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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

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ARM FOR THE BATTLE.

Arm for the battle of glory;
Strike for the cause of Truth;
Fathers with locks so hoary,
Sons in the vigor of youth,
Mothers and sisters and daughters,
With prayers and blessings come!
Death! death! wherever he lurketh
To the serpent whose name is Rum!

Death! death! to the crested serpent!
War! war! on the curse of rum!
From mountain to valley the watchword
Repeat, while our heroes come.
Follow the trail of the monster—
Trail him through forest and glen,
Hunt him wherever he hideth—
Stab him to death in his den!

Hath he not murdered our mothers—
Brought their gray locks to the tomb?
Hath he not murdered our brothers,
Yet in their manhood's bloom?
Hath he not coiled on our hearthstones,
Hissing with Upas breath?
Then on to the warfare, brothers!
Nor cease till he writhes in death!

—Temperance Advocate.

YOUNG MAN.

Do you ever take a drink now and then because your friend(?) askes you? So did W. A. Potts, who committed suicide last week rather than be hanged. Do you ever take an occasional drink just because you like it? So did Potts. Do you feel confident there is no danger ahead of you? So felt Potts. Do you count on your good family name and your respectability? So did Potts. Do you say you are educated and above disgrace? So said Potts. Do you see men falling around you every where, but say to yourself; "I am strong and will never do so? So said Potts to himself. Do you spurn the thought of becoming a debanchee and a libertine? So did Potts. Do you hoot at the idea of becoming a criminal? So hooted Potts. Does your cheek burn against the thought of disgracing your strong father, devoted mother and charming sisters? So did his. Do you think lightly of the idea of your filling a drunkard's grave? So thought Potts. Do you know, as you think, that no power can induce you to commit suicide? So knew Potts. Do you expect to miss hell when death comes? So expected Potts. And yet Potts did every single one of these things against his own calculations, simply by indulging in moderate drinking. Why not you, if you drink at all? See the picture ahead!! A handsome young man now. Soon a billiard-player—then a swearer—then a reveller—then a libertine—then a sot—then a beast—then a criminal—then in jail—then on the gallows—then—LOST!—Democrat.

TARIFF TINKERING.

The Republicans have pretended great anxiety lest the "tinkering with the tariff," as they call it, might interfere with the business of the country. How comes it that they are going into this tinkering on their own account? The Republican members of the Senate propose to frame a tariff bill of their own, and it is to be a tariff reform measure. Who would have expected it? After blaming the Democracy on every stump for "tinkering" with the tariff they proceed to do a little tinkering themselves. What is to be said of such inconsistency? It is of a piece of all Radical action within recent years. The Republican party frames a platform and its representatives in Congress act in direct opposition to its declarations. The party assumes a position for the sake of effect and its members dodge it whenever the policy of the moment seems to demand such action. Consistency is unknown within its ranks. It bends all its energies to vote making, at whatever cost of consistency or principle. Today it is with one minor party, tomorrow with another. It is everything by turns and nothing long. Just now it is desperate and pretends in the Senate to offer the people a measure of tariff reform, seeing that such a measure is imperatively demanded. It thus acknowledges, in effect, the justice of the Democratic position with respect to tariff revision and reform, but it also takes from its stumpers all the thunder of the latter with reference to tariff "tinkering." What are these stumpers now to do without the argument of pretended anxiety that they have been shrieking over the country? Who would have looked for such treatment of them at the hands of those in their own household? Who but those who know the Republican party, its double dealing, deceitful and reckless course in the past, its present desperation and disregad of all all rules of consistency and self respect therein?—News and Observer.

AN IDEAL SCARECROW.

Just now the crow of Leeds, Me., says the Lewiston Journal, digs for a living, and the cornfields are in the array of rags and jags and junk bottles. You all know the paraphernalia of the chevaux de frise to ward off the crow. You all remember the divers windmills and the wonderful contrivances of the scarecrow. A man up in Leeds, however, has the call on all such contrivances. His name is Lathrop, and he has sickened the crow so thoroughly that today he and the crow are not even on speaking terms. When planting time comes Mr. Lathrop mixes his corn up with a delicate solution of coal tar until the kernals look like licorice cough drops. He plants this, and lo! it sprouts and grows thriftily, and no crow touches it twice. Mr. Lathrop sits by the door of his porch and enjoys himself to see the crows come in the early spring. They caw over his fields gleefully, as if to say here is a corn lot with no corn trap. They settle down and dig, and they swallow a kernal or two. They rarely swallow three. Something sets them to thinking and they drop over on the other side of the fence and sit down and even lie down to think. Some of them plainly cogitate the great conundrum, "Is life worth living?" and it is said that the woods in that vicinity are sad with tarred corn that sits uneasily on the stomach of the crow. They never come again. A crow may forgive, but he never forgets, and the remembrance of coal tar on the stomach is a continual sadness and a riotous nightmare forever and ever.

AMERICA'S LUCKY DAY

In Europe and the eastern part of the world Friday is generally regarded as an unlucky day, and those who are in any way superstitious will object to commence any new enterprise or to do anything of importance on that day. Strange to say, Friday has exercised the most important and beneficial effects on America, and may be regarded as her lucky day. There are many citizens, mostly those of foreign birth, who still abhor Friday, although it is shown that the most important events connected with the discovery of the New World and the independence of the United States all happened on a Friday.

It was on Friday, the 3d of August, 1492, that Christopher Columbus set sail from the port of Palos on his voyage of discovery. On Friday, the 12th of October, of the same year, he sighted land On Friday the 4th of January, 1493, he set out for Spain to announc his glorious discovery. He landed in Andalusia on Friday, the 15th of March, 1493. On Friday, June 13, 1494, he discovered the continent of America. On Friday, November 10, 1565, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest city in the United States. On Friday, November 10, 1620, the Mayflower landed the Pilgrim Fathers at Princetown. On Friday, December 21, 1620, the immigrants reached Plymouth Rock. On Friday, Feb. 22, 1732, Washington was born. On Friday, June 17, 1775. the battle of Bunker Hill was fought. On Friday, October 8, 1778, Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga. Arnold's treason plot was discovered on Friday, September 23 1780. Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown on Friday, in October, 1781.—Church Union.

THE USEFUL BANANA TREE.

A young Salvadorian, with the dark eyes and inky hair of his country, talked to a New York Mail and Express reporter a few days ago about the Central American banana tree. The tree is two and a half to three feet in circumference at its base. Its tapering fibrous body, without a branch, is from ten to fifteen feet in height. The fibres, separated by a thin pith, are as long as the body of the tree. These fibres are used in Salvador, just as they are taken from the tree, as shoestrings, and as cords for all purposes. The natives use them largely for bridle reins and lariats. The raw material costs only transportation to the ropewalks. Each banana tree bears in the twelve months of its existence only one bunch of fruit, but from two to ten trees spring from the roots of the one that has fallen. In Salvador the bunch of bananas is worth fifteen cents, and the dead tree nothing. A cordage factory or paper mill or coffee sack maker, were not the dead trees numberless, would give for each tree ten times the value of the fruit it has produced. Split, dried and packed, the bodies of the banana trees might be shipped profitably to the United States; but there is no reason why some enterprising American would not take them in hand and ship to Salvador the proper machinery for their manufacture, as labor is fully two-thirds cheaper there than in New York.

For the accomplishment of this end a special concession and exemption from customs charge would be easily obtained. In Salvador ropewalks are found in unfrequented streets and suburban roads. The native machinery consists of a crank attached to an upright board, with which a native boy twists the fibres of the banana and cactus. A man skilled in the rope maker's art splices the fibres together, adding to the length and thickness of the revolving cord.

The stem of each banana leaf consists of the tonghest and finest threads, and these leaves, two and a half and three feet wide and ten to fifteen feet long, resting on the heads of native women, are umbrellas in the rainy season in roofless market places and streets of Salvador. These are the carpets on which the people sit, and the beds on which they sleep. There is a fine opportunity said the Salvadorian for some enterprising American with a small capital to do a thriving trade and make money by introducing Western ideas and machinery to the people of Salvador.

A LIQUOR MAKER'S CONFESSION

"We make champagne which you buy for the genuine article. It costs to manufacture $4 a basket. We sell it for $10 to dealers. We make the stuff and put it into our own bottles; make a facsimile label of the genuine article; Spanish corks for the bottles and French straw and baskets to pack them in. When we want to imitate a genuine imported wine we buy a barrel of it. Our cooper takes the barrel as a pattern and makes one by it. They are new and bright. We put them through a steaming process, and they come out old and musty and worn just like the genuine importation. Thirty-two deadly poisons are used in the manufacture of wine. Not one gallon in fifty ever saw France. We send thousands of gallons of whiskey to France to have them come back something else. Of all the poisonous liquors in the world Bourbon whiskey is the deadliest. Strychnine is only one of the poisons in it. A certain oil is used in its manufacture eight drops of which which will kill a cat in eight minutes, and a dog in nine minutes. The most temperate men in New York are the wholesale dealers. They dare not drink the stuff they sell.

NAMES THAT MISLEAD.

The tuberose is no rose, but a species of olyanth.

Pompey's pillar had no historical connction with Pompey in any way.

Cleopatra's needle was not erected by the Egyptian queen, nor in her honor.

Whalebone is not bone, and is said not to possess a single property of bone.

Turkish baths did not originate in Turkey and are not baths, only heated chambers.

German silver was not invented in Germany, and does not contain a particle of silver.

Black lead is not lead at all, but a compound of carbon and a small quantity of iron.

Brazilian grass never grew in Brazil, and is not grass; it is nothing but strips of palm leaf.

Burgundy pitch is not pitch, and does not come from Burgundy; the greater part of it is palm oil and rosin.

Sealing wax does not contain a particle of wax, but is composed of Venice turpentine, shellac and cinnabar.

Catgut is made from the entrails of sheep.

Cuttle bone is not bone, but a kind of chalk once inclosed in the fossil remains of extinct specimens of cuttlefish.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

BEATEN AT HIS OWN GAME.

"An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," said the ancientt Hebrews, and a Confederate soldier describes an incident which occured during the halt of his regiment at Fort Clifton:

It occured to a man picketing the river bank that it would be amusing to take careful aim at the man on the other side doing the same duty for the enemy, fire, laugh to see the fellow jump and dodge, and then try again. He fired, laughed, dropped his musket to reload, and, while smiling with satisfaction, heard the 'thud' of a bullet and felt an agonizing pain in his arm.

His musket fell to the ground, and he walked back to the camp with his arm swinging heavily at his side.

The surgeon soon relieved him of it altogether. The poor fellow learned a lesson. The "Yank" had beaten him at his own game

A STORY OF MARSHALL WILDER

I heard an amusing story told the other day of that quaint little gentleman, Marshall Wilder, in connection with his uncommon Christian name. A waiter at a dinner party, having heard him spoken of as Marshall Wilder, and supposing him to be some important military personage, during the whole evening addressed him as Marshall, much to his disgust and to his host's consternation. The latter was at last compelled to call the unlucky waiter aside in order to reprimand him for his impertinence, but his wrath was turned to laughter when he discovered the real state of the case. —Philadelphia Telegraph's London Letter.

THE IRON DUKE.

The Duke of Wellington was an ardent sportsman and a good shot, and to fire at game before it got fairly away meant forfeiting his friendship. An aristocratic Frenchman was included in one of his hunting parties, and just after starting he downed a woodcock before it had barely risen over the heads of the beaters, whereupon the Duke took his loaded gun away and ordered him off his premises. Monsieur had to go and was never invited again.

Cretonne of the cheap sort used for decorating rooms turns out to be as arsenically poisonous as green wall paper. Out of forty-four samles recently examined in London none were free from arsenic. The greens and blues were the least harmful, while reds, browns and blacks were heavily loaded with the poison.

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Private sitting room for ladies up stairs.

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