OUR KIND OF MAN.

J. W. RILEY.

I.

The kind of a man for you and me,
He faces the world unflinchingly,
And smites, as long as the world resists,
With a knuckled faith and force like fists;
He lives the life he is preaching of,
And loves where most is the need of love;
His voice is clear to the deaf man's ears,
And his face sublime through the blind man's tears;
The light shines out where the clouds were dim,
And the widows' prayers go up for him;
The latch is clicked at the hovel door,
And the sick man sees the sun once more,
And out o'er the barren fields he sees
Spring blossoms and waving trees,
Feeling, as only the dying may,
That God's own servant has come that way,
Smoothing the path as it still winds on
Through the golden gate where his loved have gone.

II.

The kind of man for me and you
However little of worth we do
He credits full, and abides in trust
That time will teach us how more is just.
He walks abroad, and he meets all kinds
Of querulous and uneasy minds,
And, knowing this, as we grasp his hand,
We are surely coming to understand!
He looks on sin with pitying eyes—
E'en as the Lord, since Paradise—
Else, should we read, though our sins should glow
As scarlet, they shall be as white as snow
And feeling still, with a grief half glad,
That the bad are good as the good are bad,
He strikes straight out for the Right—and he
Is the kind of man for you and me!

'MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND.'

Z. S., author of "In Dixie Land," etc.

I.

"That old saying, 'I feel like a cat in a strange garret,' describes my situation, exactly," and Miss Janet Moseby took off her best bonnet—a funeral one of black crape and lusterless ribbon—and cast it recklessly upon the dazzling red and green bed-spread.

"Open that window, child," she went on, hastily. "I shall die in this stuffy little room, if you don't! There—that's right—throw the shutters wide!"

Miss Moseby's niece, a dark-eyed, dark-haired young girl, obeyed; then turned to face her aunt, smiling. "Why, I dont't dislike this place, Aunt Janet," she said, "see what a lovely view we have," and she turned toward the window again.

"View!" cried Miss Moseby, not deigning to look; "yes I've no doubt—that's about all, I guess. Just look at this furniture, Rosetta! Old-fashioned, dilapidated stuff—red and green! It really makes me quite sick—we shall have to turn it wrong side out."

Rosetta laughed softly.

"Hush, aunt, she said, "they will hear you down stairs."

But Miss Moseby cared very little. "This is a fine rocking-chair—isn't it?" she continued with sneering sarcasm, and leaning back in the only rocker, which was rather "shaky", to say the least, and which almost landed the irate maiden lady on the floor.

Again Rosetta laughed—a little less softly this time.

"Never mind," she said when she had fairly recovered herself; "I like it nevertheless. The air is very fresh and pure, and, as I said before the view is lovely."

She went back to the window as she spoke, and stood looking out for some little time.

Before her stretched fields of yellowing grain and green, shining corn; a winding country road, bordered either side by daisies and pink sweet clover, led away to low, wooded hills in the distance.

Behind these dim blue hills the sun was going down red and shining. Every moment the air was growing cooler and sweeter.

In the grass-grown garden near by some chickens were cackling.

Rosetta enjoyed the country sounds.

"I hope that means fried chicken for supper," observed Aunt Moseby, hearing the clatter, and following her niece to the window.

"I can hardly realize that I am in Maryland—south, at least!" Rosetta exclaimed presently.

"I should think you might" Miss Moseby said, dryly. "I realize it every time I look about me. Oh, for my own comfortable home! Child, why did you ever drag me from it?"

"I tell you I like it here, Aunt Janet, already. Please do not spoil my enjoyment. I like this quaint, old furniture; this low-ceiled, white-washed room. The high, black mantel I delight in it—it is picturesque! I shall find that queer-looking green vase with some dasies and grasses, and you will say how pretty it is!"

For answer Miss Moseby simply shook her head, and then proceeded to bathe her faded features in the cracked stone-china basin, and smooth her thin, faded hair before the small blurred glass.

Rosetta look wonderfully fresh, and unlike having traveled in her pretty blue flannel dress, so she only changed her linen collar and cuffs and rearranged her almost invisible "bang net" over the brown ring on her forehead. Shortly after, a tin pan was beaten loudly for supper, and Mrs. Moseby and niece descended the winding stairs and found their way to another low-ceiled, white-washed room, into which streamed the sunset, through two western windows, lighting up the snowy, bountifully-spread table.

Miss Moseby had always contended that nothing south of Mason and Dixon's line was good for anything; but, somehow, she managed to eat a wing or two of nut-brown fried chicken, and slip a little of the rich, yellow cream off her glass of milk.

the Maryland beaten biscuit she sniffed slightly and the corn pone was set aside with decision.

"Fortunately," she told her niece after the meal, "there was something I could make up on. The waffles were not bad, and the gingerbread really good."

"And I was delighted with everything!" Rosetta cried, with the enthusiasm of youth, "even with that old Mr. Fendyke, whom Mrs. Vick introduced to us. He has a kind, good face, and such funny eyes, as though he were laughing at somebody or something all the time!"

"I see nothing for him to laugh at," observed Miss Moseby; "and as to his being old, he is quite ten years younger than I am, so I hardly think we will call him old, my dear, if you please."

Rosetta gave a gay little laugh.

"Well, anyway, his hair is growing gray, Aunt Janet; but then, that may not be from age; so as you say, we will not call him old."

And then the young girl ran down the front steps into the garden and buried her face in a bed of sweet pinks.

Mr. Fendyke came and stood in the doorway with his pipe, and puffed little clouds of bluish white smoke unconsciously toward Miss Moseby, who sat out of sight on the porch.

He watched Rosetta quite intently. He liked her fresh, young face, with its bright, healthful coloring and soft curves.

There was a good deal in it besides mere beauty. The dark eyes showed plenty of determination, and the pretty, smiling mouth was far from being weak.

Robert Fendyke was a bachelor of thirty-eight.

He had never been in love, but that did not follow he never would be.

Perhaps when he did love it would be with that much more intensity.

His heart had not been frittered away in little pieces.

When he would give it would be entire and whole.

Rosetta looked up from the bed of pinks to smile back at her aunt and saw Mr. Fendyke in the doorway. He returned her smile, not knowing it was intended for Miss Moseby.

"You are fond of flowers?" he said.

"Very; and these pinks are just like those we have in the garden at home," the young girl said.

"Do you not think you may grow homesick here?" Robert Fendyke went on; "it is quite lonely at times. You will be glad even to hear the train whistle away in the distance."

"No, I don't think so. I like the country," Rosetta said, walking toward him, a few ragged pinks held loosely in her hand; "and like this house," glancing up at the old red brick mansion, with its windows of tiny panes of leaded glass tall chimneys.

"I like it," he said; "I come here every summer now. It rests me after the city."

"How did you hear of it—find it out in the first place?" the young girl asked.

She was standing on the porch near him now. Miss Moseby had fallen into a little tired doze, after her journey, in the corner.

"Through an advertisement in the paper. It was quite a modest little advertisement something like this: 'A quiet country home for summer boarders. Healthy and cool,' if I remember rightly; but it took my fancy, and so I came, and I have found it a home in every sense of the word—more of a home than I have ever known in my life," Robert Fendyke added, with unconscious emphasis.

Rosetta looked at him quickly. She had always known a very happy home—she felt sorry for any one who had not.

But she simply said, "We came here through friends who had once spent a summer here. I had never been South, and I urged my aunt to bring me."

"I do not think you will regret coming," remarked Mr. Fendyke.

"No, I am sure I shall not," replied the young girl, and then Miss Moseby stirred in her chair, and her niece wakened her, as the dew was falling, and they went into the house together.

Robert Fendyke finished his pipe by himself under the stars; but, somehow, the still old place did not seem quite so lonely that night.

II.

Another starlight evening several weeks later.

Mr. Fendyke and Miss Moseby's niece walking together in the old garden, in the shadow of the tall, gaunt poplars.

"I feel guilty to be away from Aunt Janet even for a moment," says Rosetta, glancing as she speaks toward a room window where shines a dim light.

"You need a little rest," Robert Fendyke tells her. "You have not left her before to-day besides, she is much better to-night, is she not?"

"Yes, much better," and the young girl gives a sigh of relief. "I have been quite anxious these last few days," she adds.

"Miss Moseby will ever blame Maryland for this attack of malaria," remarks Fendyke, smiling.

"I fear she will," says Rosetta, also smiling. "But I think she was ailing before we left home. She probably would have had the same illness there."

"Undoubtedly. This is as healthy a place, I think, as one could find. You have learned to like it, have you not, almost as well as I?" he adds, turning toward her.

"I have been very happy here," Rosetta says, simply.

She stoops and picks a bit of boxwood off the shrub as she passes.

"When your aunt fully recovers I suppose you will go away?" Robert Fendyke continues. "Miss Moseby will never remain a day longer than she can help—will she?" half smiling again.

"No; I am afraid not."

"Will you come back next summer?" asks Fendyke, also plucking a piece of boxwood and twirling it in his hand.

"I hardly think so. I cannot come alone, and I do not believe Aunt Janet will bring me South again."

"Then I am never to see you again?" Robert Fendyke suddenly stands still in the weed-grown walk, his voice is quite grave, and his face likewise.

"Oh—I hope so—why not?" the young girl makes answer, quickly, but rather disjointedly.

She is picking the boxwood to pieces now, and is scattering it upon the ground.

"Rosetta!"

How strange her name sounds to them both!

"Rosetta, could you not be persuaded to stay south—to never go back north—to make Maryland your home forever? You know what I mean—you you are not blind, child. You must have seen for some time that I loved you. Do you think you would be content to live here with me? Sometimes I have been fool enough to think you would, Rosetta! Ah, if you would child"—suddenly smiling down upon her, his face all aglow—"I would try to make you so very happy! I would build you the prettiest home among these hills! You should have your flowers and everything you might wish—we would be as happy as two children together! Will you stay with me, Rosetta—will you?"

He caught her hand eagerly and held it tightly within his own.

The love he had never felt before had taken full possession of him now.

He longed yet dreaded to hear her answer.

It was not long in coming. Only a few moments' hesitation; then the young girl looked bravely up at him. Her voice was quite unsteady, but she said: "Yes, I will stay with you." Then hid her face on his arm.

Robert Fendyke bent and kissed her.

"And we will live forever in Maryland, my Maryland," he said tenderly, "for it was here that I met you, dearest."

To say that Miss Janet Moseby was surprised and disgusted when she regained her usual health and learned all does not express it in the least.

She has never ceased to regret that she ever crossed Mason and Dixon's line.

Two Fools.

Exchange.

"Is Mr. Rackville in?" asked a man, entering an office and addressing a lazy looking fellow.

"No."

"Has he been in to-day?"

"No; hasn't come around."

"When do you think he will come?"

"Have no idea."

The man went away and about two hours later again entered the office.

"Has Mr. Rackville come yet?"

"No; havn't seen him."

"My business with him is very important and should he come before I return, wish you'd tell him that General Maley has called."

"All right."

Several hours afterwards the General called again.

"Has he been here?"

"No sir."

"Well I don't see what's keeping him away. He wrote me he would be in his office by nine o'clock."

"Perhap's he's there."

"What! isn't this his office?"

"No sir."

"Why in thunder didn't you tell me?"

"Why in lightning didn't you ask?"

"You are a fool."

"I'm all right. You are the fool."

"Blamed if I don't believe you are right. Let's go over here and take something."

The gauzes of silk, gold, and silver, with raised figures of shaded velvet, are the richest of all the new fabrics.

Henry Ward Beecher.

Mark Twain, in Buffalo Express.

The great preacher never sleeps with his clothes on. Once, when remonstrated with upon the singularity of his conduct in this respect, and the pernicious effect the example might possibly have upon the younger members of his congregation, he replied with the frank and open candor which has always characterized him that he would give the world to be able to rid himself of the custom—and added that the anguish he had suffered in trying to break himself of the habit had made him old before he was ninety. Mr. Beecher never wears his hat at dinner. He does not consider it healthy. It does not immediately break down one's constitution but is slow and sure. He knows one case where a man persisted in the habit, in spite of the tears and entreaties of his friends, until it was too late, and he reaped the due reward of his rashness—for it carried him off at last, at the age of 106. Had that man listened to reason, he might have lived to be a comfort to his parents and a solace to their declining years.

Mr. Beecher never swears. In all his life a profane oath has never passed his lips. But if he were to take it into his head to try it once, he would make even that disgusting habit seem beautiful—he would handle it as it never was handled before, and if there was a wholesome moral lesson hidden away in it anywhere he would ferret it out and use it with tremendous effect. Panoplied with his grand endowments—his judgment, his discriminating taste, his felicity of expression, his graceful fancy—if Mr. Beecher had a mind to swear he could throw into it an amount of poetry, and pathos, and splendid imagery, and moving earnestness, and resistless energy, topped off and climaxed with a gorgeous pyrotechnic conflagration and filagree and fancy swearing that would astonish and delight the hearer, and forever after quiver through his bewildered memory an exquisite confusion of rainbow and music and thunder and lightning. A man of high order of intellect and appreciation could sit and listen to Mr. Beecher swear for a week without getting tired.

Mr. Beecher is very regular in his habits. He always goes to bed promptly between 9 and 3 o'clock, and never on any account allows himself to vary from this rule. He is just as particular about getting up, which he does the next day, generally. He considers that to this discipline, and to this alone, he is indebted for the rugged health he has enjoyed ever since he adopted it.

Mr. Beecher does not go around and get advertisements for The Plymouth Pulpit. If he does it, it is without his knowledge or consent. If such a report has been started, it is an absolute duty to refute it in this article. However, no such report has yet been heard of, and therefore it is not necessary to do more than refute it in a purely general way at this time. Mr. Beecher could augment the bulk of the pamphlet to which his sermons are attached if he chose to go around and solicit such a thing. He has no time for such recreation. He has to preach, and he has to make dedication speeches for all sorts of things, and he is obliged to make a few remarks on nearly all distinguished occasions, because very often Mr. Greeley is busy and can not come. And besides, he has to carry on his farm.

One of Mr. Beecher's most harrasing difficulties in his farming operations, comes of the close resemblance of different sorts of seeds and plants to each other. Two years ago his far-sightedness warned him that there was going to be a great scarcity of watermellons, and therefore he put in a crop of twenty-seven acres of that fruit. But when they came up they turned out to be pumpkins, and a dead loss was the consequence. Sometimes a portion of his crop goes into the ground the most promising sweet potatoes, and comes up the infernalest carrots—though I never have heard him express it in just that way. When he bought his farm he found one egg in every hen's nest on the place. He said that here was just the reason why so many farmers failed—they scattered their forces too much—concentration was the idea. So he gathered those eggs together and put them all under one experienced old hen. That hen roosted over that contract night and day for eleven weeks, under the anxious personal supervision of Mr. Beecher himself, but she could not "phase" those eggs. Why? Because they were those infamous porcelain things which are used by ingenious and fraudulent farmers as "nest-eggs." But perhaps Mr. Beecher's most disastrous experience was the time he tried to raise an immense crop of dried apples. He planted $1,500 worth, but never a one of them sprouted. He has never been able to understand, to this day, what was the matter with those apples.

Mr. Beecher's farm consists of thirty-six acres, and is carried on on strict scientific principles. He never puts in any part of a crop without consulting his book. He plows, and reaps, and digs, and sows according to the best authorities—and the authorities cost more than the other farming implements do. As soon as the library is complete the farm will begin to be a profitable investment. But book farming has its draw backs. Upon one occasion, when it seemed morally certain that the hay ought to be cut, the hay book could not be found—and before it was found it was too late and the hay was spoiled. Mr. Beecher raises some of the finest crops of wheat in this country, but the unfavorable difference between the cost of producing it and its market value after it is produced has interfered considerably with its success as a commercial enterprise. His special weakness is hogs, however. He considers hogs the best game a farm produces. He buys the original pig for $1.50, and feeds him $40 worth of corn, and then sells him for about $9. This is the only crop he ever makes any money on. He loses on the corn, but he makes $7.50 on the hog. He does not mind this because he never expects to make anything on corn, anyway. And anyway it turns out he has the excitement of raising the hog anyhow, whether he gets the worth of him or not. His strawberries would be a comfortable success if the robins would eat turnips, but they won't, and hence the difficulty.

Mr. Beecher's farm is not a triumph. It would be easier for him if he worked it on shares with some one; but he can not find any one who is willing to stand half the expense, and not many who are able. Still, persistence in any case is bound to succeed. He was a very inferior farmer when he first began, but a prolonged and unflinching assault upon his agricultural difficulties has had its effect at last, and he is now fast rising from affluence to poverty.

I shall not say anything about Mr. Beecher's sermons. They breathe the truest and purest spirit of religion; they are models of pulpit oratory, and they are proofs that the subject which is the nearest to the interests of mankind can be put to nobler uses than the chloroforming of congregations. Mr. Beecher has done more than any other man, perhaps, to inspire religion with the progressive spirit of the nineteenth century and make it keep step with the march of intellectual achievement and the general growth of men's charities and impulses. It is such men as Beecher that persuade religious communities to progress to something better than witch-burning when the spirit of the time progresses from ox-wagons to stage-coaches and by and by to steamboats; and who persuades such communities to progress beyond the indorsing of slavery with their bibles when the spirit of the times progresses to the subordination of the steamboat to the railroad, and the discarding of pony-expresses for the telegraph. He has done as much as any man to keep people from reading their bibles by the interpretations of the eighteenth century while they were living far along in the nineteenth. His name will live. His deeds will honor his memory. He has set his mark upon his epoch, and years hence, when the people turn over the bales and bundles of this generation's ideas, they will find "H. W. B." stenciled on a great many of them.

The Late Bad Boy.

Peck's Sun.

"Say, what is this I hear about your pa and the new minister quarreling, and your pa ordering him out of the door, and his refusing to go, and hitting your pa in the ear?" said the groceryman to the bad boy, as he showed up at his usual hour.

"Well, it was partly true, but it was all a joke," said the bad boy, as he looked out the door to see if his parent was in the vicinity. "You see, it was a new minister that came here to exchange works with our preacher. You know when they exchange works it is as good as a vacation, 'cause both ministers can preach an old sermon that has been laying around and got moth-eaten. The next day after the visiting preacher preached he came to our house to stay a day or two, at ma's invitation. Pa hasn't been feeling very well lately, and ma said he wanted some excitement, and I thought of an old story I read once about some students at a theological seminary making two professors believe that each other was deaf, and how they talked loud to each other, and I thought if such a joke was all right in a college where they turned out young preachers, it would do at our house, so I told ma she better tell pa to talk loud enough or the preacher couldn't hear him. You see I didn't lie, but ma went and told pa the minister was deaf as a post and he would have to yell bloody murder to make him hear. I don't think it was right for ma to say that, 'cause I didn't tell her the minister was deaf, but pa said he hadn't spoken at ward caucuses for nothing, and he would make the preacher hear or talk the top of his head off. I brought the minister's satchel over from the house where he had been stopping, and he came along with me, and I asked him how his voice was, and he said it was all right, and I told him he would have use for it if he talked with pa much. He asked me if pa was deaf, but I wouldn't lie, and all I said was if the minister would yell as loud as he did when he got excited in preaching, pa would hear the most of what he said. O, he said he guessed he wouldn't have any trouble making pa hear. Well, I ushered him in the parlor, and they shook hands and I skipped up stairs, just as pa swelled out his chest and took a long breath and shouted 'Glad to see you!' Well, you'd a died. It seemed as though his voice would knock the new minister's ear off, but the minister braced himself, inflated his lungs, and shouted, 'The happiness is mutual, I assured you,' and then they both coughed, 'cause I guess it strained their lungs some. Ma was leaning over the bannisters, and when pa would roar at the minister, ma would laugh, and when the minister would roar back at pa, I would laugh. Pa seemed to think the minister talked loud, 'cause all deaf people talk loud, and the minister thought the same, and they was a having it pretty loud, you bet. They talked about religion, and politics, and everything, and pa mopped his bald head with his handkerchief, and the minister got red in the face, and finally pa told the minister he needn't yell loud enough to loosen the shingles, as he wasn't deaf, and the minister said he wasn't deaf, and pa need't yell like a maniac, and then pa said he was another, and the minister said pa was a worldly minded son of Belial, and then ma, she see it was time to stop it, and she went down stairs on a hop, skip and jump, and told them both that there was a mistake, and that nobody was deaf, and then the minister said he understood from pa's little boy, that his pa was hard of hearing, and pa sent for me, but I was scarce. Don't you think a boy shows good sense, sometimes, in not being very plenty around when they yearn for him? Sometimes I am numerous, and then again I am about as few as any of the boys. Well, there was no harm done, but pa and the minister have their opinion of each other. Say, what do you think of the nominations?" and the bad boy began to husk some strawberries in a box.

"O, I don't know anything about it. What I am thinking of is where you will fetch up," and the groceryman looked hard. "Here you have played a mean joke on a truly good preacher and your own father, and I am ashamed of you. But, by the way, what has become of the colored family you adopted, the sick boy and his sick mother. You haven't gone back on them and let them starve, have you?"

"Starve nothin'," said the bad boy. "Our doctor attended to them until they were both well, and didn't charge a cent, and ma and I went around and collected money enough from the neighbors to set the old colored lady up in a laundry, with regular washing machines, and wringers, and everything, and she hires three women to help her, and the colored boy is the cashier, and collects the clothes and delivers them in a nice little cart that I borrowed from a printing office for them, and they are making money hand over fist, doing washing for about forty families. But the meanest thing was they wanted to pay me for my kindness to them. Gosh, it hurts me for anybody to want to pay me for helping 'em out of a scrape. I get enough fun just thinking about it, and when anybody calls me bad I just whistle 'Wait till the clouds roll by,' and think of the different ones I have made happy, and who think I am all right, and don't pay no attention to the mean things people say about me. Sh—sh! Here comes the colored woman with new clothes on, looking healthy as anybody, and I must get out the back door or she will want to hug me. Darned if I want to be hugged by everybody, 'specially colored wimmen," and the boy went out the back door and wandered off down the alley, as contented with himself as though he had never done a wrong thing in all his life.

There is a little ground mole which has for several years had its hole close to the station at Devon, on the Pennsylvania railroad. It has never been molested and accordingly goes about with great freedom. It is said to be an unfailing barometer, and for several summers it has never been seen to come out without rain occurring within 12 hours afterwards.

A young theological student, not far from Boston, recently invited a young lady to attend a concert. The damsel's answer to the invitation was in this wise: "If you come as a 'temporary supply I must decline your invitation. I am only hearing regular candidates." He didn't supply.

Every-day cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration and its hands a regular motion.—Longfellow.

It is with some good qualities, as it is with the senses: they are incomprehensible and inconceivable to such as have them not.—Rochefault.

THE STAGE DRIVER'S STORY.

How Gen. Scott's Life Was Saved and How His Driver Twice Escaped Death.

The traveler of the present day, as he is hurried along by the lightning express, in its buffet cars and palace sleepers, seldom reverts in thought to the time when the stage coach and packet were the only means of communication between distant points. It is rare that one of the real old time stage drivers is met with now-a-days and when the writer recently ran across Fayette Haskell, of Lockport, N. Y., he felt like a bibliographer over the discovery of some rare volume of "forgotten lore." Mr. Haskell, although one of the pioneers in stage driving (he formerly ran from Lewiston to Niagara Falls at Buffalo) is hale and hearty and bids fair to live for many years. The strange stories of his early adventures would fill a volume. At one time when going down a mountain near Lewiston with no less a personage than General Scott as a passenger, the brakes gave way and the coach came on the heels of the wheel horses. The only remedy was to whip the leaders to a gallop. Gaining additional momentum with each revolution of the wheels the coach swayed and pitched down the mountain side and into the streets of Lewiston. Straight ahead at the foot of the steep hill flowed the Niagara river, towards which the four horses dashed, apparently to certain death. Yet the firm hand never relaxed its hold nor the clear brain its conception of what must be done in the emergency. On dashed the horses until the narrow dock was reached on the river bank, when by a masterly exhibition of nerve and daring the coach was turned in scarce its own length and the horses brought to a stand still before the pale lookers on could realize what had occurred. A purse was raised by General Scott and presented to Mr. Haskell with high compliments for his skill and bravery.

Notwithstanding all his strength and his robust constitution the strain of continuous work and exposure proved too much for Mr. Haskell's constitution. The constant jolting of the coach and the necessarily cramped position in which he was obliged to sit, contributed to this end, and at times he was obliged to abandon driving altogether. Speaking of this period he said:

"I found it almost impossible to sleep at night; my appetite left me entirely and I had a tired feeling which I never knew before and could not account for."

"Did you give up driving entirely?"

"No. I tried to keep up but it was only with the greatest effort. This state of things continued for nearly twenty years until last October when I went all to pieces."

"In what way?"

"Oh, I doubled all up; could not walk without a cane and was incapable of any effort or exertion. I had constant desire to urinate both day and night and although I felt like passing a gallon every ten minutes only a few drops could escape and they thick with sediment, finally it ceased to flow entirely and I thought death was very near."

"What did you do then?"

"What I should have done long before: listen to my wife. Under her advice I began a new treatment."

"And with what result?"

"Wonderful. It unstopped the closed passages and what was still more wonderful regulated the flow. The sediment vanished; my appetite returned, and I am now well and good for twenty more years wholly through the aid of Warner's Safe Cure that has done wonders for me as well as for so many others."

Mr. Haskell's experience is repeated every day in the lives of thousands of American men and women. An unknown evil is undermining the existence of an innumerable number who do not realize the danger they are in until health has entirely departed and death perhaps stares them in the face. To neglect such careless matters is like drifting in the current of Niagara above the Falls.

The Language of Umbrellas.

Donahue's Magazine.

There is a language of umbrellas as of flowers. For instance, place your umbrella in a rack and it will change owners. To open it quickly in the street mean's that somebody's eye is going to be put out; to shut it that a hat is to be knocked off. An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting but the drippings of the rain, signifies courtship. When a woman has the drippings, it indicates marriage. To punch your umbrella into a person and then open it means "I dislike you." To swing your umbrella over your head signifies "I am making a nuisance of myself." To trail your umbrella along the foot-path means that the man behind you is thirsting for your blood. To carry it at right angles under your arm signifies that an eye is to be lost by the man that follows you. To open an umbrella quickly, it is said, will frighten a mad bull. To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a silk one signifies "exchange is not robbery." To purchase an umbrella means "I am not smart but honest." To lend an umbrella indicates "I am a fool." To return an umbrella means—well, never mind what it means, nobody ever does that. To turn an umbrella in a gust of wind presages profanity. To carry an umbrella in a case signifies it is a shabby one. To carry an umbrella just high enough to tear out men's eyes and knock off men's hats, signifies "I am a woman." To press an umbrella on your friend, saying, "Oh! do take it; I had much rather you would than not!" signifies lying. To give a friend half of your umbrella means that both of you will get wet. To carry it from home in the morning means "it will clear off.

Do you need a remedy that will cure every kind of humor from a pimple or eruption to the worst scrofula and syphilitic disorders, use Dr Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. Three to five bottles cure skin diseases, salt rheum or tetter. Four to ten bottles cure running ulcers, scrofula and all syphilitic disorders. One to three bottles cure sores, boils, carbuncles, etc. One to two bottles cures pimples on the face, blotches, etc. It is the only blood purifier that can be made from a thorough knowledge of drugs. Ask your druggist for it. Take no substitute.

Learn in childhood, if you can, that happiness is not outside, but inside.

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why, I cannot fell."

It has oft been wondered at, the bad odor this oft quoted doctor was in. 'Twas probably because he, being one of the old-school doctors, made-up pills as large as bullets, which nothing but an ostrich could bolt without nausea. Hence the dislike. Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are sugar coated and no larger than bird-shot, and are quick to do their work. For all derangements of the liver, bowels and stomach they are specific.

Youth sucks the sugar coating and old age chews the bitter pill of life.

* * * * Rupture, pile tumors, fistulas and all diseases of lower bowel (except cancer), radically cured. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., and enclose two (3ct.) stamps for book.

Joel C. Harris the humorist of the Atlanta Constitution, is about to be married to Miss Dora Watterson, the youngest daughter of Col. Ezra K. Watterson, the richest cotton planter in Georgia.

PATENTS.

No Patent. No pay. Send model or drawing, Stoddart & Co., 413 G Street, Washington, D. C. Patent Attorneys.

Sound Sense.

Detroit can boast of at least one man who is possessed of that scarce commodity generally called common sense, unadulterated by bigotry and prejudice, and that is the Rev. F. B. Forbush. In a recent talk on literature for the young, the reverend gentleman said: "The third objection lies against the class of goody-goody books written principally for Sunday school libraries, which teach directly, or by implication that all bad boys break their legs or get drowned, while all the good boys and girls die young and go to heaven. Perhaps the evil here lies partly in the reaction which sends youth to the other extreme but it is horribly poor stuff to fill children's mind with, and because of its untruth to nature and life, should be studiously avoided." The reverend gentleman is right. The untruthfulness of the contents of a large number of these "goody-goody" books to nature has done more injury to the young, and has sown the seed of corruption as thickly as has many of those so-called "flashy" stories. A misrepresentation of fact between the covers of a Sunday school book is as bad or even worse as that in any other place. In fact it is worse, because a child is led to regard it as wholesome and to look to it as a standard on which to base its actions when if the same thing should be found in any other place he would pay no special attention to it. A lie is a lie whether it is printed for a special purpose of good or indifferently, and if told to induce a child to do a certain thing is even worse than a common lie, as its true character will be discovered sooner or later, and the child will naturally consider lying proper when he considers it necessary to make a point, because he found it so in some "goody goody" book.

Bronze shoes have taken the place of patent leather and French kid for little girls. Those made of alligator skin look very pretty when finished with a bow of brown satin ribbon and worn with dark brown stockings.

Though God has promised to guide his inquiring children in the way that is right, he has nowhere promised to make this way now seem right to their friends or neighbors, or even to themselves.—Haliburton.

Charming little caps, composed of velvet and lace, appear in all colors, and will be much worn with breakfast toilets at the different watering places during the summer.

London hats and bonnets of rough straw are trimmed with bands and rosettes of velvet, the eye of a peacock's feather being thrust in the center of each rosette.

Young Men, Middle Aged Men and All Men who suffer from early indiscretions will find Allen's Brain Food the most powerful invigorant ever introduced; once restored by it there is no relapse. Try it; it never fails. $1; 6 for $5.—at Druggists or by mail from J. H. Allen, 315 First ave., N. Y. City.

Fat pigs suffer greatly from the heat in summer. When yarded and access to water in which to roll in is denied, their yard should be partially shaded by trees.

Weeds are the curse of all farms. Every weed that secures a growth, even of but a few inches, deprives the growing plant of just that proportion of nutritive matter.

F. D. Curtis thinks the best seeding for an orchard is orchard grass. The natural grasses will soon come in and make a fine sod. Orchards should be pastured, not mowed.

A Connecticut sheep man is out with the asertion that poor fences have had more influence in causing the decline in sheep husbandry in New England than the dogs.

Nutritious food is essential as a means of restoring a consumptive to health. A medicine that will strengthen the lungs and soothe all irritation is also necessary. Such a remedy is Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. It is the only preparation of Wild Cherry that gives complete satisfaction. It quickly cures coughs and colds.

There are comparatively few localities where plump, heavy barley can be grown. Oats succeed over a much wider extent of country; hence for those able to grow good barley there is less danger of over-production and extreme depression in price than there would be if oats were sown in preference.

Professor Sheldon remarks, in the Industrialist, that he has for years handled three or four distinct breeds of swine and studied them carefully; but if compelled to use but one breed, he would be sorely puzzled to know which one to take. Every breed has sterling points and counterbalancing weakness.

Formerly weak, nervous, dyspeptic, and debilitated individuals who found only disappointment in the various bitters and secret quack nostrums, pretended kidney medicines, etc., are agreeably surprised to regain perfect health and strength of mind and body, and complete heart's ease and freedom from aches and pains by the use of Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. It restores every disordered function to a normal condition.

A horse with a very wide breast, although usually of good constitution and great strength, is seldom a graceful or rapid trotter; he is apt to have a "paddling" gait and if used for road work will generally give out in the fore legs from the extra strain put upon them by the weight of the broad chest.

L. H. Bailey says a vigorous mullein will produce 600,000 seeds, enough to stock a whole farm, and some to spare for the neighbors. The plant is biennial, one year a rosette of woolly leaves, next year a rigid flower stalk, which dies with the rest of the plant. At any time before the production of seeds a single clip with a hoe revent further mischief.

Do you need a remedy that will cure every kind of humor from a pimple or eruption to the scrofula and syphilitic disorders, use Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. Three to five bottles cure skin diseases, salt rheum or tetter. Four to ten bottles cure running ulcers, scrofula and all syphilitic disorders. One to three bottles cure sores, boils, carbuncles, etc. One to two bottles cures pimples on the face, blotches, etc. It is the only perfect blood purifier that can be made from a thorough knowledge of drugs. Ask your druggist for it. Take no substitute.

It is an old proverb that a good farmer may be judged by the manner in which he keeps his manure.

It is said that the average daily allowance of wheat for each person is three and three-fourths bushels.

The English shire horse dealers and importers in this country are agitating the formation of an American stud book.

According to Dr. Wolff's tables average meadow hay and corn meal have a comparative value of about five to three for feeding stock.

In Illinois the condition of the wheat crop is better than at the same time last year. The estimated yield is 95 per cent, of an average crop for spring wheat, and 82 per cent. for winter.

Papillon Cough Cure is an unfailing remedy for Whooping Cough. Try it, and relieve your child

The Fort Worth Gazette says the increased tax on cattle for 1883 over that of 1882 was $37,587,225.

Papillon Catarrh Cure does not contain any drugs or chemicals; it is purely vegetable. It cures Whooping Cough, or tickling in the throat, and Winter Cough, so prevalent in older people.

ICE CREAM!

Quality unsurpassed; made from Genuine Cream. Wholesale price to Country dealers, delivered to the express company at Detroit, 80 cents per gallon; Hotels, Excursions and Festivals furnished at bottom prices.

CHAMBERLIN & HART.

Cor. Cass and Adams ave's, DETROIT, Michigan. Telephone connections with all parts of the state.

The Age of the Newspaper.

Public attention is absorbed by the newspaper; and it is to the periodical press that the literary man owes both his salvation and his ruin. The large class of people who read simply to kill time, satisfy all literary cravings by drinking at the streams, clear or muddy, as the case may be, of their pet newspapers; and even the lighter class of stories appeal to them but seldom unless served up in long columns and sent through the postoffice. It is emphatically the age of the newspaper, and both author and preacher are rapidly finding themselves reduced to the choice between working for the periodical press and abandoning the field altogether. Of course, there are striking exceptions, but in the main this seems to us to be about the sense and substance of the whole matter. Literary men are as well off as ever, but they must adapt their methods of work to the times in which they live.—Boston Courier.

Ferdinand Ward, of the defunct New York firm of Grant & Ward, and who has led General Grant and his sons into their financial embarrassments, is a slightly built man about 38 years old. He is five feet ten inches tall, and wears a small light mustache. His nose is prominent and he has a sallow complexion. His father is a minister at Geneseo, N. Y.

A German scientist has perfected an electric hen by which eggs are hatched in one-half the time required by a sitting hen.

If a man wants peace to reign in the household he should count ten before speaking at times when he feels as if his clothes don't fit him. And on days when the kitchen stove doesn't draw he should count 489.

The legislature of the state of Iowa has appropriated $50,000 for the purchase of grounds for the use of the state agricultural society, with the provision that an amount not less than this sum shall be donated in cash or property by the city or locality where the society shall locate its fair.

Headache is immediately relieved by the use of Piso's Remedy for Catarrh.

It is said that 21,000,000 acres of land are held in this country by foreigners, half of it being by three corporations in Texas and Florida.

I HAVE HAD Catarrh for years in its worst form. Before I had used one bottle of Ely's Cream Balm, droppings into my throat had ceased, pain and soreness in my head was removed, as well as deafness. It gives me immediate relief for cold in the head. Mrs. J. D. Hagadorn, Union, N. Y. (Price 50 cents.)

Constipation is positively cured by Carter's Little Liver pills. Not by purging and weakening the bowels, but by regulating and strengthening them. This is done by improving the digestion and stimulating the liver to the proper secretion of bile, when the bowels will perform their customary functions in an easy and natural manner. Purgative pills must be avoided. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. Price 25 cents.

Cheap Comfort.—What a comfort it is to know that, in case any of your children are attacked at night with croup, you have the remedy at hand in Allen's Lung Balsam. Depend upon it, mothers, it cures croup; perfectly pure and harmless. Keep it on hand.

The pains and tortures of the Spanish Inquisition were not more agonizing than those which, in our late civilization, are daily felt by the subjects of those grim tyrants, rheumatism and neuralgia. Rev. W. B. Evans, of Washington, D. C., was a victim until he was induced to try Athlophoros, and now he writes: "I consider its work almost in the light of a miracle." Price $1 per bottle. If your druggist hasn't it, send to Athlophoros Co., 112 Wall street, N. Y.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Sexual Debility cured by Well's Health Renewer.

FOR SALE 500,000 ACRES

Timber and Agricultural Lands in Mississippi Delta at $1.50 per acre, perfect tittle, accessible by I. C. & V. & M. Ga. & Pac. railroads. When cleared will rent for $10 per acre. Round trip tickets $15. For maps etc., address M. S. Baldwin 122 LaSalle street, Chicago, Ill.

Bed-Bugs, flies, roaches, ants, mice, cleared out by "Rough on Rats."

When you visit or leave New York City, via Central depot, save Baggage Expressage and $3 Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite said depot. Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars; $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.

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

A CARD—To all who are suffering from errors of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send you a receipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self addressed envelope to REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York.

"Rough on Pain," Quick cure for Colic, Cramps, Diarrhœa, Aches, Pains, Sprains, Headache.

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.

ARE YOU CONSTIPATED?

If you are bilious, dyspeptic or constipated, a few bottles of Hops and Malt Bitters will cure you as they have many others. An occasional use of Hops and Malt Bitters gives tone to the blood, strengthens the nerves and promotes perfect digestion. Do not be persuaded to try something else, said to be just as good, but get the genuine. For sale by all dealers.

HOPS & MALT BITTERS CO., DETROIT, MICH.

PAPILLON

Papillon Cough Cure.

A delicious syrup, perfectly harmless, that cures that distressing affliction, Whooping Cough, in a few days. It prevents the paroxysmal coughing, which causes the whoop. Bronchial or ordinary hacking cough, so prevalent in chidhood and old age are permanently cured with this simple syrup. It is purely vegetable and can be administered to infants without the slightest danger. It relieves and cures whooping cough and any cough of children or adults.

We are constantly in receipt of testimonials, and reports from physicians and druggists, praising the efficacy of this delicious syrup. If your child has a cold, a few doses of Papillon Cough Cure will prevent a contagious malady. For a hacking night cough, this remedy is superior to all others.

Price $1.00 per bottle, six for $5.00. Directions in ten languages accompany every bottle. For sale by all druggists.

Fortify the system. All who have experienced and witnessed the effect of Hostetters Stomach Bitters upon the weak broken down, desponding victims of dyspepsia, liver complaint, fever and ague, rheumatism, nervous debility or premature decay, know that in this supreme tonic and alterative there exists a specific which reaches the very source of the trouble and effects an absolute and permanent cure. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

White Mountain Hammock Chair

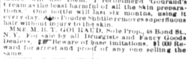
Adapted to House, Lawn, Porch or Camp; weighs 12 lbs.; 4 inches thick when folded. The best article on earth for the enjoyment of fresh air. Cheap, substantial, durable. Send stamp for circular

DUCHARME, FLETCHER & CO., GENERAL AGENTS, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER. DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

Removes tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of thirty years and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre, said to a lady of the hautton (a patient):—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin. MME. M. B. T. GOURAUD, Sole Prop., 48 Bond St., N. Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. Beware of base imitations. $1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

30 DAYS' TRIAL



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The Oldest Medicine in the World is probably Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S Celebrated Eye Water. This article is a carefully prepared physician's prescription, and has been in constant use for nearly a century, and notwithstanding the many other preparations that have been introduced into the market, the sale of this article is constantly increasing. If the directions are followed it will never fail. We particularly invite the attention of physicians to its merits. John L. Thompson, Sons, & Co., Troy, N. Y.

ASK FOR THE "BY GEORGE!" CIGAR.

A genuine Havana for 5 cents. Manufactured by V. ZIMM & 1, 167 Michigan ave., Detroit. Dealers correspond with us.

THIS NEW ELASTIC TRUSS

Has a Pad different from all others, is cup shape, with Self-Adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body while the ball in the cup presses back the intestines just as a person does with the finger. With light pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free. EGGLESTON TRUSS CO., Chicago, Ill.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS. Sold By ALL DEALERS Throughout The WORLD. GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with HEEL and TOE COMPLETE in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 163 Tremont street Boston, Mass.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

Large Ill. Catalogue free. Address Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Lady Agents can secure permanent employment and good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters, etc. Sample outfit Free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

ASTHMA Relieved immediately and cured by using Cone Asthma Conqueror. Price $1 per bottle or 3 bottles for $2, delivered. Address Dr. C. Marky, Manager, Hamilton, O.

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Cancer A new treatment—A positive cure.—Dr. W. C. Payne Marshalltown, Ia.

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PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS. MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD.

Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill.—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla." "In my practice I use no other.—J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa." Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

FARMS IN MICHIGAN FOR SALE AND EXCHANGE.

NEW DESCRIPTIVE AND PRICE LIST READY JUNE 1, 1884, CONTAINING DESCRIPTIONS OF SOME VERY CHOICE FARMS NEVER BEFORE OFFERED FOR SALE. I HAVE SOLD OVER 1,200 ACRES AT AN AVERAGE OF $50 PER ACRE SINCE MAY 1st, HENCE THE NECESSITY OF A NEW LIST AT THIS TIME.

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