THE DIVINE REVEALMENT.

The king from his council chamber
Came, weary and sore of heart,
And called for Iliff, the painter,
And spoke to him thus, apart;
"I am sickened of faces ignoble.
Hypocrites,cowards, and knaves!
I shall shrink to their shrunken measure,
Chief slave in a realm of slaves.

"Paint me a trueman's picture
Gracious and wise and good,
Dowered with the strength of heroes,
And the beauty of womanhood.
It shall hang in my inmost chamber,
That, thither when I retire,
I t may fill my soul with its grandeur,
And warm it with sacred fire."

So the artist painted the picture,
And hung it in the palace hall;
Never a thing so goodly
Had garnished the stately wall.
The king with head uncovered.
Gazed on it with rapt delight,
"Till it suddenly wore strange meaning,
And baffled his questioning sight!

For the form was his supplest courtier's,
Perfect in every limb,
And the bearing was that of the henchman
Who filled the flagons for him.
The brow was a priest's who pondered
His parchments early and late.
The eye was a wandering minstrel's
Who sang at the palace gate.

The lips, half sad and half mirthful,
With a flitting, tremulous grace,
Were the very lips of a woman
He had seen in the market place,
But the smiles that their curves transfigured
As a rose with its shimmer of dew,
Was the smile of the wife who loved him—
Queen Ethelyn, good and true.

Then, "Learn, O king," said the artist,
"This truth that the picture tells—
How in every form of the human
Some hint of the higher dwells;
How scanning each living temples
For the place where the veil is thin,
We may gather by beautiful glimpses
The form of the God within."

MISS EULALIE'S ELM TREE.

It was a magnificent work of nature, Miss Eulalie's elm tree; so tall and graceful, overhanging the street with its green banner, lending a charming shade to her little parlor, which gave it the air of a dim, cool recess in the woods on a summer's day. Miss Eulalie loved it, and except for her gay young ward, it would seem that she had little else to love. Her grandfather had planted it; it was a sort of heirloom. She had passed her youth beneath its boughs; her name was carved on its stem. She never looked at the tree without thinking of the one who had carved it there; of the still, moonlight nights they had spent together in its shadow. It gave her both pain and pleasure—pleasure because it reminded her that he had loved her once; pain, that he loved her no longer. She could not guess why he had never returned to her; what had estranged him was still as great a mystery to her as in those early days of her bereavement, when sorrow and suspense had been her daily companions, rising up and sitting down with her. Perhaps some fairer woman had enslaved him; perhaps he had really never loved her at all, and she experienced a pang of mortified pride when she reflected that she had possibly been vain enough to make the mistake. Year by year she watched the tender green of the elm thicken into dark masses of leaves; year by year she watched them fading and falling, like her own hopes and illusions; it was a poem to her, and yet, after all, it was only Miss Eulalie's elm tree by permission. The home of her ancestors had fallen into other hands; she had only returned to it by a happy chance, not as its owner. Mrs. Vaughn, one purchaser, had a daughter to be educated, and Miss Eulalie had taken the situation. When Mrs. Vaughn died she devised that Miss Eulalie should make a home with Isabel, be mother, sister and teacher, all in one, to that wayward young person, till she should marry—in short, stand in the gap. Miss Eulalie had been used to standing in gaps all her life; this was nothing new. And it was a home—her old home where she had dreamed dreams. When she walked at twilight beneath the old elm its leaves seemed to whisper, "Just here he kissed you first," and "Here you said good-by." No wonder she loved the old tree!

"Dangerous thing," said Captain Valentine, tapping its trunk with his cane as he walked by. "Hollow-hearted as a jilt, Miss Eulalie."

"You are mistaken," she rejoined; "it is as sound as a nut."

"But it must come down," he added, as if his word were law.

"Never, while I live, Captain Valentine."

"You forget that I am a man of property; that I pay more taxes than any one in Littleford; that I can buy every tree in the place, and cut it down, if I choose."

"Then it is only from true good nature that you beg my consent to cut down this exquisite tree? Do you know I have loved it from a child? My grandfather planted it."

"I know that Miss Isabel owns the whole estate, and I know that this bone of contention, this tree, obstructs the view from my windows, Miss Eulalie, which is more to the point—that its boughs leap into the air so high and spread its branches so wide, that it blots out the view of the sea, 'the open sea'," and he passed on up the long, green lawn to his new home, with its marble steps and broad balconies, which made its humble neighbor seem forlorn and shabby. Miss Eulalie looked at the imposing structure, at the parterres of brilliant flowers, at the fountain tossing its jets into the sunlight, the velvety terraces and lawn, and smiled. Why had Capt. Valentine chosen to build his palace so near her home? Why had he built at all at his time of life, with no family to inherit, and no wife to do its honors? How lonely he must be, she thought, in that spacious mansion, with nobody but the servants to speak with! Why had he never married? In the humility of her heart Miss Eulalie never dreamed that it was because she would not marry him. That had happened so many years ago, before he and Anson Andrews had sailed together in the Water Witch. How angry he had been then! How jealous of Anson! How bitterly he had sworn that the day should come when she would give her heart's blood to recall the words—when she should regret her folly in dust and ashes! But of course he had forgotten all of that—the ravings of an untamed nature. He had been only second mate then, with little or nothing ahead in the world; to-day he was Capt. Valentine, with the world at his feet; the richest man in town perhaps.

"You might have been mistress up there, Miss Eulalie," he had reminded her one day, pausing at her gateway after the house was done. "But you took your choice—you took your choice, and"—laughing—"they tell us that beggars shouldn't be choosers."

From the very first Captain Valentine had raised a hue and cry about Miss Eulalie's elm tree; it almost seemed as if he had selected the site to tease her, as if he wished to strip her of everything she loved, since she declined to love himself.

"I have bought the most expensive spot in town," he said, "and spared no money, in order that I might open my eyes every morning on my beloved sea, and you refuse to sacrifice a tree for an old friend and neighbor, a tree which will drop of its own will presently."

"Captain Valentine," she said, "you have my word, once for all; the elm shall stand so long as I am mistress here. There need be no more words about it."

"No more words, but deeds," he answered, and a wicked, angry light flamed in his eyes, such as she had seen there once before. The man could hold fire like iron.

But then the subject dropped, as she believed. He did not mention the tree again. "He has given it up," she thought; "he makes a great noise when he can't have his way, and then forgets about it." But Miss Eulalie did not do the captain justice. One twilight, as she returned from a sick neighbor's it gave her a curious shock to see her pretty ward, Isabel Vaughn, talking over the hedge which separated the grounds, to Capt. Valentine, who wore a rose in his button-hole.

"See, dear Miss Eulalie," she cried—"see what a basket of roses Capt. Valentine has brought us! And might I go up to the Towers to-morrow with Mrs. Van Buff to see Capt. Valentine's Corot?"

Miss Eulalie could hardly refuse—why should she?—and Isabel returned in ecstacies with the mediæval furniture, the Persian draperies, the wonderful carved ivories, the carpets like woodland moss, the Oriental rugs, and skins of ant-eaters and tawny lions.

"It is just heavenly," she said. "It makes home look squalid and mean. It makes me low-spirited to come back. Why did you let me go, Miss Eulalie? And the elm tree does interfere with his view more or less, but what of that? He can gallop to the sea in half an hour. Such horses! I've always longed for a saddle horse. Capt. Valentine has promised to lend me a safe one."

And after a day he kept his word, and brought his horses round for Miss Isabel to try, or left flowers and fruits that fairly inundated the small house; or perhaps he gathered the young people together and gave a fete under his trees, with dancing on the broad veranda hung with festoons of Chinese lanterns, and sometimes Miss Eulalie was obliged to chaperon Isabel, and sit a faded wallflower, in the house of her old suitor.

"I wonder why Capt. Valentine never married?" said Isabel, after one of these fetes. "I wonder how it seems to be so everlasting rich; to have no worry about money; to—"

"Isabel," warned Miss Eulalie; "you care too much for money. There are better things."

"Mention one, please."

"You will think I am a sentimental old woman, but love is better a thousand fold."

"I don't know. Love is very nice, but you must go without everything else—without pretty gowns and jewels and splendor—give me money."

"You are too young to choose. Pretty gowns, jewels and splendor lose their charm when you are used to them, but love outlasts everything."

But Miss Eulalie's words were wasted. "I love money," Isabel confessed; "I adore clothes. I don't know about love."

In spite of all that had happened Miss Eulalie was quite unprepared when Isabel said to her: "I've something to tell you. I dare say you know it already, though; I am going to marry Captain Valentine, and wear cashmeres and sapphires, and go abroad, and never have to count my change again. Congratulate me."

"You are joking," cried Miss Eulalie.

"Then it's the best joke in the world! It's no joke for the other girls, let me tell you."

"You are going to marry Captain Valentine? Do you know that he is old enough—"

"To know better."

"Do you love him, Isabel?"

"I like him well enough. I love his money."

"Isabel, don't do it. You will sow the wind and reap the whirlwind. I can't allow it. The idea of your marrying him! It is too preposterous, too mercenary. Why, he was once a lover of my own," pursued Miss Eulalie, forgetting herself.

"Why didn't you marry him, and save me the trouble?" asked Isabel. "But perhaps he was poor then?"

"It was not that."

"What then? You love somebody else?"

"I don't mind telling you now, Isabel. I had another lover—Anson Andrews. I've never gotten over it. There have been weeks and months when I've tried with all my soul to forget him—to unlove him. He and Captain Valentine sailed together in the Water Witch, and when Captain Valentine returned he brought me all the trinkets and letters I had sent Anson Andrews; but never a word more."

"You dear old faithful thing; you shall dress in satin de Lyon and thread lace; we shall live in the lap of luxury, and I'll send word to Anson Andrews if he is at furthest Thule. How oddly things turn out! Fancy my marrying your cast-off lover!"

"Isabel, I beg you not to—"

"Not marry Captain Valentine just because I'm not in love? Perhaps I never shall be in love. You would have me give up so much for a mere sentiment. You mustn't expect everybody to have as intense feelings as yourself. I couldn't remember a man fifteen years if he were the Great Mogul himself."

Captain Valentine and Isabel were married in the little parlor of the old house, shaded by the old elm tree, which made pretty dancing shadows on the wall. It was a most informal affair, and when it was all over and the clergyman had pocketed his fee, and the bride was trying on her traveling hat, Miss Eulalie stepped into the garden to draw a long breath. What were the workingmen doing there at that hour?

"Go into the house, Miss Eulalie," said Capt. Valentine. "I am going to celebrate my wedding day. Isabel has made me a wedding gift of the old elm tree, and I'm cutting it down to burn on the hearth at the Towers, while we look out at 'the dreary winter sea.' Miss Eulalie, when you thwart a Valentine you do it at your peril. Do you think I married Isabel for love? Revenge is sweeter than love. When you refuse to marry me I swore that I would make you repent in dust and ashes."

Miss Eulalie turned silently toward the house, but paused to look back from the doorway. There was a crash, and when a strange blur had cleared away from beneath her eyes, Capt. Valentine lay dead beneath a great arm of the tree, which had snapped as it fell.

"I feel so awfully wicked," said Isabel, some months later, awed and ashamed at finding herself in possession of the coveted wealth without the burdensome conditions. "I've been looking over his papers with Mr. Billings, the executor, and we ferreted out this letter. It's from Anson Andrews. I thought it explained something at any rate you might like to see it. It's dated Australia, a year ago."

"Dear Val.," Miss Eulalie read, "Here I am, leagues from home, but possessed with an unquenchable longing to hear from the old place, and a homesickness which no money can relieve. Sometimes when I'm smoking in my bungalow, alone, I fancy I am home again under the old elm tree with Eulalie, still young, with hope in my soul, and presently I awake from the day-dream berate myself soundly for allowing the old wound to throb and ache. Believe me, old boy, in spite of the fifteen years behind us, my bald head, and her double dealing, I cannot think of her and all I've lost without a weight at my heart. I was a happy weight when we shipped in the Water Witch. I'm free to confess I've never seen a happy day since you confided to me that you were going to marry Eulalie. I remember how black you looked when I told you she belonged to me, and how we then and there swore we would never marry such a heartless jilt! How have you weathered it, messmate? And what has happened to her? Has she befooled any more true-lovers? After all I believed that

"My heart would hear and beat
Had it lain for a century dead."

"Write me about her, and if the old elm tree, where I kissed her first, is still standing. 'Our love is dead, but the tree is alive.' No, love is not dead; I cannot slay it: it smoulders and torments me."

"Miss Eulalie," said Isabel, when Eulalie had folded the letter with trembling fingers, "there has been a great wrong done. Mr. Billings and I mean to right it. We mean to send word to Anson Andrews; we are going to tell him what an angel you are. We have talked it all over. And about this money—I couldn't make up my mind to touch a cent of it if I were starving. I shall found a hospital with it. Mr. Billings is to help me. We have talked it all over; I don't care for splendor any longer; I have found out, Miss Eulalie, that love is best."

Love and the Editor.

"Is the hymeneal-happenings editor in?"

A very pretty young lady stood in the doorway and glanced in an appealing way at the occupants of the room.

"Hymeneal means something about getting married, doesn't it?" said the horse reporter.

"Yes, sir," replied the young lady, "but I don't want to marry——"

"Oh, I know you don't," said the friend of Maud S. "Girls never do. They spend most of their time trying to escape from the dreadful abyss of matrimony into which countless young men are endeavoring to plunge them."

"The object of my visit," said the young lady, "is to see some editor in regard to a poem, and it occurred to me that perhaps the gentleman for whom I asked might be the person having such matters in charge. I have met with a sad disappointment, and have written this poem in commemoration of the event."

"I'm sorry he got away," said the horse reporter, "but perhaps you were lucky to lose him. There isn't anything in this poem about the brown mantle of October resting lightly on the hills, is there, or the deep green of the pines being reflected against the turquoise bloom of an Autumn sky? Because if there is we can't take it. There is more brown-mantle-of-October poetry stowed away here now than the window-cleaner can use in a year. If you've got anything about the white messengers of Heaven drifting silently down through the keen air, or the gaunt outline of the leafless oaks standing haggard against an unpitying sky, we might do business with you. Our stock of November poetry is rather light this season. If you could ring in something about a bootblack dying on the steps of a banker's residence Christmas Eve, while inside the house the wassail bowl was going round, it would be a daisy."

"I'm afraid my poem will hardly meet the requirements you suggest," said the young lady, "because the theme is a sad one, and the treatment is naturally in accord with this fact. I can read it to you, however."

"Nothing about 'put away his little rattle' in it, is there?"

"No, sir."

"Nor 'the beautiful summer is dead, alas'?"

"Certainly not."

"Well then you may read it," and the horse reporter settled himself in a critical attitude.

The young lady produced a roll of manuscript and read as follows:

And this is the end of all, Ernest! The end
our happy dreams.
A walk to the quiet graveyard, where the snowy
marble gleams;
Tablets of blighted hopes, and broken hearts
that moan
For their buried loves, and the weary years that
must be lived alone.

You go back to the world, Ernest—men's hearts
so seldom break—
And under new stars in new skies set, soon
other ties you'll make;
But I go back to a desolate life—no man can
ever be,
Though I roam the wide world over, what once
you were to me.

And this is the end of all. Good bye! Perhaps
it had caused less pain
To have gone separate ways without seeing each
other again.
For want of one little word, Ernest, lives often
drift apart;
You spoke that word, but it came too late; it
only broke my heart.

"Nice, ain't it?" remarked the horse reporter when the reading was finished. "Are you the girl that's been up to the graveyard and taken a look at the tablets of blighted hopes?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ernest is going back to the world, is he? What has he been doing in St. Louis all this time?"

"I hardly think you appreciate the circumstances under which the poem was written," said the young lady.

"Oh, yes I do. Ernest is your young man, and you have quarreled with him because he only called you his tootsey-wootsey eighteen times, instead of twenty, as you had figured on. You think your heart is broken, and you want to get even by breaking other people's heart's with your poetry. That's wrong. Just now the world seems desolate, and the horizon of your life is o'ercast with leaden clouds. But time heals all wounds and in about a month from now, when some other young man mentions oysters, the chances are you will beat the recors getting your sealskin jacket off the hat rack."

"You are very much mistaken, sir," said the young lady. "My love is no ephemeral passion."

"Do you still want Earnest?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I can tell you how to get him."

"Oh, can you?" asked the girl enthusiastically. "I shall be so thankful if you will."

"You take this poem," said the horse reporter, "and send it to him. Then drop him a note saying the papers have agreed to print it for you. If he doesn't weaken when he comes to having his name mixed up with a lot of graveyards, blighted hopes, broken hearts and a desolate life I shall miss my guess."

"Do you really think so?" asked the girl.

"Yes; really and truly."

"And I will tell you whether or not your plan succeeds," she continued.

"Never mind that part of it," replied the compiler of the 2:30 list. "The scheme will work all right. Come around again after you are married, and I will give you a pointer on how to keep Earnest at home nights."

LADY BEAUTIFIERS.—Ladies, you can not make fair skin, rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France, or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health, and nothing will give you such rich blood, good health, strength and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof.

It is thought a disgrace to love unrequited. But the great will see that true love cannot be unrequited.

KAHOKA, Mo., Feb. 9, 1880.

I purchased five bottles of your Hop Bitters of Bishop & Co. last fall, for my daughter and am well pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she has taken for six years. WM. T. McCLURE.

The above is from a very reliable farmer, whose daughter was in poor health for seven or eight years, and could obtain no relief until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person in the country. We have large sale, and they are making remarkable cures.

W. H. BISHOP & CO.

"Does our talk disturb you?" said one of a company of talkative ladies to an old gentleman sitting in a railway station the other afternoon. "No ma'am," was the naive reply, "I've been married nigh on to forty years."

London is now suffering from a severe visitation of scarlet fever.

BY A LITTLE CHILD.

$80,000 Church Built With $4.21.

Philadelphia Press.

The dedication Sunday morning of the Memorial Presbyterian church, on the southwest corner of Montgomery avenue and Bouvier street, was an event of more than usual interest, for it recalled to mind the touching origin of the structure. Some years ago, when its pastor, the Rev. S. A. Mutchmore, D. D., was laboring at the Cohocksink Presbyterian church, a little girl presented herself, accompanied by her mother, and asked to be received as a member. She was but 7 years of age, and the session, hesitating to receive so youthful a member, replied: "Don't you think you had better wait awhile?" To this the child answered: "The pastor said last Sunday the Lord's Supper was for those who love and obey him, and I am sure I love Him, and I am trying to obey." Being asked if she had been attending church regularly, she replied: "Mamma and I come at night. We are poor and our clothes are not good enough to come in daytime. The session received the little applicant. She was a delicate child, and in September of the same year the Rev. Dr. Mutchmore was summoned to her bedside. She was dying. He talked and prayed with her, and at the parting she handed the pastor all the savings of her brief life, amounting to $4.21. The money in various denominations she placed in a box that had contained one of the prescriptions she had been taking. "I want you," said the dying child, in a feeble tones, "to build a church for poor people like us." Under the circumstances such a request admitted of no denial. The little sufferer died shortly afterward. That was ten years ago. The child's legacy was divided into 102 pieces, comprising every piece of money from a penny up to a dollar note. With the $4.21 the Rev. Dr. Mutchmore began to carry out the little girl's dying wish. His efforts ended on Sunday in the dedication, clear of all indebtedness, of a magnificent edifice, valued at nearly $80,000. Starting, therefore, with the little girl's legacies, the 102 pieces each brought in $572.75, or a total of $28,428.50, the total cost of the building, exclusive of the ground, organ and furniture.

Marvels of the Human Body.

While the gastric juice has a mild, bland, sweetish taste, it possesses the power of dissolving the hardest food that can be swallowed. It has no influence whatever on the soft and delicate fibers of the living stomach, nor upon the living hand, but at the moment of death it begins to eat them away with the power of the strongest acids.

There is dust on sea, on land, in the valley and on the mountain-top; there is dust always and everywhere; the atmosphere is full of it; it penetrates the noisome dungeon and visits the deepest, darkest caves of the earth; no palace door can shut it out, no drawer so secret as to escape its presence; every breath of wind dashes it upon the open eye, yet that eye is not blinded, because under the eyelid there is incessantly emptying itself a fountain of the blandest fluid in nature, wich spreads itself over the surface of the eye at every winking and washes every atom of dust away. But this liquid, so mild and well adapted to the eye itself has some acridyity, which, under certain circumstances become so decided as to be scalding to the skin and would rot away the eyelids were it not that along the edges of them are little oil manufactories, which spread over their surface a coating as impervious to the liquids necessary for keeping the eyeball washed clean as the best varnish is impervious to water.

The breath which leaves the lungs has been so perfectly divested of its life-giving properties that to re-breathe it unmixed with other air, the moment it escapes from the mouth, would cause immediate death from suffocation, while if it hovered about us more or less destructive influence over health and life would be occasioned. But it is made of a nature so much lighter than the common air that the instant it escapes the lips and nostrils it ascends to the higher regions above the breathing-point, there to be rectified, renovated, and sent back again, replete with purity and life.

How rapidly it ascends is being fully exhibited every frosty morning.

But, foul and deadly as the expired air is, nature, wisely economical in all works and ways, turns it to good account its outward passage through the organs of the voice, making it the whispers of love, the soft words of affection, the tender tones of human sympathy, the sweetest strains of ravishing music, the persuasive eloquence of the finished orator.

If a well-made man be extended on the ground, his arms extended at right angles with the body, a circle making the naval its center will just take in the head, the finger-ends and the feet. The distance from top to toe is just the same as that between the tips of the finger when the arm is extended. The length of the body is just six times that of the foot, while the distance from the edge of the hair on the forehead to the edge of the chin is one tenth the length of the whole statue.

Of the sixty-two primary elements known in nature, only eighteen are known in the human body, and of these seven are metallic. Iron is found in the blood, phosphorus in the brain, limestone in the bile, lime in the bones, and dust and ashes in all. Not only these eighteen human elements, but the whole sixty-two of which the universe is made, have their essential basis in the four substances of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon, representing the more familiar names of fire, water, saltpetre and charcoal.

And such is man—the lord of earth—a spark of fire, a drop of water, a grain of powder, an atom of charcoal.

Unexpert Experts.

From the Boston Herald.

A Boston bank sent a quantity of gold to the sub-treasury a few days ago, and, on the following morning, a curiously-colored $5 piece, which had been discovered in the lot was returned to the bank with the information that it was counterfeit. The clerk who had received the coin was apprised of his error, with an accompanying warning to be more careful in the future. Not relishing this reflection upon his ability, and believing that the piece was genuine, he took it to a number of expert counterfeit coin detectors, all of whom unhesitatingly pronounced it valueless. Still the clerk's faith in the purity of the coin remained unshaken. The services of a jewelry manufacturer were next called in, and the piece cut in two. These were subjected to the severest tests, all of which showed the metal to be of standard quality. The clerk, highly elated with this proof of the soundess of his judgment, called at the sub-treasury, and, much to the surprise of the experts there, detailed his experience with the jeweler. The peculiar color of the coin was said to have been caused by heat, to which it had been at some time subjected.

Temper

Temper imprints its mark upon the countenance and speedily reveals the character of the disposition that lurks behind it. Being a growing and vigorous power, it gradually overcomes every obstacle which stands in the way of its observation. It wrinkles the brow, lowers the eyebrows, bends the curve of the mouth, and pouts the lips whenever it is of a disagreeable and selfish nature. Cultivate beauty of the soul, for the course of feeling engendered by a kind and generous character will always give life and permanent animation to all the lines of the face.

A MINISTER'S ESCAPE.

From the Asylum to the Bosom of His Home--How it was Done.

A prominent minister residing at the east has just made the following statement, which is herewith reprinted entire:

To the Editor of the Herald.

I have always shrunk from appearing prominently before the public, but a sense of the duty I owe humanity and the world prompts me to ask this opportunity for making a brief statement in your paper.

Whether it be true with others I cannot say, but during my entire life I have frequently been conscious that something was slowly and silently working to undermine my health and life. What it was I could not tell, but that some enemy of my being was devouring me within I was certain. At times I would seem comparatively well and then I would be attacked with the most distressing symptoms. I would feel peculiar pains in various parts of my body, my head would seem heavy; my respiration labored; my appetite would be ravenous one day and I would loathe food the day following. Then again I would lose all interest in life: would feel weary without exertion; would become sleepy at mid-day and restless at night. Occasionally my breathing would be labored and my heart almost motionless, while at other times it would palpitate violently. I thought these troubles were the result of malaria, and I treated them accordingly, but I got no better. Shortly afterward my stomach became deranged, my food failed to digest, and the fluids I passed were of a peculiar odor and color. And yet I did not realize that these things meant anything serious. Finally I consulted a number of eminent physicians, each one of whom took a different view as to the cause of my troubles. One said I was suffering from brain disease; another spinal difficulty; others heart affection, kidney disease, etc. My symptoms were terrible, and in the hope of relief I was cauterised, cupped, blistered and subjected to almost every known form of treatment. During one of these attacks while at Red Bank, N. J., a physician was called, and left a prescription. After he had gone, I requested a friend to go and ask him what he thought of my trouble. The reply was: "Oh, he will be all right in a few days; it is only an attack of delirium tremens." He was at once informed that this was impossible, as I had never used any kind of intoxicating drinks; whereupon he returned, made inquiries, and changed his prescription. But all the care of my friends and physicians availed nothing. I grew worse constantly, and what is most terrible to think of, I did not know what ailed me, nor could I find any one who did.

During the summer and fall of last year my pulse ranged from 120 to 130 per minute; I had no relish for food, and was indeed a most pitiable object. I continued in this state until last December, when I became unconscious and lost my reason, though I had two physicians in whom myself and friends placed implicit confidence. In this condition I was taken to Battleboro, Vt., for the purpose of being placed in an insane asylum. I remained there until last March, being attended all the while by my faithful wife, who never left me, and believed that some disease and not insanity was the cause of all my trouble. I regained consciousness in March last and insisted upon being taken home. The physician advised that I remain, but I insisted upon leaving, and we began the journey, traveling slowly. I was met at the dock by a friend whom I recognized, and then I became again unconscious and remained so for over a week. When I once more recognized my friend and knew my surroundings I determined to try, as a last resort, a treatment of which I had heard much, but knew nothing. Neither myself nor friends had much faith that it or anything could help me, but we resolved to try. We accordingly dismissed the physicians, gave up all other remedies, and I rejoice to say that with the blessing of Him who guided us, I am to-day a well man, having not been so vigorous for many years, and I owe it all to the wonderful, almost miraculous power of Warner's Safe Kidney Cure, the remedy which I used.

You can well imagine how grateful I must feel under the circumstances, and, like a new convert, I earnestly desire that all who are suffering should know and avail themselves of this means of recovery. Had it not been for the remedy above named I should doubtless now be within the walls of an asylum or in my grave. The great trouble with my case was that no one seemed to know what I was afflicted with, and I am positive that thousands of people in America do-day are in the same or a similar condition, and do not know its cause. Kidney troubles are the most deceptive of all diseases. They have no symptoms of their own, but often show the symptoms of nearly every known complaint. I know that people are dying every day from supposed consumption, apoplexy, heart disease, spinal complaint, and many other diseases, when, could the real cause be known, it would be found to originate in the kidneys. In their advanced stages kidney troubles are the most terrible of all known maladies, as my own experience can carefully verify. That I had Bright's disease of the kidneys there can be no doubt. That the symptoms were those of many other diseases is equally certain, and that I was doomed to a terrible death had I not been saved as I was, I am positive. The following letters just received, confirm this:

VERMONT ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE,
BRATTLEBORO, Vermont,
Oct. 30, 1882.

Rev. E. D. Hopkins:

DEAR SIR: Yours of the 21st inst. received. We congratulate you not only upon the continuance of your health, but also upon its apparent continual improvement. Few persons, I think, have passed through so exhausting an experience as you and rallied from it. Certainly I cannot recall one who came to us in so critical, and for days and even weeks in so hopeless a state for amendment as you, and who survived and recovered from it; for, I think, you may now consider yourself recovered and no longer on the convalescent list. Hoping for the continuance of your present health, with the best wishes from all here,

I am, yours truly,
J. DRAPER.

OCEANIC, N. J., Nov. 2, 1882.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Replying to your letter I would say, I have been acquainted with my highly valued friend, the Rev. S. D. Hopkins about eighteen months, and very intimately acquainted for about six months past. For a little more than five months he was an inmate of my house, and we enjoyed constant intercourse with each other. When he came in April last he was almost a perfect wreck in point of health. I thought he had come to us but to die. Soon afterwards he began the use of some of H. H. Warner & Co.'s remedies, namely: the Safe Kidney and Liver cure, Safe Nervine and Safe Pills. From almost the time he began their use his improvement was very marked and wonderful, and when he left us, after having taken some two dozen bottles, he was like a new man. The change was the most remarkable I ever witnessed.

SAMUEL MILLER,
(Pastor of the Presbyterian Church.)

In view, therefore, of these facts and with a hope that all who read this may take timely warning, I make this open statement freely and for the good of my fellow men.

Sincerely,
(Rev.) E. D. HOPKINS,
East Richford, Vt., Nov. 7, 1882.

LEISURE MOMENTS.

The worst of collisions—Running into debt.

Large fat women often go about with the least bustle.

Three people can keep a secret when two of them are dead.

Lightning never strikes twice in one place. It isn't necessary.

A man is not necessarily a Southerner because he has a Mobile face.

"Darling, this potato is only half done." "Then eat the done half, love."

When a baseball nine gets a goose-egg, is it laid to the fouls or by them?

Why would coal dealers make good lawyers? Because they know all about coke and little ton.

Sleep may "knit up the ravelled sleeve of care," but it won't darn the torn stocking of poverty.

Tombstone, Arizona, is growing so rapidly that they soon expect to be big enough to change its name to Mausoleum.

A suit has been brought against a Michigan man for enticing his mother-in-law away from her home to live with him.

In a slander suit in Oregon the court held that "an honest man is a man who won't steal firewood on a cold night."

The pensive mule is not usually regarded as susceptible to pathetic emotions. And yet he occasionally drops a mule-teer.

When a Hindoo swears, he takes hold of the tail of a cow. In this country when a man takes hold of the tail of a cow, he swears.

The poet who asserts that life is but a dream was never called in to help move the cook-stove, or get a barrel of cider down cellar.

A college freshman says that next to "Fools without Straw," there is no book in the world for a Saturday evening like "A Brick's Errand."

"Meissonier is said to paint very slowly." It might be inferred that Meissonier is a house painter, and works by the day, but such is not the case.

In a German village, the following official notice was posted: "Those who catch frogs' legs must first kill them Those who kill them alive will be fined."

At a recent concert in London the fog was so thick that the musicians were invisible to the audience, and the cornets and trombones had to be replaced by fog horns.

An enterprising Bengalee gentleman, in the prospectus of a new Anglo-Native journal, announces that his paper will be "loyal to the Backbone, to the Crown, and to the Constitution."

It is the little things that fret and worry us. A three-year-old boy may keep a man in perfect misery, whereas no such trials would accompany the presence of his eighteen-year-old sister.

An eccentric farmer writes to an agricultural paper that he believes that sweetened pumpkin will give fine color to horses. And it must follow that bald pumpkin pies will make a pie-bald horse.

The Little Rock papers mitigate the crime of a man who committed suicide there by saying it was his first offence. Very likely he had not been long in the State, or he would have made the attempt sooner.

Gus De Brown, who has prolonged his call considerably after 10.45 P. M.: "So you don't admire men of conservative views like myself, Miss Angel?" Miss A., with vivacity; "No indeed, I prefer people who have some go in them." De B reaches for his hat.

In a Canadian village, a jury of twelve enlightened and thinking men, who were called to judge the facts of a case wherein a murder had probably been done, came to the force with the conclusion "Died by the visitation of God under suspicious circumstances."

How we always loathed that instructor of youth who told us, in the face of our better judgment, that a pound of feathers weighed as heavy as a pound of lead! How we always longed to get his bald head under a fourth story window and experiment thereon with both!

An old Connecticut statute reads: "A wife shall be good evidence against her husband." In what way or for what she was good evidence does not appear, but an old bachelor judge ruled that it meant that a married man was to be condemned on general principles.

The last new thing in perfumes is the "campaign scent." Mrs. Pinaphor is positive that its principal ingredient is coal oil, because her husband always smells of it when he comes home from a torch light procession—a sort of "night blooming serious" business for a married man, she thinks.

A New-England paper relates that a young infant having been presented with a handsome basket bearing the words "Welcome Little Stranger," in green and gold, the Irish nurse protested against the form of the salutation, contending that "for sure that was wrong, for the baby is not a stranger, but one of the family."

Capacity of the Chicago stockings: "Papa," said a gushing young damsel of Chicago, "I want you to give me this Christmas, a sealskin sacque and muff, a pair of diamond ear-rings, that beautiful writing desk we were looking at the other day and bushels of French candy. Will you papa?" and the dear thing's eyes danced in glowing anticipation, while her feet beat a tatto on the velvet carpet that sounded like muffled thunder. "Ah, my dear child," replied the proud father, as he gazed at his daughter with a pensive, upward-tendency-in-pork look, "indeed I will. Just hang your stocking up in the back yard, and I will fill it for you, darling, if I have to chuck in a house and lot."

Solid men admire the beautiful, and this accounts in some measure for the thousands upon thousands of bottles of Carboline, the deodorized petroleum hair renewer and dressing, which have been sold yearly since its invention by Messrs. Kennedy & Co., of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can, as common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.

Rescued from Death.

William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with BLEEDING OF THE LUNGS, followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the hospital. The doctor said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better than for three years past.

I write this hoping that everyone afflicted with diseased lungs will take DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. I can positively say it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness.

Misfortunes are moral bitters which often restore the healthy tone of the mind after it has been cloyed and sickened by the sweets of prosperity.

Patrons looking for Holiday Goods will do well to send for David C. Cook's Catalogue of Goods. He is in the field this year with a larger stock than ever, and from his prices we should judge the bottom had fallen clear out before he purchased. See adv. in other column.

Thirsting for the golden fountain of the fable from how many streams have we turned away weary and in disgust.

An Entire Success.

It has been proved by the most reliable testimony that THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL is an entire success in curing the most inveterate cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, lame back, and wounds of every description.

St. Augustin described the nature of God as a circle whose center was everywhere, and its circumference nowhere.

Time Tries All.

So it does, and in cases of dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, kidney and liver complaints, billousness, etc., BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS have been proved by many a trial to be a reliable cure. Price $1.00.

God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please—you can never have both.

Fell Down.

Mr. Albert Anderson, York street, Buffalo, fell down stairs and severely bruised his knee. A few applications of DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL entirely cured him.

To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men—that is genious.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Priscription."

always becomes the favorite remedy of those who try it. It is a specific for all female "weaknesses" and derangements, bringing strength to the limbs and back, and color to the face. Of all druggists.

Tell your children that they are the worst you ever saw, and they will, no doubt, grow up in the way they should not go.

Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." They operate without disturbance to the constitution, diet, or occupation. For sick headache, constipation, impure blood, dizziness, sour eructations from the stomach, bad taste in mouth, bilious attacks, pain in region of kidney, internal fever, bloated feeling about stomach, rush of blood to head, take Dr. Pierce's "pellets." By druggists.

If it is your purpose in life to make your face your fortune you must look well to it or it will turn out to be your misfortune.

A CREDIT TO THE CITY.

There is no institution that should interest our business men more than the Business College, for this is where they must look for their future bookeeper, chief clerks, bank cashiers, tellers, etc., and though a young man may start with good natural ability, much depends on the training received while in college. The Grand Rapids Business College is a credit to the city, for there is not a better managed school in the country, and any young man intending to take a business course need look no further than the Grand Rapids Business College. Any information desired will be cheerfully furnished by addressing, C. G. SWENSBERG, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Self-love is at once the most delicate and the most tenacious of our sentiments; a mere nothing will wound it, but nothing on earth will kill it.

MARRY RICH.

This is very good advice, girls, if you get a healthy man with the cash, but if you secure a peevish, nervous, dyspeptic fellow you are certainly in hard luck, for what good is he except to wear your life out with his grumblings and lamentations! Give us the man with a sound stomach, plenty of blood in his veins, a smile on his face, and a pleasant word for all. We would take him if he hadn't a dollar were we looking for a husband just now. Health is better than riches, you may depend. However, if you have the ill-luck to own an invalid husband make the most of it. We can suggest to you a means of helping him out. Burdock Blood Bitters, for the man with dyspepsia, for the man who is bilious, for the man who is debilitated, or for the man with an enfeebled circulation, are better than a gold mine. And remember, girls, this splendid medicine is just as good for the opposite sex; for a sour stomach, for an impure breath, and for nervousness we most heartily recommend it. Burdock Blood Bitters are unexcelled in their specialties.

Mr. R. Gibbs, of Buffalo, N.Y., writes: "Hearing your Burdock Blood Bitters favorably spoken of, I was induced to watch their effects, and find that in chronic diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys, your bitters have been signally marked with success. I have used them myself with best results, for torpidity of the liver; and in the case of a friend of mine suffering from dropsy, the effect was marvelous." FARRAND, WILLIAMS & CO., Wholesale Agents, Detroit, Mich.

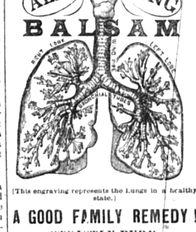
The heart is a loom and it may weave whatever it pleases. It may make a life a continual progress toward triumph.

A FORTUNE

may be made by hard work, but can neither be made nor enjoyed without health. To those leading sedentary lives Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a real friend. It stimulates the liver, purifies the blood, and is the best remedy for consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs. By all druggists.

Never, while you breathe, offend deliberately the inward monitor: "My heart shall not reproach me so long as I live."

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM



[This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.]

A GOOD FAMILY REMEDY!
STRICTLY PURE.
HARMLESS TO THE MOST DELICATE!

By its faithful use CONSUMPTION has been CURED when other remedies and Physicians have failed to effect a cure.

WILLIAM C. DIGGES, merchant of Bowling Green, Va., writes April 4, 1881, that he wants us to know that the LUNG BALSAM has cured his mother of Consumption, after the physician had given her up as incurable. He says, others knowing her case have taken the Balsam and been cured; he thinks all so afflicted should give it a trial.

WILLIAM A. GRAHAM & CO., wholesale druggists, Zanesville, Ohio, write us of the cure of MATHIAS FREEMAN, a well-known citizen, who had been afflicted with Bronchitis in its worst form for twelve years. The LUNG BALSAM cured him, as it has many others, of Bronchitis.

VOLUNTARY EDITORIAL FROM THE DUBUQUE HERALD.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM is a popular remedy in Dubuque and the surrounding country. The druggists whom we have interviewed in regard to the sale of different remedies for Lung Diseases, all speak in high terms of Allen's Lung Balsam, not only as having the largest sale, but of giving entire satisfaction wherever it is used. In relation to its excellent curative properties we can speak from experience, having used it in our family for a long time.

As an Expectorant it has No Equal
For Sale By all Medicine Dealers.

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.
A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, with all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, makes the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth.
No disease can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.
They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.
To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, without intoxicating.
No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick but if you only feel bad or miserable, use them at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.
$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop B
Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "INVALIDS FRIEND and HOPE" and no person or family should be without them.
D.I.C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N.Y. and Toronto, Ont.

SAMARITAN CURES AND NEVER FAILS. NERVINE

is unfailing and infallible in curing Epileptic Fits, Spasms, Convulsions, St. Vitus Dance, Alcoholism, Opium Eating, Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Impotency, Syphilis, Scrofula and all Nervous and Blood Diseases. To Clergymen, Lawyers, Literary Men, Merchants, Bankers, Ladies and all whose sedentary employment causes Nervous Prostration, Irregularities of the blood, stomach, bowels or kidneys, or who require a nerve tonic, appetizer or stimulant, SAMARITAN NERVINE is invaluable. Thousands proclaim it the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system. For sale by all Druggists.

THE DR. S. A. RICHMOND MEDICAL CO., Sole Proprietors, St. Joseph, Mo.

YOUNG MEN if you want to learn telegraphy in a few months and be sure of a situation at good wages, address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

TRADE MARK THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY. TRADE MARK

An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all Diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse; as loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a Premature Grave.

BEFORE TAKING. AFTER TAKING.

Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on the receipt of the money, by addressing THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

On account of counterfeits, we have adopted the Yellow Wrapper; the only genuine. Guarantees of cure issued by Farrand, Williams & Co., Detroit, Mich.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY! Young man or old, if you want a luxuriant mustache, flowing whiskers, or a heavy growth of hair on bald heads, or to THICKEN, STRENGTHEN and INVIGORATE the HAIR anywhere, don't be humbugged. Try the Great Spanish Discovery, which has NEVER YET FAILED. Send ONLY SIX CTS. to Dr. JUAN GONZALES, Box 1649, Boston, Mass. Beware of all imitations.

DO NOT FAIL to send for our fall price list for 1883. Free to any address upon application. Contains descriptions of everything required for Personal or Family use, with over 2,200 illustrations. We sell all goods at wholesale prices in quantities to suit the purchaser. The only institution who make this their special business. MONTGOMERY WARD & CO., 227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

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Holiday Books	50c to $1 00	Fringed Cards	20c to $1 00
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Glass

WILLIAM REID, Wholesale and Retail dealer in French and American WINDOW GLASS, PLATE GLASS, Ribbed and Rough Plate for Skylight, Cut and Enameled Glass Silver Plated Sash Bars, French and German Looking Glass Plates, Lead and Oil Colors, Putty, Paints, etc. 73 and 75 Larned st. West, Detroit, Mich. If building and in want of anything write for estimates.

BOUNTY and arrears of pay volunteer sold. charge for desertion. Honorable discharges procured for those who served until May 22 1865, and then went home without leave. Act, August 7, 1882.

Apply to MILO B. STEVENS & CO., Abstract Building, Detroit, Mich.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION.

This N.Y. Singer, $20 With $5 set of Attachments Free. Warranted perfect. Light running, quiet, handsome and durable. Sent on test trial-plan when desired. Happy Home Organs: 4 sets Reeds, 12 stops; Mechanical Sub Bass, octave coupler, 2 knee swells, with $3 stool and $1 Book, only $75. Also sent on test trial-plan if desired. Elegant case, magnificent tone, durable inside and out. Circular, with testimonials, free. Ask G. Payne & Co., 47 Third av, Chicago

RUPTURE! Cured without an operation or the injury trusses inflict by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S method. Office 251 Broadway, New York. His book with photographic likenesses of bad cases before and after cure mailed for 10 cents.

YOUNG MEN The GOLDSMITH Bryant & Stratton BUSINESS UNIVERSITY, Detroit, is the oldest, largest, most thorough and practical, has the most able and experienced teachers, finest rooms, and better facilities every way, than any other business college in Michigan. Ask our graduates and the business men of Detroit, about our School. Call or send for Circulars. Shorthand by a Practical Reporter.

PATENTS F. A. LEHMANN, Solicitor of Patents, Washington, D. C. Send for Circular.

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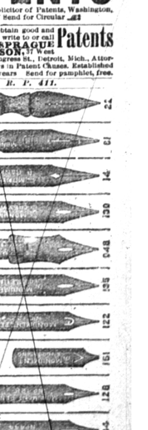

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Sample card mailed on receipt of twenty-five cents. By the Esterbrook Steel Pen Company. Ask your stationer for these pens.

MANUFACTURED EXPRESSLY FOR THORNDIKE NOURSE, (Successor to E. B. Smith & Co.) DETROIT, Mich.

DR. HARTER'S A combination of Protoxide of Iron, Peruvian Bark and Phosphorus in a palatable form. The only preparation of iron that will not blacken the teeth, so characteristic of other iron preparations.

GENTLEMEN: I have used DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC in my practice, and in an experience of twenty-five years in medicine, have never found anything to give the results that DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC does. In many cases of Nervous Prostration, Female Diseases, Dyspepsia, and an impoverished condition of the blood, this peerless remedy has, in my hands, made some wonderful cures. Cases that have baffled some of our most eminent physicians have yielded to this great and incomparable remedy. I prescribe it in preference to any iron preparation made. In fact, such a compound as DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC is a necessity in my practice. DR. ROBERT SAMUELS, ST. LOUIS, MO., NOV. 26th, 1881. 2104 Wash. Avenue.

It gives color to the blood, natural healthful tone to the digestive organs and nervous system, making it applicable to General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Prostration of Vital Powers and Impotence.

IRON TONIC.

MANUFACTURED BY THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., 213 N. MAIN ST., ST. LOUIS