason and without control. It stumbled and broke up the English language as it progressed. The road of stumbling was the road of knowledge. Man, like an animal in an inclosure, went stumbling around. He bumped his head at every picket until he struck the right one and then the gate flew open. If things were seen aright, afterward sins were graces. If the lion committed murder it could not be blamed for it. That was what it was made for. Look at its teeth. Fault might as well be found with clay because it was soft and granite because it was hard. The moment superior qualities came into the composition of man, the question arose which should rule, instinct or reason. There was a constant discord between impulses and morals.

Taking up old Scriptural ideas, Mr. Beecher said God created a pair and put them into the Garden of Eden. He told them not to eat the apple. They did, and for that they were condemned. If they had been your children, said Mr. Beecher, looking over his audience, you would have spanked them and put them to bed. According to theological dogmas, God said he would make many out of their loins. He told them he would make their descendants bad. Great heavens! said Mr. Beecher, they were bad enough without making them any worse. The idea that succeeding generations were to be stained through because their ancestors ate an apple—because of crime they never committed and never thought of—Mr. Beecher ridiculed. For 10,000 years [illegible] had been dropping like bones into the bottom of hell for this cause. The speaker would not love a Being who could ordain such a thing as that. If this was the God he was called upon to worship, he would renounce him. He revolted at such a conception, made up by bad theology. But science dispelled the illusion, and the awakening was to see the fresh morning dew.

Further on in his lecture Mr. Beecher said to his hearers that they did not believe in hell and the men who preached it did not. They thought they did but they did not. Could any man believe in it and live in peace? The speaker related scenes at the fire in Brooklyn yesterday. He spoke of the fear that human beings might perish in the flames and his desire to do something to save lives that might be endangered. Could he dance to the festive lute and see them in torment? Could a man look out on his fellow beings and believe they were doomed to fire forever and yet alive? No. It was not so. It was not taught whether consequences followed in the other life. Mr. Beecher believed they did. An infernal old [illegible] pit was taught. There might be a state of evolution in the future life. Those who had not reached a state of perfection would go through a process to make them what they ought to be. If there was not a moral germ in the man, Mr. Beecher did not believe he existed after the body died. There was a socialistic messenger in the land. The [illegible] Socialism was a species of insanity. There was something in the doctrine of evolution bearing on the subject. The lines of unfolding followed the nerve development, and the course of advancement from the lower insects and animals to the perfect brain was explained. Rank was, according to the greatest quality, quantity and complexity of brain. Weakness and strength could not be equalized. If a man had little brain he had got to be a little man. A man who had the brain power would succeed, and one who had not would not. An unthinking man could not be made the same as a thinking man. The law that nature made could not be baffled. Two times one made two, and a whole man was worth five times half a man. If one went up himself his business went after him. If the child was sent up it would carry things after it. Recurring to the effects of evolution, it was said the churches were going to be cut up, and theology was going to be cut up. Mr. Beecher did not suppose that theology was going to be cut up. Good crops, it was said in the west, could not be secured until the woods were cut up. As soon as theology was cut up so as to let in air a better crop would be obtained. Anything that was necessary and successful was devine. Two farmers might dispute as to which was the best way to sharpen a scythe by using a whetstone or a grindstone. It did not make any difference as long as the scythe was sharpened. The church would be the better for a change in theology. The whole theory of morals was to be advantaged by the theory of evolution. The human race was unfolding in the direction of more sense and affection, and time would increase the efficiency. No book was ever published so much in favor of the working classes as the Bible. The essential truths of God, at dead, sit [illegible] down in rows into the great natural laws. Every great precept, every essential doctrine, [illegible]

world, was a part of nature itself. It would be for these things, Mr. Beecher said in his peroration, that he would thank God for the growing power of christian evolution.

END OF A CHINESE BABY.

Fung Oy, the eldest child of Wah Sing, a Chinese laundry man in New York, died Thursday. His two little children enjoyed good health until about four months ago, when Fung Oy caught a severe cold. She grew worse and four Chinese doctors were called in at different times. The last physician summoned was Cha Ken Fong. He prescribed for the child but her condition did not improve and on Thursday night she died in convulsions. Friday, Cha Ken Fong made out a certificate and presented it to deputy register of vital statistics, Dr. Nagle, at the office of the board of health.

Cha Ken Fong said that he had been a surgeon in the Chinese navy. Dr. Nagle explained that as he was not registered his certificate could not be accepted, and the case was referred to the coroner's office. Friday afternoon coroner Kennedy and his deputy, Dr. Conway, visited the laundry. In the front room, which was used as a workroom, were gathered a dozen Chinese, all talking at once. Coroner Kennedy explained the object of his visit and asked to be shown the body. Wah Sing, the child's father, approached the coroner and said in broken English, in a low tone:

"Me poor Chinee. You no chargee me muchee money." The coroner explained that there was no charge for his visit, which being rendered into Chinese, was received by the whole party with a great and audible sigh of relief. The body of the dead child was in a plain black coffin in the sleeping room, and a piece of board which was placed against the foot of the coffin bore the child's name, age, and an account of its mortal sickness, in distinctly finished tea caddy characters. The little face which was not emaciated, wore a peaceful expression.

In the coffin at the child's feet were heaped all the baby clothing and playthings that had been hers in life. A white fan, covered with Chinese symbols, lay on the child's breast, and several long slips of paper were scattered on the body near it. The father explained through an interpreter that the slips of paper represented bank notes, and were placed in the coffin to insure the body a welcome reception into the other world. The fan the father said was for good luck, and the clothing and toys might be useful in the grave.

Saturday the child was buried in the Evergreen cemetery, where the Chinese have a plot. The coffin rested on the floor of the laundry, when a reporter, called and Cha Lee, another little girl stood at the head of the coffin looking at her sister's face, which was almost hidden in slips of white paper. On the wall burned red candles which emitted a disagreeable odor, while Mr. and Mrs. Wah Sing nailed the plate on the coffin.

In the first carriage was placed the coffin and the clothes of the child, and in the second were the relatives and Gee Lung, a friend, each carrying a large bag filled with scraps of paper bearing a few written words. In China the devil has a habit of racing to the grave and taking the body as soon as it arrives but the friends of the deceased throw out these slips of paper, and the devil, who is very curious, stops to read them, so that the corpse generally reaches the grave before him.

There was no exception to this rule Saturday, for if the devil stopped to read all the slips that were thrown out of the carriage he would have only reached Catherine ferry when the mourners were returning from the cemetery. At the grave a fire was kindled and the girl's clothes were burned, the relatives throwing a white powder into the flames which burned with a bluish light. A board was placed over the grave, on which the name of the child was inscribed.

THE OLD-FASHIONED CORSET.

French corset makers are reintroducing the old-fashioned corset that had a board-like busk down the front, but no fastenings, the lacings now being done at the back. The method, though causing extra time and trouble in arranging, produces, it is claimed, a more graceful outline to the form than the usual manner of fastening the corset. Satin corsets—of which there must be at least two to agree with dark or light dresses—are extremely fashionable with those who can afford them, as this elastic fabric molds itself more closely to the figure than either jean or French coutille.

Over the hips of these new corsets are set wide gussets of silk elastic webbing, which gives a peculiar ease to the wearer. Still further comes a rumor from over the sea that French ladies who are troubled about their too ample proportions very frequently discard the corset altogether, and have the linings of their dresses made of extra heavy material, closely covering the dress-bodices inside with strong whale bones finished with silk casings. Later still, word is brought to us by returning modistes that these too, too solid French ladies, who are determined to look ethereal, have taken to wearing nickel plated corsets, warranted never to "give an inch."

Physicians in this country and Europe have recently commended the use of the corset, when properly constructed, as a healthful stay and support, at the same time deprecating its use when so made and worn as to interfere with the natural play of the muscles or the natural action of the lungs. The abuse of this article of dress has brought it, and very justly, into disrepute, but its rational employment is not rejected by those who are most capable of judging of its true worth.

AND SHE ROSE UP.

Detroit Free Press:—It was coolly planned and deliberately executed in cold blood. They sat by the fire, and as he perused his paper she was busy with thoughts of Christmas. By and by he walked up and asked:

"Did any parcels for me come up to-day?"

"No, dear," she replied as her face grew white as snow. "Have you been buying anything?"

"No, nothing much. I happened in at Block's this afternoon, and as he was selling out his slippers at cost, I bought me three pairs. Guess I'll be fixed for the next ten years to come."

"You—bought—slippers!" she gasped as she pressed her hands upon her heart.

"Yes, and came to the door as I was going past, and asked me to look at his stock of dressing gowns."

"And—and"

"And I bought me a couple. Rather handy garments, you know, and these are something extra nice."

"Do you mean to tell me that you went and—"

"Why, dear, how you tremble," he interrupted. "Yes, I bought several, too, and when Dell happened to mention that I ought to have a smoking cap, twelve new shirts, and a smoking set and a cane, I told him to go ahead and send 'em up. I'll order a new silk hat, wristlets, gloves, sleeve buttons, and six neckties to-morrow, and then I guess I'll be provided for. Come and kiss your old hubby."

But she didn't. She rose up and clawed and gasped and rushed out of the room with tearful eyes and clenched teeth.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

[illegible]

Prof. Adolph Ott, New York, says: I used it for [illegible] among the [illegible] during a [illegible] the [illegible] in the [illegible] I saw the [illegible] symptoms [illegible] and [illegible]

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

Death, in our view, takes place when the action of the heart ceases, but to the Chinese a person is alive until the body becomes cold. These two beliefs may cause estimates of the time of death of any individual to differ by several hours, which difference has given rise to some very unsatisfactory evidence at inquests in Hong Kong, the Chinese idea having been unknown to Europeans until very recently.

The researches of Messrs. Richet and Roedead indicate that artificial respiration may be a valuable agent in the resuscitation of persons who have been exposed to cold until life is nearly extinct.

It is asserted by Dr. Merkel that a person's height after a night's rest, measured before rising from bed, is two inches greater than in the evening, measured standing. On first rising, a sudden shortening takes place at the joints of the legs. The sinking at the ankle is one-third of an inch; at the knee, one twelfth to one-eighth of an inch; at the hip, two-fifths of an inch. The contraction in height is continued through the day by the gradual yielding of the arches of the feet and of the discs of the spine.

Middle-aged prejudice is severe against plum pudding, but the London Lancet pronounces it a highly efficient food, and declares that a good wedge of cold plum pudding is not an unwholesome lunch for young and growing lads when out for a day's hunting or skating. Elderly people too, are often able to partake of this ingredient of Christmas cheer in a manner which amazed their middle aged relations. The fact is, as has been pointed out by Prof. Michael Foster, the digestive elements are being preserved, so that a man who in the prime of his manhood was a martyr to dyspepsia by reason of the sensitiveness of his great gastric nerves, in his later years, when his nerves are blunted, and when, therefore, his peptic cells are able to pursue their chemical work undisturbed by nervous worries, eats and drinks with the courage and success of a boy.

The suicide of the scorpion has been a much discussed topic. The statement is well attested that a scorpion enclosed in a ring of red hot embers will after futile attempts to escape, kill itself by thrusting its sting into its own head. In spite of the corroborating testimony this assertion is often doubted, but a recent observation by Prof. Lochester seems to establish its probability and throw new light on the matter. Having occasion to chloroform a scorpion he noticed that as soon as it began to feel the effect of the stupefying vapor it made repeated thrusts with its sting in a straight-forward direction, but these blows became gradually so ill-directed and uncertain that at last one caused the tip of the sting to touch the insect's body. In this case the sting was not penetrated, but it is easy to believe that occasionally such a misdirected blow on the part of a half-suffocated scorpion may have been seen to inflict a mortal wound upon the scorpion itself.

Mons. Pasteur has gained fresh laurels by an investigation of a disease of pigs, known as rouget or mal rouge, which in one valley of the Rhone has been fatal to 20,000 of the animals within a year. The investigator has reported to the French Academy of sciences that he has discovered the cause to be a minute organism, somewhat like that of chicken cholera. It is different, however, in its physiological properties, since it produces no effect upon fowls but is quickly fatal to rabbits and pigs. Experiments have satisfied Mons. Pasteur that one attack affords protection against another, and by inoculating pigs with organisms weakened by culture so as to give rise to a mild form of the disease he has succeeded in rendering the animals secure from further liability to the contagion.

Dr. Franzius finds that the tooth most affected by decay is the third molar, such cases forming one-half of the total number. The teeth begin to decay in a certain successive order, the lower third molar being first attacked, then the upper, then the lower fourth molar, and so on, the incisors and the canine teeth of the lower jaw being the last reached. The upper teeth are more durable than the lower in the proportion of three to two. The right teeth show a greater vitality than the left. The durability of teeth is less in light persons than in dark, and less in tall than in short persons. These results were obtained by an examination of 680 Russian soldiers, of whom 238 had unsound teeth.

The tide records of the government surveyors of British India, covering a period of twenty-three years, indicate the existence of a fortnightly tide under the influence of the moon.

Mons. Spring of the Belgian academy of sciences takes exception to the generally received view that the seat of the electricity of storms is in the moist region of the atmosphere, and concludes that it exists in the cold and dry super-stratum.

SAVED BY HIS SCISSORS.

The editor carries a beautiful slip of paper when he travels. He shows it to the suave conductors and they admire it. It has the editor's own name on it and it is written in his very best Sunday-go-to-meetin' style. That is particularly what conductors like to see, and they like it so much that they want it again in exactly the same fine style.

The other day the editor exhibited the beautiful chirography, and the conductor as usual requested him to duplicate it in another place. The editor knew he had never written in that style before and never should again, but he did his level best. The conductor shook his head.

"Don't correspond," he muttered.

"Best I can do," said the editor. "Do you suppose I can dash off 800 pages per day and keep up the Palcerian system of penmanship? Do you suppose I can write like that with the cars banging away at my elbow?"

"Don't correspond," repeated the conductor.

"Do you imagine that I am not the editor?" asked the editor, drawing out a gilt edged card and a copy of the News.

"May be a snob," suggested the conductor.

"Do I look like a snob?" inquired the editor, indignantly, pointing to his dollar diamond shirt studs and finger ring. "But I can prove my identity," he added with a chuckle of satisfaction.

He whipped out a bright pair of scissors and commenced, slashing up that newspaper into articles at such a rate that in two seconds the whole paper would have been cut into copy.

"Stop! That will do," exclaimed the conductor, smilingly. "There isn't the slightest doubt in my mind. You can travel on this line as long as I am conductor and there's a rail and a piece of the engine left.

WHAT A QUEER CLIMATE IS THIS

First it snowed,
And then it blowed,
And then began to rain;
And then it blowed,
And then it snowed,
And then it rained again.

With cold in head
I'm almost dead;
But yet I won't complain;
Pain Killer saves
From wintry graves
And makes us well again.

Nobody ought to be without Perry Davis' [illegible]

TOO SWEET TO LIVE.

THE TENDER MESSAGES BETWEEN FREDDIE AND LILY.

Syracuse, N. Y. Cor. St. Louis Globe Democrat:—Last Thursday afternoon, on the arrival of the Chicago special express on the New York Central railroad at this station, Fred Gebhardt stepped from the train and, securing a messenger-boy handed him a telegram, and bade him make haste to the main office of the Western Union telegraph company. Your representative being curious as to the contents of the despatch, made some enquiries. Nothing was learned from authority until to-night, when the contents of Freddie's despatch to the "Lily" were learned. It was addressed to Mrs. Langtry, at Chicago, and read as follows:

"Your letter received. It was such a dear one. I keep reading it over and over. It makes me so happy and cheers me up. How I wish I was with you now instead of on this beastly train. Shall be so glad to see you. You shall never leave me again. You know I shall always keep my promise writingly, and do everything to please you. Wire me a few words at Buffalo, care of conductor on the 7:40 express at this station. Dearest and fondest love from your "FREDDIE."

Gebhardt seem to breathe easier after the message had started with the, no doubt, precious document.

"WITH LOVE, L."

Chicago Inter Ocean.—That Mrs. Langtry objected to Gebhardt coming to Chicago there is no doubt. From the time she left New York Sunday morning until his arrival here on Friday, the telegraph wires fairly burned with passionate messages and the foolish young man made no attempt to conceal his emotions from his associates in New York. Several times a day he would send her telegrams, some of them 300 and 400 words in length, full of protestations of his love and the hollowness of life without her presence.

If the files of the Western Union telegraph office could be spread to the world they would show evidence that Mr. Gebhardt's condition is absolutely alarming. Mrs. Langtry answered some of these despatches, concealing her identity as far as possible, and using her initial or initials only for the signature.

In several of these she positively forbids him to come to Chicago, but his pleadings finally soften her heart and on Wednesday she notified him over the wire that he might come if he would bring Marra with him and "be a good boy." The despatch was addressed to "F. Gebhardt, Union club, New York," and signed, "With love, L."

Marra is a discreet gentleman of nearly twice Freddie's age and experience, an artist by profession, and related in a morganatic way with the royal family of Italy. He knew Mrs. Langtry in London, and is regarded as one of her confidential friends. Gebhardt has cultivated an intimacy with him for some weeks, and to Marra's ear doth he pour the torrents that gush from his heated and unsatisfied soul. Marra smiles at the boy's folly, but does not rebuke it. He consented to make the trip to Chicago and act as Freddie's chaperone, becoming responsible for his good behavior.

During the journey from New York to Chicago Gebhardt created a good deal of amusement for the passengers upon the same train, all of whom, very soon found out who he was and made it their entertaining occupation to watch his movements. He was very lavish with his money and demonstrative of his affections, and, as one lady remarked:

"You could have known he was in love by the way he acted."

Freddie kept his servant very busy running between the cars and the telegraph offices at the route, and used up a whole block of telegraph blanks before he got to Chicago.

His messages like those he sent from New York, were very long and tender, and in the one he sent from Buffalo he unloaded his soul. He notified Mrs. Langtry that she was the sunshine of his existence, and all that sort of thing, and informed her that he could not live much longer out of her presence.

This was the general tenor of all the telegrams he sent, but the one from Buffalo was particularly fresh and breezy. He received one or two messages from her en route, and they appeared to give him great comfort, although from a critical inspection they appear cold and unsatisfactory. All of her messages are brief and indirect, and while each one contains some expression of regard and affection, she evidently does not respond, at least by telegraph, to his "sighs and vows and longings."

"THROW PHYSIC TO THE DOGS, I'LL NONE OF IT."

We do not feel like blaming Macbeth for this expression of disgust. Even nowadays most of the cathartics are great repulsive pills, enough to "turn one's stomach." Had Macbeth ever taken Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets," he would not have uttered those words of contempt. By druggists. jan8dw&dw

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has returned to London from Mentone, with his health fully restored.

Mrs. Josie Beeman, Bath, N. Y., says: "I found great relief in the use of Brown's Iron's Bitters when suffering from female weakness. jan8d&w1w

The wife of Wendell Phillips is in very poor health, and a recent visitor says that he himself is not so vigorous as could be desired.

FELL DOWN.

[illegible] Albert Anderson, York street, Buffalo, fell down stairs and severely bruised his knee. A few applications of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil entirely cured him. jan8d&w1w

The Hon. Charles J. Faulkner of Martinsburg, W. Va., has in his possession, well preserved, the desk and chair once long occupied in the house of representatives by John Quincy Adams.

*Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a positive cure for all those weaknesses so common to our best female population. jan8d&w1w

The jury in the case of Mary A. Livingston, against Henry Fleming for breach of promise of marriage and seduction in Brooklyn, returned a verdict of $[illegible] for the plaintiff, the full amount claimed. The verdict was received with a storm of applause by the spectators.

INCREDIBLE.

F. A. Scratch, druggist, Ruthven, Ont., writes: "I have the greatest confidence in your Burdock Blood Bitters. In one case with which I am personally acquainted their success was almost incredible. One lady told me that half a bottle did her more good than hundreds of dollars' worth of medicine she had previously taken. Price $1.

For sale by C. H. Butler and H. C. Sharpe & Co. jan8d&w1w

Clark Mills, the well known sculptor, is dangerously ill at Washington with an affection of the heart.

A Nasal Injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. For sale by John A. Stone. jan23d&w1w

TIME TRIES ALL.

By it does, and in cases of dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, kidney and liver complaint, biliousness, etc., Burdock Blood Bitters have been proved by many a trial to be a reliable cure. Price $1. For sale by H. C. Sharpe & Co. and C. [illegible]

QUEER SUICIDES.

New York Sun:—After seven weeks of married life, Mrs. Clara Nelson of Titusville drowned herself.

"Baby's death takes my heart away," said the wife of John Waggoner of Cincinnati, and then cut her throat.

A dose of ground glass ended the life of L. W. Anderson of Wiscoa. He left four children. His wife had deserted him.

"Paris green is too slow," said Richard Stears of Dutch Kills, "and I'll finish this job quick." So he put a bullet in his brain.

Sampson Atkins, a farmer near Circleville, O., hung himself because he was compelled to move off a farm on which he had lived since childhood.

A jilted lover of Howard county, Md., held the picture of his sweetheart before his eyes with one hand, while with the other he fired a pistol at his head.

Rosa Notte of Cumminsville, O., after being deserted by a young man whom she hoped to marry, deliberately lay down in front of a railroad train and was beheaded.

Before committing suicide, Eva Wehle of Cincinnati said she would take her pet Spitz dog with her, and so she hanged him, and then swallowed poison and died near the dog's body.

Felix Everarts of San Francisco loaded a pistol with powder and then poured in a charge of water, the two being separated by a thick wad. He blew the top of his skull off with this singular charge.

"I got mad because pa would not let me keep company with Monroe Lovan, and took strychnine to kill me. Bury me with my brown dress on," were the last words of Miss Sarah Young of Willow Springs, Mo.

Henry Sauerbrie of Chillicothe shamefully abused his daughter for marrying a farm hand, and she took laudanum. As she was supposed to be dying, her father went to the side of her bed and blew his brains out.

Henry Hollman of Brooklyn, Iowa, got out of bed, climbed upon a barrel, swung a rope over a rafter, tied it about his neck, shouted "Good by" to his wife, and, kicking away the barrel, was soon hanging dead.

Rheumatic pains caused James A. Wilson of DeWitt county, Ill., to commit suicide. He fixed a strap to a rafter in his stable, climbed on the back of his horse, put his neck in the noose and then drove the horse from under him.

Geo. H. Van Dyke of Auburn, an old man with a wife and grown up children, became infatuated with a girl named Nellie Lippincott. When he told her his love she laughed at him, whereupon he drew a pistol and shot himself through the head.

T. A. Cox of Buckatunna, Ala., danced until midnight. Then he left the side of his sweetheart, and placing a chair in the centre of the room, sat down in sight of all, and putting a pistol to his forehead blew his brains out.

As Mary Wharton of Lebanon, Ohio, stitched industriously on a black velvet dress, she remarked: "This is the last dress I shall ever make, and I shall wear it as a shroud." Just as it was finished, she died from the effects of a dose of strychnine, and the dress was used as she said it would be.

As James Bradley, a negro of Pitt county, N. C. was about to be married, two other women claimed to be his wives. Bradley immediately went to a cotton gin and threw himself into the half filled box in which cotton was being pressed into bales. The bale was opened at Greenville, and Bradley's body was found.

PUZZLING PARAGRAPHS.

(All correspondence relating to this department of The Palladium should be headed "For Puzzling Paragraphs" and addressed to W. H. Eastman, East Sumner, Me.)

1.—PROGRESSIVE WORD SQUARE.

1. Persons considered separately.
2. [illegible]
3. To ruminate.
4. Chopped.

9.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

[illegible]

14, 7, 18, 10, 17 is a narrow [illegible].
8, 16, 17, 21 is [illegible] without.
1, 5, 9, 21, 21 is a pirate from others.
[illegible] is [illegible] of [illegible].
[illegible] is a minute quantity.
[illegible] is a relative.
The whole is a question from Young.

OUR WILLIE.

8.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in pretty, but not in bright;
My second is in [illegible], but not in right;
My third is in [illegible], but not in [illegible];
My fourth is in [illegible], but not in [illegible];
My fifth is in chimney, but not in house;
My sixth is in squirrel, but not in mouse;
My seventh is in garland, but not in bower;
My whole is the name of a beautiful flower.

10.—HIDDEN MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

1. I think Jakob go to Mississippi another season.
2. [illegible] more easily [illegible] than answered.
3. I will be there if I feel able.
4. Dr. Hedgeway advertises a cure for quinsy.
5. The Jew sharply eyed his companion.

11.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. One who warns or advises.
2. A small flower.
3. [illegible]
4. [illegible] wind.
5. [illegible]
6. A [illegible]
7. A small plane.
8. A [illegible]
9. [illegible]
10. A boy's name.
11. A [illegible].
12. A kind of dried fruit (plural.)

The initials spell the name of a man who was [illegible] in bringing [illegible] many of my [illegible]. E. A. M.

(ANSWERS IN TWO WEEKS.)

ANSWERS.

914.—Private.
915.—Week and Win.
916.—[illegible], Bead, [illegible] & [illegible], pea, & [illegible]
917.—Cedar.
918.—
[illegible] was [illegible], and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world—This was a man!

[illegible]

B
PAD
[illegible]
BANQUET
[illegible]
LET
T

Special Notices.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

We desire to call the attention of the sick and suffering to a medicine called Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, composed of Mandrake, Dandelion, Gentian, Prickly Ash, &c. It is the greatest remedy known for Biliousness, Nervousness, Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Impurities of the Blood, and all diseased condition of the Liver, Stomach and Blood. Try it. For sale by C. H. Butler. [illegible]

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. 25 cents a bottle.

Hop Bitters are the Purest and Best Bitters Ever Made.

They are compounded from Hops, Malt, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion—the oldest, best and most valuable medicines in the world and contain all the best and most curative properties of all other remedies, being the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth. No disease or ill health can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm. To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, being highly curative, tonic and stimulating, without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are, what the disease or ailment is, use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable, use Hop Bitters at once. It may save your life. Hundreds have been saved by so doing. $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.

Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged, drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "Invalid's Friend and Hope," and no person or family should be without them. Try the Bitters to-day. [illegible]

A COUGH, COLD OR SORE THROAT should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an Incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES do not disorder the stomach like cough syrups and balsams, but act DIRECTLY ON THE INFLAMED PARTS, allaying irritation, give relief in ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, CATARRH, and the THROAT TROUBLES which SINGERS and PUBLIC SPEAKERS are subject to. For thirty years Brown's Bronchial Troches have been recommended by physicians, and have always given perfect satisfaction. Having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation they have attained well merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. Sold at 25 cents a box everywhere. [illegible]

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. oct30dwly

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Joseph T. Inman, Station D, New York City. oct1dwdly

Local.

KIDNEY-WORT

IS A

SURE CURE

for all diseases of the Kidneys and

LIVER

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

Malaria. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.

In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. PRICE $1.

KIDNEY-WORT.

Sept. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Gray's Specific Medicine

THE GREAT

ENGLISH REMEDY,

An unfailing cure for seminal weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency and all diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse; as loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a Premature Grave.

Full particulars in our pamphlet which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on the receipt of the money, by addressing

The Gray Medicine Company

BUFFALO, N. Y.

On account of counterfeits we have adopted the Yellow Wrapper, the only genuine. Guarantees of cure issued by us by H. C. Sharpe & Co. [illegible]

AGENTS WANTED FOR OUR NEW BOOK,

THE

SPY

Of the Rebellion.

By Allan Pinkerton, the great detective who, under the nom de plume of E. J. Allen, was chief of the Secret Service of the U. S. army during the Rebellion. A marvelous, thrilling and truthful work containing many secrets of the war never before made public. Fully illustrated. A rare chance for agents. Write for circular and special terms. G. W. CARLETON & CO., Publishers, New York. [illegible]

CATARRH

Ely's Cream Balm

Positively cures

CATARRH,

Cold in the Head,

HAY FEVER,

[illegible] catarrhal deafness, and [illegible] sores in nasal passages, subdues the catarrhal headache. Price 50 cents.

Ely's Cream Balm Co.

Owego, N. Y.

Effectually cleanses the nasal passages of Catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions, allays inflammation, protects the membrane from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment will cure Catarrh, Hay Fever, &c. Unequalled for COLDS in the head. Agreeable to use. Apply by the little finger into the nostrils. On receipt of 50c. will mail a package. Sold by Oswego druggists.

HAY FEVER.

ELY CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y.

[illegible]

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl st., New York. [illegible]

WINTRY BLASTS.

WINTRY BLASTS BRING

COUGHS
COLDS
CONSUMPTION
BRONCHITIS
RHEUMATISM
NEURALGIA

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER

CURES

COUGHS
COLDS
CONSUMPTION
BRONCHITIS
RHEUMATISM
NEURALGIA

FORTIFY against the evil effects of Wintry Blasts by taking PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.

EVERY GOOD DRUGGIST KEEPS IT.

[illegible]

MOLLER'S NORWEGIAN

COD LIVER OIL

Cheapest and Best.

[illegible] Superior to any. Highest medical authorities [illegible] to its delicacy of taste and smell. For sale by all druggists. W. H. Schieffelin & Co., (wholesale agents U. S. and Canada) N. Y.

ELY'S CREAM BALM,

A Sure Cure for Catarrh and Hay Fever.

1848 NORTH STAR 1883

SEED FARMS.

GO TO HEADQUARTERS FOR

EARLY MINNESOTA SWEET CORN.

[illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] our seed is the only [illegible]. That the North Star Seed Farm [illegible] will be [illegible]. We offer this year a full line of standard [illegible] [illegible] in name, grown on dry land: Scotch [illegible] and [illegible] Wheat; White [illegible] Oats [illegible] [illegible] early [illegible] North Star Yellow Dent Corn [illegible] [illegible] on our own farms. Write [illegible] Catalogue [illegible] [illegible] Grower, Importer and dealer, St. Paul, Minn. [illegible]

Dunderson, nervous people, "out of sorts" [illegible]