NEGRO CORN-SHUCKING.

Come, grab up a rail an' fling it 'cross de corn,
Sing er jurangi, ho;
Yer mus' beat de udder squad jus' as shore's yer born,
Sing er jurangi, ho;
De Guinea nigger shucks like skinnin' a squr'l,
Sing er jurangi, ho;
Keeps de corn in de air in a reg'lar whirl,
Sing er jurangi, ho;
An' er rake dem shucks back,
Roun' up de corn,
Put de nubbins in de feed sack
Doan' yer hear my horn?

Watch de yaller nigger, fur he's gwine fur to cheat,
Sing er jurangi, ho;
He's got a lot ob corn dar, un'er his feet,
Sing er jurangi, ho;
We's diggin' like a hen er scratchin' for de bug
Sing er jurangi, ho;
I'se got a red year, come, gimme dat jug,
Sing er jurangi, ho;
An' er dar, we's boun' beat yer.
Put up de pen,
Thought we couldn't meet yer—
Foolin' wid men.

—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The Two Marthens.

Exact similarity of names between two individuals who are not related in any way is generally cause for considerable amusement to those who know of it, but Anson Marthen, civil engineer and railway builder, whose headquarters were in New York, suffered more or less nearly every day of his life for the reason that there was another man of exactly the same name who also lived in New York, but had no business or profession whatever. The men were unlike in almost every particular, except that both were bachelors and fond of ladies. Anson Marthen, the engineer, earned a pleasing number of dollars every year, and always paid his bills as soon as they were presented; his nominal double never earned a penny and never paid a bill when he could avoid it, and as his peculiarity had become prominent enough to be talked about, it occasionally subjected the honest Marthen to exasperating indignities from persons who knew the name, but not the men who bore it. The dishonest Marthen, on the contrary, got all necessary credit at tailors' shops, livery stables, and even hotels where the existence of the two Marthens was not known; he had merely to devise some excuse to talk of railroad and engineering to be taken for his entirely reputable double. His bills, in the course of time, reached the engineer's office, and were the cause of much profane language from the wrong Marthen and much fun among the two or three clerks and draughtsmen whom the busy railroad builder employed.

Worse still, the honest Marthen was sometimes chillingly received by persons to whom he was introduced and who had heard of the other bearer of the same name. Worst of all, ladies sometimes seemed disappointed when he was presented to them, for his rascally double was handsome enough to be talked about, while the engineer, although of perfect manner, unfortunately had rugged and disproportionate features. When, finally, he was arrested one afternoon on a charge of obtaining goods under false pretenses, the complainant being the father of a lady to whom he had just been presented, and the officers catching him as he emerged from her house, the lady herself beholding the affair from a window, he went in his wrath to his lawyer and prepared a petition to the Legislature, that for reasons already stated in this story, he might be permitted to assume his mother's family name as a middle name.

But even this relief he could not expect, until more than half a year later, for the arrest occurred in June and the Legislature would not meet again until January. One thing, however, he could and would do; he would manage to see his troublesome double so that he might afterward know him by sight and defend himself against him whenever he found himself in close social or business proximity to the rascal. To find the dishonest Marthen was no easy task; it required a fortnight's effort on the part of two different detectives, but at last Marthen was informed that the man who lived upon the engineer's reputation was at Saratoga, so the indignant man hastily packed his trunk and hurried off to that crowded village.

On the train he chanced to find a pleasant and entirely innocent traveling acquaintance. A well-dressed, not uncomely lady who sat in front of him endeavored to raise a window and Marthen hastened to assist her, getting a pleasant smile and a word of thanks in payment. Marthen skillfully involved the lady in conversation, and finding, to his great delight, that she was amiable but not smart, quite susceptible, yet not inclined to flirt, he became very devoted. He detested smart women; several of his friends had married such beings and never ceased to regret the step; smart women had often tried to "catch" Marthen himself, for an income of a thousand a month was not to be despised, and he had not always escaped with ease. Marthen fully intended to marry some day, but he had been determined that he would be entirely satisfied with a plain, rather stupid woman if only he could find one who was amiable.

The trip to Saratoga consumed six hours when Marthen first made it; and as one-sixth of this time has often been sufficient to the birth of violent admirations of men for women, it is not remarkable that when the journey ended Marthen was so favorably impressed by his new acquaintance that he regretted, on leaving the train, that he had not strained his habitual courtesy enough to learn her name, and ask the honor of being again allowed to meet her, for she had let drop the fact that she was a widow. It was now too late to do this, but not too late to hope; he was sure of finding friends at Saratoga; he could hardly help seeing her somewhere, somehow, if he remained, for she had intimated that she expected to spend a month with some relatives; his profession consisted in the work of overcoming obstacles, so he felt sure he would make his way again to the side of this pleasant little lady, and perhaps—

His reverie and resolution were interrupted as he signed the hotel register, for when the clerk read the signature that official winked at rather a rough-looking man with whom he had been talking, then the rough-looking man read the signature and exclaimed:

"You're just the man I'm looking for, Mr. Marthen—I've only just been able to find out where you were stopping; can't you give me a check for this carriage bill? Its been running nearly a month, and the boys said you—"

"I'm not the man you want," said Marthen, first saying something that would not look well in print.

"Your name is" ——

"Yes, yes, yes," interrupted Marthen; "but there is another man of the same name and he's a swindler. I came here to run him down; I've got detectives after him; come here this evening and they will put you on his track."

For an hour or more Marthen was in very bad temper, but he grew calmer when, strolling out to look at the crowd of carriages and their occupants, he met several acquaintances who had temporarily abjured billiards or flirting for the same purpose. As he chatted with one of these a carriage passed slowly and Marthen saw in it the amiable little widow he had met on the train in the morning. She did not seem to recognize him, but his friend raised his hat and was smiled upon.

"Who is she, Jenks?—tell me, quick."

"She's Mrs. Whitlayton, widow of Will Whitlayton, who was just starting to make a fortune in wool when, a couple of years ago, he took pneumonia and died. He left her twenty or thirty thousand dollars, though—enough to make lazy, well-dressed fellows swarm around her like flies around a sugar barrel."

"Has she any family?" asked Marthen.

"No; she makes her home with an uncle and aunt whom she doesn't love any too well, I'm told. A young widow must have a home, though, you know, if she doesn't want to be talked about. Excuse me a moment," continued Marthen's friend, taking the arm of a gentleman who was about to pass them, "here's a good fellow you ought to know, Cranch; do you know my friend Anson Marthen? Mr. Marthen, Mr. Cranch."

"I'm very glad to know you, sir," said Mr. Cranch, "but, if it isn't too impudent a question to ask on so short acquaintance, why are you strolling on foot with Fred here, while your charming fiancee is riding alone?"

"My fiancee?" exclaimed the engineer, in astonishment, while his friend looked inquiringly.

"I hope I am not mistaken," said Mr. Cranch. "I've been told that Mrs. Whitlayton was soon to become Mrs. Anson Marthen."

Marthen's face blackened, as he exclaimed through tightly closed jaws:

"Gentleman, this is horrible. I never knew the lady's name until five minutes ago. My villainous double—you know all about him, Fred—that rascal has probably made love to her for her money and persuaded her to marry him. What is to be done?"

One gentleman shrugged his shoulders and the other raised his eyebrows, Mr. Cranch finally said:

"I suppose it's nobody's business, the lady has been married before; she ought to be able to choose for herself."

"I'll make it my business," hissed Marthen, as he turned abruptly and hurried to his hotel, where he had the good fortune to find one of the detectives awaiting him and full of news. The scapegrace Marthen, he said, had been living quietly at a small boarding-house, but his servant, who had not been paid for so long that he was willing for a ten-dollar bill to tell all he knew, had divulged the fact that the rascal knew he was being watched; he was frightened, and he was up to some new dodge, though he did not know what, that very evening; all the African could say was that his master had twice visited a sickly-looking man, whom the servant had seen somewhere as a preacher, and that Marthen was to go there again that very evening and meet the sickly man in a garden. The servant suspected a wedding, for his master had ordered his dress suit and spring overcoat brushed with extra care.

Marthen almost lost his head in his rage, but the detective rapidly laid a plan to entrap the rascal. He would hire the negro to steal his master's overcoat and hat, which he, the detective, would put on and then call upon the minister, just after dark, with the hope of successfully assuming the manner and appearance of the rogue and worming himself into the secret. Marthen approved the plan in general, but insisted upon one change; he would wear the coat and hat himself; the detective consented, for, after all, money was what he was working for, and he was being well paid for his services.

The negro was again bribed, and he not only stole the overcoat and hat, but named the hour at which his master had told him he would go out. Then the faithful servant led Marthen to the sickly minister's boarding-house, while the detective prevented the other Marthen escaping. The other Marthen scarcely knew what to do; he paced the sidewalk opposite the designated garden; he saw figures occasionally enter and emerge, but none that he could recognize.

Suddenly, however, just after two plainly-dressed women had passed in, a thin figure crossed the street and whispered:

"She is there."

Marthen followed the preacher, wondering in what words to break gently to Mrs. Whitlayton the intelligence that the man she had promised to marry was a worthless scamp. But before he could say anything the lady was leaning on his arm, and the minister was saying,

"As night air—ahem—is very dangerous to my lungs—ahem—I know you will excuse me for losing no time. Anson Marthen, do you take this woman to be your wedded wife?"

Marthen was so astonished that he could scarcely maintain his position or find his tongue. He recovered, however, as Mrs. Whitlayton pressed closer to his side and whispered:

"Speak—quick—if you love me!"

"I do," said Marthen, softly, yet earnestly.

"Yes," whispered the lady.

"Then," said the minister, "I pronounce you man and wife, and what God has joined together let no man put assunder. Mr. Marthen, I will have the certificate ready in the morning, if you will send for it."

"Come away at once," whispered the bride. "If the dreadful enemies you wrote me about should see you, what would happen?"

Marthen talked little but thought rapidly as he drew his wife away and rapidly along. At the first secluded spot they reached, however, he placed his arms around her, with one hand ready to place over her mouth should he attempt to shriek, he rapidly explained himself. As he had already discovered Mrs. Whitlayton was not smart. She was so dazed by all she heard that she knew nothing but that she had been legally married to a man whom she had never seen but twelve hours before, but whom she had then determined was very much of a gentleman. What could she do in her delicate position but act according to his advice, which was that they should take the night train for New York and go to her husband's home and his mother? So they did, and when they reached there, and the son had explained to his mother, the bride confided to her mother-in-law that it seemed she had known her husband for a year.

And the Anson Marthen who remained a bachelor recovered his hat and overcoat without recourse to law.—*New York Hour.*

JUST THE SAME.

A Mother's Story of Her Little One and Its Punishment.

[From Our Continent.]

Nearly all mothers must meet, sooner or later, the problem of how to rebuke or punish a sensitive child without wounding or destroying his self-respect. (The term self-respect here includes that mild form of self-esteem which often fortifies a child against discreditable acts.) With different temperaments entirely different methods are necessary. Two children in the same family often need opposite modes of treatment. I therefore attempt to lay down no general rule, but venture to give my own successful solution in one difficult case, hoping that it may prove at least suggestive in other and similar ones.

I early found self-respect to be the basis of all good manifestations in my little daughter—the corner-stone upon which alone I could build firmly. If I make the mistake of correcting her fault in such a way as to lessen her self-respect, everything seemed to give way beneath us—I had nothing left to build upon.

When she was three years old, I was startled into deep consideration of this matter. Up to this time she had been so habitually and cheerfully obedient that I rarely corrected her, and she lived in a joyous atmosphere of approval very sweet to her soul. From the height of conscious rectitude she obeyed with the air of noblesse oblige, and her prompt and loving acquiescence led us to believe that no difficulty lay in the path of her development. But one day, in a sudden freak of temper, she did wrong, very wrong, and I, amazed and shocked, rebuked her quickly, little thinking how wrong it was for me to say, "You naughty girl! Mamma does not love you when you do so!" Instantly my loving little daughter was transformed. She screamed, pushed me away, and sobbed herself into quiet at last in a far corner. Even after comparative cheerfulness was restored she repelled all my advances, and carried a strange, hard look in her face while she played with her dollies, ignoring my presence.

Within a few hours she disobeyed me again, and, in reply to a gentle rebuke, said sullenly: "I not care—mamma not love me!" From that time, for two days, she showed a dogged, hateful spirit, willfully disobeying me, and always saying: "I not care; I not want to be good!" or, "I not good girl; mamma not love me!"

I saw, too late, that by calling her naughty, and making her think my love withdrawn, I had brought the sensitive little soul to despair. Self-respect and public respect were lost. She had no motive for good behavior. The three-year-old desperado was equal to any villainy. She despised the blandishment of the mother who did not love her. Her lips were unresponsive to my kiss. She was absolutely cold and unapproachable, yet with a most pathetic look of misery haunting her eyes.

Finally, I knelt on the floor beside her, and very tenderly explained that, however naughty she might be, mamma loved her just the same; that nothing she could ever do would stop mamma's loving her. An incredulous, hesitant look was her only response. I then dilated on my theme, saying always that I should love her "just the same." "Just the same?" she repeated wonderingly. So, at last, I won my rebel. She clung to me convulsively, and kept asking in a soft, delighted voice such questions as these: "If I strike, does oo love me just de same?" And when I said that it would make me sad that I might be compelled to punish her, but that I should love her just the same, she would hug and kiss me in an ecstasy. For the next twenty-four hours she continued to propound, with wistful look, new conundrums of childish infancy, always ending with, "and oo'd love me just de same?"

At last she was fully reassured, and ever since, through all vicissitudes of discipline, she has had perfect confidence in my unshaken love.

REFORMING BAD BOYS.—The Rev. Dr. Wayland, of the *National Baptist*, has been investigating as to the morals of persons who were inmates of the Elmira Reformatory. He claims that their experience in that institution has a tendency to work genuine reformation in them. As a proof of this he states that ninety-three per cent. of them have shown after leaving the Reformatory that their reformation is sincere. Dr. Wayland says that he suspects that not many of our colleges could show that ninety-three per cent. of the graduates had turned out well.

CLOSE FIGURING.—Patti, at $5,000 a night, will get about $5 a breath in "Lucia." She is on the stage, by the watch, just sixty-two minutes during the three acts. This gives her $80 and some odd cents every minute. The average rate of respiration is about eighteen a minute, so that for each breath is paid $4.44. In "Lucia" there are 1,200 words and 2,800 notes, so that Patti is paid $4.16 a word and $1.75 a note.

A QUEEN OF THE STAGE.

"Her Second Love," and the Important Secret She Reveals for the Benefit of Women.

(*New York World.*)

Several years ago the American public were aroused by the entree upon the stage of a little lady who had been previously but little announced. She was one of an innumerable number of aspirants for public favor and had no instrumentality, aside from her own talents, to cause recognition. In spite of this fact, however, she quickly achieved a warm place in the heart of the public, which she has continued to hold ever since. When it was announced, therefore, that Miss Maud Granger would star the coming season in the play "Her Second Love," written by Mr. John A. Stevens, it was only natural that the interest ... manifested not only in theatrical circles, but in other branches of the community. This was specially the case, as it was known that Miss Granger had for the past year, been in exceedingly delicate health, and the determination to star in a strong emotional play was the more surprising. One of the staff of this paper was accordingly deputed to see the popular lady and verify the rumor or announce its incorrectness.

Miss Granger's countenance is familiar to nearly every one in the United States. It is a face once seen never to be forgotten. Features remarkable in their outline and contour are surmounted by a pair of large and deep eyes indicative of the greatest soul power. It is easy to see where Miss Granger obtains the ability to portray characters of the most emotional nature. She possesses within herself the elements of feeling, without which no emotion can be conveyed to an audience. The man of news found the lady at her home in this city, and was accorded a quiet welcome. It was evident at once that she was in greatly improved health, which the expression and color of her countenance both indicated.

"Is it true, Miss Granger, that you contemplate a starring tour the coming season?"

"Yes indeed. My season begins in Chicago on July 16. From there I go to San Francisco, and then play the remainder of the season through the Eastern and Western States."

"Are you confident your health will permit such an undertaking?"

A ringing laugh was the first reply to this question, after which she said:

"Certainly. It is true I have been ill for the past two years, but now I am wholly recovered. Few people can have any idea of the strain a conscientious actress undergoes in essaying an emotional part. It is necessary to put one's whole soul into the work in order to rightly portray the character. This necessitates an utter abandonment of one's personality and an assumption of the character portrayed. If this is an emotional part it is necessary to *feel* the same emotions the part is supposed to feel. For more than a year I actually cried each night in certain passages of a part I was playing. The audience considered it art. Probably it was, but those were none the less real tears and the effect was none the less trying upon my health."

"But do you anticipate avoiding this in the future?"

"Not in the least. I expect to have just as great a strain as before, but with restored health and a knowledge of how to retain it I do not fear."

"You speak of a 'knowledge of how to retain health.' Will you please explain what you mean by that?"

"You must be aware that women by their very natures are subject to troubles and afflictions unknown to the sterner sex. The name of these troubles is legion, but in whatever form they may come they are weaknesses which interfere with every ambition and hope in life. I believe thousands of noble women are to-day suffering agonies of which even their best friends and relatives know little or nothing, and when I reflect upon it I confess it makes me sad. Now all this misery arises largely from an ignorance of the laws of life or a neglect to carefully observe them. I speak from the depths of a bitter experience in saying this, and I am thankful I know the means of restoration, and how to remain in perfect health."

"Please explain more fully."

"Well, I have found a remedy which seems specially adapted for this very purpose. It is pure and palatable and controls the health and life as, I believe, nothing else will. It is really invaluable and if all the women in America were to use it I am quite sure most of the suffering and many the ... might be avoided."

"What is this wonderful remedy?"

"Warner's Safe Cure."

"And you use it?"

"Constantly."

"And hence believe you will be able to go through the coming season successfully."

"I am quite certain of it."

"A few questions more, Miss Granger. Will you please give me a list of the parts you have created and the plays you have taken part in since your first appearance in public?"

"I first played for some time with the amateurs in New York and Brooklyn. I then went to the Union Square theatre for two seasons, after that to the Boston Globe for one season and then to Booth's theatre in this city. Next I supported John McCullough and afterwards starred in Juliet, Camille, Rosalind, etc. Subsequently I created the part of Cicely Blaine in the 'Galley Slave' and also starred in 'Two Nights in Rome,' playing the part of Antonia. The past year I have been playing in the 'Planter's Wife' and the coming season, as I have said, will be devoted to 'Her Second Love.'"

As the writer was returning home he fell into a train of musing and wondered if all the women in this land who are suffering could only know Miss Granger's experience and the remarkable results achieved by the pure remedy she used, how much suffering might be avoided and how much happiness secured.

A Big Hotel Bill.

"Do you see that comfortable self-satisfied looking colored man standing near Attorney-General Brewster's red wheeled carriage?" asked a man in Washington. That man has a history. He is a $1,200 clerk, now in the Interior Department, and he seems content with his lot. He is entitled to the proud distinction of having paid the biggest hotel bill in this or any other country." On being pressed to tell the story about this monster hotel bill, the gentleman said that the man who is now the $1,200 clerk was in the early days of reconstruction the Secretary of State of South Carolina. He had been educated for the ministry, but having gone into politics he was elected Secretary of State. The Governor and financial agent concocted a scheme to issue $6,000,000 of State bonds for the purpose of taking up certain outstanding bonds. The Legislature authorized the issue of bonds, but there was something crooked about the matter, and it was necessary that the bonds should be put on the market as secretly and expeditiously as possible. It was determined to go to New York and issue the bonds there, where they were to be sold. The Governor, Financial Agent and Secretary of State arrived in New York in due time, where elegant apartments had been taken in the St. Denis Hotel. The proprietor of the hotel had demanded a pretty high figure for entertaining the party, but when he found out that the Secretary of State was a negro he refused to entertain him at any price. He said that if it were known that a negro was putting up at the hotel his patrons would desert him at once. The Governor and Financial Agent were in a dilemma. The Secretary of State they knew was very timid and they were afraid, if they suggested to him that he would have to seek other quarters, he would take himself back to South Carolina, with the great seal of State, and their pretty scheme would be knocked in the head. They therefore went to the landlord and explained the trouble frankly, and promised if he would permit the Secretary of State to remain they would take their meals in their rooms and would, besides, pay him any sum he would demand for damages he might suffer by the presence of the negro in the house. The party remained at the St. Denis forty-five days and put their $6,000,000 of bonds on the market. The bill of the Secretary of State for the forty-five days' entertainment was $12,-009, or a little over $265 a day.

THE MENNONITES.—The Mennonites of our country number now 410 churches or organizations, 250 ministers, and about 50,000 communicant members. This sect was founded by Simon Menno, in 1536, in the Netherlands. Many of his followers came to this country at the invitation of William Penn. They have spread through the country, but are still most numerous in Pennsylvania.

Full of Hope.

Dr. Charles Lloyd, of Great Bridge, Va., endorsed it. In the full vigor of life, a sudden cramp is often the precursor of death. Dr. Worthington's renowned Cholera and Diarrhoea Medicine should be in every household, as a sure cure for all complaints of the stomach and bowels. Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle.

A SEVEN-YEAR older, with the punster mark on his brow, at dinner asked his mother what was in the jar on the table. "Pickles, my son," was the reply. "Then, mamma, pickle little one out for me," came with a stunning force from the child, and the mother fell over a chair and fainted.

"Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills for the cure of Neuralgia are a success."—Dr. G. P. Holman, Christianburg, Va. 50 cts. at druggists.

THERE is more sense than poetry in the remark of somebody's wife, who said she was glad the family was not rich, "for then we wouldn't have half the fun we now have in paying our bills and trying to save a dollar for a rainy day"

"*Five doctors; no end of medicine; no relief. Dr. Benson's Skin Cure has driven away all eruptions and I'm nearly well.*"—Ida C. Young, Hamilton, Ill.

ARMY worms are taking Rapides parish, La.

Do you sleep badly at night? Why suffer from indigestion? GASTRINE will give you relief. GASTRINE is in liquid form. All druggists.

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.

Read This.

The Army and Navy Liniment takes the soreness out of spavin, ringbone, splint or curb, and arrests their growth. Cures colic, scratches and other diseases. Good for man or beast. For sale by all druggists.

THERE are $800,-000 in the State Treasury of Texas.

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

THERE are 600 more men than women in Butler county, Ala.

Not a drink, not sold in bar-rooms, but a reliable, non-alcoholic tonic medicine, useful at all times, and in all seasons, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

FIVE thousand alligator hides were recently shipped from Orange, Texas.

WALTERBORO, S. C. Dr. J. M. Klein says: "Brown's Iron Bitters have given universal satisfaction."

IMMENSE quantities of tomatoes are being shipped from Chattanooga, some 600 boxes daily.

CONYERS, GA. Dr. W. H. Lee says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is a good medicine and many are using it in this place."

IT may be a mighty big source for consolation when a po' man sets down and says: "It's all right, fur de rich man can't git ter Heaben; but gib de po' man a chance, an' see how quick he'd stan' in de rich man's shoes."

We Advise It.

If your hair is thin and falling out, if you are becoming prematurely bald, if your hair is dry and sickly, use Carboline, the great natural Hair Restorer. One dollar a bottle.

A JUDGE in Toronto, Canada, on discharging a snow-balling youngster, remarked that "the boy who would not peg snow-balls should be put under a glass as a unique specimen."

CHAPPED hands, face pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

"HERE, now," said a mother to her little boy, "take this good medicine. It's sweet as sugar." "Mamma, I love little brother," the boy replied; "give it to him."

PURE cod-liver oil, from selected livers on the sea shore by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, Absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians declare it superior to all other oils.

OFFENDED.—Harvard students are offended by a remark of President Eliot that the initiation ceremonies of their secret societies "have ceased to be barbarous and are simply foolish."

ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich. will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young and old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

A BOSTON artist painted a string of ten trout so naturally that the man who bought it told everybody that he had purchased a picture of 575 trout all on one string.—*Philadelphia.*

DR. WORTHINGTON'S

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"Cholera & Diarrhoea Medicine" TRADEMARK

THE GREAT CHOLERA CRAMP AND DIARRHOEA CURE

USED OVER 25 YEARS.

The best remedy for Cholera, Cramps, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Summer Complaint, Dyspepsia, *and other affections of the stomach and bowels.* Introduced in the Army, 1862, by Surgeon-General C. S. A. Recommended by Gen. Warren, Purveyor-General; Hon. Kenneth Rayner, Solicitor U. S. Treasury, and others. Price, 25 cts. Sold by Druggists and Dealers. Only genuine if our name is blown in bottle. Sole proprietors, THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD., U. S. A.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, by increasing vital power, and rendering the physical functions regular and active, keeps the system in good working order, and protects it against disease. For constipation, dyspepsia and liver complaint, nervousness, kidney and rheumatic ailments, it is invaluable, and it affords a sure defence against malarial fevers, besides removing all traces of such disease from the system. For sale by all druggists and dealers generally.

A YOUNG man from New York thought he would like to be a farmer, and the first day he tried it he came into the house with his clothes in shreds, blood flowing from his nose and filth all over him, and in response to his wife's inquires as to what was the matter, said he had been milking the cow.

The Doctor's Indorsement.

Dr. W. D. Wright, Cincinnati, O., sends the subjoined professional indorsement: "I have prescribed Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs in a great number of cases and always with success. One case in particular was given up by several physicians who had been called in for consultation with myself. The patient had all the symptoms of confirmed consumption—cold night sweats, hectic fever, harrassing cough, etc. He commenced immediately to get better and was soon restored to his usual health. I have also found Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs the most valuable expectorant for breaking up distressing coughs and colds that I have ever used."

Durno's Catarrh Snuff cures Catarrh and all affections of the mucous membrane.

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 Veteran Soldier.

Mr. G. F. BOWLES, of No. 24 Common Street, Lynn, Mass., says:

"While in the army, at the battle of Spottsylvania, I fell while getting over a rail fence and was badly injured and left for dead, but after a time I was picked up by comrades; and upon examination it was found that my back was badly hurt and my kidneys seriously injured, and I have suffered the most excruciating pain since, and could obtain no relief although treated by several physicians, and I had given up all hope of getting help when I was recommended to use Hunt's Remedy. I purchased several bottles at one of our drug stores in Lynn, and began to use it as directed, and can now attend to business, and am free from the pains I formerly had; and I wish to say to my friends and comrades that Hunt's Remedy will do all that is claimed for it, and is worthy of all praise. You can use my testimony when you have occasion to, as I most heartily recommend it to all that have kidney or liver troubles."

April 26, 1883.

"You May Use My Name."

I desire to inform you what your valuable medicine has done for me. I was induced to try it by a member of our family, "who had been benefited by its use." I have suffered terribly from kidney difficulties. At times I have been very bad, having severe pains in my back, with general loss of strength and vitality.

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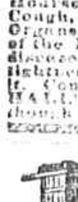

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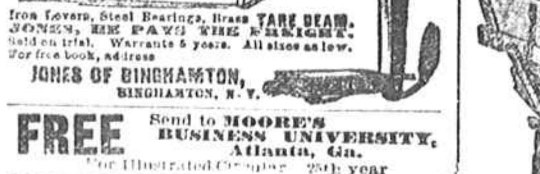

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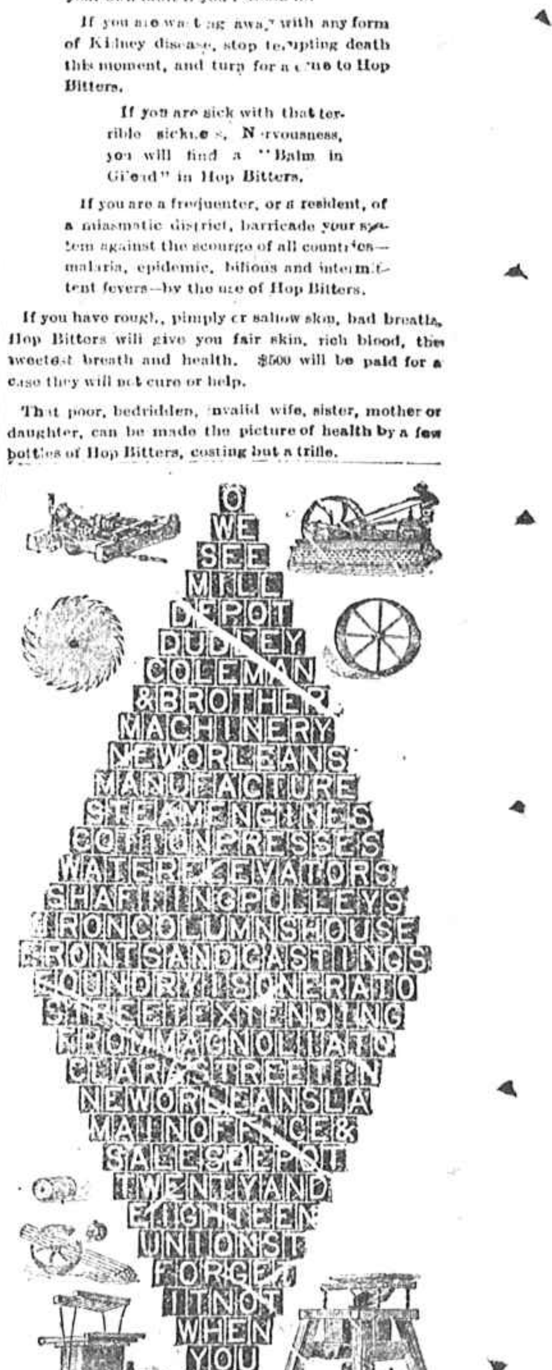

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