Evening Song.

Behind the hill-top drops the sun,
The curled heat falters on the sand;
While evening's ushers, one by one,
Lead in the guests of twilight-land.

The bird is silent overhead,
Below the beast has lain him down;
Alone the marbles watch the dead,
Alone the steeple guards the town.

The south wind feels its amorous course
To cloistered sweets in thickets found;
The leaves obey its tender force,
And stir 'twixt silence and a sound.

—John Vance Cheney.

Pat's Reason.

One day, in a crowded Gates avenue car,
A lady was standing. She had ridden quite far,
And seemed much disposed to indulge in a frown,
As nobody offered to let her sit down.
And many there sat who, to judge by their dress,
Might a gentleman's natural instincts possess,
But who, judged by their acts, make us firmly believe,
That appearances often will sadly deceive.
There were some most intently devouring the news,
And some, thro' the windows, enjoying the views;
And others indulged in a make believe nap—
While the lady still stood holding on by the strap.
At last a young Irishman, fresh from the "sod,"
Arose with a smile and most comical nod,
Which said quite plain as in words could be stated
That the lady should sit in the place he'd vacated.
"Excuse me," said Pat, "that I caused you to wait
So long before offerin' to give you a sate,
But in troth I was only just waitin' to see
If there wasn't more gintlemin here beside me."

—Brooklyn Eagle.

EILEY'S REVENGE.

Oh, how I hate her—how I hate her!" Eiley cried passionately, then pain getting the better of her temper, she buried her flushed face in her hands and sobbed bitterly.

She was sitting alone in the schoolroom, which only a few minutes ago had been filled with rosy, bright-eyed children.

Her governess after rebuking her several times for the same fault, had been compelled to resort to a more severe punishment.

To-day, keeping her after the others had left, she had, to Eiley's humiliation, struck her several times across the palm with a ruler.

Eiley, indignant, could no longer restrain the vehement words that rose to her lips.

"I will never, never come to school again. How could she the cruel thing! But I will have revenge, I will not be treated like a baby or a boy for nothing."

Her sobs grew quieter, and finally ceased; but her hand was still throbbing, and already black marks were raised on the white skin. As she saw them a deeper hatred and resentment against her governess filled her heart.

Presently she rose from the chair, and looked around.

As her eyes roved over the room, they suddenly fell on a letter lying on the floor.

She picked it up, and glancing at the envelope, saw it was addressed to Miss Lynn.

Eiley turned it over and over.

Who could it be from? She had always thought her governess was quite alone in the world, had not one friend; she had heard Miss Lynn say to her mother.

She drew the letter out of the envelope, and forgetting how dishonorable such an act was, with trembling fingers opened it.

As she read, the look of curiosity on her face turned to one of amazed surprise.

"My dear Daughter—At last I have escaped from my prison and am once more in New York, but without money. The fear of being discovered, and sent back to that awful life prevents me earning anything. After weeks of weary searching, I at last found out where you were and now write to you for help. I cannot come to you, it would do harm to us both; I might be detected, and then the disgrace would fall upon you—few would trust their children to the daughter of a convict. For your own sake as well as mine, grant me the aid I ask. From your unhappy father."

Miss Lynn the daughter of a convict! Eiley could hardly believe it, yet it was written plain enough.

As Eiley was still pondering she heard the sound of footsteps coming towards the room.

Hastily thrusting the letter in her pocket, she sat down and waited.

It was Miss Lynn, and as she entered she gave a quick look round the room.

"Have you seen a letter lying about, Eiley?" she asked in an anxious voice.

For a moment Eiley hesitated, then she answered in a low tone:

"No, Miss Lynn."

The look of anxiety deepened on Miss Lynn's face, and as she turned away, pausing at the door, she said to Eiley:

"You may go now, I am sorry if I have hurt you, but I have told you often I should punish you if you disobeyed me."

"Thank you," Eiley answered curtly; she had almost forgotten her former grievance, but now reminded of it by her governess, she once more felt her anger rising against her.

Her mind often reverted to the letter in her pocket, as she walked slowly homeward; she almost wished now, that she had left it where she had found it; it was of no use to her.

Suddenly it flashed across her mind that this might be the means of having revenge; the words, "Few would trust their children to the daughter of a convict," were still before her eyes.

"I will show it to mamma," she thought, a feeling of triumph rising in her heart at finding a way to revenge her sufferings.

Full of this strange secret she went home, but to her disappointment, Mrs. Grey was out so she would have to defer telling her until the morrow.

The next day, however, was Sunday, and Eiley had no opportunity of seeing her mother alone, so when she started for church the letter was still a secret, and although she would not own it to herself, it was beginning to be a heavy burden.

From the pew in which the Grays sat, Eiley could see Miss Lynn, calm and pale, but with lines of care plainly visible on her sad face.

Eiley was thinking more of her governess than of the service, her eyes never left Miss Lynn's face, and Mrs. Grey, glancing now and then at her little daughter, wondered what she saw in it so interesting.

Presently Eiley turned towards the minister, ashamed of her former inattention.

"Judge not, as ye would not be judged; condemn not, as ye would not be condemned; forgive, as ye would be forgiven," fell softly on her ear, bringing a sudden reproach to her heart.

Very intently she listened to the sermon, and as the clergyman told the meaning of those words, the anger in her heart died away, and she felt only shame at her unforgiving thoughts and dishonorable conduct.

Suppose Miss Lynn's father was a convict, she could not help it, she was more to be pitied than blamed for a fault that was not her own.

As these thoughts flitted through her mind, her heart softened, and she felt reproached, knowing how far it had been from her to forgive injuries, and those injuries deserved.

Before she left the church, she had made up her mind to give the letter back to Miss Lynn without showing it to her mother.

The next day early, Eiley started for school, and much to Miss Lynn's surprise said her lessons without fault, and all the morning acted so differently that her governess could hardly understand so pleasant a change.

After the other children had left Eiley waited in the school-room to give the letter back to Miss Lynn.

Now the time had come, she began to feel a little fresh shame at her conduct, hardly had courage to speak; but Miss Lynn was before her, wondering what made the usually bright laughing child so quiet and grave.

"What do you want, Eiley?"

A sudden trembling seized the little girl and held her silent. Without glancing at her teacher's face she handed her the letter.

A low cry broke from Miss Lynn's lips, as turning it over she recognised the writing.

"Where did you get this, Eiley? It is mine."

"I know," Eiley faltered tearfully, "I found it on the floor and kept it from you."

"Why did you keep it? Did you not know it was mine?"

"Oh yes, but I was angry with you for hitting me, and when I found that letter, I thought I could be revenged on you by showing it to my mother."

Miss Lynn's face was full of mute reproach, and Eiley reading that look hastened to add eagerly:

"But I have not shown it to her or to anyone, indeed I have not. Yesterday, after I heard what the clergyman said about forgiving those who injured us, I felt how wicked I had been, to even dream of hurting one who, after all, had only done what was right."

A look of intense relief spread over her governess's face.

"I am very grateful to you, Eiley, for giving it back to me unread by any one besides yourself, and I think I can have enough faith in you to know you will keep my secret—the secret of my father," she said, drawing the child nearer to her.

"Of course I will," Eiley answered, glad that Miss Lynn had taken her confession so quietly.

"And will you forgive me?"

For all an answer, she bent and kissed the penitent pleading face, and from that day there dated a friendship between those two which was never broken, and neither have had cause to repent Eiley's Revenge.

Transcendentalism in New England.

In fact, there was no such thing as a literary spirit in America before Transcendentalism created one, by overthrowing dogma and transferring the tribunal of judgment to the human mind. A literary taste, correct, fastidious, refined, and firm, first became possible when all literary productions were placed on the same level and submitted to the same laws of criticism; and idealism of this type supplied the necessary conditions. One must have been through and through pervaded by the Transcendental principle before he could have cast a free, bold regard on the beauties of the pagan classics, or on the deformities of books hitherto looked on as above human estimate. The services of those scholars who first ventured to do this, who did it without hesitation, who encouraged others to do it, has never been appraised at its full value. The influence of Transcendentalism on literature has been lasting and deep, and that influence is shown in nothing more signally than in this liberation of the human mind from theological prejudice. Writers felt it who would not call themselves Transcendentalists, but who read books which had been sealed to them before. In Germany the literary spirit was illustrated by minds like Goethe, Schiller, Herder, to mention only three of many names. In France authors famed for brilliancy made it attractive. In England Coleridge, among others, made it honorable. In New England Emerson, Margaret Fuller, Hedge, the writers in the *Dial*, took up the tradition.—*July Atlantic.*

The Farm Dairy.

Mr. J. W. Darrow, writes as follows upon an important topic in the *American Agriculturist* for July:

In the average farm dairy, too little attention is given to the management of milk. The introduction of what may be termed "the home-made creamery system," has proved a wonderful boon to many farmers. Such as do not invest in the patented creameries, need some artificial method for keeping the milk and cream at a proper temperature. A neighboring farmer has for several years kept milk in a cellar-tank, which is supplied from an adjoining pond of pure water. Into this water-tank, cans, 20 inches deep, are set so that the water comes within two inches of the top, and they are left uncovered, to allow the animal heat to pass off. A thermometer, occasionally plunged into the water enables him to regulate the temperature, which should be at about 62 degrees, and as a result, the cream rises, to a depth of from two to three inches, in the can. The tank was built, and water conducted to it, at a small expense, which has been amply repaid, as the quantity of cream greatly exceeds that produced by the old method, of setting in shallow pans. By some such means as this the farm dairy may be made a profitable adjunct to general farming.

A Society Innovation.

"My daughter is to be married next week," he said, as he sat down and removed his hat.

"And you will present her with a check for $50,000, of course?" replied the broker.

"Well, no, that's what I called to see you about. I believe in innovation."

"You'll give her $25,000 in cash, eh?"

"No, sir. I was thinking that you might take about $500 and buy about $75,000 worth of some sort of bonds."

"As an investment for an income?"

"No—for a show. Get $1,000 bonds, if possible. Get some that are printed in red and blue ink, if you can. If they have big red or blue seals on so much the better. If they begin 'In the name of God, amen,' they will look the more important. See that the paper is good, the printing clear, the signatures in a bold, heroic hand, and send your bill to me. The time has gone by when the public can be fooled by a check."—*Wall Street News.*

The Northern Lumber Product.

The St. Paul *Pioneer-Press* gives a statistical review of the season's lumbering operations in the Minnesota and Wisconsin woods. The aggregates reveal the stupendous magnitude of the business. The total cut of the two states exceeds 4,000,000,000 feet. This represents the trees growing on 1,250 square miles. The Chippewa Valley region of Wisconsin contributes nearly 1,000,000,000 feet, the Mississippi above Minneapolis nearly 6,000,000,000 feet, the Wisconsin River, 441,000,000, the Duluth district 297,000,000, and the Black River 228,000,000. The streams on the west shore of Lake Michigan, 785,000,000. On the different railroads in Wisconsin and Minnesota between 500,000,000 and 600,000,000 of feet were cut. This cut is by far the greatest in the history of the Northwest.

A Druggist's Mistake—Not Fatal.

A beautiful young lady tripped into the drug store a few days ago, and told young Speight, who presides there, that she wished some castor-oil, and asked him if he could mix it up so as to disguise the taste of it.

"Oh, yes," says Speight. Presently Speight said:

"Will you have a glass of soda-water, Miss——?"

"Oh, yes," says she. After drinking the soda-water the young lady waited a while, and then asked Speight if the castor-oil was ready.

"Oh!" says Speight, "you have already taken the castor-oil in the soda-water."

"Great heavings!" said the young lady, "I wanted the oil for my mother."—*Fort Gaines (Tex.) Tribune.*

A VETERAN BENEFACTOR.

His Past Life, Present Plans, and What He Has to Say Upon a Subject That Astonished Him.

New York Times.

Nearly forty years ago a young man, of unusual endowments began to mould public opinion upon a subject of vital importance. Like all pioneers, his early efforts were unsuccessful, but his ability and the value of his work soon won public confidence, and to-day there is not a village or hamlet in the country that has not been influenced by Dr. Dio Lewis. When, therefore, it was learned yesterday that he contemplated the establishment of a large magazine in this city, the fact was deemed so important that a representative of this paper was commissioned to see him and ascertain the truth of the rumor.

Dr. Dio Lewis is a gentleman of sixty years and two hundred pounds, with snow-white hair and beard, but probably the most perfect picture of health and vigor in the metropolis. He is a living exponent of his teachings, and notwithstanding the amount of work he has already done, promises still greater activity for years to come. He received the interviewer most courteously, and in reply to a question said:

"It is true I have come to New York to establish a monthly magazine. I have come here for the same reason that I went to Boston 25 years ago. Then Boston was the best platform in the country from which to speak of education. New York has now become most hospitable to progressive thoughts, and especially so to movements on behalf of physical training.

"I have reason to know the great and abiding interest of the American people in this subject. They have come to realize that the future of our country pivots upon our physical vitality, and especially upon the vigor of our women. My new magazine will bear the title 'Dio Lewis's Monthly,' and be devoted to Sanitary and Social Science. I hope through its pages to inaugurate a new departure in hygiene."

"Have you not written several books on the subject?"

"Yes, nine volumes, and some of them like 'Our Girls,' published by the Harpers, have had an enormous circulation, but the best work of my life I shall give the world in the new magazine. Forty years of skirmishing ought to conclude with ten years of organized warfare."

"Doctor, what is the occasion of this new interest in health questions?"

"It has come through suffering, which seems the only road to self-knowledge. The stomach, heart, kidneys or liver fall into trouble, happiness is gone, and then people give attention to their health."

"Which of these organs is most frequently the victim of our errors?" asked the reporter.

"Within the last few years diseases of the kidneys have greatly multiplied. When I was engaged in practice, thirty-five and forty years ago, serious disease of the kidneys was rare; but now distressingly frequent and fatal."

"To what do you attribute this great increase of kidney troubles?"

"To the use of stimulating drinks adulterated food and irregular habits of life."

"Doctor, have you any confidence in the remedy of which we hear so much now-a-days, 'Warner's Safe Cure?'"

"I believe in the ounce of prevention, rather than in a ton of cure."

"But have you noticed the remarkable testimonials of Warner's remedy?"

"I have, and confess that they have puzzled and astonished me. The commendations of proprietary medicines usually come from unknown persons residing in back counties. But I see in our most reputable newspapers the warmest praise of Warner's Safe Cure from College Professors, respectable physicians, and other persons of high intelligence and character. To thrust such testimony aside may be professional, but it is unmanly. No physician can forget that valuable additions to our *Materia Medica* have sprung from just such sources. I was so impressed with this cloud of witnesses that I purchased some bottles of Warner's Safe Cure at a neighboring drug store, and analyzed one of them to see if it contained any thing poisonous. Then I took three of the prescribed doses at once, and found there was nothing injurious in it. I do not hesitate to say that if I found my kidneys in serious trouble, I should use this remedy, because of the hopelessness of all ordinary treatment, and because when a hundred intelligent and reputable persons unite in the statement that a certain remedy has cured them of a grave malady, I choose to believe that they speak the truth."

"But as you may know, my great interest in life lies in prevention. For forty years I have labored in this field. One of the phases of my work in New England was the establishment of the Ladies' seminary at Lexington, Mass. My aim was to illustrate the possibilities in the physical training of girls during their school life. This institution became before I left it, the largest and most successful Seminary for young women owned and managed by one person in our country. I sat down to dinner every day with a family of two hundred persons. The remarkable results of this muscle training among girls, were given in my papers published in the *North American Review* of December, 1882.

"Besides, I established the Normal Institute for Physical Training in Boston, and for ten years was its President and Manager. Dr. Walter Channing, Dr. Thomas Hoskins, Professor Leonard, and others were among its teachers, and more than four hundred persons took its diploma and went out into all parts of the land to teach the new school of gymnastics. And now the years left to me I propose to devote to the magazine which I have come here to establish. It will be the largest periodical ever devoted to this field of literature, and will present the hundred and one questions of hygiene with the simplicity of a child's talk. To this end all so-called learning will be subordinated. The magazine will be more or less illustrated, and will strive to reach a high place in the confidence and heart of the people. In a few weeks our first number will appear, and we shall fondly hope for it a hearty welcome."

The facts above narrated are indeed most important. It is gratifying to know that the life long experience of a gentleman who stands without a peer in successfully demonstrating the principles of hygiene; whose heart has always been in sympathy with the afflicted and whose brain has ever been active in planning for their relief, are to be given to the public through the pages of a magazine. And it is specially significant and proof positive of rare merit that a proprietary medicine, even with such high standing as Warner's Safe Cure is known to have, should be endorsed and recommended by a man so able, so reputable and of such national renown as Dr. Dio Lewis.

Strong in Death.

In a recent accident on a Southern railroad, they pulled one of the passengers out from under the car, his back broken, his neck twisted and his stomach jerked around hind side before.

"My poor man," said the doctor, "you are fatally injured. Is there any word you want to send to your friends?"

"Was it a bad accident?" asked the sufferer, turning his glazed eyes on his interlocutor.

"Pretty bad," sighed the doctor. There must have been at least a hundred killed besides you."

"Then telegraph my wife to sell ten thousand shares of stock in this road short!" murmured the sufferer, and with a smile of satisfaction on his pale face he shipped to where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

Smith, His Wife and Children.

Exchange.

Far over on the outskirts of Brooklyn, so far that it takes the street cars an hour to reach it, and so far that when it is reached the traveler imagines himself somewhere in the neighborhood of Montauk Point, is a rollicking summer resort known as the Broadway Park. Why this distant and undesirable place should be called a park is not within the province of this biographical sketch to explain; but it is probably so called for the same reason that the triangular piece of land in front of the Cooper Institute, New York, is called Peter Cooper Square.

It was here that the Smith family held their annual reunion. A reporter saw a pile of twenty kegs of beer near the refreshment stand, and immediately stationed himself near them, for he had seen Smiths before and knew where they would gather as soon as they came. There strolled in three or four young Smiths of both sexes and of about the peanut and ice cream age; then a Smith with a black satchel and a green patch over one eye; a Smith with a sailor twitch to his trousers, and a Smith who had the diagonal eyes and the dark complexion of a Chinaman. A Dutch Smith, an Irish Smith, two mulatto Smiths, a Spanish Smith—Smiths continue to pour in as if they were shaken from the trees. There were Smiths on the benches, Smiths stretched on the tables, Smiths in the shooting gallery, Smiths at the beer stand, Smiths running races, Smiths enough to make a spectator wonder whether there was room enough left in all creation for the Browns and the Thompsons, and the Sullivans. By 3:30 o'clock there were several hundred of them on the grounds, and at that hour Mr. Robert Smith, of Brooklyn mounted the speaker's stand and called the Smiths around him. He had been selected to prepare and read a history of the Smith family, and he drew from his coat pocket a roll of manuscript as big around as a water pail and closely written.

"I will not," he said, when the applause had subsided, "occupy your time with any preliminary remarks. You are aware of the occasion that brings us together. Since the days of the distinguished founders of our family, Adam and Eve Smith, the world has known our illustrious name. We need not go outside our own kith and kin for examples of all that is good, bad and indifferent in life. The history of our family is the history of the world. When Cain Smith killed his innocent and unsuspecting young brother, Abel Smith, our family records were first stained with human gore. Three grand old specimens of our race should be ever before our eyes—Abraham Smith, Isaac Smith, and Jacob Smith. I need not dwell upon the more remote branches of the family, to one of which Esau Smith belonged. There was a time in our history when a blot seemed about to mar the face of our escutcheon. I refer to that dark period when Noah Smith, having rescued the members of his family from a disastrous freshet, sent his three sons, Shem Smith, Ham Smith, and Japhet Smith, out to battle with the world. Look back at your glorious ancestors, my kinsmen, and learn from them wisdom and prudence. Look at Ananias and Sapphira Smith and let not your tongues be furred with falsehood. Look at Lot Smith and his unfortunate wife, and never look back when you have a good thing ahead. Then of Moses Smith, and have faith that you will be rescued from peril even though there is no queen's daughter to take you out of the bull-rushes. Look at John Smith. [Cheers.] I mean the great original John who lived so long in the wilderness. When you are in grievous danger think of Jonah Smith, who was eaten by a whale. Remember Paul Smith. These were some of the founders of our family. [Cheers.] In later days we have [illegible] generated. My feelings will not allow me to more than refer to the first great soldier of our name, Caesar Smith; nor to the first great poet, W. Shakspeare Smith; nor to the founder of our own great land of liberty, George Washington Smith. [Cheers.] Think of your ancestors, my relations, and keep your name unsullied. Rather let your bones be laid in the cold and wormy earth than disgrace such names as Wellington Smith, Napoleon Smith, Lafayette Smith, Garabaldi Smith. Wherever men are raised above the level of the brute the name of Smith is known." [Applause.]

Mr. Joseph Smith was introduced. It was his happy privilege, he said, to go a step further than his distinguished relative Robert had gone, and forecast the brilliant future of the Smith family. When President Smith sat in the White House and Gov. Smith was the chief magistrate of each of the 38 states; when Smith regiments and Smith armies defended their country; when the Smith custom houses had Smith collectors, and Smith assessors, and Smith weighers and Smith watchmen; when the Daily Smith was the great paper of the land; when the Smith railroad and the Smith steamship company sent messages over the Smith telegraph line, and paid their employes with notes issued by the great Smith National bank, then, and not till then, would the glorious future of the family be realized.

Mary Smith read a poem. It was a real poem, and the words on the end of every alternate line rhymed. It contained some happy play upon the name Smith. The first four lines were something like this:

"Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village Smith-y stands
The Smith a mighty man is he,
With sinews like iron bands."

These were not the precise words, but this was the drift of the idea.

A Royal Dairy.

The dairy of Queen Victoria is probably the most beautiful in the world. It is at the "farm" at Windsor. Driving through lawns broken by such oaks and beaches as can only be found in an old country, the first object seen is a very small, low cottage with a broad porch. This is a favorite resort of the Queen—a point to which she often walks from stately Windsor to enjoy in quiet a breakfast or lunch, and from it a few steps lead to her dairy, a very plain brick building connected with the farmer's house. The interior, however, is really enchanting. It was designed and built by Prince Albert. It is lined with encaustic tile made for the purpose, rich in ornate designs, all having scenes in full harmony of the use of the building. The stands for milk are about ordinary table height, and are of wonderfully beautiful tile. Each table top is a sheet of water bubbling and flowing over white pebbles, and in this the porcelain pans are set. All in all, it is one of the most exquisite rooms in England, and her majesty has always taken a great interest in the dainty place, visiting it often. A dignified matron presides over this glittering grotto, and is full of deep learning in dairy matters.

"Why am (hic) I like (hic) an Indian?" asked a drunken punster who was being hauled in by a policeman. "Because you're drunk," said a bystander. "No, shir, it'sh 'cause (hic) I'm 'copper collared' (hic), shir.—[N Y, Advertiser.

Crushing the Unbeliever.

While the steamer was lying at Waterproof, La., on the way down the river, a little baldheaded, hook-nosed man from Tennessee got into a religious discussion with a tall, long-waisted man from Arkansas. They had it hot and heavy for a while, the little man doubting that the whale ever swallowed Jonah or that Daniel was cast into the lions' den. We expected to see the big man reach out for him every minute, but he was a man who always went by the programme. After the boat started out he went to the captain and asked:

"How far is it to the next landing?"

"We shall stop at the plantation 12 miles down."

"What would be the expense of stopping this steamer and sending out a boat to pick up a man?"

"I wouldn't want to lose the time for less than $5. Why do you ask?"

"Because," replied the man as he pulled out a roll of bills and hunted for a five, "there's a little pinch of a man back here who's got to own up that the ravens fed Elijah or I'm going to heave him overboard! Here's your cash and you can get your small boat ready."

Several passengers combined to argue him out of the idea, and though he finally concluded to abandon it he brought his fist down hard on the rail and said:

"Well, then, I won't, but I'll slip around there after a while and if he denies that we whipped the British at Bunker Hill I'll have his ears or never show my face again in old Arkansaw!"—*M Quad.*

It Was Herbert Spencer.

"Coming from Charing Cross the other day," writes a London correspondent of the Boston *Herald*, "I got into a carriage in one corner of which sat a slender old gentleman. His face looked familiar, but yet I could not place him. The smoke from the tunnel gave me a slight irritation of the throat, and I coughed. I should have said that at Kensington a much over-dressed lady bounced in. She eyed me all over with a look that plainly said, 'I suppose you consider yourself well dressed. Poor worm! But you haven't as many colors as I have.' Well, I coughed. I had thought the slender old gentleman asleep, but he had heard my smoky cough. He started up and, diving into an inner pocket, drew forth a little round box, and, leaning over toward me, said: 'You have a cold; try one of these lozenges.' I was surprised into a stammering 'thank you,' and with much difficulty drew a piece of lozenge from the many other kinds of pill that floated around in that box. I saw the supercilious smile on my lady of many colors deepening into a broad grin. I was holding the lozenge between my thumb and finger, and staring at it. Just then we arrived at my station, and, getting up, I handed the lozenge to the over-dressed lady, with the remark: 'An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.' The slender old gentleman opened the door for me, smiled grimly, and then I saw who it was—Herbert Spencer."

He Didn't Deserve it.

"Johnny, I am afraid you are not doing very well at school."

"You are mistaken, pa. I am improving very much in my behavior. It was only yesterday that the teacher took to flattering me."

"What did he say?"

"Well, you see the teacher sits upon a sort of slanting platform. Jim Snivers greased the legs of the teacher's chair, and as he sat down he and the chair slid off the platform and fell about six feet, with the chair on top of him, and he nearly killed himself. When he found out that it was Jim Snivers who did it, he whipped Jim, and told him that, except me, he was the worst boy in the school; but he didn't deserve it, for it wasn't Jim that fixed the chair. I did it myself, and only made the teacher believe that Jim did it."—*Texas Siftings.*

It is all right to bombard the dude, but what about the chap at the other extreme, who has money enough to dress decently but shambles along like a perambulating rag-bag? The dude, whatever else he may be, is never offensive in appearance. He may be a semi-idiot, but he looks nice and smells nice, and that is more than can be truthfully said of some of his critics. He washes himself and brushes his clothes and his shoes, or has them brushed. He is too much in the dress line, to be sure, but the others are too much out of it.—*Progress.*

"Where did you get your wonderful power of language?" asked an admiring auditor at the close of a lecture. "Oh," replied the lecturer, with a laugh, "I used to work in a barber's shop."

Speaking of a recent American novel, the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* says: "We only wish every cultivated woman could read it." Well, what is there about it which prevents a cultivated woman from reading it? She must be a curious specimen of the cultivated woman if she can not read the English language.—*Texas Siftings.*

Professor L. B. Arnold says butter which is well washed in good water, especially when it is gathered in pellets or granules instead of in a mass, has no taste of buttermilk, and for this reason those who prefer that flavor do not admire it so much as unwashed butter. Nine out of every ten persons, however, prefer the pure, distinct and full flavor of butter unadulterated with buttermilk or disguised with excessive salt, and this flavor is only obtained by washing every particle of buttermilk from it and avoid the working which must follow when washing is omitted.

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

Bright Bonnets.

A patriotic young lady has painted a shell bonnet red, white and blue.—She intends to wear it on the Fourth of July.

A man of excellent taste in most things was asked by his wife to send her a red and white straw trimmed with a wreath of pink roses and forget-me-nots. The lady is 60 and in mourning.

A bonnet seen at the Jerome Park races was made up of every color worn by the jockeys.

A wealthy New York lady puts a cluster of natural roses on her bonnet every afternoon.

On Fifth avenue lives a lady who drives out every afternoon in a bonnet trimmed with clusters of tiny green apples.

A colored girl who wanted to attract the attention of the sterner sex of her own hue, wore a dark green bonnet, lined with watermelon-pink satin and trimmed with a cluster of watermelon seed. It looked so inviting when worn and so many of them tried to grab the head gear, that she has given it away. —*N. Y. Journal.*

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

Thoughts.

Among intelligent people antipathies are more irreconcilable than hates.

In prosperity work is a duty; in misfortune it is a refuge.

God fishes souls with a line; the devil with a net.

There are houses where people are bright without mistrusting it; there are others where people are stupid in spite of themselves.

The more nature is sad, the more the hearthstone is dear.

All those who know their mind do not know their heart.

In the adversity of our best friends we often find something that is not displeasing to us.

Absence diminishes the ordinary passions and increases the great ones, as the wind extinguishes the candle and lights the fire.

We pass often from love to ambition, but we seldom return from ambition to love.

There are persons who have more intelligence than taste, and others who have more taste than intelligence. There is more vanity and caprice in taste than in intelligence.

Bill Nye Speaks for Himself.

It might be well to say a word in defense of myself.

The varied and uniformly erroneous notions expressed recently as to my plans for the future naturally call for some kind of an expression on this point over my own signature. In the first place it devolves upon me to regain my health in full if it takes fourteen years. I shall not, therefore, "publish a book," "prepare an youmorous lecture," "visit Florida," "probate the estate of Lydia E. Pinkham, deceased," nor make any other grand break till I have once more the old vigor and elasticity and gurgling laugh of other days.

In the meantime let it be remembered that my home is in Laramie City and that unless the Common Council pass an ordinance against it, I shall return in July if I can make the trip between snowstorms and evade the peculiarities of a tardy and reluctant spring.—*Bill Nye in Boomerang.*

Hell Broke Out in Kentucky.

About two miles south of Junction City, on the farm of Mr. Kaufman, there is a large fill or embankment on the Cincinnati Southern railroad, which has been burning for several days and looks especially at night, like the top of a volcano—the blue sulphur like blaze issuing through the dirt all over the fill, while at short intervals low, rumbling sounds can be heard, like a muffled explosion. The interior of this fill is made of slate rock, excavated from a cut near by. At time of excavation it was noticed that throughout the bed of slate were large cavities filled with petroleum. Some of the receptacles of oil were burst open by the force of the blasts put in the rocks, while many remained intact, and the stone all dumped together in the fill. A few days ago a pile of cross-ties lying on the fill was set on fire, which communicated to the oil in the rock fill below, which at present threatens the destruction of the entire fill. All efforts to put the fire out by pumping water upon it proving futile, a construction train with a large force of men are now engaged in hauling dirt to take the place of the stone as fast as consumed.—*Danville (Ky.) Advocate.*

A lady of irreproachable [illegible] brings an action for divorce against her husband, upon grounds which the judge evidently regards as trivial, though he is as evidently unable to make her see the fact. Finally says the worthy magistrate: "Madam, then you desire your husband punished? You will not forgive him?" "I do, sir! Never-r-r, sir-r-r." "Very well, then; I will deal with him with the utmost severity possible. Your petition is refused!"

It will be news to many lady readers to learn the value of the ostrich feathers that are exported from the Cape. Last year over 253,000 pounds of feathers were exported, the value being £1,093,989. [illegible]

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire and stop at the Grand Union Hotel opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Up with the lark—its feathers.—Cincinnati Merchant and Traveler.

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache,
Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises
Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites,
AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle
Directions in 11 Languages.
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(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

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A Specific for
EPILEPSY, SPASMS, CONVULSIONS, FALLING SICKNESS, ST. VITUS DANCE, ALCOHOLISM, OPIUM EATING, SCROFULA, KINGS EVIL, UGLY BLOOD DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS WEAKNESS, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, BLOOD SORES,
BILIOUSNESS, COSTIVENESS, KIDNEY TROUBLES and all IRREGULARITIES.
$1.50 PER BOTTLE AT DRUGGISTS.
The Dr. S. A. Richmond Med. Co., Prop., St. Joseph, Mo.
Correspondence freely answered by Physicians.

The turn of the "tied"—starting homeward after the wedding trip.—Oil City Derrick.

A Partially Dead Man.

The *Morning Herald*, Baltimore, Md., states: Major B. S. White, of this city, describes his miraculous cure as follows: "I have been a partially dead man for ten years. Doctors attributed my sufferings to the enlargement of certain glands. The quantity of medicine I took without relief would be sufficient to set up a first-class apothecary shop. Finally St. Jacobs Oil was recommended. I had my spinal column rubbed with it. All those knots, kinks and stiffness have passed away, and I am myself again."

A pen picture—a litter of pigs.—Burlington Free Press.

If the fountain is pure the stream will be pure also. So with the blood. If that be pure the health is established. *Parsons' Purgative Pills* make new rich blood, and taken one a night will change the blood in the entire system in three months.

Marry in haste and repent at—your father-in-law's.

Modernized Bo-Peep.

"Little Sis Clare lost her hair
And didn't know where to find it;
But she was seen to buy Carboline
And now she does not mind it."

"Strawberry shot cake" is what the man with the dyspepsia calls it.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

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

The bootblack shines while he works, but the lazy man whines while he shirks.—New York Journal.

A Fact Worth Remembering.

A severe cold or cough can be soonest cured by taking, according to directions, Allen's Lung Balsam. It can be procured at any drug store. It is harmless to the most delicate person.

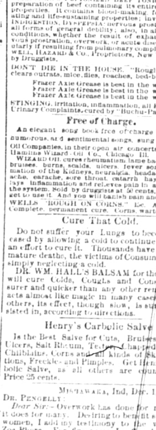
A DIAMOND WEDDING.

The seventy-fifth anniversary of the marriage of a veteran of the war of 1812 was recently celebrated, and all who contemplate matrimony should take warning, and send their names and address to *Chas. Calahan, Marine City, Mich.* and they will receive a set of beautiful illuminated cards by return mail.

Nervousness, Nervous Debility, Neuralgia, Nervous Shock, St. Vitus Dance, Prostration and all diseases of Nerve Generative Organs are permanently cured by Allan's Brain food. $1 pkg., 6 for $5.—At druggists, or at Allan's Pharmacy, 315 1st Ave., N. Y.

If little labor, little are our gains;
Man's fortunes are according to his pains.
—Herrick.

PERRY DAVIS'
Pain-Killer!



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Rheumatism,
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Sprains
—AND—
Bruises
Burns
—AND—
Scalds
Toothache
—AND—
Headache
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PAIN KILLER is the well-tried and trusted friend of all who want a sure and safe medicine which can be freely used internally or externally, without fear of harm and with certainty of relief. Its price brings it within the range of all, and it will annually save many times its cost in doctor bills. Price twenty-five and fifty and $1 per bottle. Directions accompany each bottle.
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SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence. $1.

MENSMAN'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, overwork, or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., Proprietors, New York. Sold by Druggists.

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE. "Rough on Rats" clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

Frazer Axle Grease is best in the world.
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Frazer Axle Grease is best in the world.

STINGING, irritation, inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

Free of Charge.

An elegant song book free of charge containing numerous and sentimental songs, sung by Wizard Oil Companies, in their open air concerts. Address Hamlins Wizard Oil Co., Chicago Ill.

WIZARD OIL cures rheumatism, lame back, sprains, bruises, burns, scalds, ulcers, fever sores, inflammation of the Kidneys, neuralgia, headache, toothache, earache, sore throat, catarrh, hay-fever, allays inflammation and relieves pain in any part of the system. Sold by druggists at 50 cents, don't forget to use it. And you will banish pain and be happy.

WELLS' "ROUGH ON CORNS." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

Cure That Cold.

Do not suffer your Lungs to become diseased by allowing a cold to continue without an effort to cure it. Thousands have died premature deaths, the victims of Consumption, by simply neglecting a cold.

DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM for the LUNGS will cure Colds, Coughs and Consumption surer and quicker than any other remedy. It acts almost like magic in many cases, and in others, its effect, though slow, is sure if persisted in, according to directions.

Henry's Carbolic Salve

Is the Best Salve for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all kinds of Skin Eruptions, Freckles and Pimples. Get Henry's Carbolic Salve, as all others are counterfeits. Price 25 cents.

MISHAWAKA, Ind, Dec. 1, 1882.

DR. PENGELLY:

Dear Sir:—Overwork has done for me what it does for many. Desiring to benefit suffering women, I add my testimony to the value of Zoa-Phora. For five years I suffered greatly with Prolapsus, being obliged to use a support during all these painful, weary years; but, thanks to your medicine, I wear it no more. I laid it off after using one and a half bottles. I am not well, but I work all the time and am better than I ever expected to be. You may use my letter, and if any one wished to write me for more information, give them my full address.

Miss C G.

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I
Could not move!
I shrunk!

From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '81. R. FITZPATRICK.

CHAPTER II.

"Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1880. Gentlemen—I suffered with attacks of sick headache."

"Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner.

No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure until I used Hop Bitters.

"The first bottle
"Nearly cured me;"

The second made me as well and strong as when a child.

"And I have been so this day."

My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious

"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint,
"Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—
"Incurable!"

Seven bottles of your bitters cured him and I know of the

"Lives of eight persons"

In my neighborhood that have been saved by our bitters.

And many more are using them with great benefit.

"They almost
Do miracles!" —*Mrs. E. D. Slack.*

HOW TO GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know *how to get well*, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

The home stretch—The morning yawn.—Boston Courier.

We know of no way that we can benefit our readers more than by calling attention to *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.* It is the oldest and most valuable patent medicine in the world. Everybody should keep it in the house. It will check diarrhœa and dysentary in one hour.

Is a circus canvas a show-case?

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

Never propose to a girl in writing. It is "present company" that is "always accepted."—Life

A SURE CURE for epilepsy or fits in 24 hours. Free to poor. DR. KRUSE, 2844 Arsenal St., St. Louis, Mo.

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Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
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Began life 12 years ago under the name of
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Without puffery, simply on the good words of those who have used it, it has made friends in every State in the Union.
NOT A CURE ALL,
but a gentle and sure remedy for all those complaints which destroy the freshness and beauty, waste the strength, mar the happiness and usefulness of many GIRLS AND WOMEN.
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The only preparation that will cure Spavin:
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Removes swellings and inflamations.
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PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD.
And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (For Internal and External Use). CURES Neuralgia, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, 1 teasp'n ful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter stamps. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.
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Do you want a pure, blooming Complexion? If so, a few applications of Hagan's MAGNOLIA BALM will gratify you to your heart's content. It does away with Sallowness, Redness, Pimples, Blotches, and all diseases and imperfections of the skin. It overcomes the flushed appearance of heat, fatigue and excitement. It makes a lady of THIRTY appear but TWENTY; and so natural, gradual, and perfect are its effects, that it is impossible to detect its application.