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In the Mining Town.
"The last time, darling," he gently said, as he kissed her lips, like cherries red, while a fond look shone in his eyes of brown. "My own is the prettiest girl in town; to-morrow the ball from the tower will ring a joyful peal. Was there ever a king so truly blest on his royal throne, as I shall be, when I claim my own?"
"Twas a fond farewell; 'twas a sweet good-bye; but she watched him go, with a troubled sigh; so into the basket, that awaited and swung o'er the yawning abyss, he lightly sprang. And the joy of heart seemed turned to woe as they lowered him into the depths below. Her sweet young face, with its tresses brown, was the fairest face in the mining town.
Lo! the morning came; but the marriage bell,
High up in the tower, rang a mourning knell. For the true heart buried 'neath earth and stone,
Far down in the heart of the mine—alone. A young peal on her wedding day,
For the breaking heart, and the heart of clay;
And the face that looked from her tresses brown
Was the saddest face in the mining town.
Thus time rolled on in its weary way.
Until fifty years with their shadows gray
Had darkened the light of her sweet eyes' glow,
And had turned the brown of her hair to snow.
Oh! never a kiss from a husband's lips
Or the bliss of a child's sweet finger-tips,
Had lifted one moment the shadows brown
From the saddest heart in the mining town.
Far down in the depths of the mine one day,
In the loosened earth they were digging away,
They discovered a face, so young, so fair—
From the smiling lips to the bright-brown hair.
Untouched by the finger of time's decay,
When they drew him up to the light of day,
The wondering people gathered round
To gaze at the man so strangely found.
Then a woman sprang from among the crowd,
With her long white hair, and her slight form bowed.
She instantly knelt by the form of clay,
And kissed the lips that were cold and gray.
Then she laid her face, with its snowy hair,
On his youthful bosom lay pillowed there.
He had found her at last—his waiting bride;
And the people buried them side by side.

A Curious Disposition.

Three ladies were seated in Agatha Foster's parlor; Miss Fortescue, large, dark and of uncertain age, who monopolized the most comfortable arm-chair; Mrs. Becker, shrunken and sandy, who was constantly sliding off the sofa and reinstating herself with a jerk; and Miss Agatha herself, who sat apart from the others, gazing uneasily out of the window, as if distressed by their garrulity. Miss Agatha was a fair young woman, with a noble head and a countenance expressive of all grace and goodness. Yet at this moment she entertained feelings decidedly hostile to her callers, who had run in, with the familiar freedom of fellow boarders in a family hotel, to chat away the afternoon. At heart they were immensely sorry that Miss Foster had not returned from a suburb, where she had gone the day before. Miss Nannie, Agatha's cousin, companion and chap-iron in one, was far more to their taste; she was more attentive, more easily impressed, more sympathetic, they thought. She never sat looking out the window when they were retelling their choicest bits of scandal for her special benefit. But then she was a woman of years. However, they still lingered; it was a pleasant place. The Foster's had the handsomest suite in the building—and furnished with such taste! Such carpets! Such decorative art! And the Foster's were tip-top people. There were four of them, Miss Agatha, her two bachelor brothers, ten and a dozen years her senior, and Miss Nannie, who since their parents' death, had kept the children together. The winter day drew to a close, the room grew dusky, and still the ladies lingered. Agatha could endure it no longer; this, of all days, she was without patience. She rose quickly. "Ladies," she said, with an indignant quiver in her sweet contralto voice, "you must excuse me, I cannot listen to such conversation!" There was silence a moment; then Miss Fortescue lifted her cumbersome frame. "Oh, certainly. I quite understand. We will withdraw. We do not wish to offend."
"Oh, certainly," faintly echoed Mrs. Becker, sliding from the sofa for the last time and preparing to follow.
"And allow me to say," she exclaimed, with no compunction, "that I think ladies might be better employed than with their neighbors' affairs."
"Good-afternoon," said Miss Fortescue, savagely.
"Good-afternoon," sneered Mrs. Becker.
"Good riddance!" cried Agatha, sharply, ere the door had closed. "Body of all days," she said, as she walked to and fro in the dusk. Presently the door opened.
"All in the dark, Agatha?" asked a cheery voice.
"I thought you would never come, Nannie," was the swift, unvaried reply.
"Why, what is the matter, my dear?"
"I have just put Mrs. Fortescue and Mrs. Becker out of the room, and it has annoyed me."
"Dear me, what had they done?"
"The same old sickening gossip. Miss Bruce first on the street; Mrs. Gray holds her step-child to the fire to burn it, and so on and so on."
"They get their ideas from the morning papers," said Nannie, calmly, unclasping her fur-lined circular

"The stepmother holding the child to the fire is a favorite paragraph when news is scarce. Sometimes she heats the flat-iron. For my part I would never go to that trouble."
"By-gone that! I do not respond to her staid lurches. She is a put away the wraps, and inquired after the suburban friends."
"You look pale; aren't you well?" asked Miss Nannie when they were seated.
"The girl dropped her eyes. 'Nannie, I have some news for you,' she said with an effort. 'I—last night—I promised Mr. Peters—to marry him.' Then she sighed as if relieved of a great burden.
"The room was still, utterly still. If Miss Nannie were surprised or shocked she gave no token. She only sat quietly looking at the girl and taking time to collect. Agatha never lifted her eyes until, after some moments, her cousin cleared her throat and tranquilly inquired: 'Well, dear, are you satisfied that you will be happy?'
"And what did George say?"
"He only said, 'I congratulate you.'"
"Miss Nannie leaned back in the chair and meditated, bringing Peters up for a mental review. 'Poor little whiff! To be sure he had money, some social standing and a fair education. He had known him a long, long time, and even felt for him a sort of distant relatives' affection. They would do anything in the world for him. He often took Agatha about, to places of amusement, to church, or riding. But he was at least fifteen years her senior, and they had never dreamed of his aspiring to marry her. His appearance was pitifully against him. Miss Nannie reviewed his bad build, his bowed legs, his wild eye, as she called it, a suspicious eye that seemed to squint about the room while its mate regarded you with steadfast respect. Then she turned her thoughts to Agatha—Agatha perfect in face and figure and enabled by education and advantages—Agatha, for whom a senator had proposed and a congressman languished, to say nothing of her lesser adores—Agatha, who had rejected the senator because he lacked principle, and the congressman because he was a wild-ower.
"Nannie remembered that the girl had suffered and shed tears over refusing these and others. She had a curious disposition, as the boys had said.
"At length Nannie roused and spoke. 'I will tell Lewis; and now, dear, you had better dress, it is near dinner-time.'"
"Hark!" cried Agatha, "there he is now—going into his room 'lumpy step, Lewis had never yet come up those stairs without tripping at the top; the rushing, impetuous way of his boyhood would always cling to him.
"I am going at once to tell him, before George comes," said Nannie, rising.
"Yes, do," sighed Agatha. And when her cousin had gone out across the corridor, and her tap had been welcomed by a careless "Come in" at the crack of her brother's door.
"Lewis, I have news for you," said Nannie, gently, and there was a hidden sob in her fond voice. "Agatha has promised—to marry Mr. Peters."
"Oh, Lord!" cried Lewis, in open-mouthed disgust.
"Agatha cropt away from the door; her face was burning and her heart beat hard.
"But Miss Nannie remained awhile in her cousin's chamber.
"Lewis," she said, gently, "I suppose we all feel the same over this matter? Agatha says when she told George he remarked that he congratulated Peters."
"Well, this is too bad," said Lewis, indignantly. "It is a shame if a girl with her face and brains can't do better. She is altogether too soft-hearted. She would have married all the men who ever proposed, if we had let her, and out of sheer pity, not because she cared for them. That is why she accepted Peters, couldn't bear to hurt his feelings—didn't want his eyes to suffuse with tears! We must do something to prevent it."
"Nannie smiled deprecatingly: 'We must be very careful. Agatha has a curious disposition, and if she thought we were all against him she would only pity him the more.'"
"If there was only some way to dispose of him," exclaimed Lewis, grimly, "if we could send him out with the next Arctic expedition."
"Nannie rose. 'You will be very careful what you say, Lewis?'
"Oh, of course."
She lingered at the door. "Agatha has not a forcible nature by any means," she said; "she can get angry, she cares to. She tells me she put Mrs. Fortescue and Mrs. Becker out of our parlor to-day, because of their vile gossip. I have no doubt she did."
"Humph!"
* * * * *
Agatha came down to dinner with her face composed and her manner gracious as ever. Her inward feeling was not outwardly manifest. Of her family, George was a shade more dignified than usual, and Lewis appeared annoyed, while Nannie put on a regretful look and sighed occasionally. When they left the dining-room, Agatha swept laughingly by the table, at which sat the Fortescue and Becker,

She was done with the twain and intended they should see it.
Up in their parlor, George sat down by his sister. "Agatha," he said, slowly and with an evident distaste for the subject, "do you think you did well to engage yourself to Mr. Peters before consulting your family?"
"I was of age three years ago," she said, regarding him with serene dignity.
"Yes, yes, of course. But there is such a thing as advice. Mr. Peters is your good friend, but is he a suitable husband for you?"
"What is there against him?" she asked, unflinchingly. "She was not blind to her lover's bodily imperfections. She had lain awake all night mentally endeavoring to straighten his crooked limbs and control his crooked orb. But why daylight they had dawned upon her as uncompromising as ever.
"But George would not stoop to personalities. 'Nothing,' he answered, quietly. "Only we have looked very high for you. We want you to be happy."
"Then do not speak against Mr. Peters," she said, in a way that seemed to dismiss the subject.
George betook himself to his own room, and Lewis took his place by Agatha. "I suppose I am to congratulate," he said, with a careless disregard of Nannie's injunctions.
"You do not seem very enthusiastic," responded his sister, calmly, recalling his secretly-heard explanation upon first learning the news.
"I can't help it if I don't," he answered, half impatiently. "You know how proud we are of you, Gath, and we can't be expected to think any man good enough."
She smiled.
"He went on recklessly: 'I don't believe you knew what you were doing. You don't love Peters, you only pity him, just as you used to pity the senator and all the rest. This crooked little curmudgeon! Why, he is older than George, and cross-eyed.'"
She sprang up in a rage. "Lewis, you have said quite enough. Never speak to me again. Forbid it!"
Then she sought her own chamber and threw herself upon the bed.
"Nannie came to her after awhile. 'My poor darling! Why are you feeling so bad?'
"Lewis has been saying such awful things!"
"And are you quite sure you have made no mistake?"
"Quite sure."
"She arose and arranged her toilet; Mr. Peters was to come that evening.
He arrived early. Nannie endeavored to be gracious, but excused herself, leaving Agatha to her lover, the boys having both gone out. And Agatha, with Lewis' cool criticism still ringing in her ears, felt as if in a dream. "For my part," she made no inquiries as to her brother's opinions of the marriage. Miss Nannie had congratulated him as though all was satisfactory.
Agatha accepted his adoration quite passively, and at last, when he had gone, retired to her own room to pity him, and tell herself how much she loved him.
But as the winter slipped away the engagement was announced, and, having remained unbroken, Agatha's brothers even began to feel quite resigned.
The quiet, intense devotion of Norman Peters was touching. He washed his betrothed; to him she was a very goddess.
"If," thought Nannie, with a softened regret, "if he were only not quite so small! If he were only a half inch taller, to be of even height with Agatha!"
Meanwhile Agatha was fretting herself to death. A thousand little heartless sarcasms and glances of ridicule, to which Peters, in his great happiness, was utterly oblivious, were constantly coming to her. Night after night she passed in wakeful agony, the idea of breaking the engagement never once occurring to her. She was sure she loved him, and she realized the depth of his devotion. She endeavored to rise above morbid sensitiveness, telling herself that people would cease their cruel ways when they saw that she was determined to stand by him. But she grew thin, and her face wore a hunted expression. Mesdames Becker and Fortescue began to circulate petty little stories about her ingenuously constructed, but untruthful romance, "nothing very bad, for Agatha was a woman to whom no doubtful mistaking for a moment; but whispers of 'coquetry,' 'girlish folly,' and 'last night,' which were blown from lip to lip on the dubious breath of friendship, came at last to vex the ears of the Fortescues. Agatha only grew more pale. Stormy Lewis, however, one day confronted Miss Fortescue in the hall before his sister's room.
"I can tell you, madame, that you must discontinue your talk of my sister," he cried, angrily.
"Agatha came out. 'Oh, Lewis, He took her by the arm. 'Go back, Gath. I've a matter to settle with this lady. She knows what mischief has been trying to work, and I intend the talk shall cease, or I shall take measures she may not admire.'"
"Without a word Mrs. Fortescue turned and fled.
"I was sorry for her," said Agatha, "she looked so guilty and helpless."
"I declare I haven't much patience with you," exclaimed her brother, "to think that you would defend her, and she every day assailing your good name. But all your ways of late are provoking. You are going to marry a man you don't love, because you pity him. For God's sake, why didn't you pity some one suitable?"
She trembled with excitement and passion.
"Lewis, if you have the least particle

of love or respect for me, you will never speak so again. I do love Norman, and it will kill me if anything should break the engagement!"
Lewis quit her presence crestfallen. The days slipped by. There had been no date fixed for the wedding, nor was the subject discussed by the family.
None but Nannie knew the terrible tremor in which the girl existed. She was moving about, her hands constantly occupied. Day after day, rain or shine, the two women were out of doors. They had always an errand, usually one of mercy. Nannie, however disinclined, would have felt it a sin to oppose, and so Agatha dragged her off through the fitting sunshine, the moodiness, the chill, or the storm of the springtime, until one last morning.
It had been raining for three days, and so greatly that the sidewalk steps were cleaned and whitened.
Agatha said they would not be hurried with a carriage, and they took a car for a mile or so, alighting to walk a few squares to another line. The storm had abated, and the rain was but a listless drizzle.
Agatha slipped and slid once, and Nannie gave a frightened exclamation. "My overshoes are useless," said the girl, carelessly. "I must have another pair. I have a good deal of shopping to do soon."
"Your outfit!" ventured Nannie, and stopped.
Agatha sighed, but the sigh was lost in the noise of the street.
A poor little yellow dog limped out from under a passing vehicle, holding up one paw and yelping pitifully.
"Oh, see," cried Agatha, with her eyes wet. "Poor, poor doggie! I am so sorry!"
The yelps died away in the distance, and the ladies went on.
A blind man crying "Cough lozenge?" upon the corner detained them for a moment.
In the next block an old building had been torn away to give place to a new one. Careless workmen had left the sidewalk unguarded in one place, a step from which would have landed one in a deep cellar, where lay a number of loose foundation stones.
Just as they had reached this spot they were brought to a sudden halt by loud cries and confusion. Down the street, and directly toward them, came a runaway team dragging a splendid carriage.
Agatha took an irresolute step forward, and then sprang back as the horses dashed up against the sidewalk.
The women were thus separated, and in a second Nannie was reaching forward, cold with horror.
"Agatha!" she cried, but too late. The girl had lost her balance, and had fallen backward from the unguarded sidewalk down into the deep cellar, and there lay upon the stones limp and unconscious.
* * * * *
She would live, sadly crippled and helpless; the spine had been injured and one limb dislocated. So said the best of surgeons. She would henceforth require all care and tenderness.
"Thank God she is not poor," cried Nannie. "As for the boys, George was completely crushed, and Lewis paced the floor for hours, crying for his 'Poor, poor sister!'"
Agatha insisted upon hearing the worst, and when it was made known, was silent. By-and-by Nannie could see great tears trembling under the long dark eyelashes.
"I would not mind," faltered the sufferer, "but for him. Who will love and care for him now?"
Then she asked that he be sent for at once. When he arrived Nannie and the boys were in the room, but they withdrew to the window. Peters' face was as pale as Agatha's own.
"Norman, dear," she said, without a preface, "I am a cripple for life. I may never walk again. I sent for you—to give you back your freedom."
A frightened expression overspread his countenance; his lip quivered, and he sank on his knees by the bed and buried his face.
"Real pathos," he cried, with real pathos, "don't do it! If you are a thousand times dearer to me now, all I ask is the right to care for you"—his voice broke, and he fell to weeping.
By the window three persons heard it all. They looked in silence at each other, then Lewis strode swiftly across the room.
"Peters," he said, "we haven't done right by you, I myself, have acted desparately. But if you will forgive and forget, it will be very different in the future."
Then Peters, who had risen, stood silent but bewildered till, through the mist, the room grew suddenly bright, for they had circled him and were clasping his hands with sudden warmth.
"And as Agatha lay watching she raised a feeble hand to stay the tears that coursed her cheeks.
"I never thought," she sobbed aloud, "I never dreamed I should be so happy!"
An exchange acknowledges the receipt of two books called "Matrimony" and "Heaps of Money" from Harper & Brothers. The publishers were very thoughtful. When a man indulges in "Matrimony" he feels the need of "Heaps of Money."—*Norristown Herald.*
A Norristown man, who couldn't live within his income, was advised to dispense with a few luxuries. He immediately sold his gun and hunting dog and bought a share in a yacht. Many a man would have smoked a cheap cigar and made his wife wear her last year's dress.—*Herald.*
Birds and birds' heads are much used on hats and bonnets.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.
A French paper says: "It is a remarkable fact that there are no rats in the islands of the Pacific ocean. Repeated attempts have been made to acclimatize the rodents there, as the flesh is much esteemed by the natives as an article of food. But the attempts thus far have failed, as they invariably die of consumption."
Among the instruments at a recent scientific meeting was one exhibited by Sir F. Bramwell, employed for ascertaining the velocity of trains and the efficiency of brakes. With this apparatus it was found that a train weighing 125 tons ran five miles five yards after steam was shut off while traveling at a speed of forty-five miles an hour. The line was level and the day perfectly calm.
Sensations are transmitted to the brain at a rapidity of about 180 feet per second, or at one-fifth the rate of sound; and this is nearly the same in all individuals. The brain requires one-tenth of a second to transmit its orders to the nerves which preside over voluntary motion; but this amount varies much in different individuals, and in the same individual at different times, according to the disposition or condition at the time, and is more regular the more sustained the attention.
Experiments upon over four hundred individuals of all classes, ages and occupations show how great is the diversity of opinion as to the size of objects seen through the microscope. The object used in the experiments was a common louse magnified to a theoretical size of 4.06 inches. The majority of observers underestimated this value; two estimators were only one inch; seven were over a foot, and one was at least five feet. New students of the microscope usually receive an impression somewhat larger than the real value, and adhere to it for a considerable time.
Dr. Mitterdorf states that American students are less afflicted with near-sightedness than German students. The affection is developed by sedentary occupations and lack of exercise, women being therefore more liable to contract it than men. It usually appears in childhood, rarely after the twenty-first year. New glasses of slight blue tint should be worn early to stay its progress, as blindness often follows neglect of treatment. In his paper on this subject Dr. M. tells of a fine horse in Berlin which became intractable and was found to be suffering from near-sightedness, but was as docile as ever after a pair of glasses had been fitted to its eyes.
The Virtues of Coffee.
The action of coffee is directed chiefly to the nervous system. It produces a warming, cordial impression on the stomach, quickly followed by a diffused, agreeable and nervous excitement, which extends itself to the cerebral functions, giving rise to increased vigor of imagination and intellect, without any subsequent confusion or stupor such as is characteristic of narcotics. Coffee contains essential principles of nutrition far exceeding in importance its exhilarating properties, and is one of the most desirable articles for sustaining the system in certain prostrating diseases. As compared with the nutrition to be derived from the best of soups, coffee has decidedly the advantage, and is to be preferred in many instances. The medicinal effects of coffee are very great. In intermittent fever it has been used by eminent physicians with the happiest effects in cutting short the attack, and, if properly managed, is better in many cases than the sulphate of quinine. In that low state of intermittence as found on the banks of the Mississippi river and other malarial districts, accompanied with enlarged spleen and torpid liver, when judiciously administered it is one of the surest remedies.
In yellow fever it has been used by physicians, and with some it is their main reliance after other necessary remedies have been administered; it retains tissue change, and thus becomes a conservator of force in that state in which the nervous system tends to collapse because the blood has become impure; it sustains the nervous power until the depuration and reorganization of the blood are accomplished, and has the advantage over other stimulants in inducing no injurious secondary effects. In spasmodic asthma its utility is well established, as in whooping-cough, stupor, lethargy and such troubles. In hysterical attacks, for which, in many cases, a physician can form no diagnosis, coffee is a great help.
Coffee is opposed to malaria, to all noxious vapors. As a disinfectant it has wonderful powers. As an instantaneously deodorizer it has no equal for the sickroom, as all exhalations are immediately neutralized by simply passing a chilling dish with burning coffee grains through the room. It may be urged that an article possessing such powers and capacity for such energetic action must be injurious as an article of diet of habitual employment, and not corresponding nervous arrangements have been observed after its effects have disappeared, as are seen in narcotics and other stimulants. The action imparted to the nerves is natural and healthy. Habitual coffee-drinkers generally enjoy good health. Some of the oldest people have used coffee from earliest infancy without feeling any depressing reaction, such as is produced by alcoholic stimulants.—*Philadelphia Times.*
Corn is said to be late in ripening, but when a fellow trends on your foot you will find your corn is ripe, and yell oh!

Tiger Killing in Java.
The following is a translation of an extraordinary report published in the *Java Bode*, the chief paper of Batavia: "Yesterday, so says the *Matawan*, a newspaper at Djodjakarta, there took place here the announced clearance among the tigers belonging to his highness, the sultan, in order to make room for a fresh supply when the new tiger pens will be built. At about 10 A. M. the sultan, the resident military commander, assistant resident and other spectators appeared behind the Kraton and seated themselves in a grand stand constructed for the purpose. Thousands of Javanese flocked to the spot to see the combats. Soon a fight between a royal tiger and a buffalo together in a pen commenced. The tiger was several times tossed into the air and then gored to death by the buffalo, which had been made as furious as possible by peppered water, burning nettles and red-hot iron bars. The combat lasted fully two hours. Afterwards began the *ramposen* or tiger fight. On the plain alongside the Kraton stood Javanese armed with stout spears fifteen to eighteen feet long, drawn up in rows one behind the other, forming altogether an extraordinary large square. The two foremost rows lay kneeling, the two hindmost stood erect. In the center of this open space were thirteen straw-roofed wooden pens, in each of which was a tiger. At a given signal a musical instrument called the *gamelan* begins playing a martial air to slow measure. Three tiger keepers then step out of the ranks and approach the cage. Two of them bear each a burning torch, with which they set fire to the straw. The tiger, frightened by the shower of sparks, is then forced into the open space, but knows not whither to turn. It moves around and seeks whether it can find an outlet, until it endeavors either by a desperate spring to get away over the human wall which keeps it inclosed or tries to creep through underneath. But it falls pierced by the many spears which have struck it. It utters a savage cry, which is drowned by the applause and shouts of the multitude. In silent agony it strikes around furiously with its mighty paws. The shafts of the spears often break like glass. In such cases a single blow might cost the life of an unfortunate within reach of its claws. It is afterward killed in due form. This scene took place in the same way thirteen times successively with as many tigers, the festivity closing at 2 P. M. Only a few accidents occurred. One soldier, by ill-luck, received a spear-thrust when combating with a tiger, and was severely wounded in the leg. A native received a bite when one of the tigers broke through the square and was killed outside it, after causing great commotion among the spectators. An affecting scene presented was that of a large tiger bringing forth a cub while she was being slain."
"Wire the Gentleman."
The new verbs which the rush of progress brings into use are often stumbling-blocks to the simple. The fun comes in when ignorant persons get frightened at them and go off without asking what they mean. The *Louisiana Commercialist* says: "Two young women entered an intelligence office and one of them asked if there was any situation open.
"The agent said he had just received a letter from a gentleman in Poughkeepsie, asking if they could send up a servant girl. The agent explained what work she would be required to perform and the wages she would get.
"The girl consulted for a few moments with her companion and then said she would go.
"The agent gave her the necessary directions and told her at what time she would have to be at the station, with the assurance that she would go through all right. The girl listened attentively.
"Now you must be sure and go through all the way," said the agent, "and not get off."
"Yes," said the girl.
"And don't let anybody talk to you and ask you to go with them," said the agent.
"Yes," said the girl.
"I will write at once what time you will get there and what they will expect you," said the agent. "You will get there to-morrow."
"Yes," said the girl.
"If you have any difficulty when you reach the railroad station, wire the gentleman," handing her his card, "and he will meet you at the station."
"I'll not stir a peg, so I won't. I'll engage to wash, iron and plain cook for the family, but I'll not do all this and wire gentlemen for fourteen dollars a month. I won't," and she went out of the office.
How a Whale Breathes.
The windpipe does not communicate with the mouth; a hole is, as it were, bored right through the back of the head. Engineers would do well to copy the action of the valve of the whale's blow-hole; a more perfect piece of structure it is impossible to imagine. Day and night, asleep or awake, the whale works his breathing apparatus in such a manner that not a drop of water ever gets down into his lungs. Again, the whale must of necessity stay a much longer period of time under water than seals; this alone might possibly drown him, inasmuch as the lungs cannot have access to fresh air. We find that this difficulty has been anticipated and obviated by a peculiar reservoir in the venous system, which reservoir is situated at the back of the lungs.—*Frank Buckland.*
To get up a dinner of great variety cooks should have a wide range.