The Lansingburgh Courier.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE SECOND ASSEMBLY DISTRICT.

VOLUME XVIII. LANSINGBURGH, N. Y., THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1894. NO. 49.

WHEN

You are overhauling your house don't forget to have it wired for

ELECTRIC BELLS, ETC.

We are the people for you to see.

H. J. FRANKLIN & CO.,
Electrical Contractors.
143 RIVER St., TROY, N.Y.

JAMES KING,

DEALER IN

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,

Trimmings, Notions, Etc.
647 Second Avenue
LANSINGBURGH, N. Y.

WESTERVELT'S

CARPET-CLEANING WORKS

102 FERRY ST., TROY.

I have fitted up this commodious building with a complete set of new machinery, making the finest carpet and rug cleaning establishment in the State. I own the exclusive right of these patent machines for Troy. Carpets sewed and re-laid; second hand carpets bought and sold. Carpets and rugs stored. Order by mail or telephone.

E. WESTERVELT.

JOHN MAHONEY, JR.,

Manufacturer and dealer in

Carriages & Wagons.

A full line of Carriages and Light Driving Wagons in stock.

Business Wagons to Order.

Designs and estimates furnished.
Second-hand Wagons cheap.

REPOSITORY AND SHOP IN OLD OSGOOD STEAMER HOUSE,

Adams and Second sts.. Troy,

IN PURSUANCE of an order of Hon. James Lansing, Surrogate of the County of Rensselaer notice is hereby given, according to law, to all persons having claims against William H. Tarbell, late of the village of Lansingburgh, in said county, deceased, that they are required to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscribers, at their place of transacting business as Administrators, etc., of said deceased, at No. 14 Seventeenth street, in the village of Lansingburgh, on or before the 17th day of September next.—Dated Troy, N. Y., March 13, 1894.
JOSEPH D. TARBELL, Administrator.
CAROLINE A. TARBELL, Administratrix.

IN PURSUANCE of an order of Hon. James Lansing, Surrogate of the County of Rensselaer, notice is hereby given, according to law to all persons having claims against William Lawrence, late of the village of Lansingburgh, in said county deceased, that they are required to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at his place of transacting business as Executor, etc., of said deceased, at The People's Bank, of Lansingburgh, in the village of Lansingburgh, on or before the 17th day of September next.—Dated Troy N. Y., March 13, 1894.
EDWARD VAN SCHOONHOVEN, Executor.

A Mother's Grief

Over the Loss of a Darling Boy—Health Broken Down

Nervous Spells, Sleeplessness, Backache—Perfectly Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mrs. Jessie Wood
Patchogue, N. Y.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has done much for me. After I lost my only boy by a sad drowning accident I was seized with severe nervous spells. I tried all kinds of medicines and was treated by doctors for over a year without any benefit. My feet and hands swelled, and I

Was Unable to Sleep.

I grew weak and could hardly walk. I had severe pains in my back and my kidneys troubled me. At last, noticing a case similar to mine cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, I was induced to try the medicine, and it has been

A Great Boon to Me.

I commenced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla last October and have taken over nine bottles. I am now a well woman. All the aches and pains

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

are gone and I am no longer subject to nervous fits. I sleep well all night and never felt better in my life. It is all due to Hood's Sarsaparilla, of which I cannot say too much in favor." MRS. JESSIE WOOD, Patchogue, Long Island, N. Y.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

HUMPHREYS'

Dr. Humphreys' Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared Remedies, used for years in private practice and for over thirty years by the people with entire success. Every single Specific a special cure for the disease named. They cure without drugging, purging or reducing the system and are in fact and deed the Sovereign Remedies of the World.

NO.	CURES.	PRICES.
1	Fevers, Congestions, Inflammations	.25
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic	.25
3	Teething; Colic, Crying, Wakefulness	.25
4	Diarrhea, of Children or Adults	.25
7	Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis	.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache	.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25
10	Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation	.25
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods	.25
12	Whites, Too Profuse Periods	.25
13	Croup, Laryngitis, Hoarseness	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	.25
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains	.25
16	Malaria, Chills, Fever and Ague	.25
19	Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head	.25
20	Whooping Cough	.25
27	Kidney Diseases	.25
28	Nervous Debility	1.00
30	Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed	.25

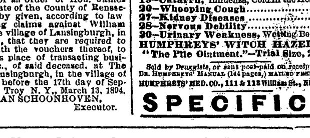
HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OIL, "The Pile Ointment."—Trial Size, 25 Cts.

Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price. DR. HUMPHREYS' MANUAL (144 pages,) MAILED FREE.
HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., NEW YORK.

SPECIFICS.

JESSEN, McCOLLUM & CO.,

STEAM CRACKER & BISCUIT Manufacturers



TRADE MARK "EXCELSIOR" REGISTERED APRIL 17TH 1873.

SIXTEENTH ST., AND SECOND AVE., LANSINGBURGH, N. Y.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City.

Castoria.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion,
Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

IN A STREET CAR.

But a feeble bent old lady,
With a faded, wrinkled face,
Who along the car peered dimly
To obtain a vacant place;
Yet as if with pulse electric,
Instantly upon his feet
Every man arose to give her
With a smile his empty seat.

Kindly glances rested on her,
Kindly hands were ready there
To support her should she need it,
For her soft and snowy hair
Seemed an aureole of glory
To those care-encumbered men,
As the mother love within them
Woke to consciousness again.

Ah, there's nothing half so holy
In this world of sin and woe
As the love that blessed our childhood
In the years of Long Ago;
And a common chord of feeling
Linked together man with man
When the thought of home and mother
Through that crowd of strangers ran.
—Harper's Bazar.

THAT BLUE SATIN BAG.

It seemed to be one of the ironics of fate that her name should have been Miss Thankful Hope. Strangers smiled instinctively at the name when they first met her, for to them there was so little in her narrow life to be thankful for, and nothing to hope for. And yet to those of the limited number who grew to know Miss Thankful the name was, after all, quite appropriate.

She was a faded-looking little woman of forty-five, whose plain face was only redeemed by a pair of smiling brown eyes. She was a day seamstress and made enough to pay her board and usually to keep herself suitably clothed.

It was a standing joke among the other boardsrs that no matter how disagreeable the day Miss Thankful could always find something pleasant to be said about it. And, no matter how unprepossessing the last new boarder, Miss Thankful's kind heart was sure to discover some excuse.

She had watched Florence, Mrs. Simmons' young daughter, grow up into womanhood and had shared her timid confidences and opinions about the different young men of the house, confidences which Florence would never have thought of telling her practical mother. There was something about Miss Thankful which invited confidence, and the two were warm friends.

It was a dull February evening, a slight snow was falling, and Miss Thankful hurried along towards home in the early dusk. The windows were lighted up and presented a tempting array of millinery, dry goods, flowers and confectionery.

But Miss Thankful did not notice any of them until she turned into Bond street, and there she walked slowly, coming to a standstill at last in front of Cooper & Cooper's large dry goods house.

She smiled as she looked in at the window. "Yes," she said, softly, "it's there yet. I made sure it would be sold. So cheap, too. Only $1.50." She was gazing at a blue satin party bag, lined with delicate pink, one of those dainty French affairs which always catch a woman's eye if she has any soul for pleasing effects.

"I can't afford a new dress th's year. That three weeks I was sick last month put that out of the question, and so it does seem as if I could buy that bag if I want to. Only it would be silly—downright silly!" and she sighed.

"I never had anything as pretty as that. Maybe that's why I seem to have set my heart on it. Even my dresses have been brown or black. They last better.

"I've had a kind of brown and black life, anyway. But there now that sounds complainin', and I've no cause to complain. The Lord's been good to me, and prospered me right along."

"Good evening, Miss Thankful," said a cheerful voice at her side. "Right nice window. Our trimmer beats any in town. Lots of pretty things, too," he added, with the pardonable pride of a head clerk.

"Good evening Mr. Jones," answered Miss Thankful. "Yes, I was just looking in at the goods: I"—she hesitated—"was just noticing that blue satin bag over there in the corner—see?"

"Oh, yes, that pretty bag. Pretty thing. Cheap, too. I know a good piece of satin when I see it. Funny it was not sold to-day. Will be tomorrow likely."

Miss Thankful felt her desire to possess the bag increasing.

"On your way home? Let me take your umbrella," and they walked on together.

Miss Thankful had a decided liking for this one of the boarders, partly because he never forgot to show her the same courtesy that he would show to Florence or any younger woman. And this is very gratifying to a woman who has no claim to youth or beauty.

He was a timid young man, with a colorless mustache and drab hair, who talked with a jerk, but Miss Thankful always liked him.

When they reached the boarding house she went very thoughtfully up to her room. Mr. Jones had discoursed most of the way upon the amiable qualities Florence possessed, all of which remarks she had heartily seconded. When she had lighted the gas, she sat down with the thoughtful expression still on her face.

"I wonder," she said. "I do just wonder. But he would never under the shining sun have the courage to tell her," and she smiled.

"Mr. Jones—a name I do abominate, and Florence so pretty—and him with those colorless eyes and washed out hair! But then he is just as kind as he can be, and I make no doubt would be a good provider."

The next night when Miss Thankful came into her room she turned on both the gas jets—an unheard of extravagance. She carried a small parcel done up in tissue paper, and before she stopped to take off her bonnet she went over to the bed and untied the package. It was the blue satin party bag.

"It's a lot prettier than it was at the store," she said, smiling at it where it lay spread out on the white cover in all the arrogance of assured beauty. "Those pink roses are lovely. I'm silly as I can be. I know that well enough! That's why I asked Mr. Jones not to speak of my getting it. Maybe next summer I can have a lawn with a little blue sprig in it. This would go beautifully with that. I don't think I'm too old for a lawn on a hot day, and I'm just glad I got it—so there!"

Then she wrapped up the bag and put it away in her trunk.

After supper Florence came up to visit her, and Miss Thankful was tempted to tell her about it. But she was full of her own plans, and the bag was not mentioned.

"There is to be a party to-morrow evening at Mary Moor's. It's the 14th, you know," said Florence happily. "I aam going to wear my blue cloth dress. I've worn it a lot, Miss Thankful, but mother says I may have a new sash. That will freshen it up. But, oh, I wish, I do wish I could have a party bag that I saw down in Cooper's window. It was a light blue and lined with pink. Such a beauty! I wish you had seen it. I can't have anything but the sash, though and so there is no use in wishing."

"I did see it," said Miss Thankful, "and it was pretty. I sorter wished for it myself."

Florence laughed. "Oh, of course, you would not want it, but if you had seen it twenty years ago you might have," she said, with a serene thoughtlessness of youth.

"Mr. Jones has asked me to go to evening service twice lately," she went on presently.

"I think he is about the best looking young man here, don't you, Miss Thankful? He never talks much, but I suppose he thinks a great deal. I used to think he disliked me, he stammered so whenever I spoke to him, but I guess it was just because he didn't feel acquainted." And then followed a recital of Mr. Jones' sayings.

After she had gone Miss Thankful sat for a long, long time in front of the grate, with sad dreamy eyes on the fire. She was going over in her mind a time twenty-five years before.

"He was nothing like Mr. Jones," she said. "He was good looking and so tall, but he was just as timid, and I acted as careless and indifferent as I knew how. Girls are foolish creatures. He never got up the courage to tell me. And then we moved away, and that was all. No other man ever looked at me, and I can't say as I want them to."

She undressed slowly. She felt old. This looking back at one's youth has a tendency to make one feel old if it lies twenty-five years behind one.

When she was all ready for bed, she opened the trunk and took out the party bag.

She opened the door and listened. Everything was still in the dim hall. Florence's room was only a few doors away. Miss Thankful slipped noiselessly along, and when she reached the door she hung the ribbon over the knob and as softly stole back.

She had put no card in the bag; there was no need. Florence would know who sent it, and then she went to bed and to sleep.

The next morning Florence knocked at the door almost before Miss Thankful was dressed, and came in with a flushed happy face.

"Oh, Miss Thankful," she cried, "I have had the lovellest gift! What do you think—that blue satin party bag! "Of course, Mr. Jones sent it. I asked him last night if it was sold yet, and he grew just as red and stammered so. I know why now. Mother says I may keep it, and I wrote him a note of thanks this morning and put it under his plate. This was the easiest way of thanking him. He is having an early breakfast now, so I thought I would wait and go down with you this time." And she fluttered about the room in happy excitement.

Meantime Mr. Jones was in a very uncertain and puzzled state of bliss. The note had thanked him for his beautiful gift, but neglected to tell what the gift was.

He left the house without being able to get a glimpse of Florence.

At noon there was another tiny white missive under his door. But this, much to his disappointment, proved to be from Miss Thankful.

Dear Mr. Jones—Florence thinks you sent that satin bag. It would be dreadful for her to know differently after thanking you for it. For her sake, please do not tell her that you did not. Your friend,
THANKFUL HOPE.

Mr. Jones studied this note with smiling eyes.

"For her sake;" that clause gave him a quick thrill of pleasure. She would be sorry to find out, then, that it was not his gift.

He must answer Florence's note, and this was the result of a half-dozen attempts:

Dear Miss Florence—That bag could not hold the valentine I would like to give you if I dared. It is the biggest and homeliest valentine a young lady ever got. If you care to have me tell you about it, please carry the blue satin bag when you come down to dinner.
ERASTUS JONES.

He could hear Florence singing in her room, and he called the bellboy and sent the note to her.

"There now," he said, when this had been accomplished, "if it had not been for Miss Thankful I would never have had the grit to send that, and, what's more, I believe Miss Thankful knew it, bless her!

"If Florence does have that blue thing on her arm, I'll give Miss Thankful the very best dress Cooper & Cooper have in the store."

And Miss Thankful got the dress.—Ann Deming Gray in Hartford Courant.

An Assorted Stock.

It was in a little New Hampshire village among the mountains where the country store served as post office, circulating library, shoe store, grocery store, dry goods and everything else combined, that a Boston lady, glancing over the books, inquired, "Have you Browning?"

"No," said the attendant somewhat regretfully, and not knowing just what kind of an article Browning might be, "we has not." Then, more brightly, "But we have blacking and blueing, and have a man who does whiting. We ocasionally do pinking. Would any of these do?"—Boston Home Journal.

When a Woman Will.

Mrs. Brown—I see that the "Daughters of the Revolution" refused to admit Mrs. Leightly to membership.

Mrs. Jones—Yes; but she intends to organize a rival society. If necessary to make it a success, she'll start another revolution.—Puck.

THE DETECTIVE'S STRATAGEM.

A Story Worthy of the Invention of Conan Doyle.

Here is an interesting account of a very clever bit of detective work by an oculist. It appears that in a large factory, in which were employed several hundred persons, one of the workmen, in wielding his hammer, carelessly allowed it to slip from his hand. It flew halfway across the room and struck a fellow-workman in the left eye. The man averred that his eye was blinded by the blow, although a careful examination failed to reveal any injury, there being not a scratch visible. He brought a suit in the courts for compensation for the loss of half of his eyesight, and refused all offers of compromise.

Under the law the owner of the factory was responsible for an injury resulting from an accident of this kind, and although he believed that the man was shamming, and that the whole case was an attempt at swindling, he had about made up his mind that he would be compelled to pay the claim. The day of the trial arrived, and in open court an eminent oculist retained for the defense examined the alleged injured member, and gave it as his opinion that it was as good as the right eye. Upon the plaintiff's loud protest of his inability to see with his left eye, the oculist proved him a perjurer and satisfied the court and jury of the falsity of his claim.

And how do you suppose he did it? Why, simply by knowing that the colors green and red combined make black. He procured a black card on which a few words were written with green ink. Then the plaintiff was ordered to put on a pair of spectacles with two different glasses, the one for the right eye being red, and the one for the left eye consisting of ordinary glass. Then the card was handed him, and he was ordered to read the writing on it. This he did without hesitation, and the cheat was at once exposed. The sound right eye fitted with the red glass, was unable to distinguish the green writing on the black surface of the card, while the left eye, which he pretended was sightless, was the one with which the reading had to be done. — Sheffield (Eng.) Telegraph.

Common Dangers to the Eyes.

An eminent oculist declares that typewriting has an injurious effect on the eyes. The operator is obliged to glance incessantly back and forth from the keyboard to the shorthand notes, and this is a muscular exercise of the most fatiguing sort. For this reason, the oculist urger, it is desirable for typewriters to cultivate a familiarity with the keyboard similar to that possessed by the accomplished pianist with the keyboard of his instrument, so that it will be necessary to look at the keys as little as possible.

While the injury that may result to the eyes of a hard-working typewriter who is not sure of her figures and her keys is not to be regarded too lightly, it is not likely to be near as serious as that resulting from the practice indulged in by so many in these days of railroad travel of persistent reading on trains. This practice is most trying on those delicate muscles that regulate the shape of the eyes' lenses and so affect the focalization of the organ. The danger is greatest, of course, on those railroads whose ballasting is imperfect and whose rails are roughly laid, producing much jarring and consequent rapid changing of the distance between the eyes and the paper.

In some cases the eyes of a victim of the railroad reading habit are so affected as to focus at different distances, and then his sufferings are most acute, and though much relief may be afforded by the treatment of a skilled practitioner, nothing but a discontinuance of the habit will afford a perfect cure.

In the case of a person who suffered tortures for two or three years from eye disorder due to train reading, neither rest nor professional skill availed until by accident the yellow window shades in the office in which he was employed were removed, when he was able at once to work with greatly increased ease and comfort, and in a few months was entirely cured.

Cows Milked While You Wait.

To take a cow from door to door and milk her in the presence of each customer is the very newest departure in the London milk business. It is one that is not lacking in boldness and originality, and it deserves more success than it is likely, we fear, to meet with. The practice is common enough in Egypt, where householders appreciate the advantage of being able to judge for themselves whether the animal from which they draw their supply looks healthy or the reverse.

But then the average Egyptian is not the slave of the British urban superstition which demands that milk should look thick and yellow in order to be genuine. It is all in vain to assure most people in English towns that pure milk is not of a rich yellow hue, and that as a matter of fact it ought to be white. They know better than the cow and the milkmaid combined, and as they demand yellowness they are supplied with it to their hearts' content. All that has to be done, and is done, is to mix various coloring matters with the fluid, and these pigments usually are innocuous, though not always so.—London Telegraph.

Tea and Coffee as Food.

M. Stanislaus Martin states that, as the result of an experiment on three different criminals sentenced to death who accepted the scientific trial in preference to hanging, No. 1, nourished exclusively on tea, lived three years, and then died. He had become almost a skeleton and was in a transparent condition. No. 2, on coffee, died in two years, burned as if an interior fire had calcined him. No. 3 lived on chocolate for eight months, and died in a very advanced state of rottenness, as it were, devoured by worms.—Lancet.

Shrewd Figuring.

"Sharp man, that."
"How?"
"Widow sued him and got judgment for $100."
"Yes?"
"Married the widder, got a divorce for $60, an' had $40 left out of the $100."—Atlanta Constitution.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A BULLET-RESISTING DRESS.

Miss Manard's Smart Gown Makes Her Indifferent to Rifle Projectiles.

Has the German inventor of the bullet-proof coat already been relegated to a back seat? At the London Pavilion, recently, a private exhibition was given by Mr. Manard Hubner and the Misses Julie and Rose Manard, who constitute the Manard team of rifle experts, in the course of which was tested the bullet-resisting dress which they claim to have discovered. It is no exaggeration to say that the half dozen gentlemen who were present were astounded by the experiments. Mr. Hubner did the shooting and one of the young ladies played the trying role of target.

Mr. Hubner commenced operations by putting a few bullets through several ten-gauge rolled plates to show the velocity of the bullets. Then Miss Manard, wearing apparently a fashionable tailor-made tweed walking dress, placed herself opposite the man with the gun ten yards away. He fired, and the ball struck her in the chest. She smiled unconcernedly. There was no doubt about the rifle being charged. One heard the dull thud of the bullet as it struck, just as one had heard the sharp ring of the iron plate. Nor was there any trickery in the firing.

Mr. G. A. Payne, who was looking on, was invited to take a shot at the lady, and the lady pleaded as if asking Mr. Payne to take her out for lunch, "Yes, do?" Mr. Payne had misgivings about his nerves, and declined to shoot, but he suggested a good test to prove the presence of a bullet in the gun when fired at the lady. He would, he said, hold a card in front of her. "Certainly," said Mr. Hubner. So Mr. Payne, who has had the experience of the deadliness of Mr. Hubner's aim before this, held the ace of hearts a foot or two in front of Miss Manard, and the next bullet which struck her—in the back this time—went first through the ace of hearts, as Mr. Payne held it by its extreme corner. In fact, Miss Manard was peppered with bullets on back and chest without a momentary disturbance of her serenity.

Our reporter had a chat with Mr. Hubner before he left the hall. It had occurred to this miserably skeptical journalist that the lady might have steel plates underneath the dress, although certainly there had, whether through the presence of the cloth covering or the absence of such plates, been no ringing as of metal upon metal. Mr. Hubner denied point blank that this was the secret of his surprising exhibition.

"But is it a scientific matter or a show?" asked the reporter, insinuatingly.

"It is a genuine scientific discovery," said Mr. Hubner, "and I am going to submit it to any test the military authorities think proper, if they will let me conduct the experiments. As an Englishman I should not like to see our government having yet another article made in Germany with which to equip our soldiers. The German inventor wants hundreds of thousands for his coat. On the other hand, I shall present my secret to my country free of all charge, if the War Office will accept it. I should propose that they try it on a horse with the ordinary military rifle. It would not matter much about killing the horse, although I should have no fear for the animal's safety.

"But until I so give it freely to the government, I allow no touching or examination of the material. No, it is not flexible, unless well soaked. It is manufactured from a material which at present lies rotting in India and Africa without use. Unlike the German's coat, it is extremely light. You must have observed how easily Miss Manard moved about while wearing it. This is an extremely light specimen, certainly, because the tests are not severe, but made a little heavier it would stand the riddling of a Gatling gun.

"I have not patented it. If I had £1,000 or so to spare with which to develop the thing I might do so; but I have not, and that's why I should like our government to have it and to develop it for all it's worth. The simplicity of the invention will surprise every one when it becomes known. You would laugh if I were to tell you the material, but that must remain a secret until I have heard from the War Office."—Pall Mall Budget.

A Southern Terrapin Farm.

"Upon the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, about ten miles from Mobile, is situated Dorlanes's terrapin farm. It is one of two in the United States, the other being located on the coast of Maryland, and belongs to Senator Stewart. I was once the guest of Dorlanes," said L. E. Dougherty, at the Emery, "and was much interested in watching the development upon that place. I found that the terrapins, which are usually advertised for sale in the restaurants at from 25 cents to $1, sold in New York for from $4 to $6 a dozen.

"Perhaps 10,000 terrapins are turned into the Dorlanes terrapin farm at one time. They will average all the way from one month to twelve months; all terrapin over that are not received at all, because they can be sold direct at more than would pay to raise them in the farm. The farm is not unlike a rice farm; it is composed of strips of narrow land and of narrow water, and the terrapin are fed three times a day, being called up by a peculiar chuckle, upon which they come [illegible] and receive their food. When arrived at the age of one year they sell readily in New York for $4.50 per dozen. There are perhaps 10,000 of them on the Dorlanes farm below that age. They are marketed when they are one year old."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

OCCUPATIONS FOR GIRLS.

Parents Advised to Teach Them Useful Things.

With the widening of the avenues of employment for women there should be more painstaking care upon the part of parents to provide against future contingencies by so educating every girl in some useful or suitable employment that she could take care of herself in case of necessity. Because there are so many more things a woman may do in these later days there is less excuse for neglect. Every woman should be a capable housekeeper. So much is rudimental. But it is never quite certain until the marriage day may have been set whether a girl is destined to be her own housekeeper. Too often it happens, even then, that marriage proves a failure; and the wife, discovers, too late for remedy, that, instead of being cherished and supported, she must support herself and bear up under whatever additional burden the marriage relation may thrust upon her. Happy, then, the woman who in her youth may have acquired that mastery of her hands which will enable her to earn her bread and assure her own independence and usefulness in spite of ill-fortune.

Nothing is more pitiable than the cases of gentlewomen, brought up in luxury and genteel idleness, who in their mature years are compelled to depend upon their own exertions for a livelihood. What can they do? They neither know how to teach, nor to cook, nor to spin, nor to scrub. They are incapacitated for any usefulness which they might exchange for bread and butter.

Girls must be provided with occupations. Money is no sure resource. Marriage often proves a delusion and a snare. There is no surety except in a knowledge of the means of self-support. Parents who give to their daughters such knowledge do better than to give them houses and lands. What they may know is a possession of which they cannot be deprived. If every girl born into the world for one generation could be assured of such capability as would enable her to make her own way in life by means of some useful employment, a long step would have been taken toward the remedy of many social evils.—Philadelphia Record.

Just an Incident of New York.

A hand-organ was responsible the other day for an accident, a display of coolness and courage, and exchange of courtesies and, what always delights Americans, because it excites them, a thrilling scene. A horseback rider, coming down Riverside drive at a sharp trot, turned into West Seventy-second street. Down West End avenue rolled a handsome victoria, in which were a man and a woman. In Seventy-second street, east of West End avenue, stood a son of Italy, grinding out his tunes from a cabinet organ on wheels. The victoria came around into Seventy-second street just in time to be slightly in advance of the horseman. His steed was a spirited one, and only the firm hand on the reins kept it in check. The rider had just come abreast of the victoria when his steed, alarmed by the organ, gave a sudden plunge to the left, and crashed into the victoria. To those who saw the leap and heard the noise it seemed as if the horse had gone clear through the carriage, and then they saw that the steed was riderless and plunging, while the woman in the carriage was screaming loudly.

In the next instant there arose from between the victoria and the frenzied steed the horseman, clinging to his horse's bridle. He had been hurt when he was thrown or knocked off. Only the condition of his clothes showed it, for he was as calm and self-possessed as if in a drawing room. With one hand he brought his plunging animal to its feet, and with the other he raised his hat as he peered into the victoria and offered his apologies and regrets for the accident. The woman had ceased to scream, and the three characters of this little drama exchanged a few polite words. Then again the two men lifted their hats in parting salute, the coachman of the victoria drove on, and the horseman, swinging himself lightly into his saddle, sent his horse along swiftly.

"I wanted to applaud," said a handsome old gentleman on the sidewalk to a straanger.

"So did I," was the answer.

"It's the American stock that does such things," said the old gentleman, and he went his way with a smile on his fine old face that was full of pride for his American stock.—New York Tribune.

Do You S-S-St-St-Stutter?

Few people have any idea what the stutterer suffers in his inability to express himself. I myself was some time since one of these unfortunate ones. I have ceased, however, to be a stutterer, thanks to observing the following rules:

(1). Never speaking before well inflating the lungs.

(2.) Never holding the breath while speaking.

(3.) Always looking at the person to whom I am speaking.

(4.) Speaking well from the throat.

(5.) Reading aloud for a certain time every day.

(6.) Going into company as much as possible.

I believe that no one need [illegible] terer if he persist[illegible] be a stutment.—L[illegible] in the above treat-[illegible]ondon Answers.

A Long Way Off.

His Mother: You shouldn't throw away your piece of buttered bread in that wasteful way, Willie; you may see the day you would be glad to have it.

Her Son: "Huh! It wouldn't keep.—New York Telegram.