So faithful is he to the trust Committed to his keeping That all the birds suspect he must Dispense with any sleeping. Sometimes his hat tips down so low It seems a cause for censure, For then some old, courageous crow Believes it safe to venture; But catching sight of either arm

Outstretched in solemn warning.

The crow decides to leave this farm Until another morning. Although his dress is incomplete, It really does not matter: Perchance the truest heart may beat Beneath a patch or tatter. And it is wrong to base our love

On wealth and name and station, For he who may will rise above His daily occupation. We should not look with eyes of scorn, And find in him no beauty

furniture.

such a hurry."

pleasure for anythi

gentleman with considerable emphasis

I would like to make them a study."

she hastily apologized for with:

you said sounded so odd."

her side, observing:

Willow Brook Farm.'

thoughts ran very much in this wise.

will send mother," Martha left him.

self to home in my house."

came a guest at Willow Brook Farm.

"Why, mother! you are getting to be

a regular conspirator. But I am afraid

it won't work, he's so-so odd."

prisedly.

The days slipped into weeks, and still Who stands and guards our fields of corn Paul Dorsey remained a guest at Willow And does the whole world duty, Brook Farm, and it became no unusual But honor him for native worth, sight to see him obediently following For rustic independence, Martha's directions concerning the up-And send a hearty greeting forth rooting of certain weeds, or the fasten-For him and his descendants. -Martha C. Cook, in Young People. A QUAINT PROPOSAL

ing of some vine more securely about its support. An honest, bronze tinge had replaced Paul's once sallow complexion, and the books-well, they had become secondary, a more potent charm having putrivaled them. Mrs. Duncan congratulates herself upon her happy fore-The lilac bush beneath the south winhought that was working such a change dow of Willow Brook Farm's wainscotin her friend's son, and Martha admitted ted parlor nodded gracefully as a tiny with a slight blush, that Mr. Dorsey zephyr swept gayly by, wafting far and was getting to be almost as handsome as near its incense of new mown hay. In her cousin Joe-her beau ideal of manly its wake fluttered a purple and golden beauty heretofore. butterfly, to poise a moment upon the window's ledge, then to soar boldly for-

The sun burned scorching hot upon the broad gravel path just outside of ward until it lit upon a curious old vase the farm's pretty parlor, but within that beside an organ, whose yellowed keys quaint room a restful coolness held sway. gleamed softly in the half darkened Lounging idly in the depths of a willow room. The butterfly and the vasc mirchair, was Paul, while Martha, seated at rored themselves in the polished oak the old organ, drew from its aged keys a floor, and if the range had been right low, plaintive melody. As the last note they could have repeated the picture in shining surface of each article of died softly away, whirling round upon her seat, Martha exclaimed: "Do you know, Mr. Dorsey,

though not a sound disturbed the cool

quietness of his surroundings. A pair

of blue eyes seemed to glance mockingly

from the musty page he fain would mas-

ter, and he caught himself repeating

merrily upon the balmy air as she chatted away to the young man at her

side, who appeared to be enjoying the

time that he could remember, he lis-

tened anxiously for the bell to summon

As they disappeared from view

aloud the old-fashioned name

clumsy hands.

nim to luncheon.

A young girl was the sole occupant of have been wasting the whole morning? I the room, with the exception, of course, don't believe you have looked at a book of the butterfly, who had winged his for two days"-this last, it must be way to a small oval mirror and was busily owned, with a slight air of triumph as making his toilet, as his companion. she continued, penitently: "I am afraid I have been to blame, but to morrow I humming a merry tune, dusted carefully a squatty teapot, whose fat little spout will leave you free to spend the whole and comic tout ensemble at once inspired day with your books, for Cousin Joe has a longing for ten brewed in such novel quarters. At that moment a voice, callomised to drive me over to Dapleston ing "Marthy! Marthy!" echoed through to do some shooping.' "Hang cousin Joe"-

the house, followed by: "Run-quick "Mr. Dorsey!" from Martha's astonold Tim's in the corn field, and my hands ished lips. are all over dough!" "I beg pardon, I really-I hope you Hastily replacing the ancient heirloom on a spindle-legged table, the young will have a delightful time, Miss Duncan. I assure you I shall a-enjoy it imgirl darted from the room, while the mensely being left to my books andbutterfly, startled at its toilet, spread its confound it! Excuse me I-" brilliant wings and floated swiftly out And before Martha could reply, Paul into the sunshine again. Snatching a Dorsey had left the room. snowy sun bonnet from its peg in the "How queer it is," soliloquized Marhall, Martha flew down the garden path across to an adjacent meadow. In her

tha, as Paul's departing footsteps echoed hrough the hall. "I don't see why he hurry she failed to notice a gentleman should dislike Joe so; Joe is always such slowly advancing in her direction, until a favorite with every one. I hope I haven't two masculine hands stayed her progress. offended him. I am sure I didn't mean With an exclamation of surprise, Mar-And with rather a puzzled look tha raised her pretty blue eyes and met a ipon the fair young face, Martha closed pair of decidedly good-looking brown ones, gazing with evident appreciation at the dimpled, blushing face, from off he organ. That evening as Martha stood down by

he meadow gate caressing oll Doxey, which the sun-bonnet had slipped, dishe mare, her quick ears caught the closing a crop of reddish golden rings lying close to the finely shaped little head. sound of a familiar tread advancing toward her, and a moment after a voice I beg your pardon," murmured Martha, the blushes and dimples waxing "I am an idiot, Miss Martha, but I-I

deeper, "but I didn't see you, I was in hope you will forgive me. I couldn't "Don't mention it. Wouldn't have of an old bookworm like myself-still I I-I like to be run into," averred the -I have been very happy, and I forget ometimes that—that there is such a dif-Such a rippling laugh as bubbled over ference between us." the lips of Martha at this speech, which Martha's cheeks had been growing osier and rosier, while a strange, wild "I didn't mean to, really; but what

joy surged through her veins, as she answered, her tones trembling slightly. 'You couldn't do it again, could you? "Since I can remember Consin Joe and I assure you I never appreciated being a I have been playmates, and since father -odd until to-day. I-"
"Oh, the cow!" exclaimed Martha, died he has been so good and kind to mother, helping her about the farm and suddenly recollecting her errand. "I in every way, that he has become like a forgot all about him," and away she sped, son to her, and as dear as a brother to the gentleman hurrying after, repeating: me. Dear Joe! I don't know what we 'Cow! Him! Let me help you. I-I should have done without him." She really am very clever with cows. In fact paused, the tears gathering in her pretty eyes. Paul drew nearer, then hesitated. However, when the field was reached as Martha continued: no cow was to be seen, and remarking that doubtless some of the hands had

ousted old Tim, Martha turned her steps weeks.' toward the house, thinking the gentle-"I am awfully glad-I mean I wish man would proceed on his way. To her them joy, and all that sort of thing," astonishment, however, he kept along by and Paul Dorsey advanced still nearer the little figure into whose eyes a sweet "Are you acquainted at Willow Brook shyness had stolen.

"Joe is engaged to my dearest friend,

and they are to be married in just six

"Martha, do you think there is a "Why, yes; it's my home. I was ghost of a chance for me? As it's my born there," answered Martha, surfirst attempt at anything of the kind, perhaps you will sum it up leniently, and "Happy farm! I meau-a-it must be make my sentence as easy as you can," a lovely place. You see, the fact isthen gathering courage from Martha's that is, I have a note for Mrs. Duncan, of half averted face, and the extreme pinkness of the one visible ear, he laid his "My mother!" ejaculated Martha hand care-singly upon hers, adding: opening wide her blue eyes. Whereupon "Martha, do you think you can forgive the gentleman scanned with newly me for-for loving you?"

awakened interest a square envelope he "Why should I forgive you for what I had extracted from his breast pocket, as followed naively by, "But I did not "I am an old-I should say my mother know it until to-day, when I thought I is an old friend of Mrs. Duncan's," makhad offended you.' ing a rough calculation of the length of

"And-and you don't mind my being time it might take, all things favorable, odd-or anything?" stammered Paul, in to place him on equally as good a footing his excessive joy. "You are not a bit odd," was the inwith the |daughter, while Martha's

dignant reply; "I wouldn't have you any "Would be nice looking if he wasn't different," and Martha touched shyly the so sallow. Wonder if mother will ask coat-sleeve in close proximity to her him to make us a visit. I never heard waist, whereupon she immediately disher speak of an old friend that had a appeared from view, and from somewhere in the region of Paul's waistcoat By this time they were proceeding up pocket a muffled little voice might have the path that led to the farm's pretty been heard ejaculating: rose garlanded porch, and having ushered "Oh, Paul! suppose somebody is lookthe gentleman into the parlor we have

ing?"
"I hope they are," was the audacious already been introduced to, with a demure little courtesy and the words "I reply, succeeded by a second disappearance on Martha's part. In a few moments a comely, rosy

cheeked woman came hurrying into the A week or so later a stylishly-dressed, middle-aged lady was sitting teta-a-tete "Good afternoon, sir, Martha tells me with Mrs. Duncan, who was observing: you have a letter for me from an old "Dear me, Lucindy, you've no call to thank me. I had nothing to do with it. "Yes, from my mother," and the Not but what I am real pleased that your gentleman held toward her the letter. son and my daughter should come to-Having read it through, interrupted gether: but I had no more thought of it with exclamations such as "Bless me! Who'd have thought it!" Mrs. Dunthan vourself."

A slight smile stirred the lips of Mrs. can, her pleasant face deepening into a Dorsey as she remarked: "You are just the same as ever, Mary. "So you are little Paul Dorsey. My! Well, if Martha only turns out half as how time flies. When I last saw you, good a woman as yourself, I am satisfied you were only a little shaver. It must

e nigh onto fifteen years ago. And to that Paul has won a treasure.' "And he'll never forget, mother, that think of Lucindy's remembering me all he owes that treasure to you, for if you these years and sending her son to see me. Not ibat I have forgotten her-not had not sent him to seek out your o'd friend he'd have remained a bachelor to a bit. Only with one thing and another one hasn't time to think much of old the end of his days," interrupted a masdays. You see your ma and I went to culine voice, while a girlish treble exthe same academy, and we thought a claimed, "Oh, Paul!" the rest of the sensight of each other; only somehow after | tence being forever lost by Paul daringly both of us married we sort of drifted sealing his betrothed's lips with his own. apart. Your ma she married a wealthy

A Novel Roadbed city man, while I got wedded to a wellto do farmer, and so gradually we each went our own way. Not to forget each I'll tell you a sight I saw in Hindoostan, says a traveler in Asia. It sounds other though, as you see, and now, my wild, but it's as true as that I exist. dear, excuse the liberty, but it comes The railroad from Bombay to Calcutta natural like, being your Lucindy's son, is only second in length to that crossing I'll send one of the men down to the vilthe American continent, and stretches lage after your trunk, and you'll just in a straight line across a level plain stop along with us and be as welcome as 2,200 miles long. The train hands are my own son, if I had one, and Marthy all Englishmen One day I was riding and I will do our best to make you comon the engine, when far ahead there fortable," and motherly Mrs. Duncan seemed something on the track like low. laid her hand with an approving pat upon prown, undulating waves. The engin-Paul Dorsey's slightly stooping shoulders, while he coloring somewhat endeavored to thank her for her warm hosand breeding season, when they were peculiarly vicious. He had seen them "Bless you, it's no put out, we have twice in fifteen years out there. They lots of room, and it wil be a real pleasure were the cobra de capella, a reptile that back into lumpy, slimy rolls like jelly whom the emperor himself must dolf his to me to see Lucindy's son making him- opens its mouth two and one-half inches fish; their stature was ugly and stunted, hat. When the French entered Moscow when excited. We were running and their feet, their extraordinary feet, a company of Napoleon's grenadiers in twenty-five miles an hour, but raised the in many cases had been contracted since vain endeavored to dislodge this icon. Sergea ame a guest at Willow Brook Farm.

That evening after her visitor had reThey were crawling four and five feet hideous to look at, on which they pain cannon had no effect upon it, and it tired Mrs. Duncan observing to her deep on one another, and covered the fully tottered for a few yards.

| deep on one another, and covered the fully tottered for a few yards. | haugs there still. Such is the mujik's account of it. But if the Greek devotee "Poor young man, he hasn't a bit of me yet when I recall their crunching into the very thick of China race course is superstitious, the Russian Protestant appetite. I don't wonder Lucirdy is under the wheels. We ran over them in dregs. Gambling booths for large sums, is none the less so. This sect, who, fretted about him. She writes that he is always that taken up with books, that she can hardly ever coax him to go they slid along the rails, and we just booths for high-priced drinkables, gambaout a bit with young folks and enjoy had to stop in a clear place and wait for himself. I've been thinking Marthy, if those ahead of us to pass. They clogious to kind of make believe the state of the sta you was just to kind of make believe you need his help now and again about the garden and such, it would do him a sight of good, and he'd never suspect it sight of good, and he'd never suspect sight of good, and he'd ne signt of good, and he'd never suspect it was for the sake of his health," and Mrs. Duncan laughed, a low, pleased laugh, at the thought of the deception, while Martha exclaimed:

What is this fragrant and yet somewant to what sickly smell, a mixture of burning just what I have seen on railroads compassenger dared stir, and there waited some of the closed chairs conveying home the chinese ladies? It is due to the ioss the engineer would have to slow up and the chinese ladies? It is due to the ioss the engineer would have to slow up and the chinese ladies?

The Snake Guillotine.

The mowing machine is peculiarly Paul Dorsey had been told to make fatal to snakes. In their accredited wisdom himself perfectly at home; so the morn- they do not start to run away until the. ing after his arrival he withdrew from evidence of danger is upon them. They the breakfast table to his own room, and then raise their heads just high enough forthwith commenced to unpack his to reach above the blades, when they are books preparatory to a good day's study. decapitated. The charge is so sudden that the body of the snake springs high satisfaction, but somehow his thoughts were strangely wandering this day, al- were strangely wandering this day, al-

CHINESE RACE COURSE REMARKABLE SCENES AMONG THE ALMOND-EYED ORIENTAS.

loing to the Races in Queer Vehicles "Marthy," which took unto itself the The Coolie Carrier - Queen sweetest of sounds by reason of its con-Horses and Jockeys. nection with so pretty an owner. Sud-denly, with a thud, the book fell from The Hong Kong race week is one of hose rare occasions when the Chinese his hand, as, exclaiming: "By Jove! come out of their swarming ant hills, that's her voice," Paul Dorsey, with one habitually so difficult of penetration to stride, was at the window making sad strangers. On the afternoon of the cup havoc of the dainty dimity curtains with day the broad, handsome main road is fashions. taken possession of for miles by a swiftly Martha, accompanied by a tall stalwart circulating mass of chattering, pigfellow, was passing down the garden path, her infectious laughter floating

tailed and most uncanny looking nese, with their equally strange looking small woven-in rings. vehicles-the light covered armchair, carried by bamboo poles on the shoulders of two coolies, and the rickshaw, a subject under discussion as much as hertwo-wheeled vehicle with a pair of shafts, between which is placed not a Paul, with rather a blank look, resumed horse, a mule, a pony, or even a donkey, his seat and sought to apply himself to but one of those unceasingly to:ling his interrupted task, but not with the Chinese. "Lickshaw, lickshaw!"-they old ardor did he work, and for the first cannot manage our 'r" -- shout half a dozen eager competitors to the Englishman. The rows of rickshaws, about three deep, every one at a brisk trot, with not an inch interval in front, behind, or on one side, are kept rigidly in their places by tall, stalwart policemen, Engish or Sikhs, stationed along the route; and if any driver or horse-one and the same in the present case-dares to deviate from the prescribed line, the policeman, with great tact and sagacity, instantly steps forward and whacks him -not taps him, but showers down heavy whacks on the offender's holiow sound-

> But we must not lose sight altogether of a very important element in the throng, the sedan chairs. These are more suitable for the staid elderly ladies. The bearers, two, or-if the weight of the lovely burden should try the supporting bamboo poles-four in number, shuffle rapidly and unweariedly along, and the occupants, perched high in the air, endeavor to look dignified, but on'y succeed in appearing supremely absurd. Their coolies, if in private employment, are habitually clad in light, bright cotton liveries-barefooted of course-and the effect is thoroughly Oriental and rather pretty. There, I see, is the chair belonging to the establishment of the governor of the colony. It is born by four coolies in our brilliant national scarlet uniform, and this dazzling color, in the midst of the Chinese green, yellow, and blue, really looks very imposchair, carefully covered and closed of high degree. Soldiers under the

ing, shaven skull.

son order to travel in rickshaws. The Europeans are only as units among thousands. True, the natives. high and low, rich and poor, afoot or transported, will instantly shrink aside at the incessant warning. "Hyah," of the running coolie, who thus intimates that he is conveying an Englishman, but the enormous majority of the streaming throng is, of course Asiatic Chinese. The route is lined with palms, with banyan trees, and with bamboos, and the red, fever-causing, disintegrated granite dust ties up into our faces. Up go the umbrellas. Up hill, and my trotting coolie never flags; down hill, and his speed becomes so breakneck that every moment I expect an upset, a collision, or a smash, irrespective of the contingency of broken bones to a few English foot travelers, who would scorn

Here we are at the entrance to the grand stand. A payment of about \$5 procures admission to the lawn, and once more the strangeness of the scene bear the idea of his monopolizing you all day. I know you could never think observation, however mainstaking. In lieu of stands are some seven or eight large mat houses, light, picturesque structures, supported on bamboo poles, with sides and roofs of rushes, and deco- are unobstrusive and present a bewilderrated with tropical evergreens and bright cloth or calico, the effect of which is ex cessively pretty. Each mat house is the block-stitched and engraved initials; property of some one private individual or of an association, and the refreshments provided are so cestly and abundant that the imputation of excessive eating and immoderate drinking can scarce-

to move out of the way for any number

of Chinese cries of "Hyah."

y be resented. The race crowd, without which a race meeting is as dull as a German steeplechase, is of large proportions, with representatives of nearly every Asiatic state, but, of course, Chinese enormously preponderate. Nearly all are chattering, and quite all are in high good humor, enjoying the general seuse of holiday. Not a single case of drunkenness did I see-no bickering, no rowdyism, and yet no lack of fun.

The saddling bell rings, the numbers are hoisted, a thud of hoofs announces the preliminary canter. Well, what of the racing? Beneath criticism, almost beneath contempt. The ponies are from Australia, Japan or Chefoo-doubtless serviceable for the work of their respective countries, but as racers, wretched, weedy, groggy, undersized brutes; while the jockeys are the paraphernalia of their business, the preposterous length of

their legs, their heavy weights, their horse coping idiosyncrasics, and their indifferent riding. I bought a very average type of racer have done myself?" came the low answer, for £6 10s. In fact, the sport is merely a peg on which to hang the love of nmbling, which, like the love of drink. runs very high in this part of the world. Innumerable and high prize lotteries are started, and three legged screws are merely bought and entered on the off

chance of winning the stakes, which, in addition, are very considerable. While pondering on the scene, my attention is suddenly aroused by an un-wonted hum, bustle and excitement among the Chinese mob. A race is in course of being run, but to this incident they are habitually very indifferent. Something unusual is certainly arousing them. Here comes the horses. How queer the jockeys look, how strangely they are hunched up, how wildly they throw theiar arms about, how fiercely they flog, what diabolical faces—and, bless my heart, why, they have got pigtails streaming in the wind! The zle is explained. It is a race ridden under special arrangements by Chinese "mafoos" or grooms-the best race of the neeting, the only one which has caused any real enthusiasm. Roused by the halflaughter, half-cheers, of their white masters, stimulated by the cries of their fellow countrymen-"Go it, Fordham!" once heard an encouraging Chinese lad

shout-the mafoos, as they "finish" up their Walpurgis ride, wild with excitement, seem to have lost still further their semblance to humanity, and to be transformed into distorted-visaged, horribly frenzied demons. The race over, how they strutted about in all the pride of jockey caps and jackets, and how they

clung to their costume to the last possible moment? The tenants of the numerous mat-fashioned grand stands belonging to the higher class natives have become very jubilant and vivacious in consequence of the above-described race, and I avail myself of an opportunity to enter one tenanted chiefly by Chinese and Japanese ladies. I must confess that my bashfulness compelled me to retreat after a very few moments from the battery of their half-wondering, half-scornful glances at the European intruder, but not before I had time to remark that their faces were flushed all over with skilfully applied pink tints, excepting in patches, which revealed disagreeably even and intensely opaque whiteness. Their eyebrows I open a shop door a bell rings and a under me 4,000 warriors, and there were were penciled into narrow stiff arches; little icon pops out, to whom the shopeer looked through his field-glass and said their headdress, vests and trouvers-for keeper first does homage before he waits it was snakes. This was their migrating in China all the women wear large, loose on me. In the streets there are chimes trousers-were of variegated colors, quite ingenious in their contrasts and of them, and one haugs over the arch. Big Horn. How many men did you brightness; their black hair was dragged way that leads into the Kremlin, to have?

and of all ages around it, which renders

the sedan chair, and the rickshaw lines hour. I saw some fine cattle get on the bis slayer, will have to yield before this observed its increasing spirit with pleasof wayfarers stream into the ordinary, quiet town, just beginning to glitter up and gave a little whistle and they is by Sergeant Ryan's account of the with gas jets from the English lamp posts flew like mad. They knew if they didn't condition of Custer's body.—Boston -those ubiquitous lamp posts which, in he would knock them in forty different Record.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN. Mrs, Henry Ward Beecher is writing

Fashionable ladies in Paris now wear Rain-in-the-Face's Claim to short silk socks instead of stockings. Narrow colored ribbons round the eck are a very pretty caprice of fashion. Bustles have probably reached their maximum in size for at least six months o come. Green in various subdued shades is a eading color in fall and early winter Very fine silk tulle veils are now to be ocured in every color: instead of the thick dots they are crnamented with

The only woman railroad official in this country is Miss Laura Braden, treasurer of the Washington and Waynesburg railroad, in Pennsylvania. The great banking house of the Roths childs at London, employs mainly women, claiming that they are more reliable and accurate in their work than men. The women of Thibet, who are permitted to wear any color except green,

purchase corals and pearls to ornament their head-dresses, which are the most costly part of their attice, and alone not unfrequently costs \$5,000. Neapolitan straw bonnets are liked because of their coolness and lightness, and are shown in black, beaded with small lead beads, and trimmed along the

brim with pink or yellow roses that are veiled with Chantilly lace. Some one says "only one woman in thousand can whistle." Every once in while during the heated term, and when the whole world looks dismal and dreary, some bright ray of hope descends

to cheer the hearts of men. In many English factories the girls are robust as young athletes. An R. A. once declared that he never found such splendid physical development as among the factory girls in the slums of Stepney. They work hard all day and spend all

their leisure in the open air.

The tendency to make waist and sleeves of different material is more and more manifest. For instance, in a satin and lace costume, the bodice was satin and the sleeves were lace. Another, velvet and wool, had the bodice of woolen material and velvet sleeves. A peculiar custom in the Cape Verde is ands is noted by a recent visitor there. ing. There is a different sort of a His hostess was smoking a cigarette, when suddenly she drew it from her lips around with straw lattice work. It veils and offered it to him. Though some from public view some Chinese beauty what startled he accepted it with the best grace that he could command, and upon subsequent inquiry found that it rank of sergeant are forbidden by garri-

was considered among the islanders one of the greatest compliments a lady could pay to a gentleman. A new fashion is just beginning in Paris. The trimmings of the high hats are all to be placed at the back, and the effect is just as though the hat had been put on with the back to the front. A whole cascade of feathers is thus placed on some of the hats, with the curly tips just showing from a front view. Or else it is a shower of loops in moire ribbon that falls from the crown to the very edge of the brim at the back, with a few drops from the shower hanging in front. In Germany'n servant has one Sunday out every two weeks. There is an un derstood hour for her to come home, and if she stays out later she loses her next Sunday holiday. Her pay is never more than \$20 a year, and in some families is only \$12. When there is a dispute between mistress and maid, it is settled by the police. But one servant is usually

washing is done outside, and pies, cakes. bread, etc., are bought. An old style revived is the initial cuffprovement on the old-time button with its staring single letter. The new styles ing variety from which to select. There are buttons with old English, script, monograms intricate and graceful in their interwoven traceries, and last, but by no means least, crests and coats-of-

kept, and the work is hard, but the

An Incident of the War.

War creates attachments more lasting than any other, and which are not severed except in death. An incident of the war established between General Rosecrans and General S. W. Price, of this city, peculiar relations, which, so far as General Rosecrans is concerned. seem never to lose their force. In the terrible struggle of Stone river, when General Roscerans' right was forced back and almost crushed by the Confederate General Price, then in command of a brigade and holding a position of great importance, and addressed him thus: "General Price, you command here, do

"Yes, sir." "Well, sir, will you hold this ford?" "I will try, general."
"Will you hold this ford?" "I will die in the attempt.

"That won't do," replied General Rosecrans. "Sir, will you hold this ford? Look me in the eye and tell me f you will hold this position?" General Price answered, "I will." "That will do," replied General losecrans. "I bid you good day." General Price redeemed his promise; he held the ford. On the following day his brigade bore the brunt of Gener al Breckinridge's awful charge with his livision of Kentuckians, and General Rosecrans, for his gallantry and courage on these two days, promptly and carnestly recommended General Price

for promotion. The attachment of these two officers was cemented as the war con-tinued. Later on, at the Kennesaw mountain, General Price was dangerously and seriously wounded at the he his brigade in a charge upon a Confederate fort, and became separated by the vicissitudes of war from his old commander, but General Rosecrans never forgot the hero of the ford of Stone river. He watched the future of his soldier friend with solicitude, and has

never failed to speak a kindly word or

do a generous act for the assistance of his comrade. - Louisville Courier-Journal. Russian Peasant Superstition. The Russian peasant was a difficult problem to deal with, writes a correspondent of the San Francisco Chronile. It is difficult to convey an idea of now much ignorance and superstition is mingled with his shrewdness and common sense. The worship of sacred pictures or "icous" is the strangest of all. There is one in every room and every shop, one in every bed, behind every door, in every niche. These pictures are killed Custer. Did he? worshiped, not on account of the holy personages they are supposed to represent, but because they are believed to be personally capable of conferring tempoal benefits, of curing illness, or warding off cvils. They are usually found priests buried in some neglected spot. Pheir existence is revealed in a vision, a oilgrimage is formed to discover them. and when found they are carried in triumph to the places they are intended to adoin. Groups of pilgrims may be seen fulfilling some vow made to them. Whenever I ring for my waiter, his first act bow to the icon over the window. When with icons in them, the churches are full a cup of tea. No objection to vodka.

Earnestness is Advertised. The world sees when one is in dead

the Chinese ladies? It is due to the joss the engineer would have to slow up and further than this, but the facts which

HOW GEN. CUSTER DIED A TALK BETWEEN AN OLD SOLDIER AND SITTING BULL.

Custer's Slayer Disproved—The Battle on the Little Big Horn. The exact manner of the death of General George A. Custer at the battle of the Little Big Horn has always been a mystery, for the reason that there is no living white man who was a witness of that scene. The Indians who did the deed, and especially Sitting Bull, who commanded them, have always been very reticent about the matter, and their side of the story has never been fully told until now. Important and most interest-

esting evidence has come into a Record

Before presenting this new story, it

will be necessary to recite the circum-

stances leading up to the fight in which Custer lost his life. It will be remem-

bered that in the spring of 1876 the Sioux

reporter's hands.

tribe of Indians, whose reservation was n Dakota, and who sometimes wandered nto Montana and the British Northwest, had become aggressive, and that fre quent charges had been made against them of murder and theft. They finally burst away from the control of the agents. The aid of the war department was invoked. The Seventh United States cavalry, of wich General Custer was the commander, in response to orders, quickly took the field and started n pursuit of the "renegade" Sioux. After a hard march, following the rail made by the Indians, scouts brought word on June 21th that the enemy was only a short d stance in advance, and it was further learned that the camp of the redskins, which was a very large one, extended along the Little Big Horn creek or river, [an affluent of the Big Horn, for some four or five miles. Custer's plan of attack was to divide his force, the second portion being under ommand of Major Reno, and to strike the Indians at both ends of their camp simultaneously. On the morning of June 25th, all arrangements having been made, Custer with his men filed off to the right, or down the stream, while Reno went to the left. The latter was the first to arrive at the objective point, and immediately charged across, the stream and began the attack. A stout resistance was met with from the Sioux, and, after being surrounded in the timber and forced to dismount his men, Reno saw that he was greatly outnumbered and that his only chance of safety was in regaining the bluffs across the creek from whence he had come. At

the command the men sprang into their saddles and made the charge. They did not arrive at a place of safety with out considerable loss. Here they intrenched their position as well as poss ble and fought the Indians all that night and the next day, until General Terry came up with his expedition and relieved them. Soon after Reno's men had become engaged on the first day Custer got into position and made his attack, was arranged. He was more unfortunate, however, than Reno, for the Indians, swarming around him, overwhelmed his command, completely putting to the sword all his .detachment to the last man. Not a single one escaped

Last week, when a Record reporter vent out to Beacon park to visit Buffalo Bill's Wild West show he as accom panied by John Ryan, well and favorably known as a police officer in the service of the city of Newton. Ryan has had a most remarkable military career. He was a gallant soldier of the late war, having served a term of four years in the wenty-eighth Massachusetts Regiment, luring which he was repeatedly and severely wounded. When the war closed his military ardor was not by any means cooled, and he enlisted in the Seventh legular Cavalry, General Custer's regi ment. He served two terms of five years each with that commander, and was in all the expeditions, and in all the Indian fights in which Custer and his regiment were engaged Ryan was an active and gallant participant. In the final battle with Sitting Bull he bore the rank of orderly sergeant in Captain Frenche's company, and was in the detachment of the regiment under the command of Reno. Of course, in all these campaigns he came to know nearly all the promipent scouts and frontiersman, and he and Buffalo Bill are old friends, having been on many a scout ; together.

learned that his old enemy, Sitting Bull, was in town, it was very natural that he should desire to talk with that redoubtable warrior, and the Record reporter arranged a meeting between them. The meeting took place in the tent of Buffalo Bill, who introduced Sitting Bull to Sergeant Ryan and the reporter, and, summoning an interpreter, said that if advance, General Rosecrans sought out the old chief could be got to talk he

should be very glad to hear the "powwow." At first Sitting Bull showed no disposition to talk. But presently Sergeant Ryan drew from his pocket a bloodbespattered cavalry guidon and asked Sitting Bull whether he had ever seen a flag like that before. The Indian showed a sudden awakening of interest.

"Yes," he said. "When was it?" asked Sergeant Ryan. "When we had the fight and killed Custer's men," said Sitting Bull, through the interpreter, "we got a number of them. Where did you get it?" "On the second day of the fight," auswered Ryan, "I saw an Indian riding up and down in front of our lines display ing this flag. Another man and myself who had long-range rifles, fired at him

epeatedly, and finally dropped him off his horse. When night came on I crawled out and brought the flag in." Sitting Bull then said: "On the first day's fight do you recolect an Indian mounted on a black horse who was armed with a 'camp-st'c.' (an to ask if there wasn't any chance for him

Indian lance), and was cheering and urging on his men?" Sergeant Ryan-That was when you were trying to break our skirmish line.

The chief was 200 or 300 yards away, and I fired on him a number of times. Sitting Bull (with much merriment) --That was me. Soon after that I went to wealthiest of his townsmen. He had his the scene of the fight with Custer, and was not in the battle after that day. I remember when two of your pack mules charged down to the water from your camp on the bluff. They were loaded with ammunition, and we used that ammunition, as well as what we got from Custer in the second day's fight. When of Grant & Ward. I went to take charge of the battle at the other end of the valley, where Custer made his attack, I left Crazy Horse in command of my young men who were fighting you and Reno. Sergeant Ryan-Was the fight going on when you got there? Sitting Bull-Oh, yes! We had them

surrounded. Sergeant Ryan-It has been stated that Rain-in-the-Face claimed that he Sitting Bull-There is no truth in it. So many were firing at Custer at the same time that no one could tell whether he hit him or not.

Sergeant Ryan-You are telling the truth there. I was in command of the detail that buried Custer after General Terry came up. There were a number of bullets in Custer's body, and he and a newspaper man named Kelley were the only ones whose bodies had not been mutilated. Say, who was it that smashed in all parts of Russia searching for icons or the head of Captain Tom Custer, and what became of the prisoners? Sitting Bull-I don't know about that. after opening the door of my room is to bow to the icon over the window. When with that. As near as I can tell, I had in the camp from 6,000 to 7.000 women and children. There were 1,500 or 1,700 lodges, and the camp was four or five

> Sergeant Ryan-Six hundred all told. Sitting Bull--How many killed with Sergeant Ryan-Two hundred

miles long, all in the valley of the Little

Sitting Bull-How many with Reno? Sergeant Ryan-Six. Sitting Bull-How many wounded? Sergeant Ryan-From sixty to seventy: some of the wounded died. Then Sitting Bull went on to say that

with a superior force, was advancing to attack him. "How many," asked the reporter, were killed on your side?"
Sitting Bull replied that he did not know, but that there were a great many killed and wounded. The conversation extended much

A big diamond-The baseball field .-

Two Great Running Horses. Among the hundreds of fine places in Woodford county, Ky., there are none which show up to better advantage than the old Harper home, and there is certainly no spread of horseflesh to be found anywhere upon the face of the earth that will equal what is to be seen there. It is not a large one, but makes up in quality what it lacks in quantity. Here are to be seen the finest representatives of two of the most remarkable sires that have ever figured in turf history-Longfellow the son of imp. Leamington, and Ten Broeck, the son of imp. Phaeton. Longfellow is a great big horse, standing fully seventeen hands high, with a long, well shaped neck, beautiful head, deep chest, light flank, with an unusual length between the hip and shoulder

and presents, as a whole, a most remark

able combination of bone, sinew and

As you look at him you cannot but

think that the correct name was selected

for him. Indeed, I have heard that the

great poet once took occasion to thank

old John Harper for the compliment he

had paid him in naming this horse for The old man took the matter quietly (he was not much in literary afairs), and remarked to a friend that he had never heard of the gentleman before, but had named the colt Longfellow because he was a long fellow. Leamington, the sire of Longfellow, was a horse of fair performance upon the English turf, but was not considered a success whilst in the stud there. When introduced in America he proved to be a phenomenal sire, getting a long list of progeny, and sending Parole and Iroquois back to his native land to show his old friends what he could do in the land of liberty, Iroquois capturing the Derby and St. Leger, and Parole taking in several less events. Nearly all his get were winners of more or less celebrity. I feel the lack of horse education and the consequent poverty of descriptive phraseology as I approach Longfellow's stable companion, the great son of Phae-ton. Ten Brocck is a blood bay, sixteen and a half hands high, with a small star in his forehead, and may be taken as a model of perfection in all that a thor oughbred horse should be. He is coupled much shorter than Longfellow, which adds much to the beauty of his symme-He is a rare combination of mus try. cular development, with very broad hocks, long, firm set whirlbones, immense chest, broad hips and the most ymmetrical set of legs I over saw under a horse. In standing in his rear the muscles above his hocks, which give the driving power, appear so unusually large they convey the impression of being deformity. He could be shown anywhere, without telling his name or lineage, and would never fail to attrac an audience. As the groom led him from his stall for exhibition to several visitors, he seemed to be conscious of what they had come for, and willing to gratify their curiosity. In disposition he is perfectly kind. A stranger could go into his stall, bridle and lead him forth without the least danger. He is the most remarkable horse of which the world has any record. There have been other horses that have made themselves great names by their performances upon the turf, but they have nearly all done so by some display of special merit. One will develop as a great mile horse, another will show his quality at two three or four miles. The exceptional time made at the different distances has never been adorned with the name of the same horse more than once. It remained for Ten Broeck to contribute both time and distance, by obliterating all records of either. He made the fastest mile ever run, moved up a peg, and set the standard for two miles, repeated the performance at three miles, and without apparent effort added the crowning triumph to his list of victories-beating the unparalleled time of Lexington at four miles just four seconds. - Cincinnati

A Story About Ferdinand Ward. George P. Lathrop tells in the St. Lcuis Post-Dispatch the following story about Ward, the notorious New York financier, now an inmate of Ludlow street jail in

that city: A wealthy resident of some prosperous New England city called on Ward one day with a note of introduction from a mutual friend. In the course of conversation he remarked that he had some money to invest, and asked Ward if he couldn't tell him of some chance to put t where it would bring a good margin of profit.

Ward said that he didn't know of anything just then. He himself had more noncy than he knew what to do with, and beside, he was too busy with some big scheme of his own to go into any outside speculation. Of course, this only whetted the New England man's appe ite for investment, and in the course of half an hour he induced the famous financier to accept his check for \$58,000, to be used in one of the "blind pools" of which Grant & Ward made a specialty. Three or four months later the New England man appeared again. By that time Ward had entirely forgotten him and his check and it was with great difficulty that he could recall his name and the amount of his investment. "I believe there's something due you? he said, after a brief converstion. ing down a large ledger he made some brief calculations, and then observed with a pleasant smile: "Ine amount spicuous place in the principal city. eredited to you on our books is \$102,

764." Then to the bookkeeper: Jones, will you kindly draw a check to Mr. Perkins' order for \$102,754?" Ward calmly turned to his work again, while his visitor sat gasping for breath. In the language of the day the visitor was "paralyzed." It was some time before he could control himself sufficiently to reinvest his money and double it again; but Ward didn't seem anxious, and at last the stranger took his departure, got his check certified at the Marine bank, and returned to his native town. Three days after he walked into Ward's office in company with four of the certified check-the same one Ward had given him-in his pocket, and his friends were supplied with checks of their own. They succeeded in inducing the financier to accept about \$350,000 for investment in another "blind pool." That

Want of Tact.

was exactly one week before the failure

Throw a bone at a dog, and he will run off with it in his mouth, but with no vibration in his tail. Call the dog to you, pat him on the head, let him take the bone from your hand, and his tail will wag with gratitude. The dog rec ognizes both the good deed and the gracious manner of doing it. Those who throw their good deeds should not expect them to be caught with a thankful smile. The following anecdote illustrates how a generous action may be marred by the want of that tact which associates graciousness with goodness: A good but uncouth deacon of a New England church called on the wife of his minister, and after the usual ex change of greetings, said: "Mrs. Blank, don't you want some

pears?" "Yes, deacon," was the reply, should be glad to have some." "Well, then," said the old man, "you jest send down to my orchard and hev jest as meny es you want picked up. Thar's a sight . n 'em on the ground, and my old mare won't eat 'em, so I'd jest as lieves you'd hev 'em es not!" Although the pears were rejected by the deacon's mare, the minister's wife overlooked the odd terms in which the

This same young wife visited one of the old and lone widows of the flock, and was received with warm words of welcome by the aged dame. "How d've do?" said the ancient per son. "I'm powerful glad to see you; I was so longing to see some creetur!"

General Oglethorpe. "The death of the centenarian, who,

offer was made.

like the late Sir Moses Monteflore, was he got information that General Terry, | regarded with general esteem and veneration in this country, took place one hundred years ago, says the St. James' Gazette: "In July, 1785, General James Oglethorpe, aged 102 years, died at his house, Cranham hall, Essex. He was the oldest general in England, and in the year 1700 marched with a party of guards, as ensign, at the proclamation of peace. General Oglethorpe was, acsticks, in consuming which they utilize stop, and even send his fireman to drive had been drawn out seemed to have cording to the records of the day, foretheir leisure moments, an exercise which they consider as equivalent to an act of worship.

Rapidly, yet steadily, the pedestrian, the sedan chair, and the rickshaw lines to an act of the sedan chair, and the rickshaw lines to a sedan chair and the rickshaw lines to a se version, confirmed as Sitting Bull's story ure. lie founded Savannah, and when the Spanisrds attempted to invade that settlement, he beat them from the fort they took possession of, and rescued the province. He was altogether a remark. able specimen of 'the fine old English centleman.'"

A POOR YOUNG MAN TO HIS GIRL A jewel rare are you, dear Anne, But can you use a frying pan? Or get a meal for a hungry man? Oh, I will wed you if you can, -Sweet Anne!

Your dainty fingers wield a fan, But can they wash a pot or pan! Sweep, bake and brew? Oh, if they can, I am, in truth, the very man, Sweet Anne?

You work in Kensington, fair Anne, Play, sing and dance, but if you can Well mend my socks, none other than Myself can worship like this man, Sweet Anne!

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"I catch on," was probably what the "He weighed five pounds," was probably the lie told by the fisherman. -De troit Free Press. Dude-"You love me then, Mis Lydia?" Lydia-"Love is perhaps somewhat too much to say. At least I have

sympathy for you, because your face re

sembles so much that of my poor dead

Fido.' Some Eastern poetess asks the conundrum: "Oh, where-does beauty linger?" Our office hours are from eight to six mornings, noons and evenings generally at home, or out walking with the family -Peck's Sun.

Little Bess to gentleman caller: "You ain't black, are you, Mr. M-?" "Black, child?—why no, I should hope not. What made you think I was?" "Ch, nothin', 'cept pa said you was awful niggardly."- Burlington Free Press. General Washington went fishing a least once. And on that occasion he caught a trout at least four inches long. While down at the corper grocery in the evening, after returning from his angling tour, he was asked how much the trout weighed, when he uttered those memor able words, viz. : "I cannot tell a lie. I weighed seventeen and a half pounds. -Norristown Herald.

She'd a lovely little puz With a very ugly mug;
And she nursed it, and she coddled it, an kissed it: She said it was so sweet
It was good enough to eat;
But, alas! one day it happened

She hunted everywhere, And she advertised, but ne'er Did she more set eyes upon that caning whiner: But at last she traced its fate,

And found, cruel to relate,
He'd been eaten by a laundryman of China.
—Boston Gazette. It is said of the Boston girl who got lost up in the Catskills the other day

that she shouted in an intellectual ton of voice: "I require assistance from some honorable man of culture and refinement." When the farmer who found her was leading her back to the hotel she asked him if he was a regular sub scriber to the Atlantic Monthly, and i he had read "Natural Laws of the Spiritual world." And when he said "No," she forgot to thank him for his assist ance. - New York Mail. THE LOCUST'S FATE. low locust sat in a high locust tree,

It's many a year since I've seen the bright It's many a year since I've had any fun; And, my dear, It I don't paint everything It will be zee zee—
Now you see, zee zee,
Because every green leaf in the country

But a sparrow sat up in the same locust And much oftener cussed than the locust was he. And he said to his mate, "There's a bug over there— Such a nice little morsel for a fond loving Just wait here a minute, and I'll take the

boy in.

Now don't slip—chip-chip—

Ain't he flip—chip-chip—?' And when they were through there was left but a skin. -Washington Star.

A Chilian Hero.

There have never been but two "handto-hand" fights between iron-clads in the history of naval warfare. One took

place in Hampton Roads, between the ionitor and the Merrimac, as we all know. The other was at Iquique, Peru. between the Peruvian ram Huescar and the Chilian iron clad Esmeralda. Admiral Grau, a Peruvian of German ancestry, commanded the former, and Arthur Pratt, a Chilian of English ancestry, the latter. The Huescar was the swifter and more powerful vessel, and struck the other amidships. As she was sinking Grau struck her again, and as the two vessels came together, Pratt sprang on board the Huescar, with two volvers, and killed seven or eight men before he was shot down. His vessel, the Esmeralda, with all on board, went to the bottom of the ocean, and he lay alone on the deck of the victor, sur rounded by the bodies of the men he killed. For this desperate act the

Chillanos have made him their ideal hero, and there is a monument to his memory in nearly every town. Streets and shops, saloons, mines, opera houses and even lotteries are named in his honor, and the greatest national tribute is to destroy the custom house in order to erect his monument in the most con-

Greenbacks. "Old Greenbacks," was the soubriquet iven to Secretary Chase in the army, from the green ink with which the backs of the United States paper money was printed. This ink was invented by Stacy . Edson, and patented in 1857, as antiphotographic. It could not be photographed on account of its color, and could not be dislodged by alkalies by the counterfeiters to get a complete fac-simile of the bills, and as it was a secret known only by the American Bank Note company and the inventor, it was impossible to counterfeit the greenback noney. It was used by many banks before the war, but was never a leading feature in the bill: but even if the com position of the ink had been known, it would have been of no use, as the work could not be copied from the genuine bills with any kind of ink. The date of the patent could be seen on all the bills, in small print. Old General Spinner wanted to have Congress enact a law making the counterfeiting of national notes a capital offence, as was once the case in Great Britain, and to have them bear the legend which had been on the bills then issued by the Bank of England: "To Counterfeit is Death."-Ben Perley Poore.

The distinguished U. S. Senator from Indiana, Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees, cerlifies that in a case of rheumatism in the back, he obtained instantaneous relief from St. Jacobs Oil. He says it is a remarkable remedy.

The French have more suspension bridges than any other nation on the

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The Epidemic of Crime.

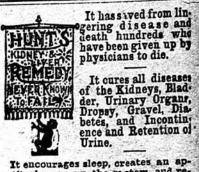
Whence comes this epidemic of suicides and murders? Recent discussions have names several causes. Hon. C. H. Reeve, of Indiana, charges it to infide teachings—holding that hopelessness of a future state cripples fortitude for bearing life's ills. Another declares suffering from the universal business depression the cause. A third writer attributes it The treatment of eruptive fevers receives advantage from the wet sheet The cold douche to the head is the est remedy for the ravings of delirium tremens.

sion the cause. A third writer attributes it to increasing insanity, a physician thinks much of the tendency is inherited, while tem-Acute mania, cerebral congestion, and unstroke require the ice-cap, cool comperance advocates lay the responsibility upon ress, or mild douche to the head. perance advocates my the responsibility apos strong drink.

Free-thinkers have committed suicide, but so have orthodox churchmen. Financial straits have besst many, but the wealthy have also taken their life. Glycerine soap for chapped hands, lips, etc.; Take toilet soap, slice and melt with gentle heat, and add to one nave also taken their life.

Insanity and dissipation have preceded suicides and family murders.

One feature common to almost every such crime challenges attention. Well nigh every report of suicide and family murder mentions the new trees. pound of soap one ounce of pure gly-cerine; when sufficiently cool make in balls.



report of suicide and family murder mentions the perpetracor as having "for some time been subject to melancholy." Whence comes this? All recognized medical authorities tell us that the fire which consumes the brain is always kindled by derangements of digestion; that good digestion is impossible without pure blood, and pure blood is never known when the liver and kidneys are out of order

when the liver and kidneys are out of order. Under such circumstances, a preventive should be sought, and for this Warner's safe

ure is sovereign—a fact conceded by the best uthorities in the land, and it is especially ommended by the celebrated Dr. Dio Lowis.

Cholera does not attack girls who ab

bowels, liver and nerves, the others ag

gravate all human ailments. VINEGAR

BITTERS strengthens, the others weaken

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Moscow are said to be worth \$12,000,

-Rochester Democrat.

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The Frazer Axle Grease is the best and,intrinsically, the cheapest. Don't work your horses to death by using poor grease. Try it.

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SOLID PROOF. FGod loveth a cheerful giver." Railread Men.

Springfield, Mass., April 23, 1883.

"I am satisfied from personal experience assecare that Huxr's (Kidney and Liver) REMEDY wild just what is claimed for it."—Albert Holt, Paymaster B. & A. R. R.

An Inventor's Advice.

George Stevenson, when advising young men how to get on, would finish by saying:
"Do as I have done—persevera." For fifteen years he plodded and worked before giving the finishing touches to his locomotive. In as many days those persevering in the near "Be just in all thy actions." The Druggists a Unit: "My druggist. Mr. D. B. Williams, handed me the best kidney medicine he knew of. It was Howe's (Kidney and Liver) ktwarps, and acted offectually in my case. Am pleased to recommend it,"—C. H. Draper, 228 Main St. as many days those persevering in the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" have

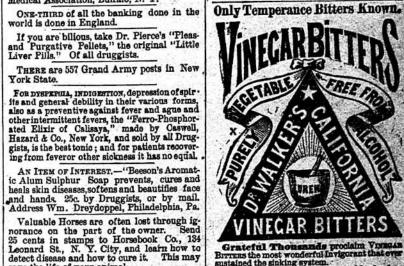
experienced great relief and found themselves on the high road to health. Liver complaints, impure blood, chronic lung disease. "To destroy an enemy make him your friend." thers yield to its healing influences never Marine Engineers. Marine Engineers.

Cleveland, Ohio, June 23, 1833.

"I was troubled with weakness of the kidneys. Did not know the trouble but constantly grew worse. Urination was painful and accompanied with blood. Noticing an advertisement of liuxr's (Kidney and Liver) REMEDY I procured a bottle. I began immediately to improve in many ways. The second bottle left me without pains. My appetite is now good and I feel renewed vigor, thanks to Hunr's (Kidney and Liver) REMEDY. "-William Jones, Marine Engineer, 259 Hanover Street. THE temples in Dahomey are almost entirely built of human skulls. irely built of human skulls.

I.ongfellow's Birthday Book is a beautiful present to give any lady. But there is a little book published in pamphlet form, with no pretentions to literary merit, that would be as appropriate, and might be the means of saving a life. It is called Dr. R. V. Pierce's treatise on diseases of women, for whose peculiar troubles the "Favorite Prescription" is especially designed. It is profusely illustrated with wood cuts and colored plates, and will be sent to any address for ten cents in stamps, by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Price \$1.25. Send for Pamphlet of Testimohlals HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. L. C. M. CRITTENTON, General Agent, New York N YN U-35



BUTTERS the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system. Made from California roots and herbs, free from Alcoholic Stimulants. A Purgative and Tonic.
This Bitters cures Female Complete Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatis Inflammatory and Chronic Riscumstissis Gout, Billous, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Blood, Liver and Kidney Diseases. Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Heedache Pain in the Shoulders, Control Web.

Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Furred Tongue, Billous Attacks, Palpitatios of the Heart, Paesmonia, and Pain in the regions of the Kidnery, are cured by the use of the Bitters.

For Skin Discases, Eruptions, Boltz, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Discolorations, Humorrand diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of the Bitters.

It Invigorates the Stomach, and simulates the torpid Liver and Bowels, which render it of unequaled efficiency in cleaning the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

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Pin, Tape and other Worms, are destroyed and removed from the system.

Cleanse the Viliated Blood whenever it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

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