ON THE CALIFORNIA HILLS.

Across the broad brown peaceful hills,
With blossoms to our bronchos' knees,
With singing birds by broken rills,
We rode through seas of drowsy bees.

The ardor of my speech grew still
As we rode on that perfect day.
The brown birds piping from the hill;
The crickets had it their own way.

Then we fell weary with the day.
God's bars of gold across the west
Before us drew and made us stay
Beside a blossomed rill and rest,

The camp-fire blazed, the bronchos grazed,
And belly-deep in bloom and grass
Would blink as by the bright flame dazed,
Or sniff to smell the panther pass.

The massive stars of gold stood out,
Bright camp-fires of poor, weary souls,
Bound heavenward. While all about
Couched peace, with white patrols.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

FORGED TOGETHER.

A WILD TALE OF THE MUTUAL HATRED OF TWO CONVICTS.

I am French by birth, and my name is Francois Thierry. I will not burden you with my early history; but will begin by stating that I was sent to the galleys, and find myself to-day an exile. Branding was not out of date at that time, and until my death I shall bear some fiery letters on my shoulder.

I was arrested, registered, condemned and sent to Paris. As I left the court of justice my terrible sentence rang in my ears. On the long road from Paris to Bicetre—all day and all night—till we arrived at Toulon, the dull rolling of the prison wagon on the pavement repeated it to me. When I look back at that time, I think I must have been stunned by the unexpected severity of my doom, for I have not the slightest recollection of the particulars of that journey. "Hard labor for life!" "Hard labor for life!" I heard nothing else; I could think of nothing else. Late in the afternoon of the third day the wagon stopped, the door was unlocked, and I was led through a paved court into a hall that was but faintly lighted. Here an officer asked me my name, which he entered in a large book banded with iron, as though it was fettered.

"No. 207," cried the officer; "green."

Then I was led into another room, where I put on the uniform of a galley slave. From this moment I lost my individuality. I was no longer Francois Thierry, but No. 207. The officer was present while I was dressing.

"Hurry up!" he said; "it is getting late, and you must be married before dinner."

"Married?" I repeated.

He laughed as he lit a cigar. I was again led through another corridor into a damp court, where wild-looking men with clanking chains were walking up and down before the muzzles of cannon.

"Bring No. 206," cried the officer, "and then call the priest."

No. 206 came in, dragging a heavy chain behind him, and with him a robust blacksmith.

The ring of an iron chain was put round my ankle, and forged together with a single stroke of the hammer. A like ring bound my companion. Each stroke re-echoed through the arches like the scornful laugh of demons. The officer drew a small red book from his pocket, and said:

"No. 207, listen to our prisoners' laws: 'If you attempt flight and fail, you will be bastinadoed. If you succeed in getting to the harbor and are there captured, you will be doubly chained for three years. As soon as you are missed, three cannon shots will be fired and signals of alarm will be hoisted on each bastion. Telegraphic messages will be sent to the harbor guards and to the police throughout France.'"

After the officer had read this, with a terrible satisfaction, he relit his cigar, put the book away, and left the hall. I was now a prisoner forged to another prisoner. As I looked at him, I found his eyes turned toward me. He was a sinister-looking fellow, and about forty years old, not any taller than I, but of Herculean build.

"Then you are in for life?" he said.

"How do you know that?" I exclaimed, angrily.

"I can tell by your cap—green is for life. Why are you here?"

"I conspired against the government."

He shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. "Then you're an elegant one. We other prisoners hate such aristocratic company."

I made no answer.

"This is the fourth time that I've been here," continued my companion. "Perhaps you have heard of Gasparo, the counterfeiter?"

I had heard of the daring criminal, and drew back from his gaze. An uneasy look in his eyes told me that he had noticed my shrinking. From that moment he hated me. Gasparo and I, with two hundred other prisoners, were put to work in a stone-quarry on the other side of the harbor. Day after day, and week after week, from sunrise to sunset, the rocks resounded to our blows. Thus spring and summer passed, and autumn came. My fellow-prisoner was a Piedmontese. He had been a thief, counterfeiter, incendiary; and when he last fled from prison he committed a murder. Heaven alone knows how my sufferings were intensified through this terrible comradeship! How I shrank from the touch of his hand! What loathing took possession of me when I felt his breath on my face at night! I tried to overcome this aversion; but in vain. He knew it as well as I, and took every opportunity to revenge himself in such ways as only a depraved mind can think of. However, it would have been of no avail to put myself in opposition to him, and any complaint to the overseer would only have provoked the wretch to worse tyranny. At last there came a day when his hate seemed to diminish. He allowed me my night's rest, and seemed to be in a hurry. The next morning, shortly after we had begun work, he came close to me, and whispered in my ear:

"Don't you wish to escape?"

I felt the blood rush to my face, and could not say a word.

"Can you keep a secret?" he went on.

"Until death!"

"Well, then, listen. To-morrow Marshall d'Anvergue will inspect the harbor, docks, prison and stone-quarry. Salutes will be fired from the walls and ships, which will make it difficult to hear the guard's signal for two escaping prisoners. Do you understand me?"

"Yes."

"What, then, will be easier than to knock off the fetters with the pickax, and escape when the overseer is not looking our way? Will you dare?"

"With my life!"

"Your hand!"

I had never before touched his blood-stained hand, and could not refrain from shuddering as I clasped it. The next morning we had to undergo an inspection before going to work. An hour before noon the first salute from the harbor reached our ears. The dull report went through me like an electric spark. Gasparo whispered to me:

"When the first shot is fired from the barracks, strike with your pickax on the first ring of my chain close to the ankle."

A sudden suspicion came over me. "And if I should do it, how can I be sure that you will then free me? No, Gasparo; you must strike the first blow."

"As you say," he answered, smilingly, but with a muttered curse.

At that moment a flash came from the barracks, and then a report that reverberated a hundred times from the rocks. As the echo rolled over our heads, I saw him get ready to strike, and felt my chain fall. Hardly had the thunder of the first shot died away before the second came. Now I was to free Gasparo. I was less dextrous than he, so it took several strokes to free his chains. At the third shot we threw away our caps, climbed up the rock, and struck for a path that led into the valley. Suddenly, at a sharp bend in the road, we stood before a little guard-house, in front of which were two soldiers. They pointed their guns at us, and ordered us to surrender. Gasparo turned toward me, struck me heavily, and said:

"There, stay, and let them capture you. You always were a thorn in my path."

As I fell I saw Gaspro throw down one soldier and rush toward the other. Then a shot, and all was dark and still around me.

When I opened my eyes I found myself lying on the floor of a little unfurnished room, but fairly lighted by a small window. I arose with pain, and, leaning against the wall, tried to think. The recollection of my last adventure soon came to me. Probably I was in one of the upper rooms of the guard-house. I crept to the door and found it locked. The little window was about four feet over my head. I succeeded in reaching it, and looked out. The rock rose about forty feet from the house, and a brook ran between me and the cliff. To stay there would be ruin, whereas in daring further lay a possibility of escape. I forced myself through the small window, dropped down, and crept toward the brook. The water in the stream came to my waist; but as both banks were high I could walk along in it without my head showing. I soon heard distant voices, and raising my head carefully over the bank of the stream, I saw dark figures moving toward me. Suddenly a dark lantern was turned on the water close by my hiding-place. I dived under the water and held my breath until it seemed that the veins in my head would burst. When I could bear it no longer, I rose again, took breath, and listened. All was still. My pursuers had gone. I then climbed the bank on to the stony path. Wind and rain in my face, I strode rapidly on, with no other leader than the storm.

About five o'clock in the morning, as day began to dawn, I heard bells ringing, and saw a large city in front of me. Not daring to go any farther, I sought shelter in some thick shrubbery near the road. When night came on I continued my journey; but hunger soon drove me into a small village on the road. I crept softly between the cottages, and knocked on the minister's door. He opened it himself, and I told him my story. He gave me something to eat and to drink, an old coat in exchange for mine, and a few francs.

On the fifth day after my flight from Toulon I reached Italian ground. I begged my way from place to place until I arrived in Rome, where I hoped to find occupation if not friends. I hired a small room, rested a few days, and then eagerly sought work. Evening after evening I returned disappointed. The little money that I begged melted away. At last I could not pay my landlord, and he turned me out into the street. Mechanically I followed the stream of passers-by, which led me to St. Peter's. I crept in wearily, and sank down in the shadow of the large doors. Two men stood near me reading a poster that was hanging on one of the columns.

"Merciful Heavens!" said one; "how can a man risk his life for a few lire?"

"And with the certain knowledge that out of eighty men eight or ten fall and break their necks?"

"Horrible work!"

They passed on and were lost in the crowd.

I sprung up eagerly and read the notice. It was headed "Illumination of St. Peter's," and made known that eighty men were wanted to light the lamps on the dome and three hundred to light those on the columns. I went to the manager, had my name put on the list, received half my money down, and was to present myself there at eleven o'clock the next morning. I was there promptly, amid a crowd of miserable looking men. The doors of the bureau were soon open, and we crowded into the hall. My eyes seemed to be drawn toward one corner of the room. My heart stood still—it was no mistake—I had recognized Gasparo. I went over toward, and touching him, said:

"Gasparo, don't you know me?"

He raised himself up lazily and said, "Ah, Francois! I thought you were in Toulon."

"I can't thank you that I'm not there. Listen to me; if we both outlive this night, you shall give me satisfaction for your perfidy."

He looked indifferently at me, and lay down to sleep. At seven o'clock we were called up, and climbed the stairs that led to the dome. My place was about half-way up, and I saw Gasparo go up still higher. When we were all ready, we crept through the windows up to small boards hanging by ropes. Each one was given a lighted torch, with which he was to light the lamps that he passed as the ropes were let down. After I had lit all my lamps, I looked around at the scene. Suddenly I felt my rope shake, and looking up, saw a man putting a torch to it. Almighty God! It was Gasparo. With the agility of a cat I climbed up the rope, put my torch in the villain's face, and caught hold of the rope above where it was on fire.

Gasparo, blinded and wild with pain, gave a terrible yell and rolled down like a stone. Through all the humming of the living ocean beneath I heard the dull thud as my enemy struck the pavement. I had hardly recovered my breath when we were drawn up again.

I told the director what I had gone through. The truth of my story was proved by the half-burned rope, and I was given money enough to leave Rome.

Since then I have had many adventures, but never found myself in such terrible company as on the dome of St. Peter's on that fatal Easter.

RE-INVESTIGATED.

A Remarkable Statement Fully Confirmed by Three Important Interviews.

An unusual article from the Rochester (N. Y.) *Democrat and Chronicle* was published in this paper recently and has been the subject of much conversation both in professional circles and on the street. Apparently it caused more commotion in Rochester, as the following from the same paper shows:

Dr. J. B. Henion, who is well known not only in Rochester, but in nearly every part of America, sent an extended article to this paper, a few days since, which was duly published, detailing his remarkable experience and rescue from what seemed to be certain death. It would be impossible to enumerate the personal inquiries which have been made at our office as to the validity of the article, but they have been so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed an editorial necessity.

With this end in view a representative of this paper called on Dr. Henion at his residence, when the following interview occurred:

"That article of yours, doctor, has created quite a whirlwind. Are the statements about the terrible condition you were in, and the way you were rescued such as you can sustain?"

"Every one of them and many additional ones. Few people ever get so near the grave as I did and then return, and I am not surprised that the public think it marvelous. It was marvelous."

"How in the world did you, a physician, come to be brought so low?"

"By neglecting the first and most simple symptoms. I did not think I was sick. It is true I had frequent headaches; felt tired most of the time; could eat nothing one day and was ravenous the next; felt dull, indefinite pains, and my stomach was out of order, but I did not think it meant anything serious."

"But have these common ailments anything to do with the fearful Bright's disease which took so firm a hold on you?"

"Anything? Why, they are the sure indications of the first stages of that dreadful malady. The fact is, few people know or realize what ails them, and I am sorry to say that too few physicians do either."

"That is a strange statement, doctor."

"But it is a true one. The medical profession have been treating symptoms instead of diseases for years, and it is high time it ceased. We doctors have been clipping off the twigs when we should strike at the root. The symptoms I have just mentioned or any unusual action or irritation of the water channels indicate the approach of Bright's disease even more than a cough announces the coming of consumption. We do not treat the cough, but try to help the lungs. We should not waste our time trying to relieve the headache, stomach, pains about the body or other symptoms, but go directly to the kidneys, the source of most of these ailments."

"This, then, is what you meant when you said more than one-half the deaths which occur arise from Bright's disease, is it doctor?"

"Precisely. Thousands of so-called diseases are torturing people to-day, when in reality it is Bright's disease in some one of its many forms. It is a Hydra-headed monster and the slightest symptoms should strike terror to every one who has them. I can look back and recall hundreds of deaths which physicians declared at the time were caused by paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, pneumonia, malarial fever and other common complaints which I see now were caused by Bright's disease."

"And did all these cases have simple symptoms at first?"

"Every one of them, and might have been cured as I was by the timely use of the same remedy—Warner's Safe Cure. I am getting my eyes thoroughly open in this matter and think I am helping others to see the facts and their possible danger also. Why, there are no end of truths bearing on this subject. If you want to know more about it go and see Mr. Warner himself. He was sick the same as I, and is the healthiest man in Rochester to-day. He has made a study of this subject and can give you more facts than I can. Go, too, and see Dr. Lattimore, the chemist at the University. If you want facts there are any quantity of them showing the alarming increase of Bright's disease, its simple and deceptive symptoms, and there is but one way by which it can be escaped."

Fully satisfied of the truth and force of the Doctor's words, the reporter bade him good-day and called on Mr. Warner at his establishment on Exchange street. At first Mr. Warner was inclined to be reticent, but learning that the information desired was about the alarming increase of Bright's disease, his manner changed instantly, and he spoke very earnestly:

"It is true that Bright's disease has increased wonderfully, and we find, by reliable statistics, that in the past ten years its growth has been 250 per cent. Look at the prominent men it has carried off: Everett, Sumner, Chase, Wilson, Carpenter, Bishop Haven and Peck, and others. This is terrible, and shows a greater growth than that of any other known complaint. It should be plain to every one that something must be done to check this increase or there is no knowing where it may end."

"Do you think many people are afflicted with it to-day who do not realize it, Mr. Warner?"

"Hundreds of thousands. I have a striking example of this truth which has just come to my notice. A prominent professor in a New Orleans medical college was lecturing before his class on the subject of Bright's disease. He had various fluids under microscopic analysis and was showing the students what the indications of this terrible malady were. In order to show the contrast between healthy and unhealthy fluids he had provided a vial, the contents of which were drawn from his own person. 'And now, gentlemen,' he said, 'as we have seen the unhealthy indications I will show you how it appears in a state of perfect health,' and he submitted his own fluid to the usual test. As he watched the results his countenance suddenly changed—his color and command both left him, and in a trembling voice he said: 'Gentlemen, I have made a painful discovery; *I* have Bright's disease of the kidneys,' and in less than a year he was dead."

"You believe then, that it has no symptoms of its own and is frequently unknown even by the person who is afflicted with it?"

"It has no symptoms of its own and very often none at all. Usually no two people have the same symptoms, and frequently death is the first symptom. The slightest indication of any kidney difficulty should be enough to strike terror to any one. I know what I am talking about, for I have been through all the stages of kidney disease."

"You know of Dr. Henion's case?"

"Yes, I have both read and heard of it."

"It is very wonderful, is it not?"

"A very prominent case, but no more so than a great many others that have come to my notice as having been cured by the same means."

"You believe, then, that Bright's disease can be cured?"

"I know it can. I know it from the experience of hundreds of prominent persons who were given up to die by both their physicians and friends."

"You speak of your own experience, what was it?"

"A fearful one. I had felt languid and unfitted for business for years. But I did not know what ailed me. When, however, I found it was kidney difficulty, I thought there was little hope, and so did the doctors. I have since learned that one of the physicians of this city pointed me out to a gentleman on the street one day, saying, 'there goes a man who will be dead within a year.' I believe his words would have proven true if I had not fortunately secured and used the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Cure."

"And this caused you to manufacture it?"

"No, it caused me to investigate. I went to the principal cities, saw physicians prescribing and using it, and I therefore determined, as a duty I owed humanity and the suffering, to bring it within their reach, and now it is known in every part of America, is sold in every drugstore and has become a household necessity."

The reporter left Mr. Warner, much impressed with the earnestness and sincerity of his statements, and next paid a visit to Dr. S. A. Lattimore, at his residence on Prince street. Dr. Lattimore, although busily engaged upon some matters connected with the State board of health, of which he is one of the analysts, courteously answered the questions that were propounded him:

"Did you make a chemical analysis of the case of Mr. H. H. Warner some three years ago, doctor?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did this analysis show you?"

"The presence of albumen and tube casts in great abundance."

"And what did the symptoms indicate?"

"A serious disease of the kidneys."

"Did you think Mr. Warner could recover?"

"No, sir. I did not think it possible. It was seldom, indeed, that so pronounced a case had, up to that time, ever been cured."

"Do you know anything about the remedy which cured him?"

"Yes, I have chemically analyzed it and upon critical examination find it entirely free from any poisonous or deleterious substance."

We publish the foregoing statements in view of the commotion which the publicity of Dr. Henion's article has caused and to meet the protestations which have been made. The standing of Dr. Henion, Mr. Warner and Dr. Lattimore in the community is beyond question and the statements they make cannot for a moment be doubted. They conclusively show that Bright's disease of the kidneys is one of the most deceptive and dangerous of all diseases, that it is exceedingly common, alarmingly increasing and that it can be cured.

Wren and the Carpenter.

Philip Wood was a village carpenter, who had developed an uncommon skill in wood carving, and had made some striking figures for the adornment of his sweetheart's house, a lass above himself in rank and fortune. In the hope of improving his circumstances, and thus lessening the disparity between them, he went to London, where he sought work in vain, until his store of money was reduced to a single guinea.

The huge dome of St. Paul's was then rising above the smoke of London. Philip Wood applied to the foreman for work in carving the wood for the interior. Repulsed by him, he haunted the place day after day, and at last attracted the attention of the great Sir Christopher Wren himself.

"What have you been used to in carving?" asked the architect.

The carpenter, in the extremity of his agitation, could only stammer out:

"Troughs, your worship."

"Troughs!" said Sir Christopher; "then carve me as a specimen of your skill a sow and pigs—it will be something in your line—and bring to me this day week."

The poor fellow shrank away from the laughter of the workmen, and returned to his lodging in despair. But he had a friend in his landlady, who advised him to take Sir Christopher at his word, and carve the best sow and pigs he could in the time allotted.

With his last guinea he bought a block of pear-wood, and by using his utmost diligence finished the work in time, and took it under his apron to the appointed place.

The architect was there, and beckoned the trembling carpenter to approach. Upon inspecting the beautiful work, Sir Christopher said:

"I engage you, young man; attend at my office to-morrow."

A few hours after, Sir Christopher came to the carver and said:

"Mr. Addison wishes to keep your carving, and requests me to give you ten guineas for it." Then he added: "I fear I did you some injustice, but a great national work is intrusted to me, and it is my solemn duty to mind that no part of the work falls into inefficient hands. Mind and attend me to-morrow."

It is a pleasure to know that the young artist did much of the carving of St. Paul's, and married the girl of his heart, who could not have been sorry to change such a name as she had—Hannah Haybittle.

SAD SEQUEL TO AN OLD STORY.

A Wife Becomes Insane While Going to Meet Her Acquitted Husband.

A dispatch from Milwaukee, Wis., says:—The police wagon was called to the Union Station recently to convey to the Central Police Station a young married lady who was suddenly taken insane while on the train between Chicago and this city. Her name is Mrs. Mary A. Cowen, and she was on her way from her former home in Boston to join her husband, Corp. Cowan, of the Twenty-eighth United States Infantry, stationed at Fort McGinnis, Montana. There is a sad story connected with the young woman, with which, three years ago, the papers of the East were filled. The lady's name before marriage was Hampton, and she lived in a suburb of Boston. H. G. Hampton, the lady's father, was a man of means, doing a heavy real estate business in Boston. In the course of his speculations he became interested in Montana mines and purchased large tracts of rich ore-abounding lands in that Territory.

Three years ago, owing to complications in business, and difficulties experienced in securing a proper settlement of certain transactions in the West, he was called to Montana, and in the journey was accompanied by his daughter Mary. They were visitors at Fort McGinnis, the guests of the commanding officer. During their stay there the daughter made the acquaintance of a private in the ranks. They were thrown together constantly, and finally became engaged unknown to the father and the officers. Knowing that the wealthy parent would oppose the marriage of his daughter with a common soldier, arrangements were made for an elopement. The young couple, evading the watchfulness of the father and the authorities, finally ran away to St. Paul, Minn. They there were married and lived happily together until the officers sent in search of the deserter succeeded in finding the newly wedded ones and arrested the groom. The young wife was taken to her home in the East by her father, and Cowan was returned to Fort McGinnis. The young man was tried for desertion before a court martial, but was acquitted. His young wife was informed of the fact and letters were sent to her asking her to start at once for the West. Despite the remonstrances of her father, she started from Boston the first of the week, but under the long strain of trouble and anxiety her mind gave way. She raves and moans and at times is utterly uncontrollable.

The Circus Canvas.

How the Cincinnati *Enquirer* found this out is a mystery. "And what, in the name of goodness, is this?" asked Mrs. David Davis as the Senator lugged something into the room and dropped it at her feet. "This is my shirt, darling, and I will be greatly obliged if you will sew on a button for me." "David Davis," said the lady, sternly, "when you bring me your shirt I will sew on a button for you with pleasure, as becomes a fond and dutiful wife; but just now, sir, I must insist upon your removing this circus canvas from my apartment."

A LONG RANGE.—English capitalists have bought the Pan-handle of Texas, which has an area of 5,000 square miles. The contract has been put out for a wire fence 200 miles long to head off the cattle from ranging north.

A "POCKET GUIDE" for instruction in the art of swimming has been published in New York. When you fall overboard and don't know how to swim, all you have to do is to tread water and read your guide.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

A Reminder from President Gardner—A Singular Discovery—Greatness, Etc.

Judge Cadaver has lately fallen into the habit of showing up at Paradise Hall an hour before the meetings open, and studying art with no one to bother or make him afraid. By a careful inspection of the busts of Cæsar, Jackson, Clay, Shakespeare and Sumner, and by a close inspection of the three or four sacred horse-pistols, the four renowned swords and the half-dozen chromos, he has become almost a connoisseur, and can almost tell the difference between a genuine Reubens and a tea-store plaque. He was on hand as usual Saturday evening. Samuel Shin left him standing before the bust of Cæsar and went down stairs after an onion. Upon his return the Judge lay senseless on the floor, and around him were the fragments of the busted bust. The Judge had scarcely revived when the meeting opened, but there was no shade of pity in Brother Gardner's voice as he arose and said:

"Judge Cadaver will be given two weeks to replace de bust wid a new one havin' de same squint to de left eye. In case he fails to do so he will be fined about 'leven hundred dollars. Gem'len, dar' am a few things I would like to call your 'tenshun to. De sezun has now arrove for pullin' ole hats and pillers outer de broken winders, an' I seize de occashun to ax you to remember:

"Dat a front gate off its hinges means a slip-shod man in de house.

"Dat a red nose means a hungry flour barrel.

"Dat no man eber got work sittin' on de fence an' discussin' de needs ob de kentry.

"Dat de less pollytics a man has de mo' cash he kin pay his grocer.

"Dat argyments on religion won't build churches nor pay de preachers.

"Dat a fam'ly which nebber borrows nor lends keeps nayburs de longest.

"Dat beauty will starve in de parlor whar' common sense will grow fat in de kitchen.

"Dat de world am full of mice-holes, an' all de cats need do am to watch an' wait.

"Dat economy doan' mean buyin' kaliker fur yer wife an' broad-cloth for yurself.

"Dat progress doan' mean fittin' ole deahs to new buildin's.

"Dat liberty doan' gin you de right to eat anoder man's chickens.

"Dat success achieved by rascality am a fish net made o' yarn.

"Let us now pureced to attack the reg'lar programmy o' business, an' if dar am any mo' coughin' and spittin' ober in de fur co'ner, sartin pussons will witness purceedin's dat will cast a gloom ober de nex' fifty y'ars."

WAYDOWN BEBEE'S DISCOVERY.

Some weeks since Waydown Bebee announced in open meeting that he had discovered a direct motion of the earth from north to south, and he predicted a very poor cabbage crop in consequence. The subject was given to the Committee on Astronomy to investigate and report, with power to expend twenty-four cents is experiments, and at this meeting the and committee announced the completion of its labors. It appeared that Brother Bebee had discovered the new motion in his own house. All the furniture turned to the south, and the baby was continually falling down in that direction. A jar of soft soap had worked clear across the kitchen in one night, and the family dog had to lie with his head to the east or west. The committee had visited the house and made a careful survey, and the result was the discovery of the fact that the south side of Brother Bebee's cabin had sunk down eleven inches and was still going. The theory of a new motion was therefore disproved, and the cabbage crop was safe.

THE ROAD.

The Secretary then announced a letter from the office of the State Board of Health of Ohio, asking:

"Will Brother Gardner please point out the road to greatness?"

"Dat's 'cording to de kind of greatness he means," said the President. "Great generals am made by bloody butcheries; great orators am made by takin' lessons in elocushun; great financiers am made by legally robbing de public; great statesmen am made by stayin' in Congress fo' y'ars on a salary of $5,000 per y'ar an' bringin' home $200,000. Presidents am sometimes voted into office, and sometimes dey steal in. If this pusson will significate de kind o' greatness he desires to obercome his achin' brows, I reckon I kin put him on de right road an' tell him whar' ell de folks am."

A Man With a Movable Interior.

A man who was brought into the municipal court recently by Officer McCarthy is fearfully and wonderfully made, surely enough, says the *Minnesota Tribune*. The different parts of his internal anatomy are so pliable and the ligaments that hold them together so elastic, that he can, when not satisfied with nature's arrangement of his internal organs, rearrange them apparently to suit himself. He looks like an ordinary seal brown negro, but claims to be a Zulu, and a descendant of King Cetawayo. Before the horrified magistrate he exhibited some wonderful feats. His heart he brought up to a position just in front of his right shoulder blade. He exhibited a double set of ribs, the ordinary one to cover his pectoral region and another for the protection of his abdomen. He was just going to pull his diaphragm over his head like a nightcap, when the terrified Judge thought he had seen enough, and wisely determining that he was a dangerous citizen to have around St. Paul, sent him to the workhouse for twenty-five days on the charge of drunk and disorderly, but remitted the penalty on condition of the poor fellow's leaving town.

A Pocket Companion.

Dr. C. D. Barham, Southampton Co., Va., endorses it. When a small thing full of virtue and speedy cure, can insure against sudden death or violent pains, it ought to be carried about the person as a pocket companion. Dr. Worthington's Cholera and Diarrhoea Medicine is recommended by eminent physicians, statesmen and ministers as the best and surest cure for all kinds of stomach and bowel complaints. Price 25 and 50 cents.

IN conversation, humor is more than wit, easiness more than knowledge; few desire to learn or to think they need it; all desire to be pleased, or, if not, easy.—Sir William Temple.

Liver disease, headache and constipation, caused by bad digestion, quickly cured by Brown's Iron Bitters.

BE fearful only of thyself; and stand in awe of none more than thine own conscience. There is a Cato in every man; a severe Censor of his manners. And he that reverences this judge will seldom do anything he need repent of.—Fuller.

LEWIS, IOWA. Dr. M. J. Davis says: "Brown's Iron Bitters give the best of satisfaction to those who use it."

A GOOD word is an easy obligation, but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.—Tilloston.

GARFIELD, IOWA, Dr. A. T. Henak says: "Once using Brown's Iron Bitters proves its superiority over all other tonic preparations."

WHATEVER disgrace we have merited, it is almost always in our power to re-establish our reputation.—LaRochefoucauld.

Lost Faith in Physicians.

There are innumerable instances where cures have been effected by Rosadalis for all diseases of the blood, when they had been given over by their physicians. It is one of the best remedies ever offered to the public, and as it is prepared with the greatest care as a specific for certain diseases, it is no wonder that it should be more effectual than hastily written and carelessly prepared prescriptions made by incompetent physicians. Take this medicine for all disorders arising from impure blood. It is indorsed by leading professional men as well as by eminent physicians and others. Try it.

THE secret of success is to know how to deny yourself, and other people.

Ladies & children's boots & shoes can't run over if Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners are used.

LONG AGO.—More than half a century ago Widow Ross of Lyman, Maine, advertised in the Kennebunk *Gazette* for information of her son, whose name, singularly enough, was Charlie Ross, and who had mysteriously disappeared.

The first real skin cure ever discovered was Dr. Benson's Skin Cure. It cures all rough and scaly skin diseases and makes the skin smooth and healthy. It is an ornament to any lady's toilet.

THE conqueror is regarded with awe, the wise man commands our esteem; but it is the benevolent man who wins our affection.—From the French.

Gastrine.

A lady says: "When I feel at all distressed after eating, a tablespoonful of GASTRINE gives me almost instant relief." Druggists.

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Questions and Answers.

What is the best Hair Dresser? What is the best Dandruff Eradicator? Which is the best Hair Restorer? Which is the best of all Preparations for the Hair? CARBOLINE.

HE who waits to do a great deal at once will never do anything.—Johnson.

"*Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills cured my wife immediately of severe neuralgia.*—H. M. Cocklin, Shepherdtown, Pa. 50c

HUMILITY is a virtue all preach, none practice, and yet everybody is content to hear.—John Selden.

FOR dyspepsia, indigestion, depression of spirits and general debility, in their various forms; also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever and other sickness, it has no equal.

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth.—Francis Bacon.

Drops of Water.

Mr. JOSEPH G. BICKNELL, No. 612 Main Street, Cambridgeport, Mass., writes, April 27, 1883: "I have been terribly afflicted for a number of years with gravel 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 as many as fifteen times during the night. I tried several physicians; they did me no good, but a friend of mine, 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 pea, followed by smaller ones. 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 (68) sixty-eight years, I can truly say I feel like a young man with strength and vitality. My family use the Remedy, and would not be without it, and never fail to recommend it to our friends and neighbors in Cambridge and Boston. You are at liberty to use my name in praise of the best kidney and liver medicine, Hunt's Remedy."

"Did Wonders for Me."

The above words are from Mr. LEWIS KEEN, No. 9 Highland Avenue, Malden, Mass., April 28, 1883. He says: "I have been troubled for years with kidney and liver complaint, followed by gravel, with severe pains in my back and groins. I had great trouble in passing water, it being scanty, and accompanied by terrible burning, the vessel being coated with brick-dust deposit. I was recommended to use Hunt's Remedy by a friend who had been completely cured of a similar trouble. I purchased a bottle at the druggist's, and commenced to improve at once. I have used but two bottles, and it has done wonders for me—no more kidney trouble, no more pain. It has given me new life, and I would not be without Hunt's Remedy at any price. It is all that it is recommended to be, and I cheerfully give this testimony for the benefit of the many sufferers from kidney disease and gravel."

HE that wants money, means and content is without three good friends.—Shakespeare.

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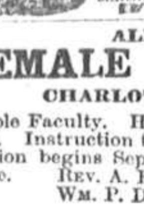

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