A Reign of Terror.

BY M. QUAD.

One day last September I arrived at Niagara Falls in a resigned mood. I had been there several times before, and was resigned to the evitable. While the State of New York has done much to break up the band of bluffers and robbers infesting the falls, there are enough left to make every sight seer go away mad and disgusted. I knew all the old tricks and swindlers, but this time I was going the rounds without a kick. In the omnibus, going over from the station, was a small, slim, slender, pale-faced young man with a dismal cough, and I wondered if he wasn't going to commit suicide by leaping into the water above the falls. We put up at the same hotel, ate breakfast together, and then strolledout in company. He was very quiet, but when outside the hotel he suddenly inquired:

"How would you like to 'do' this place with me?"

"I have no objections."

"Do you know the ropes?"

"Yes, pretty well."

"Well, here is how we will go. I am to pay the bills, settle all disputes, and you are to be my witness."

"Witness to what?"

"You'll see later on. Keep your eyes and ears open and be ready to swear the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

At that moment a hackman approached and wanted to know if we intended to cross the bridge. If so, he would take us over to Canada for a certain price, which was the regular price.

"You'll land us in Canada for that, will you?" asked my unknown.

"I will."

"Jot that down," he said to me, and after I had placed it on record we got into the hack.

"Pay your toll!"

"Toll! Toll! We have nothing to do with the toll!" replied my friend.

"Can't cross without it!"

"Then you must pay it!"

"Not by a jug full!"

"Then turn around and take us back."

He wheeled the carriage around, drove back a few rods, jumped down and opened the door and said:

"I want my monkey!"

"For what?"

"Oh, you come off! Give me a dollar or I will take it out of your hide!"

"No!"

"But I will!"

"Jot that down," commanded the unknown, and when I had it down he hauled off and knocked the hackman into the ditch, and then sat on him and mauled him until he yelled like a calf.

As we returned to the village on foot the unknown asked me if there was anything else I wanted done. He wasn't even breathing hard yet and his consumptive cough was certainly no worse. I suggested to him that we go over to Goat Island and interview the proprietor of a refreshment stand who had swindled me the year before. He cheerfully consented, and in due time we reached the place. The same man was there. He had the same hungry look on his sheet-iron countenance. He had a sign up "Ice Cream—Ten Cents a Dish." It was the sign of the year before. It had taken me in, but after this cream had been devoured he collected fifteen cents a dish, claiming that he was out of the ten cent brand. My friend called for two dishes, and when he had finished he proffered twenty cents.

"Ten short," said the man.

"Short of what?"

"I gave you fifteen cent cream."

"But no one asked you to. Let me see if you have two kinds?"

"I want my money without any further talk!"

"You won't get it without a great deal of further talk!"

"Oh! I won't inclined to be sassy, I see! You need combing down, my bantam! Pay me or I'll break you in two!"

"Have you recorded that?" asked the unknown of me.

"I have."

"Then here goes!"

And the way he slammed and jammed and banged that ice-cream man, around for two minutes drowned the roar of the mighty contract. Two minutes was enough. We were told that we were out of his debt, and we slowly sauntered back through the green woods. We were half way to the bridge when a hack drove up and four Jehus jumped down and shed their coats and began to talk of blood, fragments and a cheap coffin.

"Got that down?" asked my friend.

"I have."

"Then you take this gun and defend yourself. Don't mix in as long as there are only four to one. Just take care of yourself and let me do the rest."

The four sailed in and were met half way. He knocked them right and left as if they had been toy figures, and he broke the jaw of the first one he hit. He had them on the run in three minutes, but some of them got it after they had started. When the woods had hidden the last one from sight, we resumed our stroll. I tried to make the stranger believe that he was tired, but he stoutly denied it, and as soon as we crossed the rapids he asked if there was anything else of an enterprising nature to which I could direct his attention. There was not and he said he guessed he would run up to Buffalo on the evening train.

"But your name—I haven't got it yet," I said.

"That's all right—call me anything you will."

"But I feel grateful and I want to know you better."

"You don't owe me anything, but you may call me Arthur Chambers, of New York City.

"What, the ex———?"

"Yes ex-pugilist. I suppose. I'm out for a few days' vacation. Good-bye."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

Josh Billings' Autobiography.

New York Sun.

That quaint humorist, Josh Billings, penned the following letter in Carleton's book store in this city more than a score of years ago, and forwarded it to his literary friend, Mr. Bowen, of Fort Plain:

"DEAR CHARLES: If you can git me a few kalls to lectur out your way it will be clever in you. Sorry that I have no pictorial biography of my face to send you. The fact is that I am so cussed humble that I can't be took. I have sent to England for one of the Book Billings. Those publicationists—they steal a man while living. I ought to have had at least $500 from the London publishers, but never had a cent. My lectur on milk has been skimmen for lyceum taste. There ain't anything in it that need make anybody faint away, and I believe there is some nervous truth in it.

"As regards the catastrophys in my biography thus far, I can only state that I was born in Massachusetts, between two mountains, in the year 1820. At the age of 15, the first business I attacked was the wool business—driving sheep. I had never been away before, and everybody seemed to know more than I did. I saved myself, but lost the flock of sheep pretty thoroughly. At 16 I brought up on the west bank of the Miisissippi, even in them days quite a stream. The past thirty years have been divided, multiplied and subtracted in and among the various scemes of a vagrant temperament supplanted in a strong natural constitution, such as husbandry in the wilderness, where there was more wild bees to hunt than oats to cut, merchandizing at the forks of a mud turnpike with a stock of brogan boots, Lowell calico, and whisky by the quart; running a high pressure steamboat on the Ohio river—a lively life, where men can see human nature with the bark on, and learn how to swear with great precision. Also speculated in West India stores and potash, the two first crops of a new country; an auctioneer, and for eight years a land hunter on India trails, and made tough by riding a hog skin saddle and eating acorn fed pork and corn dodgers.

"My life had been a success thus far, for I am still alive, but pecuniarily, who ever made money by playing the eccentrick wanderer from one rude vocation to another but little better than a common trapper and honey and venison hunter? I have had much comfort out of all this, and would not take the best farm in the State of New York for the sights I have seen. My literary raid has been short but sweet. I have had as much fun out of it as any man who ever lived, and when I reflect that it is but little more than five years since I first put comic on paper, I can certainly feel that if I have not made much coin, I have the quiet satisfaction of knowing that I have never written a line in malice against the truth or virtue of the world. I might have gained more wisdom by sleeping in a cloister, but would have missed the larks' wild song in the morning and the sober hoot of the midnight owl in the wilderness. I was never sick all day in my life; never saw a man in a tight spot but what I was willing to loosen the screws; have lived among the high and the low, and never put in my pocket a knife or a pistol. Excuse this if it looks like egotism. I only mean to brag on the joy the world has furnished me.

Yours tenderly,

"JOSH BILLINGS."

New York, Jan. 20, 1867.

How to Get Along in the World.

Pay as you go.

Never "fool" in business matters.

Learn to think and act for yourself.

Do not kick every one in your path.

Keep ahead rather than behind the times.

Don't stop to tell stories in business hours.

Use your brains rather than those of others.

Have order, system, regularity and promptness.

Do not meddle with business you know nothing of.

A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.

If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted.

No man can get rich by sitting in shops and bar-rooms.

Learn to say no. No necessity of snapping it out dog-fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.

Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford, simply bocause it is fashionable.—*Pilot.*

A Scrap of Paper Saves Her Life.

It was just an ordinary scrap of wrapping paper, but it saved her life. She was n the last stages of consumption, told by physicians that she was incurable and could live only a short time; she weighed less seventy pounds. On a piece of wrapping paper she read of Dr. King's New Discovery, and got a sample bottle; it helped her, she bought a large bottle, it helped more, bought another and grew better fast, continued its use and is now strong, healthy, rosy, plump, weighing 140 pounds. For fuller particulars send stamp to W. H. Cole, Druggist, Fort Smith. Trial bottles of this Wonderful Discovery free at Kluttz & Co.'s Drugstore.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Cabbage and saw-grass palmetto is the material that a Florida gentleman is desirous of turning into fiber.

—Cedarwood pulp is now made into paper for underlaying carpets, wrapping up wool, etc., and preservative against moths. The wood used is the heretofore wasted chips of the pencil manufactory.

—Among the products which science has put to valuable service is the nettle, a weed which is now even being cultivated in some parts of Europe, its fiber proving useful for a variety of textile fabrics. In Dresden a thread is produced from it so fine that a length of sixty miles weighs only 2½ pounds.

—Sheep are now being successfully sheared by machinery in Australia. The wool mower can be run by either steam or horse power. There is now very little poetry left in farm operations—if there ever was any poetry in the hard work that prematurely wore out the old-time husbandman.

—Building blocks made of corncobs form the object of a new Italian patent. The cobs are pressed by machinery into forms similar to bricks and held together by wire. They are made water-tight by soaking with tar. These molds are very hard and strong. Their weight is less than one-third of that of a hollow brick, and they can never get damp.

—Some physicians have warmly indorsed the suggestion that "massage," as an employment is peculiarly suited to the capabilities of the blind, in whom the tactile sense is so strongly developed. Indeed, in Japan massage has, for a long period of time, been practiced by blind men, who go about the streets with a flageolet, drawing attention to themselves and their occupation. It is thought that superintendents of blind-asylums will find this a possible avenue to employment for their pupils.

—It has been estimated that an average of five feet of water falls annually over the whole earth. Supposing that condensation takes place at an average height of 3,000 feet, remarks General Strackey, the force of evaporation to supply such rainfall must equal the lifting of 322,000,000 pounds of water 3,000 feet in every minute, or about 300,000,000,000-horse power constantly exerted. Of this great energy a very small part is transferred to the waters that run back through rivers to the sea, and a still smaller fraction is utilized by man; the remainder is dissipated in space.

—Some curious maritime discoveries show that the ocean teems with life at a depth of more than one thousand fathoms. At north latitude fifty degrees thirty-two seconds, west longitude twelve degrees two seconds, there were brought from twelve hundred and twenty fathoms a perfectly black fish, with white eyes, specimens of that strange genus of echinoderms, calveria, and a few silicious sponges and rare, beautiful cassideria, tyrhena, and some large and exquisitely colored sea anemones, and also a quantity of carinaria and pteropoda, which were captured in surface nets.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—It is a wise child that knows what kind of a man its own father is when away from home.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Many men give a too literal interpretation to Scripture maxims. They shun the appearance of evil more than they do the evil itself.—*Boston Budget.*

—The old bachelor cynic says that there are some leading ladies on the stage whose chief claim to that title lie in the fact that they lead their husbands a pretty dance.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The latest remedy for snake bites is a wash of carbolic acid solution. There are not so many cases now as when it was fashionable to administer spirit frumenti by the quart.

—"I hope you appreciate the fact, sir, that in marrying my daughter you marry a large-hearted, generous girl." "I do, sir (with emotion); and I hope she inherits those qualities from her father."—*Life.*

—"Parson—"I am astonished, sir, to hear a man with three married daughters say that 'marriage is a failure.'" Citizen—"Well, sir, when you have three families beside your own to support you will learn that marriage is a positive bankruptcy."—*Lowell Citizen.*

—It is all right to say that there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught; but if the fishermen are to be believed, there are better fish in the sea than ever were caught. Somehow the finest fish always manage to drop off before they can be landed.—*Puck.*

—"Gentlemen and fellow-citizens," exclaimed an impassioned orator: "what if all the European countries should put a tax on our raw materials, what would be the consequence?" "All of our dudes would have to stay at home," shouted a voice from the rear of the house.—*Georgia Cracker.*

—Fannie—"So you are married, Hattie, and have wealth and possibilities?" Hattie—"Yes, my husband is very rich." Fannie—"And you enjoy it all very much?" Hattie—"Very much, indeed." Fannie—"And your husband?" Hattie—"O, well, you know in this world we have to take the bitter with the sweet."—*Washington Critic.*

—There are two classes of American tourists in Europe who reflect no credit on this country. The members of the first class try to give the impression that they belong to the aristocracy, and those who compose the second class act as though the aristocracy belonged to them. Their equivalents in English society are known respectively as snobs and cads

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AN IMMUTABLE LAW.

The Unremitting Competition Which Is at Work Wherever We May Go.

The man who fears to go into an enterprise on account of competition is not made of that sort of stuff which leads to marked success. Whether recognized or not, there is no living except under the most unremitting competition. Whether millionaire or pauper, old business man or the one of new enterprises, competition in some of its forms is ever at work, and he who would escape competition must escape from life. This is well illustrated by Kingsley's "Do-as-you-like race," a race who were provided for by the droppings from trees. With nothing to do, the race degenerated below the apes, and finally ceased to exist—simply because they had nothing to do.

Competition means strife, antagonism; in short, war. It exists both in the natural world and the business world. Sir William Grove, in a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain on "antagonism," says that "it is a necessity of existence, and of the organism of the universe, so far as we understand it; that motion and life can not go on without it; that it is not a mere casual adjunct of nature, but that without it there would be no nature, at all events as we conceive it; that it is inevitably associated with unorganized matter, with organized matter, and with sentient beings." This is a very broad definition, but it is unqualifiedly true. As an example of antagonism in nature, the lecturer speaks first of pulling forces between the planets. If the one pulling force is not counterbalanced by the other, then the one body falls into the other; is, in fact, wiped out by competition. In the substance of the earth force and resistance are constantly at work; nothing is at rest, and every atom seems to be competing with its neighbor. When we come to organic life we find the law of competition still more plainly to be seen; every blade of grass, every plant, is fighting with its neighbor for the means of living. It is Darwin's "struggle for existence," and this very struggle is necessary to the life of the vegetable world. In animal life the struggle or competition is still plainer to the view. The naturalist no longer talks of "peaceful nature," for he knows there is no such thing, but nature is a scene of incessant warfare. Birds in their little nests do not agree, but the stoutest push the weaker ones out.

Coming to man, we find the same competition, the same struggle for existence. In the most barbaric races those who can not stand the competition, who can no longer take care of themselves, are killed to get them out of the way. In civilized society, however, while there is no change in the warfare going on, the victims are somewhat better treated. Instead of being killed by the victorious competitors, these latter pass around the hat, so to speak, to provide the necessaries of life for those who have been conquered. This, we suppose, is what may be called the amenities of life.

Advancing from the individual to communities, the same warfare is at work. Community is against community, town against town, city against city, nation against nation. In the moral world the same forces are at work. From the law of competition there is no escape, and it is a good thing for the well-being of all.—*Stoves and Hardware.*

DOGS AND THEIR WAYS.

Little Peculiarities of the Newfoundland and St. Bernard Breeds.

"Give us an article on dogs," writes a correspondent.

A dog collar is an article on dogs; so is a flea; which will you have?

The dog is called the friend of man, and it is true that he is frequently seen running after him, particularly when the man is a trespasser or the dog is mad.

There are many kinds of dogs. The Newfoundland dog seems born with an instinct for saving children from drowning. It will hang around a mill-pond for days at a time watching for an opportunity to win a medal from the Humane Society. If no such opportunity occurs it becomes very melancholy and seems impelled to ask if life is worth living.

A friend of ours imported a Newfoundland dog to look out for his children, as his residence was near a pond of water. Every few days the faithful animal would come bounding towards the house, dragging a dripping child by his teeth, that he had saved from a watery grave. Then the dog would be petted by the family, and feasted and made much of. Yet it didn't seem to make him proud. He looked as calm and indifferent as if saving a child from drowning was one of the most ordinary events of his life scarcely worth speaking of—nothing at all, in fact, to what he had done in the old country, where he had often rescued two or three whole families before breakfast.

But this thing of bringing home drenched children got to be rather too frequent not to excite suspicion, and a watch was set on the devoted friend of man and children. It was discovered that he had a habit of pushing a child into the water, when a favorable opportunity offered, and then plunging in with ostentatious zeal to rescue it. The Newfoundland dog was promptly discharged, without a recommendation.

The St. Bernard dog is a hotel runner for a hostelrie way up among the Alps. He finds travelers who are floundering around in the snow too bewildered to remember what hotel their cook's ticket directs them to put up at, and runs them into the St. Bernard, conducted on the European plan.—*Texas Siftings.*

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Speculators' Opportunity.

The revolution in Brazil has given the speculator harpies another opportunity to prey upon the necessities of the people. At the very first note of commotion, the coffee dealers immediately saw their chance, and the price of the universal American beverage, a common and ordinarily cheap and attainable necessity, will be advanced to the character of a costly luxury. Apparently, there is no good reason for this, though we recognize the power to do it; for the coffee trade, like all the subjects of commerce under the manipulation of modern methods, in concentrated in few hands. But the change of rulers in Brazil has been affected without bloodshed, the revolution in political institutions accomplished without commotion. The former ruling powers have retired, peacefully and gracefully. No shock has been given to public credit; for announcement has been made that the obligations entered into by the old regime will be faithfully executed by the new; there are no hostile opposing forces in the field, there are no blockades or embargoes, and commerce and navigation appear to be left undisturbed to pursue their peaceful way. Therefore the pretended obstructions which are assumed to lay in the way of the removal of Brazillian products are purely artificial and factitious. Coffee and India rubber, the leading articles of export, are apparently as free to move under the republic as under the empire.

The southern people during the late war had full opportunity to train themselves in self-denial in many articles upon which they have made themselves dependent, chief among which were sugar and coffee. For the first, sorghum syrup was made to provide a somewhat sorry substitute, and for coffee there were as many devices for substitutes as ingenuity had ever evolved in the search after perpetual motion—roasted wheat, rye, ground peas, sweet potatoes, okra seed. Most of them were villainous compounds. But use made them palatable, and in some cases accestable, so that we knew instances where return to the use of coffee subsequently was made with reluctance. We must confess these instances were rare.

But we would prefer a return to the detestable substitutes of the war rather than witness general admission of a slavery so abject to the use of coffee as to compel unresisting submission to the exaction of speculation. So long as the people pay what is exacted, so long will speculators pile on their burden. They will be speedily subdued if consumption falloff to the limit of actual necessities. The conquest over habits and appetites in matters of daily use and comfort is a difficult achievement. In this case it is drawn battle between rapacity of speculations, and the endurance of consumption. If the latter once win, the former will never be so presumptuous
—*Asheville Citizen.*

Eupepsy.

This is what you ought to have, in fact, you must have it to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may obtain this boon. And yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions and the use persisted in, will bring you Good Digestion and oust the demon Dyspepsia and install instead Eupepsy. We recommend Electric Bitters for Dyspepsia and all diseases of Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Sold at 50c. and $1 per bottle by Kluttz & Co., Druggists.

Twenty pounds of hay and twelve quarts of oats given daily is the estimated quantity of food for a horse, but this must be regulated by the size of the animal, the labor performed and the season of the year.

Extraordinary Bone Scratching.

Herbert Sperry, Tremont, Ill., had Erysipelas in both legs. Confined to the house six weeks. He says: "When I was able to "get on my legs, I had an itching sensation "that nearly run me crazy. I scratched "them raw to the bones. Tried everything "without relief. I was tormented in this "way for two years. I then found the "CLARKE'S EXTRACT OF FLAX (Papillon) "SKIN CURE at the drug store, used it, and "it has cured me sound and well."

Clark's Flax Soap has no equal for Bath and Toilet, Skin Cure $1,00. Soap 25 cents. For sale at John H. Enniss Drug Store.

Ten Good Things to Know.

1. That salt will curdle new milk; hence in preparing milk porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

2. That clear boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains. Pour the water through the stain and thus prevent it spreading over the fabric.

3. That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth, also from the hands.

4. That a tablespoonful of turpentine boiled with white clothes will aid in the whitening processes.

5. That boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little sperm, salt or gum arabic dissolved.

6. That beeswax and salt will make rusty flat irons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with a rag, then scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

7. That blue ointment and kerosene mixed in equal proportions and applied to the bedsteads is an unfailing bedbug remedy, as a coat of whitewash is for the walls of a log house.

8. That kerosene will soften boots or shoes that have been hardened by water, and render them as pliable as when new.

9. That kerosene will make tin teakettles as bright as new. Saturate a woolen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from varnished furniture.

10. That cool rain water and soda will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.—*The Sanitarian.*

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

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Mar. 15, '88. 1y

A $20 A Day Man!

A VOICE from Ohio. Here is a portrait of Mr. Garrison, of Salem, Ohio. He writes: "We can't work a farm for $20 a month. I now have an agency for E. C. Allen's Outfit and publications and can make $20 a day." (Signed) W. H. GARRISON.

William Milne, Harrisburg, Pa., writes: "I have never known anything to sell like your album. Yesterday I took orders enough to pay me over $25."

W. J. Eldmire, Bangor, Me., writes: "I take no color of your album at any house I call. My people often earn $20 in a single day's work."

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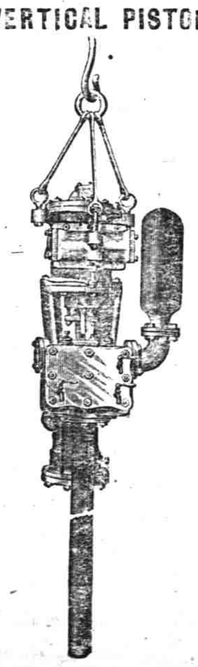

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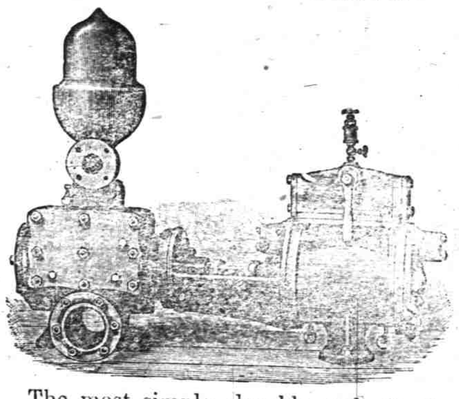

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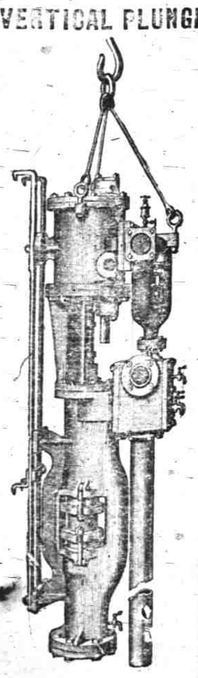

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