Dan's wife." Dan comes home at fall of night, Home so cheerful, neat and bright, Children meet him at the door, Pull him in and look him o'er, Wife asks "how the work has gone? "Bosy times with us at home!" Supper done-Dan reads at ease. Nothing must the husband tease, Children must be put to bed--All the little prayers are said: Little shoes are placed in rows. Bedclothes tucked o'er little toes, Busy, noisy, wearing life, Tired woman, Dan's wife.

Dan reads on, and falls asleep, See the woman softly creep: Baby rests at last, poor dear, Not a word her heart to cheer: Mending basket full to top-Stockings, shirts and little frock-Tired eyes and weary brain. Side with darting, ugly pain-"Never mind, 'twill pass away :' She must work, but never play : Closed piano, unused books. Done, the walks to cozy nooks, Brightness faded out of life, Saddened woman,

Ups airs, tossing to and fro, Fever holds the woman low: Children wonder, free to play When and where they will to-day; Bridget loiters-dinner's cold, Dan looks anxious, cross and old; Household screws are out of place, Lacking one dear, patient face; Steady hands-so weak but true-Hands that knew just what to do, Never knowing rest or play, Folded now and laid away: Work of six in one short life Shattered woman,

-Kate Tannatt Wools.

JOHN WARE'S NURSE. There were two reasons why Joanna

Dan's wife.

Blight had her studio up in the man-In the first place she craved quiet and seclusion; in the second-well, Mrs. Algernon Mowry was very much

ashamed of it. Mrs. Mowry was quite content that "her husband's niece" should pay her board bill. The money was very acceptable to them in their narrowed circumstances. But for the life of her Mrs. Mowry could not see why Joanna preferred to carn her own living when she had a brother able to support her. This little studio was a very pretty place. The bare floor was patched

with bright-colored rugs; the walls were tinted a delicate blue, bordered with harmonious bands of crimson, olive and gold. There was one wide window to the front, and near it, at her easel, Joanna sat one sweet April morning finishing a birthday card in water colors.

From time to time she would pause

and the two lots adjacent to it on the tiful oaken sideboard, exquisitely main and side streets. Within the carved; a quaint, lacquered cabinet; past six weeks a charming little Queen | cbony bookcases, a handsome brass Anne cottage had sprung up there as bedstead, and dear knows what not. Rumor said it was being built for a pretty home out of it," John Ware obgentleman from Washington. "He must be a man of taste," house?"

Joanna thought, as she took in the graceful effect of the building, even in That ought to make life worth liv-Joanna smiled at her own fancies as she took up her brush and pallette.

by means of a pulley. 'Look out there!" cried a tall, head and shoulders above his com- Still, he did not look at her.

jacket and a pair of overalls. "They have got a new workman,"

Joanna observed, idly. "What a splen- he did not press his suit. He simply did fellow he is! I wonder what busi- told her. She might do as she chose. ness a carpenter has with a face and As for him, he knew that a mere mefigure like that? Sometimes it seems | chanic had no social right to win such to me that Nature blunders sadly." The stalwart young carpenter dis- then-" appeared meanwhile, and Joanna left

as she passed into the next room and began to unplait her long, thick, yellow braids.

Her toilet was simple, but somehow it went forward slowly. She felt she whispered, softly, "you would rather dull that day, and as she make me wretchedly unhappy!" smoothed her hair in a leisurely fashion, she hummed to herself:

"Heigho! for the holly! Most friendship is feigning— Most loving mere folly!"

her braids again, and never once dream- carpenter. ing of what had happened since she left the window, until her Cousin Mabel came bursting into the room his shoulder. "It is the man." with a panic-stricken face.

"Joanna," she cried, hysterically, workmen has fallen off the new house | Joanna would disgrace the family, and | and they've brought him over here." "Good heavens!" Joanna exclaimed. "Is he killed?" "I don't know," Mabel answered, pressed lips.

with a burst of tears. "He's all covered looks awful!" was on the verge of hysterics.

"Do go in and see what they such a thing? And all these men with | in a cottage." their muddy boots tramping over my "Where have they taken him?"

Joanna interrupted, hastily, as she turned away with ill-disguised con- anna. "This is a bad beginning." tempt.

can bear to go in! My nerves could Joanna." not endure it." prompt determination. As she entered

the room she saw a little horrorstricken group of men in blue blouses and overalls hovering about the lounge on which the injured man was She took several steps toward them.

and then a low, startled cry escaped her lips. It was the handsome young upstairs. workman whose splendid physique she had admired only half an hour previous, and there he lay, white, but she found herself in a perfect nishing a target for the captain's rifle, crushed and bleeding. Have you sent for a

said, as she dropped on her knees beside the passive, insensible form. workmen who stood at his head. "We sent right off." "Who is this man?" she asked,

quickly. "Where does he live?" so all-fired much either -did he, Eli?" and designer, if you please." "Don't you know any of his riends?" Joanna asked. "Where friends?" Joanna asked. does he live?"

"'Deed, I couldn't tell ye, ma'am. I don't know nothing about him."

are you mad?"

house. The slightest jar makes him suffer unspeakable agony.' "But Joanna, it is utterly impossible for us to keep him here. Think | say? of the-the expense. He's only a

laboring man, and-" "I will bear whatever expense his being here may entail upon you." "But suppose he dies on your hands? Or he may lie here for months! For heaven's sake, send him to the hos

"I cannot think of doing anything so inhuman. He may occupy my room, Aunt Margaret. Do not distress yourself about it. I will see that he does not occasion you the slightest annoy-

·So John Ware was installed in the little bedroom back of the studio, and the doctor came and went for weeks

before it was really known that the patient would recover. Joanna nursed him with untiring devotion. "You really think he will get well

now?" she said, with womanly tears in her eyes. The doctor took her hand and pressed it warmly. Yes," he answered-"thanks to

The patient had been sleeping, but now he opened his eyes and they shone with a glad welcome as they fell upon the pale, sweet face of Joanna. "I was just saying, my young frien'l," observed the doctor, releasing Joanna's slim fingers to take up John Ware's finely-shaped hand, which was now as white as marble-"I was just saying that you owe your life more to Miss Blight than you owe it to me." The handsome fellow gave her a look so full of gratitude that it was al-

most admiration. "I shall never forget her!" he said, in a musical voice that promised to be rich and deep when he grew stronger. 'I cannot even estimate what I owe her, much less repay her."

Joanna did not like to be thanked, and she slipped away at the first opportunity; but she carried with her the memory of that handsome head. with its crown of chestnut curls resting softly among the pillows.
"John Ware!" she murmured to

herself. "I do not care how humble his station; I am sure that he is one of nature's noblemen. The scal of intellect is set upon his forehead, and, with that look in his eyes I would trust him anywhere. The weeks went on, and John Ware was convalescent.

It was one midsummer morning that he sat at the window of the study in an easy-chair, while Joanna made a feint of working a little in oils.

But what did it mean, the tender light that shone in John Ware's eyes as they rested on her lithe, graceful figure clad in pure white? Why did Joanna's hands tremble as it held the not, and it is to be hoped will not, pallette? And why was her face so abandon that graceful style of hairoften suffused with a sweet, conscious dressing. With a slender face this blush?

"Why don't you come over here and talk to me?" he said, with all the presumption of an invalid. "I have something better to do, Mr. Ware," she answered, mischievously. "But you don't know what you are missing. The little cottage must be or using bandolines is carefully avoided. complete now. Here comes a wagonload of new furniture.' Like every woman (and every man) Joanna had some curiosity, and this announcement brought her to the window without delay.

Certainly, there was a wagon-load of load, which was the first of several "They are going to make a very served. "How do you like the

Joanna's eyes sparkled. "Oh," she cried, clasping her hands its unfinished state. "How I should together, "I think it is perfectly like to live in a house like that! Tiles | charming! But," she a:lded, with and terra-cotta and low-down grates! sudden gravity, "I should think it would make you shudder to look at it." "Oh, no!" he answered, with perfect calmness. Then he added, softly: "It might, under different circumstances. When she looked up again the men But if I had never had that fall I were hoisting some heavy framework | should never have known you as I know you now." Joanna did not speak; but presently

manly fellow on the roof, who towered | she felt his firm clasp upon her hand.

"You know what has been trem He was a well-made man, with a bling on my lips for weeks," he said. rich bronze skin and a full brown "I would not ask you to make the beard that had concealed his finely- smallest sacrifice for me, if you felt it shaped neck. The only parts of his was a sacrifice; but I love you, Joanna, dress visible were a blue cardigan and my happiness will never be complete unless you are my wife."

He did not ask her to marry him; a woman as she for his wife; but

"I could not help telling you, said, turning toward her for the first "I wish the Pallette club didn't time. "The merest galley slave may meet this afternoon," she murmured, look at the stars and love them. I can go away-no, no! I cannot go away! Joanna, speak to me !"

She was trembling like a leaf. "If you were to go away, John," "I knew it!" he cried, triumphantly, as he caught her in his arms. "But I was not sure that your love was strong enough to set at deli-

ance the ridicule of society. I did not So she went on, placedly pinning up know that you would stoop to marry a "It is not the carpenter I mean to marry," she said, hiding her face on When Mrs. Mowry heard of it there was a scene, of course. In an hyster-

come on downstairs! One of the ical burst of tears she declared that ended by ordering her out of the house. John Ware demanded an account of this interview, and heard it with com-"Joanna," he said, taking her two

with dirt and blood, and-and he just hands in his, "you must marry me to- edge always pays the best interest." day. I have a little money saved, and Joanna went flying downstairs, and we will make a home of our own. It met her aunt in the hall. Mrs. Mowry | will be very humble, of course, but-"I don't mind that," she said, smil- | Herald is the biggest whale story of ing up at him through a mist of tears. the season: "I would swear that we are doing!" she cried. "Good "You know I am a decorative artist, saw not a hundred, but hundredsheavens! who would have dreamed of | Beside, I always had a fancy for love |

They were married that very evening. John had a carriage at the par- am not telling this for the sake of tellsonage waiting to take them away. "What extravagance!" cried Jo-"One isn't marriel every day," said "In the library," sobbed Mrs. John, laughing. "I am going to take Mowry. "Oh, I don't know how you you to the house of my dearest friend,

The carriage stopped in front of a But Joanna pushed past her with dwelling that was shrouded in dark-John took a key from his pocket and opened the door himself.

"My friend is away," he said. "I have the entree of his house in his absence." Taking a match from his pocket h

lit the gas in the hall and ran lightle Joanna followed in amazement. She had expected to enter a humble home,

palace of luxury. John had lit the gas upstairs. she entered the room he had thrown to the whales. There were literally open, he stood in the middle of the several hundred of the whales, which floor with his face all aglow.

orkmen who stood at his head "W" "You like it?" he queried, as he

noted the wonder and delight pictured | circle, and were apparently looking for upon her face. "Joanna, I have de- a good feeding-ground. Two days after ceived you. This is the Queen Anne | the sperms had passed out of sight the This man here? I dunno, ma'am. cottage opposite your aunt's—this is brig encountered quite a good-sized His name's John Ware. He is a new my house—your house, darling, our hand. We don't know nothing | home! I am not the poor carpenter about him. He was kind of a bossy you thought me, Joanna. I am J. chap, and yet he didn't seem to know | Martin Ware, of Washington, architect Joanna could not say a word.

"I wanted to see how things were was composed mainly of persons en him grave injury. He brought an going on, and so I came here in perd son. But I knew that the men woul gaged in ship-building. It was one of the most radical opponents of British compensation from his employers, and son. But I knew that the men woul the most radical opponents of British compensation from his employers, and put their best feet foremost if I came oppression. It and the Merchants' the judge held that there was no The doctor came and his verdict to watch them; so I just appeared on club, of the same period, used to meet evidence of negligence on the part of was a grave one. Joanna came out of the scene as a new workman, and they before elections and agree on candi- the manager to make the defendants the library with a pale, resolute face. never guessed who I was. I did not dates for town and provincial offices. liable. Mustoe appealed to the queen's "Aunt Margaret," she said, quietly, intend to deceive you at first. I was "Caucus" is believed to be a corrup-"they are going to take him up to my too ill to explain. Afterward, Joanna, tion of "caulkers." when I learned to love you-and I "What!" Mrs. Mowry screamel, in spasm of hysterical horror, "Joanna, to win you for my very self, and so I to win you for my very self, and that there must be a verdict for the plaintiff for a sum agreed upon, which we will not the plaintiff for a sum agreed upon, when the plaintiff for a sum agreed upon, which we will not the plaintiff for a sum agreed upon, which we will not the plaintiff for a sum agreed upon. let you think me nothing but a poor it is said, they are worth a million.

"He says he has no friends in the carpenter, whereas I am rich, my darcity; and anyhow, the doctor says it ling, rich in every way, and, please might be fatal to move him from the God, you will never regret your choice." It would take a long time to tell what Joanna said, but Mrs. Mowry never said a word. What could she

John and Joanna are perfectly happy in their beautiful home. It is love in a cottage, and there's a great deal of love in it.

FASHION NOTES.

Jet bonnets are all the rage. The preferred parasol has a rustic Tortoise shell ornaments are again in vogue.

Velvet rosettes are worn on English straw pokes. Pocket handkerchiefs are things of art nowadays. Plaid or striped ginghams are made up with basques of solid color.

Embroidered muslins are the favor ite material for fine white dresses. Velvet ribbons of bright colors are used profusely on summer toilets. Neck ribbons an inch wide are work

again, but mostly with linen collars. The ottoman reps for summer have a finer cord than those of last season Handsome and becoming waists and jackets are made of beaded grenadine. To insert a vest is one of the best plans of renovating a basque or other Canvas shoes, low for the house and

high around the ankles for walking boots, are worn in the country. Black silk stockings and gloves are

worn with white frocks this summer, and shoe-buckles are large and square. New braiding and embroidery deigns are done in the damier or checker poard pattern of blocks for trimming muslin dresses. French women have taken the striped stocking into favor again, and wear the crosswise or lengthwise

stripe with impartiality.

Scotch ginghams are made up with basques of chambray, matching the prevailing color of the plaid. These basques have a waistcoat of plaid. Tall and slender women still wear the English plaited jackets with a wide waistband of the material ending in two long loops that fall over the puffed

back drapery. The dyed pearl buttons sold to be worn with dark dresses are the most annoying things to match in the world. Hunting for ribbons and gloves of "the exact shade" is child's play by comparison.

Styles in Hairdressing.

The present fancy in coiffure arrangement is to a certain extent more clevated, although ladies to whom the low Grecian knot is becoming have style seems to lengthen the contour, while the loose, graceful coils brought high up on the head tend to detract somewhat from this otherwise elongated appearance. But, whichever is adopted, the stiff, flat effects produced by wearing bang nets To lad es with very dark hair many frizzes and crimps are unbecoming. and the brunettes at present usually ar rang the front hair in a few careless

rines or waves. Very little false hair is used, and any one who possesses a knot as large chair she would watch the builders furniture, and such furniture! In that as an ordinary sized door-knob according to the present fancy needs no false fortunates who can sustain but a still more scanty growth must have this slight deficiency supplied by art. So a variety of "pieces" designed to cover the desert spots sometimes existing on the top of a young or elderiy matron's head are seen. One broad, straight piece arranged in loose rings high up on the forehead seems to be quite popular at present.

Young ladies with light 11 nde hair have a fashion of frizzing the bang and then let it fly, which is very unbecoming and in many instances gives the damsel thus adorned an untidy appearance. Barbers say they do not make the bang as heavy as formerly, but they are by no means abandoned, although the tendency is to show more of the forehead. When the hair is coiled high on the head several little short, loose curls are added just at the nape of the neck. These are particutarly becoming to blondes .- Brooklyn

WISE WORDS.

The farmers are the founders of civilization. Truth is the highest thing that man

It is difficult to repent of what gives us pleasure. They truly mourn that mourn without a witness. He who lives to no purpose lives to

may keep.

a bad purpose. Beware of small expenses; a small will sink a great ship.

Levity of lehavior is the bane of all that is good and virtuous. Love extinguished can be rekindled;

leak love worn out-never. Keep thy heart with all diligence for cut of it are the issues of life.

Fate is the friend of the good, the guide of the wise, the tyrant of the foolish, the enemy of the bad. In love we grow acquainted, because we are already attached; in friendship

we must know each other before we Economy is the parent of integrity, of lib rty and of ease, and the beaute-

ous sister of t mperance, of cheerfulness and health. If any one tells you such a one has spoken ill of you, do not refute her but answer: "Had she known all my faults she would not have spoken only

of that one." Dr. Franklin, speaking of education, says: "If a man empties his purse into his head no man can take it away from him. An investment of knowl-

A Big Whale Story. The following from the New York

hundreds of whales-genuine sperm whales. It was the most extraordinary sight I ever beheld. Now, see here! ing a big story, but because I believe its publication may put some whalers on the track of making something hand-The speaker was Captain seme." Brandburg, of the brig William Phipps, which arrived from Aux Cayes with a cargo of logwood-a weather-beaten old tar who is known everywhere in New York nautical circles. The rest of the crew corroborated his big story, which is as follows: When about eighty miles east by south of Cape Henry, the brig sighted a school of whales. As they forged slowly northward the number kept increasing until the water seemed fairly alive with the enormous creature. For three days the brig had them in sight, many of them coming within gunshot of the vessel and fura species of sport which furnished him h amusement and did no damage were tranquilly swimming around in a school of humpback whales.

Origin of the Caucus. The origin of the term "caucus" is

traced back to the Caucus club, Bos-

THAT INFANTILE TORNADO. SURROUNDED BY SERPENTS. MR. AND MRS. SPOOPENDYKE THE BAD BOY RUNS A SODA WATER TERRIBLE BATTLE OF THREE MEN

from a Horrible Death.

He Tells the Grocery Man About an Exciting Episode that Created a Coolness Between His Pa and Ma.

"Well, how's your eye?" said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he blew | train brought (says the Leadville in with the wind on the day of the Chronicle) three men who had just cyclone, and left the door open. "Say, shut that door. You want to blow everything out of the store? Had any | wounds go to show that the story they more fights, protecting girls from tell is but too true and horrible in its dudes?

have had the hardest week I ever ex- miles from the mouth of Cottonwood perienced, jerking soda for the Young Creek, up the stream, is a barren Men's Christian association," said the wilderness of scrubby undergrowth boy, as he peeled abanana.
"What do you mean, boy? Don't To stand on the verdant shore of this cast any reflections on such a noble as- sea of waste land, one would natursociation. They don't drink, do they?" ally conclude that they were not "Drink! Ob, no! They don't drink | many miles away from nowhere, and, anything intoxicating, but when it for aught they knew, were the first comes to soda they flood theirselves. to discover this blank sea of waste, You know there has been a national barren, worthless fly-speck on the convention of delegates from all the shirt-front of creation. The men Young Men's Christian associations were on a fishing expedition, and hundred, here, and our store is right | mouth of the Minnehaha stream to on the street where they pass four wend and wade their way toward its

ontinual fizz in our store since Wednes- reached them, and, having a lunch t on some of them by putting some as comfortable as possible on the surbrandy in with the perfumery a few face of a scraggy mossed rock. Being times, but I wouldn't do it. I guess a tired and footsore, as soon as their few weeks ago, before I had led a scanty repast was eagerly devoured different life, I wouldn't had to be they were soon reveling in dreams that, asked twice to play the game on any- perhaps, are more or less pleasant to me and feel perfectly safe. This Chris- of such fancies. One of the party had tian association convention has caused | not been tangled with Morpheus long a coldness between pa and ma though.' until he was awakened by something ous, is he?" and the grocery man came strange collar was cold and slimy. It

girls who traded with him. "Jealous nothin'," said the boy, as he took a few raisins out of a box. embrace. The monster was soon dis patched, and the party were about to "You see, the delegates were shuffled lie down again after ridding themout to all the church members to take | selves of his snakeship, when they care of, and they dealt two to ma, and | found by the aid of the dying embers | she never told pa anything about it. and the assistance afforded by They came to supper the first night, the quarter moon that they were and pa didn't get home, so when they literally surrounded by the venomwent to the convention in the evening | tongued trailers. Two of the party ma gave them a night key, and pa | proposed to decamp for a more congecame home from the boxing match | nial clime, but when about to leave the about 11 o'clock, and ma was asleep. rock they found themselves trampling Just as pa got most of his clothes off on a living sea of serpents. The hisshe heard somebody fumbling at the ing and rattling became more audible, front door, and he thought it was and it was but a few minutes until it burglars. Pa has got nerve enough was as loud as ordinary toned voices. when he is on the inside of the bouse | The men, finding they were thus surand the burglars are on the outside. rounded, broke branches from the He opened a window and looked out stubby undergrowth of pines and comsaw two suspicious-looking menced lashing the writhing sea of characters trying to pick the darting, hissing snakes. Realizing

and all, and dropped it down right be- menced the killing in earnest. The tween the two delegates. Gosh, if it light and noise seemed to awaken the had hit one of them there would have whole barren waste into a tempest of been the solemnest funeral you ever hissing and rattling. Each began the saw. Just as it struck they got the door opened and came in the hall, and endeavoring to fight their way to the the wind was blowing pretty hard and stream, some hundred yards away, they thought a cyclone had taken the down a slanting hill. cupola off the house. They were talk- gain a few paces of the distance, only ing about being miraculously saved, to be driven back again to the and trying to strike a match on their wet pants, when pa went to the head became so loud that their voices of the stairs and pushed over a wire were not audible unless close by. The stand filled with potted plants, which | sound was something like four or five | behind the furnace. Pa called me up and wanted me to go down cellar and bloodstained to their elbows, and the

them, and for them to get out,

I guess it must have been half an hour thicker and faster. Two of the men before pa's cold feet woke ma up, and were bitten, and their legs and arms then pa told her not to move for her began to swell and pain badly, and life, cause there were two of the say- they frequently had to rest and permit agest-looking burglars that ever was one to do the killing of three. The rumaging over the house. Ma smelled hours wore slowly by, and the slaughpa's breath to see if he had got to ter was kept up as best they could. drinking again, and then she got up At last morning came and lifted the and hid her oraide watch in her shoes, curtain of night from a most appallthe Bible, where she said no burglar would ever find them, and pa and ma laid awake till daylight, and then pa as they could see all around the laid awake till daylight, and then pa as they could see all around the few thoughts on the bottom of that said he wasn't afraid, and he and ma | barren waste was a seething tide of | bib and make it long enough for me went down cellar. Pa stood on the reptiles that came toward the rock to sleep in one night? bottom stair and looked around, and one of the delegates said, 'Mister, is they might as well earn death by a the storm over, and is your family dearer fate, they made ready to run safe,' and ma recognized the voice and for the stream, thinking that if they said, 'Why, it's one of the delegates. gained the other side they would have the sleeves, but I could tie them around What are you doing down there,' and pa a better chance to care for their said 'what's a delegate,' and then ma wounds. Leaping as far as possible explained it, and pa apologized, and the from the rock, they ran, frantic, delegate said it was no matter, as they struggling, bitten, and, wild with had enjoyed themselves real well in pain, they plunged into the water and the cellar. Ma was most mortified to reached the other side, completely

death, but the delegates told her it was overcome by the terrible ordeal just all right. She was mad at pa, first, passed through, and after some time bandaged their bleeding and swollen but when she saw the broken slop bowl on the front steps, and the potted plants in the hall, she wanted to kill pa, and I guess she would only for the recovered to continue to Cottonwood society of the delegates. She couldn't | Springs, where they took the first train help telling pa he was a bald-headed for Leadville to secure medical aid, old fool, but pa didn't retaliate. He is arriving here last night. The unfortoo much of a gentleman to talk back | tunate men are now under the care of in company. All he said was that a Dr. D. H. Dougan. They described woman who is old enough to have the snakes as being specimens of all delegates sawed off on to her ought to kinds, such as adders, vipers, copperhave sense enough to tell her husband. heads, milk, house, green and black, and then they all drifted off into con- and among them were two hoopversation about the convention and snakes and a racer, which they declare the boxing match, and everything was was no less than twenty-two feet in all right on the surface, but length. The doctor says the men are

after breakfast, when the delegates not fatally bitten, but it will be some convention, I noticed pa went right time before the swelling and pain will disappear. They leave to-night for downtown and bought a new slop-jar and some more plants. Pa and ma didn't speak all the forenoon, and I | they have had enough fishing and an | growled himself to sl ep. abundance of snakes for one excursion. guess they wouldn't up to this time, only ma's bonnet come home from the 'Dear old darling' means fifty

milliner's, and she had to have some money to pay for it. Then she called pa 'pet' and that settled it. When ma calls pa 'pet,' that is twenty-five doldollars. But say, those Christian young men do a heap of good, don't they? Their presence seems to make people better. Some boys down by the store were going to tie a can on a dog's tail yesterday, and somebody said 'Here comes the Christian association,' and those bad boys let the dog go. They when the owner, who happened to be tried to find the dog after the crowd there, encountered him. Supposing had got by, but the dog knew his busihim to be merely an idler or prying Well, I must go down and person he asked him what he charge the soda fountain for a picnic doing there. The farmer, taken aback that is expected from the country."by such an address, replied, "Noth-

at which gate you came in?" "I do," The Prince of Wales' Shell. said the farmer. "Well, then," said The Prince of Wales' shell-that the owner, "get out there as soon as was to have been-has proved productive of greater damages in England you can," and the farmer walked out. than in Alexandria. Something has been told about the shell before. It up and inquired if neighbor so and so had been there. He was the only one was a sixty-four-pounder fired from anywhere about who had timber they her majesty's ship Condor. It passed through the roof of one of the forts immediately. He had promised to and out of the side walls, and was come that morning to see about the recovered. It occurred to Lord Charles sale of it. "Well," said the owner of Beresford that it would serve as a neat the farm "I shouldn't wonder if I had memento of the campaign for a present to the Prince of Wales. Happily, or some day the consequences might have and supposing him to be one of these been awful, it also occurred to Lord stragglers, I cleared him out. Where Charles that the shell "wanted polish." does he live? I will drive over and see my duty to stop you."—Arkansaw He had it sent to a well-known firm of him." Off he started at once. Reach- Traceler. gunmakers, to be polished, cut into ing the farmhouse he drove in, and halves and mounted. Then the spirit of mischief in it, which would not come seeing him he began an apology, but was cut short by the farmer, who inoperative, and led to an interesting quired if he knew at which gate he out of it in the air of Egypt, became trial of a question under the employers came in. He said he did. "Then," liability act. The manager of the gun-making company passed the shell to a workman named Mustoe to cut it in owner of the stock farm was oblig two. Mustoe said it was loaded; but to depart.—New York Tribune. the manager ridiculed the idea. Mustoe probed it, and found powder in it; of culture to that of philanthropy. A More powder was extracted, and the workman said he did not like the job, whereupon Purvis, the manager, said, the manager said it was chiefly sand. "Nonsense! there is nothing to be humble meal. "I haven't any money frightened about. If it goes off, the with me," she said, "but if you'll come hole on the top is large enough to let it come out without hurting you."

Number of the standard of the house after pa returns home I'll get him to read you some Mustoe eventually proceeded with his pages of 'Paradise Lost.'" ton, of Revolutionary days. This club | work, when the shell exploded, doing

that the county court judge was wrong, ers and fences.

namely, £268.

A Terrible All-Night Battle With Thousan

The Trouble to Which Mrs. Spoopendyke i of Writhing Monsters-Narrow Escape Last night's Denver and Rio Grande

details. The men are E. W. Smith "No, everything is quiet so far. I and George H. White, Jr., of Pueblo, guess since I have got a record as a and Thomas McGough, of Colorado fighter, the boys will be careful who Springs. They detail the account of they insult when I am around. But I | their adventure about as follows: Nine cooing dove, all night?' whole country, about three started Wednesday morning from the times a day, and I never saw such an source, when they reached the spot appetite for soda. There has been one above mentioned. Here night over The boss wanted me to play they built a fire and made themselves But a man can buy soda of the mind while flitting in the realms "How's that? Your pa isn't jeal- choking him, and, feeling, found his around from behind the counter to get | was a very fine specimen of the blackthe latest gossip to retail to the hired | snake species, which was girding his throttle in its anything but loving

lock with a skeleton key, and that they had an all-night job, they dodgasted thing?" he picked up a new slop-jar that added fuel to the fire, and procured the ma had bought when we moved, cover | largest sticks obtainable and comon the top," ruminated Mrs. Spoopen-They would struck pretty near the delegates, and wheat separators in operation at one wife till his wisdom teeth stuck out one of them said the house was coming time. It was terrible. The hair on like steeples. "Now take this toil married a little while, when she could down sure, and they better go into the their heads was standing straight and worn hand and lay it gently on that have found real provocation for getcellar, and they went down and got stiff like the wires on a patent hair night-shirt! Is this it?" and Mr. ting mad. tell the burglars we were onto stench from the snaky battlefield was sickening in the extreme One hour after the first snake was killed no less than but I wasn't very well, so pa the first snake was killed no less than locked his door and went to bed. 5,000 lay slain, and they kept coming good? Maybe you put that on the whistling something else always occurs. b .ttom!

By 9 o'clock they were sufficiently

The owner said, "Do you know

Shortly after the superintendent came

wanted very much, and they wanted it

just sent him off with a flea in his ear.

found a man strolling about here,

Boston girls never sacrifice the cause

the business.

with maddening fury. Concluding that dyke. "Say, dear, couldn't you wear one of mine just for this once? 1

> your ne k, and t'e skirts would keep you warm enough until morning." "That's the idea!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, hopping out of his night-dress, knew you would hit it before you wound up! With all that brilliancy, you only want to travel backward, and have two nucleuses to be a Jenks' comet. Where's my night-shirt?" "Here it is, dear," smiled Mrs. Spropendyke, who had unearthed it from under his overcoat. "I put i cut for you, and when you came you threw your overcent on top of it." "Why didn't you say so at first!" growled Mr. Spoopendyke, crawling into the garment and hust ing into the back part of the berth before his wife could g t there. "What d'ye want to disturb the whole car for, and keep me awake an hour long r than necessary? Another time you pack up to go traveling you put things where you can find em, or herea ter you will do most of your traveling between the front door

"I don't care," murmured Mrs. under the pillow so they the place before, and entering at a awake half the night to find out if any

gate he found open was strolling one in her vicinity was in the habit of around looking for the superintendent, | snoring .- D. a'e's Trav lers' Magazine. Thought Him an Official. "Hell en; where are you rushing?" askel a man of a neatly dressed fellow who almost ran along the sidewalk. "What did you say?" demanded the

> payer and I have a right to kn w where you are going." "So am I a taxpayer." "Ain't you a state officer?" "No. I'm not." "Pass on then. I thought you were an officer whose accounts were short They are the only people who hurry

along so, these days, and I thought it

"I'm not crazy, either. I'm a tax-

Life's True Philosophy.

again. Let this be my epitaph What I spent I had; What I saved I left behind; An Absurdity.

holding cloths wet with chloroform to The total number of coke ovens in keyholes before entering an apartment. the United States in 1880 were 17,229. Of course the absurdity of such a fiction is sufficiently apparent. Whether employing 3,140 persons, and requiring a capital of \$5,545,058 to carry on Farmers in the United States have \$12,210,253,362 of capital invested in bench division, where the judges held their business. This sum includes that there had been negligence, and farms, implements, live stock, fertiliztheir business. This sum includes

HUNT FOR A NOCTURNAL GARMENT IN A SLEEPER.

is Put by Her Lord and Master-Finding the Missing Garment. "My dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, amming his arm up to his ear in the family traveling bag, "say, my dear, where is my night-shirt? Don't you, passed through an ordeal that is terri ble to contemplate, and their many know what you did with my noctur nal garment when you packed this

gripsack?" "Isn't it there?" aske 1 Mrs. Spoopendyke, holding the curtains together with one hand, while she triel to do up her back hair with the other. "I suppose it is," growled Mr. Spoopendyke, tumbling the things allover the lower berth. "It must be there, it isn't here! Did you bring any sleeping raiment for me, or have I got to roost on the edge of this berth with my head under my arm, like a

"I'm sure I put a night-shirt in for you," murmured Mrs. Spo pendyke. clenching her hair in her teeth and making a dive for the valise. "It must be in there somewhere." "How many of these does it take to make a pair?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, drawing out four or five

stockings of different colors and de-Went on till cash and credit both were spent; "Maybe that's it," and he The silly merchant hoped his luck would t urn grabbed another mystery and examined t intently, "Did I have any nightshirts made of wire? Got tired of starching the things, and now you put n springs to hold it out, don't you?" "Let it alone! That's mine! squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I'll f'n:1 your night-shirt for you, if you'll let things be!' and she fumbled around in the bag in frui less search for the missing garment. "Den't hurry me, dear, and I'll find it, if you'll give me "I s'pose you want to give your

notes for it, don't ye?" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke, tipping the satchel upside down and rummaging around mong the wares and penates his wife had spent the day in packing. "Want thirty, sixty and ninety days and a cou- rented another capillary adornment. ple of extensions on that night-shirt, don't ye?" and, foaming at the mouth, Mr. Spoopendyke went for the bag again and turned it insi le out. "Get me my night-hirt," he yelled, "before the rest of these | assengers begin to think a soda fountain has burst in this sleeping section !" "I don't know-" sighed Mrs. Spoop-

"Oh, ye den't !" howled Mr. Speop-ndyke. "Ye den't know! If we machine for twenty-five cents in endyke. could only put sleeves and a button- stamps," and his dupes did not see the hole into what you den't know it would point until they received a cambric make night-shirts for the tee:ning mil. | needle .- Bookkeeper. lions of this va'e of tears! Where d've put it? What was the geographical neglected, and his widows never visit location of that night-shirt in its rela- it. tion to that bag when ye let go of the his remains, but it made the ground so "As near as I can remember it was on toracco, but fails to teach the

dyke, trying to recollect if she might not have left it on the bed in the hurry of getting away. "i'm pretty sure I put it on the top of the satchel. "Then let me grapple the top per vaded by the late lamented nightshirt!" snorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Place within my jurisdiction the measly top we long have sought and mourned because we found it not! Dazzle my vision with a smoked-glass glimpse of that radiant top! Is this it?" And Mr. Spoopendyke held the bag bottom upward, and grinned at his ngled it before his wife's eyes "Where's the rest of it? Here's the lover. The reason is obvious. He button hole and a place for the sleeves! doesn't give her a chance. When she Where's the part that does the most gets her lips in a proper position for

"That isn't yours," exclaimed Mrs. Spoopindyke, snatching it out of his "if you hadn't upset every-

"There it is!" howled Mr. Spoopen-"You think! And when you commence to think you only want an "Say, dear,' plea led Mrs. Spoopen-

don't believe you can get your arms in

and the back windows to se if I am their respective homes, feeling that | coming home!" and Mr. Spoopendyke Spoop ndyke, putting her shoes care-A good story is going about the wouldn't stick out under the curtain clubs concerning a New York million- and show the other women in the car aire who owns a big stock farm in what size she wore, "I don't care. He New Jersey. He has put in force | might have asked for his library, or a strict rules about the admittance of sty-la lder, and thin I would have and -and -and -two similar senticuriosity-seekers, and if one happens been into uble. It ink I was fortuto get in, he is soon hustled off. The nate that it was only his night-shirt !" other day a neighboring farmer called and with this consoling reflection the on business. He had never been on good woman crawlel into bed and lay

> hurried man, stopping. "Where are you rushing?" "None of your business. I'm not acquainted with you, s'r." We'l, but it is my business. How much are you short?" "Get out of the way.

The following lines, said to have been written by a Quaker, contain the true philosophy of life: I expect to pass through this world at once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do, to any fellow human being

let me do it now. Let me not defer or

neglect it, for I shall not pass this way

What I gave away I took with me. We read now and then of cases in which burglars are supposed to have rendered their victims unconscious by

sleepers can be made to pass from natural to chloroform sleep, if the chloroform is held near the face, is still a question. Sometimes the experiment has succeeded, but in five experiments recently made to determine the fact. every one of the sleepers experimented upon woke at the expiration of three minutes, before they had come under the influence of the drug. Things worth noing-Invitations to

THE MAN WHO NEVER ADVER-

Sing, business muse, the dark and dolefu Of him who labors but that he may wait: The piles of goods heaped up within his store; Which can't be less, and never may be more, The man whose life has lost all fortune's prizes:

In fact, the man who never advertises. Sing of his start, his great ambition's scope, The capital that gave him cause to hope, His credit large, his full and ample stock, His bank account as solid as a rock; Then fell the doom to which the man was

So simply, and so vainly! Splendid signs,

fated Who never advertised, but simply waited.

Which basement art irradiates and refines: Plate glass show windows, elegantly dressed, Such lyvely clerks, cashiers, and all the rest. Served but to show him how the public sizes The style of him who never advertises. He waited, and all waited; clerks, cashiers,

esmen, saleswomen-such delightful Impatient waited all the season through, With precious little for the crowd to do. The public saw-that fact there's no deny-

of climate was absolutely necessary—that I could not survive another summer in the South. I determined to return North, but not to the extreme portion, and so I took up my residence at Upper Sandusky in Central Ohio. The change did not work the desired cure and I again consulted physicians. I found they were unable to effect a permanent cure, and when the extreme warm weather of summer came on I grew so much worse that I gave up all hope. At that time I was suffering terribly. How badly, only those can appreing-But passed the store without a thought of buying. Business was dull, but salaries and rent

Until the sheriff closed the whole concern. Now, at a pittance which his soul despises, He works for one who always advertises.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Why are bores like trees? Because we love them best when they leave.-Derrick. Breaches of promise-Those your

visit to Upper Sandusky, so many inquiries were made relative to what medicine or course of treatment had brought such a marked change in my system, I feel it to be due to the proprietors and to the public to state that Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver tailor didn't bring home.-Chicago Herald. A bee often meets with reverses, but as a rule he is successful in the end.—Rochester Express.

"I spread my waves from poll to "I spread my waves from poll to "Florida had brought me years residence in Florida had brought me in the state that warmer's state that wa A bee often meets with reverses,

"I spread my waves from poll to poll," remarked the wig-maker as he Dr. Potter, of New York, laments the decay of enthusiasm." He should watch the small boy on the morning of the circus. Rev. Dr. Pusey left a personal estate

tention to the medicine referred to, and induced me to try a few bottles. So marked was the change after four week's trial that I continued its use, and now, after three months, the cure is complete. This is not written for the benefit of Warner & Co., but for the public, and especially for any person troubled with malaria or bilious attacks."

Such is the statement I made, without solicitation, after my recovery, and such I stand of more than \$80,000. All his property goes to his daughter, Miss Mary Amelia Brine. That is to say it is all salted Such is the statement I made, without solicitation, after my recovery, and such I stand by at the present moment. I am convinced that Warner's Safe Cure is all it is claimed to be, and as such deserves the great favor it has received. A remedy which can cure the A genius advertised-"A sewing-

severest case of tropical malaria of five years standing certainly cannot fail to cure those minor malarial troubles which are so prevalent and yet so serious.
ALFRED DAY, Brigham Young's grave is utterly Pastor Universalist Church. WOODSTOOK, O., May 10, 1883. They went there once to cry over sloppy that they all caught cold.

Joseph Cook has written an article

secret of the art of carrying cigars in

his vest pocket in such a manner that

one's friends cannot detect them .-A Western paper announces the fact that an acrobat turned a somersault on a locomotive smokestack. That is nothing. We know of an engineer who turned on the steam .- Philadelphia News.

A Troy girl was made stark, staring

mad by the excitement of the preparations for her own wedding. ought to have waited till she had been been terribly american for a number of period brick-dust and kidney disease. My urine contained brick-dust deposits, and at times I could not pass my water except in drops and with great pain; and have had to get up ra Spoopen-lyke grabbed a coret waist It is said that a young lady can

-Rochester Post. A San Antonio lawyer does an immense business, according to his card in a local paper. The card reads: "I thing here I'd have found it long ago. attend to all the business in the State and Federal courts." This must make it hard for the other lawyers to make a living.—Siftings.

> cat. Handsome is as handsome does. but she should not kick with her right arm.—Atchison Globe. A girl shouldn't wear a black belt about her waist when she's got a white dress on and is walking with a young man in the night time. It

makes it appear from a rear window

A Missouri maiden's mistake: One

as if her fellow had his arm around her waist .- Buffalo News. Her arms were clasped about him, His head lay on her breast; Sweet were the words she murmured As she his hair caressed; She pressed her warmest kisses

Upon his beaming face. The love of her embrace. She told him of her sorrows, And of her sweetest joys; The wedding day she longed for, Of love without alloys, And in his ear she whispered
The fondest dialogue,
Her closest secrets told to—

Her little poodle dog.

—Norristown Herald.

Miseries of a Defective Memory.

The miseries of a poor verbal memory are great. The Rev. Arthur Mursell, of England, says that his own father was one of the most impassioned and powerful extempore orators he ever heard; but he had a bad verbal memory, and "after working us up with a splendid passage of unprepared and impromptu eloquence, he tried to close the sentence with the text, 'Mercy and truth are met toget! er; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.' But the words escaped his recollection, and he said: 'Mercy and truth are met together: ments have kissed each other!" Bad as the verbal memory may by nature be, it is capable of great improvement. We have seen a minister who, till he was forty, did not dare to quote a verse of Scripture or a line of poetry; when, hearing some one say that the defect could be removed, made it a matter of

Nebraska has increased its population 1,496 per cent. in twenty years, and its taxable property 1,120 per cent.

study, and soon attained the power to

quote what he would .- Christian Ad-

"Throw Physic to the Dogs, I'll None of It."
We do not feel like blaming Macbeth for this expression of disgust. Even nowadays most of the cathartics are great repulsive pills, enough to "turn one's stomach." Had Macbeth ever taken Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets" he would not have uttered those words of contempt. By druggists. No library is complete without it-Th

such as malaria, fevers, etc., will be greatly benefited by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters. A RELIC hunter-A fellow endeavoring to capture a widow. "Golden Medical Discovery" (words reg istered as a trade mark) cures all humor from the pimple or eruption to great virulen

A sound education can only be obtained

Persons recovering from wasting diseases

OWENTON, Ky.—Rev. J. N. Bock says: "1 have used Brown's Iron Bitters and consider it one of the best tonics sold." Turvey hand" in any business. The "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierce cures "female weakness" and kindred affec-tions. By druggists. The Salvation Navy is the title of a new religious organization in England.

Codorus, Pa.—Rev. J. D. Zehring says: "I was paralyzed in my right side. The use of Brown's Iron Bitters enabled me to walk." when you have tried everything else and failed, try our Carboline and be happy; it will prove its merits. One dollar a bottle, and sold by all druggists. As warm weather comes on wear Chroon collars and cuffs. Perspiration has

Bon't Die in the House.
"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed bugs, flies, ants, moles, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Hood's Sarsaparilla is an extract of the best remedies of the vegetable kingdom known as Alteratives and Blood Purifiers. For Thick Heads. Heavy stomachs, bilious conditions—Wells' May Apple Pills—antibilious, cathartic. 10 250

For burns, scalds, bruises, chapped hands, sores or piles, use St. Patrick's Salve.

no effect on them.

A MALARIAL VICTIM. The Trying Experience of a Prominent Minis-ter in the Tropics and at the North. To THE EDITOR:
The following circumstances, drawn from

all nope. At that time I was substituted in the I was substituted in th

cover so remarkably can be understood from the following card voluntarily published by me in the Sandusky (Ohio) Republican,

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.
EDITORS REPUBLICAN: During my recen

years residence in Florida had brought me to the verge of the grave, and physicians had pronounced my case incurable; but that is not to be wondered at, as it was undoubtedly one of the worst on record. Hough Brothers, of your city, called my attention to the medicine referred to, and induced my attention to the medicine referred to, and induced my attention to the medicine referred to marked.

asant feelings after eating. Druggists.

Drops of Water.

iver complaint, followed by gravel, with severe pain

A Splendid Remedy for Lung Diseases.

extensively in his practice, as many of his patients,

w living, and restored to health by the use of this

nvaluable medicine, can amply testify. He always

said that so good a remedy ought not to be consid

sure cure for Consumption, and has no equal for

Kellinger's Liniment

DYSPEPSIA

N Y N U-24

The CHICAGO LEDGER

Three Months for

ING SERIAL STORY,

all pectoral complaints.

prevents the hair from falling out.

my personal experience, are so important and really remarkable that I have felt called upon to make them public. Their truth can upon to make them public. Their truth can be amply verified:

In 1875 I moved from Canton, St. Lawrence county, N. Y., to Florida, which State I intended to make my future residence. I purchased a home on the banks of the St. John's river and settled down, as I thought, for life. The summer following the first winter I was conscious of most peculiar sensations, which seemed to be the accompaniment of a change of climate. I felt a sinking at the pit of the stomach, accompanied by occasional dizziness and nausea. My head ached. My limbs pained me and I had an oppressive sense of weariness. I had a thirst for acids and my appetite was weak and uncertain. My digestion was imweak and uncertain. My digestion was im-paired and my food did not assimilate. A first I imagined it was the effort of nature to first I imagined it was the effort of nature to become acclimated, and so I thought little of it. But my troubles increased until I became restless and feverish, and the physicians informed mall was suffering from malarial fever. This continued in spite of all the best physicians could do, and I kept growing steadily worse. In the year 1880 my physicians informed me a change of climate was absolutely necessary—that I could not survive another summer in the

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND. Is a Positive Cure For all those Painful Complaints and Wee

Medicine for Woman. Invented by a Woman. Prepared by a Woman. The Greatest Medical Discovery Juce the Dawn of History. To It revives the drooping spirits, invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions, gives clasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre — the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

(27) Physicians Use It and Prescribe It Freely It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all crar ag or stimulant, and relieves weakness of the stom That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight

and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed. LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIEL.
will cradicate every vestige of Eumors from the
Blood, and give tone and strength to the system, of
man woman or child. Insist on having it.

in which it is to be understood in this article signifies, according to the Dictionaries, "A yellow, greenish, bitter, viscid, nauseous fluid secreted by the liver." "Any derangement of the bile at once manifests itself in great bodily discomfort, in loss of appetite, and in despondency," recently remarked an author

ersons or localities. Its deadly and im-

It acts on the liver and kidneys at the same time, and by its mild but efficient cathartic effects moves the bowels freely. The morbid poisons that have been the cause of all this disease and suffering will be thrown off; new life will be infused into every organ, and nature thus aided will soon restore the patient

attainments, are using Kidney-Wort in the practice regularly. No stronger evidence common maladies of the human family



10 CALLONS FOR 25 CENTS. DELICIOUS, HEALTHY SUMMER DRINK.

PISO'S CURE FOR

The Missing Heiress LEDGER, Chiengo, Ill.

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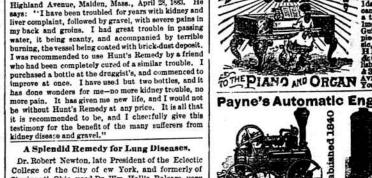
of a valuable treatise upon this subject. The same writer further adds: "Some of the following symptoms are usually prominent: Pain in the right side, which is very sensitive to pressure. The pain will some-times appear to be located under the shoulder As a perfect pharmaceutical preparation, Hood's Sarsararilla surpasses any proprietary article upon the market. A glance at the artiblade. There is also irregular appetite, flatulence, a sense of fullness in the region cle shows the scrapulous neatness and care with which the detail of its manufacture and of the stomach, and, sooner or later, the skin with which the detail of its manufacture and putting up must be conducted. These points are of importance in any business, but in remedies for the relief of human suffering they become of supreme importance. Only such medicines are worthy public confidence.

This preparation, compounded from the formula of a celebrated physician, is highly recommended to ladies who suffer from unpleasant feelings after esting. Druggists. and whites of the eyes become yellow, the stools clay colored and the urine yellow, depositing a copious sediment." The balance of the too familiar train of ills needs no further mention here. The billious is, as will be seen, is an affliction of great magnitude, and of varied forms of direct and indirect appearance. The disease is no respecter of

PREVENT crooked boots and blistered heels by wearing Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners. Skinny Men. Wells' Health Renewer restores health, vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility. \$1 Mr. JOSEPH G. BICKNELL, No. 642 Main Street Cambridgeport, Mass., writes, April 27, 1883: "I have been terribly afflicted for a number of years with grave nature thus aided will soon restore the patient to health.

Physicians of repute and standing, men who are honored for their probity, and respected and trusted for their scientific

physicians; they did me no grad, not a friend of who had used Hunt's Remedy, told me to get a bottle and try it. He had been cured of a severe case similar to mine, and that others had used Hunt's Remedy in Cambridge and pronounced it a medicine of real merit. After being repeatedly urged I purchased a bottle, and before I had used all of it I passed a stone as large as a the worth of the remedy would seem to be necessary. Such indorsements are few and far between. We had almost said that they were without precedent in the history of a proprietary remedy. Be that as it may, however, the fact remains established that Kidney-Wort is a matchless remedy, and me before I had used all of it I passed a stone as any pea, followed by smaller once. I have used in all ten bottles, and it has completely cured me. My kidneys are in excellent condition, and for one of my age (88) sixty-eight years, I can truly say I feel like a young man the say when the method with like a point say if the like a young man the say with and witality. My family use the Remedy, Kidney-Wort is a matchless remedy, and one that needs only to be tested to demonstrate its rare merit as a healer of most of the with strength and vitality. My family use the Remedy, and would not be without it, and never fail to recom-mend it to our friends and neighbors in Cambridge and Will Teach



ered merely as a patent medicine, but that it ought to be prescribed freely by every physician as a ign remedy in all cases of Lung Disease. It is

Though no organic change in the apparatus of diges tion accompanies dyspepsia, there is a lack of tone in the condition of the membranes, which is effectively supplied by the invigorating qualities of Hood's Sarsa-parilla. Many sufferers have found it

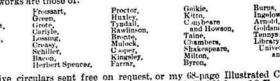
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good.
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