MEADOWS OF GOLD.

Meadows of gold—
 Rolling and reeling a-west!
Ye clasp and hold
 The milk of the world in your breast.
Ye are the nurses who clutch
The ladies of life, and touch
The lips that famish and burn,
In agony cruel and stern.

Meadows of gold—
 Reaching and running away!
Shod with the mould,
 And crowned with the light of the day.
Ye are the chemists of earth,
The wizards who waken to birth;
The violets blue, and buttercups, too,
Under the dark and the dew.

Meadows of gold—
 Winding and wending along—
Fair to behold,
 And merry and mellow with song.
Ye are the poets whose chimes
Are rung by the reapers, whose rhymes
Are written in windrows of grass,
By musical sickles that pass.

Meadows of gold—
 Laughing and leaping afar!
Fast in your fold,
 Forever the beautiful are.
Ye are the Hebes who dip,
And lift from the loam to the lip
The nectar, whose plethoric flood
Is tinted and turned into blood.

J. N. MATTHEWS.

"It is My Heart."

THE BURGOMASTER'S ADOPTED SON.

The burgomaster frowned, and knit his heavy brows; he was perplexed as to what should be done with the little figure before him. There he stood in his wooden sabots and rough peasant's clothes, hat in hand, and under one arm the precious possession of his life—a little black fiddle.

The child's face was what puzzled the burgomaster more than the simple question of what he should do. When the boy looked up with his eager, earnest eyes, it somehow seemed to him strangely familiar.

Where had he seen it before?

There was no fear in his manner, only a restless movement of the hand holding the cap showed him to be ill at ease. The week before he had come into town with his little old fiddle and strange accent, and until to-day had been unmolested.

Now, for what reason he could not guess, he had been seized upon suddenly by the town authorities and brought before the burgomaster. A part only could he make out of what was said, for his own language sounded queer on these strange tongues; and as to the explanations offered, they had seemed a perfect jargon to the townspeople; therefore the burgomaster, being a learned man and versed in the *patois* spoken in various sections of the country, the lad was brought to him.

Their duty, at all events, had been accomplished. They had explained how day after day the child pursued no calling—attempted no trade—but sat on a bench or by the road, with the children clustering about, playing his fiddle, content if in return they sometimes shared with him their huge slices of bread.

It was a vagrant life, and would teach their own little ones bad habits, therefore must be stopped. Either he must leave the place, or go among the town poor people and learn an honest trade. The burgomaster, a stout, red-faced man, had long ago done with sentiment—therefore small leniency was to be looked for from him.

So Carl was brought, and now, all alone, stood before the magistrate. What he had done or what was to be done with him, he did not know.

After a silence, seeing the burgomaster looking at him, Carl came a step forward, and, with his impetuous manner, exclaimed:

"What is it I have done? Naught but play upon my fiddle to the children. It did no harm, and they liked it. Is it an offense to make music? In other places, I and my fiddle have made friends with the townsfolk."

The shaggy brows knit closer, and away down in the burgomaster's heart stirred a chord that for long years had lain so quiet its existence had well nigh been forgotten.

Understand what the boy said? At the sound of that *patois*, so strange to the ignorant townspeople, there came to him visions of his youth, and a long holiday in the far-off sunny hamlet where this dialect to him had grown the sweetest music in the world as it fell in liquid, guttural notes from the lips of a young peasant maid.

So well the memory came—so fresh, it seemed but yesterday—when, overworked with studies, he had gone from home to gain health and strength, and leave learning for awhile to its own devices. Well had his father's injunction been carried out in all save the last, and that truly had been through no spirit of disobedience. It was no lore gained from books; it sprang up in his heart, and not until the lesson had been learned too thoroughly ever to forget, did he even guess of its existence.

"Come, lad," he says kindly, and at the sound the boy's heart rejoices, for he hears his own tongue, a little strange from disuse, yet perfectly intelligible. 'They say thou must give up thy fiddle if ever thou wouldst thrive."

"Ah, nein, nein—it is my heart!"—clasping it closer.

"Thy heart? Then, lad, it shall not go; yet first let's hear what thou canst bring from it."

For a moment Carl looks thoughtfully into the burgomaster's face; then says:

"Thou shalt hear what the corn sings when it is growing, and the trees whisper when the breeze touches them at night. In the times when I have lain upon the hillsides, watching sheep, my fiddle and I heard it over and over."

The lad's quaint imaginings touch the burgomaster's heart, and smiling, he nods his head to the boy. Slowly the old fiddle is taken out, the strings tightened; then, resting his chin upon it, lightly he draws the bow across. The burgomaster starts; he had thought to hear some childish strains; yet these notes the boy brings forth from the old black fiddle have in them all the power of a master hand.

The picture comes before him of the quiet night, the restful sheep huddled together on the hillside, the breeze as it goes sweeping by moaning through the trees, the gentle rustle of the distant grain growing in the darkness, and the lonely little figure of the watchful lad gathering these sounds and heaping them up in his heart until they tremble forth at his touch upon the vibrating strings.

Hark! The darkness moves away. In the east the sun comes flushing up, and all the air is suddenly pulsing with the singing of the dawn-birds.

Ah, Carl, Carl!—lad, with thy heaven . . gift, thou hast won the stern old heart before thee. Thou hast saved thyself a world of wandering, and gained a life of ease.

The one green spot in the magnate's heart holds a memory which Carl's playing has brought to life. Again he is young—a student—and in the twilight stands waiting for the song of the young peasant coming home from her work. The song comes nearer, and when into her pathway he steps with outstretched arms, he laughs joyously to see the happiness spring up in her eyes.

Yet fate had come between. It was not fit that the only son of rich old Burgomaster Van Gruisen should wed with a peasant; so he had come away at his father's bidding, leaving behind his heart among the green country lanes where dwelt the impetuous little soul through whose veins ran the fire of the South. Ah, God, how he had suffered! Suffered as his father, with his phlegmatic temperament, could not even dream.

He had pined so that his studies and whole life grew distasteful; then, at length, the father had relented, consented grudgingly to his son's wearing the little field flower where he had hoped to place a rare exotic.

Not waiting for aught beyond a bare consent, the son started forth, eager to gain that so long denied. Alas, he came too late. Elspeth had been but a foolish maid, the neighbors said, to love the burgomaster's son—a foolish maid to have naught to say to the village lads; and when the young stranger left, just seemed to lose all heart, and one day came home ill with a fever.

So while the stern old man debated, Death stepped in and gathered the wild daisy of his son's heart; and when he came the grass was already green on her grave, and he could but take away with him the memory of what had been, and the knowledge that of the two hearts thus sundered, one had broken.

Long years went by, and the old burgomaster died. When his son succeeded him, he had married a buxom, unimpressionable dame, who brought with her a dower of gold and linen.

She ruled his house, attended to his wants, and of the two daughters born of the marriage, had seen that they both were well versed in those things a good housewife should know.

They were too much like their mother ever to interest him much, and his heart sometimes yearned for a son to bear his name, but none had come.

Carl little guessed, as he ended his playing, of all the thoughts he had conjured up in the burgomaster's brain.

"Well, lad, thou hast a gift, thee and thy fiddle, of bringing old-time music into my heart. Thou hast a name. What is it?"

"Carl Mueller; and I have neither home nor friends, save those we win together, my fiddle and I."

"Thou hast not? So much the better, for now thou canst have both. Wilt thou be a son to me? Thou shalt be taught, and if thou art clever, as I take thee to be, one day from out thy little black fiddle thou shalt draw music that will make all hearts thine."

Could Carl believe his own senses? He hardly knew what to say. What was this life promised him? No more wandering, sleeping where he might, tired, and often supperless. The tears stood in his eyes, then quickly seizing the burgomaster's hand, he kissed it.

Yes, the fiddle; the little old black thing so contemptuously spoken of by the townsfolk, had gained for Carl what money could never have done—a place in the burgomaster's heart.

At first the little peasant lad, with his strange tongue and odd ways, had been a sore trial to the burgomaster's wife; yet the lad, being gentle and lovable, had won a place for himself in the household; and when, after his day's st[illegible]

. . . was riding to Bethlehem one . . . says a White Mountain correspondent, when I came opposite a place where two roads met, and where the inferior road came out there was a rock opposite.

"Here," said the driver, "is where we had the big upset nine years ago. It killed four people."

"How did it happen?" said I.

"Well, sir, one of the best drivers in the mountains had one of the big Concord coaches, with four or six horses to it. It was packed with people, and they were thick on the roof, too. Coming down the hill at a pretty rapid run, the driver's foot slipped from the brake and the coach struck on the horses and some of the breeching broke and then there was a runaway. As the stage came around this turn it upset from top-heaviness and killed one passenger on the spot and mortally wounded three others. They were thrown from that height against this big rock you see here, and of course there was no chance for them."

"What became of the driver?" I asked.

"Why, he crawled along the tongue and got to the mouths of the horses and hung on to them and saved them and himself. He didn't drive for years after that, feeling distressed, though he had done everything a man could do for the passengers, but he was a conscientious man and his pride was hurt. However, he is driving again now."

"AND the wind is never weary," was written by Longfellow while a spectator at a political convention.

Adopting Grandpa.

An old man—not ragged, but clad in old and faded and time-worn garments, and moving with feeble steps and weary air—sat down under a tree on John R. street the other day to rest a bit. Three or four children were playing in the yard at his back, and directly a mite of a girl looked through the fence and asked:

"Would you hurt a little girl?"

"Bless me, no!" he replied. "Why I'd even step aside to pass a bug or a worm! No, child, I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head for all the money in the world."

"Are you anybody's grandpa?" she inquired, as the other children crowded up.

"No—not now, child. There was a time—dear me! but it hurts my old heart to remember it—when children called me grandpa. It was years ago—years and years, but I can almost hear their voices yet."

"Be you crying?"

"N-no. The tears will spring up as I recall the past, but I'm not crying. There are days when I can't keep them back—nights when I am a child, but I'm trying to be strong just now."

"I guess I'll come out and see you. My doll's broke her neck and is most dead."

"Come right along, child! I used to mend legs and arms, and necks when the children brought their dolls to me."

The little one passed through the gate and sat down beside the poor old man, and while he sought to save the life of the "most dead" doll by means of a stick and string the child observed:

"You must be quite old, grandpa; you are all skin and bone."

"Old? Bless you, yes! I was 81 only a week or two ago. Yes, I'm poor in flesh as well as in purse."

"So your grandchildren had dolls, eh?"

"Yes, dear—dolls and toys and fine clothes and books, and everything they wanted. I was rich then."

"And did they comb your hair?"

"Oh, yes."

"And sing to you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I guess I'll sing you a song, for I'm going to ask ma if I can't adopt you as my grandpa. You must excuse my voice, for I swallowed a pin the other day and ma expects it to work out of my shoulder this fall. I guess I'll sing about the three little graves. Don't look at me or I shall forget."

And in a voice full of childish quavers, and frequently stopping as if to swallow some of the words she sung:

"Under an elm three little graves—
 Under the sod my children three
The years may pass, but my heart will grieve
 And sorrow will ever rest with me.
"Under the elm I walked to-day,
 I looked——"

"Why, grandpa, the tears are just running down your cheeks!"

"Y-yes, child—I can't help it! My poor old life is full of graves and griefs!"

"Is your wife dead?"

"Long ago, child."

"And all the children?"

"Dead or scattered. I am alone."

"Well, that's funny. You can wipe your eyes on my apron, if you want to."

"Here's your doll—good as new."

"That's nice. If I should adopt you I'd keep you mending dolls all the time. Have you got over crying?"

"Yes, child."

"Well, then, you must be hungry. I'm always hungry after a good cry. Wait a minute."

She ran into the house to return with a generous slice of bread and butter and a piece of meat, and as she handed the food to the old man, she said:

"I've got to go in now, but we'll remember that I've adopted you as my grandpa. Don't cry any more, and come back to-morrow. Good bye, grandpa!"

"Good-bye!"

And men who passed by saw an old . . n with his face in his hands to hide . . tears, and when they asked the . . tter, a child who stood by explained: "Why, sir, he's crying because he's alone in the world, and a little girl . . s adopted him."—*Detroit Free Press.*

LIMPY JOE.

The Boy Whose Mother Was Dead.

"Mister, mayn't I sing in here?" in . . ired an urchin, as, limping through . . e doorway of a Madison street saloon, approached the bartender.

"Sing?" gruffly replied the saloon . . n. "I don't care," he continued with . . sneer, and turning to a customer . . gged in dress and rough in appear . . ce, he handed a glass and bottle.

The boy limped to the rear of the . . om, where were seated a number of . . n engaged at card-playing. In appearance he was a fair specimen of the . . eet Arab. Apparently he was not . . re than twelve years of age. His . . at and pants were torn, his shirt ragged and collarless. On his feet were . . oes that in times gone by had been . . ed by a worldly man. His hat was . . ll of holes, yet beneath its torn rim . . ere sparkled eyes of blue, and appeared a face winning and beautiful. . . aning on a table in the apartment he began singing, "Oh, Where is My Wandering Boy To-night," in the sweetest . . ice. The twenty or more men in the . . om stopped their talking and playing, . . d listened to him. One verse he sang, . . other, and still another, and his hear . . s continued to listen.

"Here's a dime, runty," said a rough . . king individual, breaking the silence. . . number echoed his sentiments and . . lowed with similar gifts.

"Where yer from, kid?" asked one.

"I travels," he replied. "I lived in New York once."

"An orphan boy?"

"I don't know. My mother died three years ago, an' my father drove me away. He drank, he did, an' he used to whip my mother till she could hardly stand. One day he came home drunk, an' beat my mother, an' she died, an' then he drove me away an' told me to dig for myself. I sold papers fur a while, an' the big boys beat me, an' I left. Once or twice a man put me off, and I had to get money. I sung in saloons. Last winter I got clear to Kansas City. A man heard me singing in a saloon an' took me home with him, an' took me to church an' Sunday school, an' I used to sing there, but I got tired, an' left him. I used to sleep in doorways an' boxes, an' eat what I could find. I left that place an' went to Denver, an' then I came back. I got here th' other day, an' I'm going back to New York."

"What's yer name, boy?" interrogated an old toper.

"Joe Brown; sometimes they call me 'Limpy Joe.'"

The lad again began singing, and when he had finished, his listeners divided their little money with him, and one by one left the saloon. "Limpy Joe" followed, and the following night started alone for the scene of his babyhood days."

THE whale thinks itself a big fish, and one cannot make a good dive without coming up to blow about it.

A JOYFUL GREETING.

Hello! How are you? I am glad at last your eyes have fallen upon me. Now that we have met, pray cultivate the acquaintance, for it is my purpose to interest and to serve you. Between you and I, though a newspaper article, I am ambitious. Having a portentious message for all mankind, if it be cordially received, its import truly realized and acted upon, I shall be considered a world's benefactor. Could have no higher ambition you will admit.

A misanthrope of ample means determined to end his life by drowning himself. Going to the banks of the canal, found the time not favorable for the purpose, a number of persons being in the vicinity, and daylight being still present. He concluded to walk along the tow-path until it was dark. While doing so, he heard piteous cries issuing from the door of a hovel near by, and unconsciously walked over to the place, and found a poor family consisting of a mother surrounded by several children, who told them of their sufferings for food. He took from his pocket his wallet and handed it to the woman, reasoning with himself that he would not need it. The grateful thanks and praises that he received from the recipients of his bounty awoke emotion within his breast, of such a pleasurable character, that he changed his suicidal intent, and decided to live for others. His future life became replete with good deeds,—many a dark home and heart were made bright by his presence.

Well, my appearance in these columns, springs, simply from a desire on the part of those I represent, to benefit your news-devouring race. My provence is to help you, your friends, your relations, aye, even your *mother-in-law*, if that interested lady be not already beyond the pale of good influences.

I am sent among men to bear tidings of a discovery that marks an epoch as important to the health of mankind as Newton's apple and Franklin's kite were to natural science. The sick, the discouraged, the dejected, the broken down, and the despairing, may now, all find a cure, certain as the Jordan proved to the Syrian lepper. It is only necessary, as in the case of that sufferer of old, *to follow directions.*

The agent which I herald builds up the system, sweeps the cobwebs from the brain, and sends pure, invigorating blood dancing through the arteries, to the music of happy laughter.

The gloomy, worn-out man of business, by proper use of this wonderful medicine, will be enabled to meet trouble and reverses *like a man.* Then, in perfect health, he will not have abnormal views of the "Vicissitudes of fortune, which spares neither man nor the proudest of his works, which buries empires and cities in a common grave."

The weak and nervous woman, just able to drag herself in "moping melancholly," through duties of the day, may steal the bloom from blush roses and have eyes bright and sparkling as the dew-drops nestling in their leaves; and the poor little baby, now disfigured with pimples and scabby sores, may be made sweet, cool and wholesome as—"that youngster of Mrs. Blank's, across the way, whose family is always in a glow of health." Don't you know the reason? "No." Then I will tell you. For years your neighbor has *never been without* Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical D[i]s-

medy is a medicine, not a beverage and is to be taken according to full and perfectly plain directions accompanying each bottle. It is specific, but not a patent medicine, and contains no vile narcotics or viler liquor. It is a prescription, used for years by the well-known physician, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose name is a household word in innumerable homes all over our own and foreign lands. The Golden Medical Discovery is prepared and offered to the public by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, a body corporate, existing by and under the laws of the State of New York; its president is Dr. Pierce, the great specialist in chronic diseases. The doctor has devoted the best years of a very busy and wonderfully successful life to the relief and cure of his suffering fellow-men, —and at a time, when high political honors lay broadly open before him. Dr. Pierce resigned his seat in the Congress of the United States, simply from a sense of duty towards others. His associates in the great sanitarium represented to the doctor that the immense business of their Association demanded that his personal attention should be paid to the great army of patients crowding upon them from every clime. Dr. Pierce is also the founder of the Invalids' Hotel, at Buffalo, N. Y. This establishment possessing all the comforts and luxuries of a first-class American hotel, has in addition, the daily attendance of a large faculty of eminent specialists, whose practice collectively cover the whole field of surgery and chronic diseases. The laboratory in which Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is prepared is an object of interest and wonder. It has a frontage of one hundred feet, a depth of one hundred and twenty-five feet, and is six stories high. In this mammoth and palatial workshop two hundred persons are constantly employed in putting up Dr. Pierce's Medicines.

While the Golden Medical Discovery's effects are almost immediately felt, it is not merely a temporary stimulant, but is as certainly a safe and complete cure, in all cases

for which it is recommended, as it is that certain misery and death will follow their neglect. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery *will not* cure club feet, will not re furnish armless or legless unfortunates with new and perfect limbs, and it is not guaranteed that even a dozen bottles applied to any stray portion of a second hand skeleton, will develop such member into an animate, human form divine (?). In brief, it is not asserted that this medicine will, or can, counteract the decrees of Providence. But in all cases where a high state of civilization and cultivation has engendered disease and suffering, whereby God's natural man has become a nervous, artificial being, the Golden Medical Discovery *will positively* restore to him the strong, vigorous, self-asserting life, from which, almost unconsciously, he had drifted far and hopelessly away. It *is* claimed, and guaranteed, if this medicine be used as prescribed, and faithfully persevered in a reasonable time, *it will permanently cure* liver complaint and the various blood disorders consequent upon torpor of the liver, in all their various forms and ramifications, including bronchitis, consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs, dyspepsia, costiveness, sick headache, skin diseases, fever and ague, malaria, and other disorders arising from poisoned or deteriorated blood.

This wonderful medicine cures all humors, from the worst Scrofula to a common blotch, pimple or eruption. Erysipelas, salt-rheum, fever sores, scaly or rough skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying and invigorating medicine. Great eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influences. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing tetter, boils, carbuncles,

scrofulous sores and swellings, white swellings, goitre or thick neck, and enlarged glands. Consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs, is promptly and positively arrested and cured by this sovereign and God-given remedy, if taken before the last stages are reached. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumptive night sweats, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy, for indigestion, dyspepsia, and torpid liver, or "biliousness," Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures.

To all suffering from lassitude, weariness, despondency, lack of vigor or ambition, be

. . man or woman, or child, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will speedily impart new tone, vigor and life to the whole system. The haggard face will grow round, rudy, and beam with the expression of long lost confidence. The step will be firm and elastic, and the relieved sufferer will once more enjoy in common with fellow men that feeling of proprietorship in earth, air and being, only realized by those in perfect health.

The Golden Medical Discovery will not make drunkards or opium eaters; on the contrary, any unfortunate, driven by trouble adversity, or inherent appetite, to the use of insiduous stimulants, will find the Discovery of great assistance in efforts to break the chains binding him to a shameful and miserable existence.

Those feeling only "out of sorts," with no predominant symptoms, and who, if asked, would find it difficult to explain their sensations, will find a sovereign remedy in the Golden Medical Discovery.

Those who are irritable, petulant, or fretful, ever seeing the gloomy side of life; who imagine "the time is out of joint:" to whom life is a heavy burden, not a blessing; who think the whole world is arrayed against them, and anticipate calamity at every turn; to all such let this message be full of encouragement and joy—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will radically cure them, when it will be found to their lasting benefit, that life and the world have not changed but that disease had thrown clouds of misery and woe about them, through which all things were seen, as "through a glass darkly."

Let no sufferer be discouraged because he or she has tried other medicines without benefit. In fact, these are the cases the World's Dispensary Medical Association particularly desire to reach through their Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. *When all other medicines fail let this be tried,* and no one will be doomed to further disappointment.

The Golden Medical Discovery is a prescription of a physician with a wide-awake reputation and an honorable position to maintain. It is far beneath the dignity of Dr. Pierce to lend his name to any vile nostrum, or catch-penny preparation, whereby the public may be deceived. Having used his Discovery for many years in his unprecedented private practice, he is convinced it is indeed a specific in the diseases mentioned. Desiring this marvelous cure shall benefit, not only those with whom he comes personally in contact, but that all mankind may be embraced in his grand plan for the amelioration of human suffering, the doctor through the World's Dispensary Medical Association, earnestly and most confidently recommends his Golden Medical Discovery to the public at large, assured the most skeptical will be thoroughly convinced of its worth by a trial of a single bottle.

In stubborn, or long seated affections, and where the bowels are very costive, the gentle, though certain action of the Discovery will be more rapid and satisfactory by supplementing Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets in small daily doses of one or two. These pills (the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills), are *purely vegetable,* sugar coated, and very small, yet by the peculiar process of their preparation, they possess the strength and virtue of larger and unpalatable pills. Pleasant Purgative Pellets will speedily remove all ill and disagreeable effects arising from over-eating or drinking, and are recommended as a cathartic, at all times, being perfectly safe, sure, and unattended by the griping pains usually experienced in the use of purgatives less carefully prepared. Promptly resorted to, these little Pellets will radically cure indigestion, billiousness, and sick-headache, thus saving the patient from lingering and serious disorders. Dr. Pierce, the President of the World's Dispensary, and his faculty of twelve skilled specialists, can be consulted by letter or in person in any case of chronic disease requiring either medical or surgical treatment free of charge. For those requiring more exhaustive information than can be imparted through correspondence the doctor has written a book, called "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in Plain English; or, Medicine Simplified."

This work alone is a goodly harvest for an ordinary life, and stamps its author a profound scholar and a very remarkable man. The book contains nine hundred and twenty-two pages, illustrated with two hundred and eighty-six wood cuts and colored plates, and makes plain as a, b, c, anatomy, physiology, materia medica, practice of medicine, hygiene, temperaments, phsycology, etc.,—and answers in plain, easily-to-be-understood terms all questions that may arise within their range, especially those questions the would be inquirer is deterred by fear, or modesty, from asking the family or other physician. That all may be enabled to acquaint themselves with matter so vital to health, happiness and success, the price of this great work has been fixed at one dollar and fifty cents, post paid by mail to any address, while smaller and far inferior books, purporting to cover the same ground, have sold at five dollars a copy. It being the aim of the proprietors of the Common Sense Medical Adviser to reach not only the affluent, but those in moderate, and even in straightened, circumstances, the price of the work places it within the reach of all.

WONDERFUL WORK OF A HEN.

Aided, Abetted, and Assisted by a Bad Boy in the Post-Office.

According to a Syracuse paper, Mrs Whitnal, the estimable wife of a harness maker of Erieville, Madison county, N. Y., heard her favorite hen cackling in the barn in a strange and unprecedented manner. Upon reaching the nest she found an egg of ordinary size, but emblazoned with raised characters, which nearly caused her to faint. Staggering from the barn into the house, she displayed the hen's miraculous product to her sons and daughters, some of whom rushed out and spread the alarm among the populace.

All further work on that day was suspended. Men working in the field put up their horses and tools in the barns, after which they gazed anxiously at the Whitnal residence. The excitement was intensified when the report was confirmed that samuel Curtis, an honored shoemaker and a brother of Mrs. Whitnal, had become so unnerved at the sight of the egg that he had taken to his bed in alarm, and refused to be comforted.

The most skeptical were convinced of the sacred egg's genuineness when it was taken to the hotel and exhibited by two of Mr. Whitnal's sons. The characters were simply raised upon the shell, as if they had been made upon the inside and puffed out by some interior agency. On one side stood out boldly the figures "1884." On another side was a cross, and on a third side was a strange symbol, which some thought was a letter "C," while others held that it was a half moon. The latter theory was more generally accepted, since, when the egg was held to the light, something which resembled a face was discernible in the concavity of the character. This was inferred to represent the man in the moon.

On that night the morals and manners of the village of Erieville were excellent beyond parallel. New resolutions were formed and bad habits sworn off. Husbands and wives no longer exchanged doubtful compliments and flatirons, but tenderly embraced each other and agreed to await the coming of the Lord in a commendable manner. Mrs. Whitnal's household was too excited to sleep. Her daughter Sarah was quite ill, and it was feared that the sacred egg would tend greatly to shorten her life. Alarmed at this, Frank Richardson, a clerk in the post-office, acknowledged that the miracle had been performed through his instrumentality.

He explained that to get even with one of Mr. Whitnal's sons he traced the characters on the egg with tallow and then placed it in vinegar. After the acid had sufficiently eaten the shell as to allow the parts traced with tallow to become prominent, he visited the Whitnal barn, deposited the egg in a nest, scared an innocent hen and decamped.

Mr. Richardson's expose has had the unfortunate effect of dispelling the moral influence exerted by the egg. The villagers have returned to their former ways.

THE sick-looking fowl on the ninety-cent piece
 Causes many a snicker and giggle;
And our faith in the sign o'er its head may increase,
 Though the poor bird itself is ill-eagle."

A Bad Experience.

A Southern boy who went from the country to New York city to make his fortune, gives us rather a desponding view of the situation. He says he had a good business education and $200 in his pocket when he landed. After finding employment, he adds, I made up my mind to do my best and stick to the business. I have stuck four months and have been very economical, yet I have not been able to save one dollar in four months. My wages are $7 per week, and I work until ten o'clock at night, and twelve at night on Saturday, I am compelled to eat in ten-cent restaurants, and go hungry half the time at that. On Sunday I am so tired that I cannot go to church, and so it is the same old round over again every day. God knows I am sick of it all, and I have wished a thousand times I had never seen New York city nor a business college.

A RASCAL.—Robinson proved himself a clever amateur actor in a London hospital. He had been caught picking a pocket, and transferred from prison on account of seeming illness. He took to his bed with accurate imitations of excruciating agony. He groaned and cursed so terribly that his fellow patients were horrified. Then he regained composure, and begged to go out into the air. Once in the yard, he knocked the attendant senseless, scaled the wall, and escaped to this country, with over $15,000 of accumulated swag.

Rescued From Agonizing Death.

NEW YORK.—Mr. James White, 1552 Broadway, formerly chief instructor in Dickel's Riding School, in this city, said to a newspaper reporter: "I broke my shoulder, arm and elbow, splintering the socket in four parts. Rheumatism set in and I employed the best physician. He tried everything, but I grew worse, and at last he said: "I have one more thing to try and if that fails nothing can give you relief, and that is St. Jacobs Oil." I used this great pain-reliever, and am able to use my arm free from all Rheumatic trouble. I have also recommended the remedy to a number of people, and in every case they have been speedily and effectually cured."

The weakest spot in any man is where he thinks himself the strongest.—[Emmons.

Dr. Stites, Brooklyn, N. Y., was cured by Dr. Elmore's Rheumatine-Goutaline of very severe rheumatism and kidney disease of several years standing after trying everything else without benefit.

Vigor, strength and health, all found in one bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters.

Obligation is thralldom and thralldom is hateful.—[Hobbes.

HUNTSVILLE, ALA.—Dr. J. C. Spotswood says: "I highly recommend Brown's Iron Bitters for dyspepsia, rheumatism and general debility."

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation; they do not take anything for their own use but merely pass it to another.—Steele

TAMPICO, TENN.—Rev. D. F. Manly says: "Brown's Iron Bitters relieved me of indigestion and nervousness after physicians failed."

Sense shines with a double lustre when it is set in humility. An able and yet humble man is a jewel worth a kingdom.—[Penn.

Dr. Benson's Skin Cure consists of of internal and external treatment at same time, and it makes the skin white, soft and smooth. It contains no poisonous drugs. $1 at druggists.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to anothe, than to knock him down. —[Johnston.

"The headache in my case was one of long standing, but Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills conquored."—C. T. Reiner, German Minister of the Gospel, Leslie, Ohio. 50 cents

The worst of all knaves are are those who mimic their former honesty.[Lavater.

LADIES' & children's boots & shoes cannot run over if Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners are used.

Society is the atmosphere of souls; and we certainly imbibe from it something which can either be infectious or healthful.—[Hall.

WALCOTT, the gentleman who ate thirty brace of quails in thirty days, was relieved from any disagreeable stomach troubles by using GASTRINE, and took nothing else during the task. Sold by druggists.

If a man has a right to be proud of anything it is of a good action done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.—[Sterne.

THE SICK, or those having any trouble with their eyes or EARS, are advised to write to Dr. J. P. GILBERT, Lyons, Wayne Co., N. Y., for his book, *A Physician's Gift.* Sent free. Full of important information.

Never hold anyone by the button, or the hand, in order to be heard out; for if people are unwilling to hear you, you had better hold your tongue than them.—[Chesterfield.

Gastrine.

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

The man who threatens the world is always ridiculous; for the world can easily go on without him, and in a short time, will cease to miss im.—Johnston.

MENSEMAN'S peptonized beef tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties.* It contains blood making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, over-work or acute diseases, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., Proprietors, N. Y. Sold by druggists.

NO PLEASURE is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth.

The Oldest Druggist.

Being one of the oldest druggists in this city (although having retired from business), I wish to say a good word about Hunt's Remedy. A number of years ago I was troubled with my kidneys. The idea of a druggist, however, resorting to the use of a "patent medicine" was a little humiliating, but when I came to consider how many people had been benefited by the use of Hunt's Remedy, I unhesitatingly began using it; and after having fully tested its virtues I can say, as many of my customers have said to me, "It is the best medicine for kidney and liver complaint ever compounded."

I have yet to learn of a single instance where it has failed to benefit and give satisfaction, in fact it is the best I ever sold.

I would say to all who are troubled with kidney and liver complaint, give Hunt's Remedy a trial and you will say as I do, it is the best known remedy, and the best is the cheapest every time. Yours truly,

EDWARD ALLEN.
Hartford, Conn., May 19, 1883.

MR. JAMES CHENEY, with J. W. Goodman, billiard table manufacturer, of Athol, Mass., writes, May 23, 1883, as follows: "I have been troubled for a number of years with kidney disease, with severe pains in my back and sides, and could get no relief until I used Hunt's Remedy, which was recommended by our druggist, Ward, of this place, who stated to me that many wonderful cures had been made in this vicinity by the use of Hunt's Remedy. People who have suffered for years with kidney disease, inflammation of the bladder, and accompanying troubles, had been permanently cured by this great medicine. I purchased a bottle of Hunt's Remedy and found that it helped me from the first dose, and two bottles removed all the pain in my back, and I consider myself cured, and cheerfully recommend it to my friends as a medicine that will do all that is claimed for it,

A baldheaded man, who has heard that the hairs of a man's head are numbered, wants to know if there is not some place where he can obtain the back numbers. Carboline will supply the demand.

People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after.—[Goldsmith.

OVER THE BAR.—In a Massachusetts liquor trial the Court said that if a druggist delivered liquor over a counter in a public place to those who call for it, then he kept a public bar.

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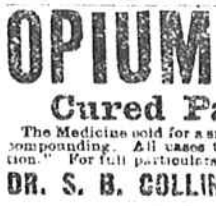
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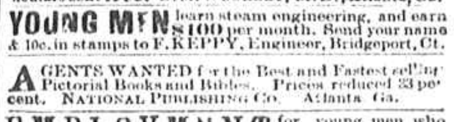
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