THE STUMP-SPEAKER.

With voice all husky and worn,
With tonsils swollen and sore,
The orator stands on a sawed-off stump
And politics doth outpour.
Talk, talk, talk,
In weather both wet and dry;
And still, for the matter of dollars and cents,
He lifteth his voice on high.

Talk, Talk, talk
While his audience yells and cheers;
And talk, talk, talk,
Till his words ring in their ears!
It's O! to be a slave,
Along with the terrible Turk,
When an orator wastes his time and breath
By such exhausting work!

Talk, talk, talk,
Till each head begins to swim!
Talk, talk, talk,
Till the flick'ring lamps grow dim!
State, and tariff, and trade.
Trade, and tariff, and state,
Till the weary list'ners fall asleep,
And dream of their candidate.

Oh, men with active brains!
Oh, men with minds intense!
It's but wind you're list'ning to,
And not the soundest sense.
Talk, talk, talk,
Till the band begins to play!
Earning at once, by a single stroke,
Cheap fun as well as pay.

Oh, but to hear him talk
Of the deeds of gallant men,
Or the wondrous and winning words
Of the wielders of the pen!
But he'll talk, talk, talk,
Till the hot campaign is o'er,
And then if he fails to get a berth,
He'll only talk the more.

—N. Y. JOURNAL.

THE BABY'S PRAYER.

She knelt with her sweet hands folded:
Her fair little head bowed low;
While dead vides tapped at the window
And the air was thick with snow.
Without, earth dumb with winter;
Within, hearts dumb with care;
And up through the leaden silence
Rose softly the baby prayer.

"Bless all whom I love, dear Father,
And help me be good," she said.
Then, stirred by a sudden fancy,
She lifted the shining head.
Did she catch on the frozen maple
Some hint of the April green,
Or the breath of the woodland blossoms,
The drifts of the snow between?

The beautiful trees," she whispered,
"Where the orioles used to sing;
They are tired of the cold, cold winter,
Oh, help them to grow in spring;
And the flowers that I loved to gather,
Lord, bring them again in May,
The dear little violets, sleeping
Down deep in the ground to-day."

Ah, earth may be chill with snow-flakes,
And hearts may be cold with care,
But wastes of a frozen silence
Are bridged by the baby's prayer
And lips that were dumb with sorrow
In jubilant hope may sing,
For when earth is wrapped in winter
In the heart of the Lord 'tis spring.

THE RULES OF HEALTH.

Listen to each simple rule,
As to conduct and to diet;
You must keep serenely cool
Though the cholera run riot.

Eat the best of all things good,
Ne'er a dish that very nice is
Hurts you, while it's understood
You avoid too many ices.

You may eat all sorts of fish,
These who say you mayn't talk gammon;
But a prudent man won't wish
Too much cucumber with salmon.

Flesh and fowl are yours to eat,
Every dish a toothsome comer;
But the chops of pork are meat
That you need not try in summer.

You may smoke, too, but take care
Your cigars are sweet as manna;
When disease is in the air,
Only use the pure Havana.

Keep yourself from worries free;
If you're lawsuits, you must gain 'em;
Thus quite easily, you see,
You'll preserve the corpus sanum.

—LONDON PUNCH.

HER BROTHER.

"Newell, do you know that splendid woman?" enthusiastically exclaimed a distingue-looking man, who shone as one of the chief "lions," at Mrs De Gray's soiree.

Milo Newell looked about him with an indolent glance and replied:

"Well, as the room is full of splendid women whom I have the honor——"

"You know which one I mean," impatiently interrupted the first speaker. "The queen of them all, of course; that glorious creature in the mauve crepe, with the yellow lillies in her hair."

"Of course I know whom you mean," laughed Newell. "They are always smitten when they first see her. I was myself. Yes, that's Miss Burkhardt."

"Miss Burkhardt?"

"Yes, General Burkhardt's daughter. He was killed in the Mexican war, you know. Left all his wealth to his wife, and she died and left it to her daughter—about eight years ago. Miss Burkhardt is the richest heiress in the state. Don't see why she hasn't married. She is twenty-three, and has had offers enough."

"Will you present me to her?"

"Of course, you've got to go through with a grand passion for her. Everybody does; it is the regular thing And the sooner you have it over the better. She won't have you."

"Why?"

"Don't know, but she won't. She told me that she never would marry. Wouldn't tell me why. I proposed to her," said Milo cooly. "Men do, as a general thing. But they all get the same answer. She never will marry."

"Upon my word, you don't seem to take your disappointment very hard!" laughed his companion.

"Oh, I recovered long ago. "It's no use pining over what one can't help," said Newell, philosophically. "If there was any hope I'd have persevered; but it would be useless. I'd advise you to avoid her, if it would do any good; but you would go on all the same."

He lowered his voice at last, for they were approaching the large group, of whom Miss Burkhardt was the center of attention. She was standing with her hand resting on the back of a sofa Truly she was a splendid woman. A very queen she looked surrounded by her subjects. Her features were not beautiful in the least, but her form was regal in its stately grace. Her heavy, black hair was magnificent, and her great, dusky eyes, glowing with a sort of repressed light, like smouldering fire, possessed a strange weird attraction, a species of magnetism, altogether indefinable, but irresistably fascinating.

Yet the unbounded admiration which she excited wherever she went could hardly be owing solely to her wonderful eyes. There was some curious, indefinite attraction about her—this dusky haired, queenly woman. Among the many men who had laid their hearts at Dianora Burkhardt's feet, very few could have told what it was in her that enslaved them.

"Miss Burkhardt, will you allow me to introduce a friend to you?" asked Newell, after making his bow.

"What friend?" asked Miss Burkhardt, carelessly.

"Otto Delavan, the artist, who has just returned from Italy," was Newell's answer.

Miss Burkhardt grew deathly pale, and grasped the sofa, as if to steady herself.

"What is the matter? Are you ill, Miss Burkhardt?" cried Milo, astonished at her strange emotion.

"Yes; a sudden indisposition," faltered she, "I will go out in the air a moment, and when I return I shall be pleased to receive your friend. Will you give me your arm, Mr. Brown?" to a middle aged brother of Mrs. De Gray.

Mr. Brown was, of course, "delighted," and Miss Burkhardt walked away with a step sufficiently firm and stately for an "indisposed woman."

Presently she returned, looking her usual calm self, and, with a bow and word of thanks to her companion, turned to Milo Newell, saying quietly:

"Now, Mr. Newell, I shall be happy to know your friend," and the introductory ceremony was performed.

Otto Delevan was profoundly deferential; Miss Burkhardt, quietly courteous. She was used to being introduced to distinguished men, and it was not to be expected that she would be as much impressed as some young ladies by the popular young artist, whose growing fame had long preceded him to his native land, from which, for five years he had been absent. A great favorite was Otto Delevan. He was about twenty-eight or nine years old, and very handsome, in the fair saffron style. More than one young girl among that gay throng would have given a fortune for Miss Burkhardt's power that she might bring him to her feet "You are just from Italy, I hear, Mr. Delevan," said Miss Burkhardt, by way of conversation.

"I arrived two days ago," he answered.

"Have you been long away?"

"Five years," said Otto. "It is good to be back in my own country again."

"Yes," said Miss Burkhardt, absently, "and it is four years since——"

She stopped abruptly and began, with fingers that trembled, to adjust the flowers in her bouquet.

"Since when?" he questioned.

"Since I was in Italy," Dianora said, in a hasty way, and changed the subject.

Otto stayed beside her through the evening, escorted her to the music room, attended her to her carriage, and went home to his bachelor lodgings as hopelessly in love as it is possible for a passionate, enthusiastic nature, such as his, to be. Milo Newell's caution was not forgotten, but unheeded.

"I will marry that woman within a year or die!" he said deliberately, after a half hour's reflection, and in the inmost depths of his soul he felt the meaning of the words.

Two weeks passed. People began to remark—some lightly, some bitterly—that Otto Delavan was Miss Burkhardt's last conquest. Little cared Otto. He thought of nobody, of nothing, except Dianora Burkhardt. She was the one woman in the world to him. He believed she loved him. But would she marry him? He felt that his life had no other hope. Thinking thus one evening he suddenly started from his seat, exclaiming:

"I will wait no longer. This suspense is worse than despair! I will know my fate this very night—this very hour!"

And this impulsive young man at once prepared to go and propose to Dianora Burkhardt.

As he laid his hand upon the door there came a rap from the outside. A letter. He just glanced at it; a dainty white envelope, a pretty, gracefully written address and a European postmark. He tossed it carelessly on the table, saying, as he went out.

"From Delia. It must wait till I return. I can not now stop to read one of her long, gossiping missives."

Truly, Mr. Otto Delevan, you could hardly be called a very devoted brother.

Miss Burkhardt was "at home" to him as she would not have been to every one that evening. She was rather retired in her habits, did not go much into society and saw but little company.

Once or twice a year she threw open her doors to her "dear five hundred friends," and then her house was crowded with a more brilliant assemblage than ever filled the rooms of gayer and more fashionable mansions. For Miss Burkhardt knew all the celebrities; many a distinguished character was proud of her acquaintance. She was all the more courted for her self-seclusion.

She received Mr. Delevan in a pretty, cozy little parlor, which, with its hangings of pale buff and dark green, and its light, graceful furniture, made one feel twice at much at ease as in the grand drawing room and reception parlor, where she received more formal visits.

Neither was she in her society mood, though Otto had never seen her look lovlier.

She did not often look beautiful; but that evening she was more than that. Yet there was a sad, weary look upon her usually haughty face, which made her lover long to fold her in his arms and soothe away whatever sorrow or care had brought it there.

She rose to greet him as he entered, but he quietly reseated her, and then, standing before her with both her hands clasped in his, he told her at once, and without preparation, all his love and his aspirations.

She sat silent, with drooped head and downcast eyes, and heard his story through. She did not withdraw her hands from his hold; and he felt them tremble as he finished with a passionate appeal for love, and an earnest request that she would be his wife.

Then she spoke—quietly, firmly, but with an undertone of pain in her steady voice:

"I expected this, Mr. Delavan, but I am sorry you have said it; I am very sorry, for I can not marry you, and it is very hard to give you pain, Otto."

She spoke his name at the last, with almost a wail, it was so full of grief and sorrow; and she drew her hands away from him, and covered her face with them, leaning her head against the table beside her.

He had stood looking at her in almost angry despair; but when she uttered his name in that sorrowful tone he caught his breath with a sharp gasp, and, leaning over her, he said:

"Dianora, I know you love me."

She made no answer, only a slight sob.

"Tell me, do you not?" he urged.

"Yes!" she answered almost sharply.

"Then why will you not become my wife? Tell me, Dianora; I have a right to know."

"Because I am determined I will never marry—I must not. My duty forbids it," she answered firmly.

"But why?" cried Otto.

"I will not tell you! The knowledge would do you no good," she replied. "Go home and forget me if you can—nay, I know it is hard to forget Heaven help us all who would but can not."

"Dianora—"

"Don't" she interrupted; "why will you torture me when I have told you it is useless? I tell you I shall never marry. Now will you go?"

Without another word he went.

For hours he walked the streets, going home at length, calm with the very bitterness of his despair.

The first thing that met his eyes was his sister's letter.

He did not read it then. He could not.

Not until late in the following day did he open it; and then after the first half-dozen lines he read:

"By the way, Otto, they write me that you are paying attentions to Miss Burkhardt You had best not fall in love with her, for she will not marry you. I knew her in Italy. It was in Florence, while you were in Rome.

"She was there with her brother; perhaps you do not know that she has one. She keeps his existence to herself, I believe and very properly. You see he is insane! He was—well, the truth is, he fell in love with me! He was a splendid young fellow, handsome as a picture, but only a boy, not more than eighteen, and, of course, I could not think of marrying him. But I'm afraid I did flirt a little with him; I meant no harm, of course, and Florence was so dull at that time. I know you will be terribly shocked, and really I've had some twinges of conscience myself. But I don't think I was responsible for—well, his insanity; indeed, I do not. He was inclined that way, the physicans said, and that was the reason his mother left all her fortune to Dianora.

"But she just idolized her brother, and when he went raving mad she chose to blame me; frightened me half out of my senses. And that brings me to the reason why I tell you this. I want to warn you against setting your affections on Dianora Burkhardt.

"You see she had two or three offers after that before they left Italy. She refused them all, and said she should never marry. And one of her lovers—a fierce young Italian he was—determined to know the reason, and he gave her no peace till she told him about her brother, and that she considered it her duty to devote her life to him, and for his sake she meant to remain single. Well, of course he did not persist after that. I never heard of anything so foolishly romantic She might send him to an asylum and make a good match, instead of keeping him with her, and refusing so many splendid—."

Otto read no further. With blazing eyes and lips curling with contempt he tore the letter into fragments, and then cast them into the fire that burned in the grate, exclaiming in tones of indignation:

"I knew that Delia was as shallow and heartless as she is beautiful, but I did not think her capable of such utter heartlessness as this."

That evening he again went to Dianora and told her of his sister's letter; assured her that her brother's misfortune would not affect his desire to make her his wife, and entreated her to recall her refusal.

"But my brother?" she said. "Poor Walter; no, Otto, I do love you; but I cannot desert him for even you."

"You need not desert him, dear love, said Otto, tenderly. "I could not be so base as to ask it. If you will become my wife, I will aid you to cherish and care for him. I will love him as a brother, and do for him all that you could do."

And Dianora, though at first she hesitated, finally allowed herself to be persuaded.

ARCTIC CANNIBALISM.

Capt. McClintock of the Franklin Expedition Shot and Eaten.

Cincinnati, September 3.—John D Caldwell, an old and respected citizen, is authority for the statement that the body of Capt. McClintock of the Franklin arctic expedition was shot and his body eaten by his famishing comrades. The story was told Mr Caldwell by Capt. Hall, who commanded the expedition for the relief of Sir John Franklin. Lady Franklin and Miss Sophia Carcraft, who was to have been married to Capt. McClintock, came to Cincinnati to see Capt. Hall. He could not tell them of Capt. McClintock's terrible death, but afterwards related the circumstannes to Mr. Caldwell. Suppressing his voice to a whisper he said: "Capt. McClintock was shot." They had reached the point of starvation where it became a question whether all should perish or one should die that the others might live. Lots were drawn to see who should die first, and the fatal lot fell to Capt. McClintock. He yielded with composure to his fate. He was shot and his body became food for the others Whether the shooting of others followed by lot, Mr. Caldwell says Capt. Hall did not state. He was requested to keep what had been related to him an entire secret which he has done until to-day.

[In connection with the above associated press despatch it may not be uninteresting to note that Capt. McClintock returned alive and well from his Arctic expedition and was knighted for his distinguished services.]

No Sectional Issues Now.

Philadelphia Call

Prospective Bride—"How long ought a honeymoon to last, ma?"

Ma—"They usually last only a few weeks, but I knew one to last three months."

"How delightful! Who was the bride?"

"I was."

"Perhaps mine will, too."

"I fear not. The country is not troubled with sectional issues now."

"Why, what difference does that make?"

"I was married to your father the day before he went off with the three months volunteers."

A PRINTER'S ERROR.

Sweet are the uses of *adversity*, the printer's copy said, but he set it up, sweet are the uses of advertising. Sweet, indeed, to those who in sickness and suffering have seen the advertisement of some sovereign remedy, which upon trial has brought them from death's door. "The best thing I ever saw in my paper was the advertisement of Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery'" is again and again the testimony of those who have been healed by it of lung disease, bronchial affections, tumors, ulcers, liver complaints and the ills to which flesh is heir.

Nebraska furnished the largest pair of cattle on exhibition at the Kansas City Fat Stock Show.

* * * * Loss of power in either sex, however induced, speedily, thoroughly and permanently cured. Address, with three letter stamps for reply and book of particulars, World's Dispensary Medical Association. 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

By a new electric headlight for locomotives thirty-three telegraph poles can be counted ahead of the engine on a dark night. Thirty-three poles cover about one mile.

"NIP'T IN THE BUD!"

Sad to say, many a good thing attains to nothing more than a fair beginning. On the other hand it is a matter for congratulation that the growth of some evil things may be also promptly frustrated. A large proportion of the cases of the most wide spread and fatal of diseases—consumption have their inception in nasal catarrh. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is pleasant, soothing and effectual. Try it. It has cured thousands. All druggists.

A Cincinnati lawyer has up the sign: "No politics discussed except on business."

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 the cost of one million dollars; $1 and upward per day. European plan. Elevator and 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.

The Fort Worth Gazette says the increased tax on cattle for 1883 over that of 1882 was $37,587,235.

"Mr. B.," said the president of a bank to his cashier, "I understand you have sold your trotting horses?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. B., uneasily, "I found the luxury too expensive."

"And you declined an invitation to attend a champagne party the other evening."

"Yes, sir."

The cashier was getting white now.

"And I also learn that you have taken a class in Sunday school and have become a member of the church choir?"

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed the frightened man, "the amount is less than $10,000, and if you will give two days' time I will restore every cent."

But the president was inexorable—Exchange.

LITTLE LAME CARL.

A South German Incident

BY MARY D. BRINE.

"Little lame Carl," the boy was called;
But a brave young lad was he.
He lived alone with his parents two,
In the south of Germany.
His father was guard of the great 'Gulch Bridge,'
Which he tended by night and day;
And his special duty was to watch
That no danger lay in the way
Of the trains that must round the curve near by,
Ere they shot o'er the bridge so long—
The wide "Gulch Bridge" of iron and wood,
Which the builders thought so strong.
But there came a day of terrible rain,
The day—the nineteenth of November,
In eighteen hundred and sixty-seven,
As many will well remember.
For twenty-four hours the rain poured down,
As never was known before;
And streams were swollen to rivers at last,
And flooded the high banks o'er.
At nine o'clock, while the storm yet raged,
Lame Carl to his mother said:
"I am not afraid of the flood-soaked roads,
Or the clouds that are wild overhead;
But I'll take my father's supper, and go
To the bridge where he's watching for me."
"Dear lad, said his mother," if go thou must,
May the good God watch over thee!"
So the boy, he tucked 'neath his little thin arms
The crutches so stout and strong,
And with "father's supper" went whistling away;
For the road was lonesome and long
Oh! the rain came down, and the cold winds blew,
And frightened the child at last;
But the thought of his father buoyed him up
As he hobbled along so fast.
Hark! What is that noise? An awful crash
Roared out through the storm's wild din
"The bridge is down!" screamed little lame Carl,
"And my father, O, God! is in—
Is in the waters that boil below,
Where the strong, high billows roll!"
And a shudder of horror made him faint
As it ran thro' his brave young soul.
He reached the track; but he only found,
As he wildly looked around,
The hand-car, empty, but for the lamp,
Whose red glare over the ground
Showed where the bridge had fallen away,
While a deep gulf yawned in its place.
And "Father! Father!" loud called the boy,
With the pallor of death on his face.
But little time had the heart sick lad
To grieve o'er his father's fate.
He knew that the night express was due;
He must act, ere it be too late.
He must take his father's place, and warn
The train that would soon be there
Of its terrible danger; for well he knew
There were but five minutes to spare.
He heard the rumble e'en where he stood.
So, with mighty effort, at last
He pushed the hand-car over the ground
To the track; and his breath came fast
As he dragged his limbs, so crippled and weak,
Up over the wheels, until
He balanced himself on his crutches, and then
Began to turn with a will.
Now, on it goes—the little hand-car—
To meet the swift coming train,
And never a chance that its passengers brave
Will return alive again.
He is risking his life, the little lame Carl,
That others may live; and he cries,
"O, meine Mutter!" with agonized heart,
And the hot tears rain from his eyes.
Now over the track there shines a gleam
From the engine's head light thrown;
Carl braces himself with one weak hand,
From his lips there falls one moan.
Then high, high over his curley head
His red light lantern he swings;
And "The bridge's down!" he wildly shrieks,
And his voice o'er the wild wind rings.
The engineer has seen him at last;
But the engine has quickly flung
The hand-car out of its way, and crushed
The brave, sweet life so young,
Ere yet the cry of his warning voice
Has ceased to echo around.
And the train stands still at the mouth of the gulf,
On the rain-soaked, washed-out ground.

They bore the body of "little lame Carl"
To his widowed mother's door,
And over the half of Germany
Is his deed told o'er and o'er.
He lies at rest 'neath the marble stone
Which tells of his deed so brave,
"Carl Springle, a lad of fourteen, who lost
His life two hundred to save.
A little hero; a martyr, too;
And always a good, true son.
He has gone to wear, at his Father's side,
The crown that was nobly won."

NEW YORK CITY.

LOST BEAUTY.

Photographs of Lovely Innocence That Made a Sad Sight.

N. Y. Correspondence.

Beauty! Well, I saw a lot of it that made the saddest sight I have looked on in many a day. It was feminine, too, and as lovely as the innocence of extreme youth and carefulness of expert selection could make it. It was composed of a score or more of little girls who, in answer to an advertisement by Dore Davidson, an actor, had gathered in the gallery of a photographer to be used in making a picture which, multiplied by lithography, was to be placed in the store windows and on the dead walls of the cities in which, Providence and popular patronage permitting he intended to act in a drama called "Lost."

That was exactly the word, so it struck me, to describe the fate which impended over those lovely, pitiful creatures They were all under 10 years of age, and yet none was too young to understand that she was posing as a professional beauty. Their mothers were with them, and very proud. What if these women could look ten or fifteen years into futurity, and could see their offspring that much further along in theatrical experience? "Lost," indeed! Mind you, I am not inconsiderately berating the stage. Many actresses are good women, but those whose only fitness for the profession is physical loveliness, are bad, very bad, nine times out of ten. These mothers ought, I suppose, to be acquitted of wicked intent in trying to start their girls directly from babyhood on a career so desperately dangerous; but how could they possibly be so blind as to discern none of the vice over which the beauties would have to swim very adroitly, or else sink into? The maternal heart will doubtless beat joyously when the maternal eyes see the loved one's face publicly posted for indiscriminate admiration. The same heart, I trust, may not be wrung by anguish when the eyes gaze upon the shame which the admiration has wrought. Yes; it is an appropriate title, "Lost!" for the play, whatever it may be, that is placarded with the likenesses of beautiful girls under ten.

Buried in the Sea Sand.

New York Herald.

Three little boys sat digging in the sand on the beech at Long Branch yesterday afternoon. They had been "playing Indians" and were industriously making a cave to live in. One of the boys was Johnny Holbrook, who lives with his mother on Summit avenue, Jersey City.

"Let's play I was dead'" said Johnny, "and you fellers berry me in the sand."

"Injuns is buried standing up," said one of the others "It says so in 'Wild Bill the Ranger.' We'll have to dig the hole deeper so you can stand up."

So the boys dug the pit deeper. The water came in from below and Johnny quietly took off his shoes and stockings.

Then the other boys packed the sand about him till only his head remained above the ground. The work kept them busy for more than an hour.

So intently had the lads labored that they had not noticed the rising tide until a big wave dashed over poor Johnny's head and, rolling back, left him gasping for breath, with his mouth and eyes full of sand. He struggled to pull himself out of the hole, but the sand held him like a vice and other incoming waves had no mercy.

Johnny screamed for help but there was no one within hearing except the two little boys and a man too far off to be of any immediate assistance.

And the terrible waves rolled nearer, licking Johnny's chin and threatening to hide his head under a fatal coverlet.

The little boys tried to pull Johnny out, but they were not strong enough. They tried to dig the sand away but they were so much frightened that they made little progress, and every minute seemed an age.

When Johnny was finally extricated his face was very white. When he recovered his breath he began to cry.

"It's too late for that," said a bystander, "what's the use of crying now?"

Johnny looked down ruefully and answered:—

"What'll ma say about them new cloz!"

"EVER BE HAPPY."

How Cheerful People Get Along in Life and in Trade.

Does the surly, cross-grained merchant know that good cheer is capital? That a pleasant smile and agreeable manners go further with many customers than "an endless variety of goods from which to select?" Does the sour-visaged clerk know that his unpopularity, which keeps him on starvation wages, is largely his own fault?

"For mercy's sake don't send that vinegary man to wait on me," said a customer in a store recently. She knew nothing of his life or the grievous ills he might be heir to. His face carried with it no sunshine; his manner was that of one who labored with eye-service.

A lady not long since came to Kansas City, says the daily Journal, in search of health, yet she could not afford to be idle. She had been left in childhood an orphan with four little brothers and sisters to support and educate. She had taught and watched their youth develop with fond anticipations of a future when they should be her companions. But one by one they sickened and died; through those prolonged seasons of grief she watched over them: her earnings were swept away, and her constitution undermined so that she could no longer endure the confinement of the school-room. Here she obtained a position as seamstress; she did her work well but the lady who had employed her said: "I cannot afford to keep her; she never sings, and the doctor says I ought always to have cheerful people around me."

Never sings! Strange, wasn't it? Without a relative on earth, a wanderer in search of health by change of climate, yet doing the aduous work of a seamstress! Write it a new wonder of the world that this woman was not bright and joyous. Send for the learned men of the century to divine, if possible, why her voice was not lifted in sweet songs night and day, and why her eyes did not mirror forth a soul filled with ecstatic delight! But this is the way of the world to choose that which brings only agreeable results.

It is not interested in individual woes. He who learns this fact and brings the knowledge to bear on his own line of conduct has gained riches of a substantialkind—at least without wings.

Secret cemeteries are a good investment in everybody's heart. If hopes die bury them away and suffer no resurrectionist to dig them up and parade them around among your acquaintances. Said a fortune teller:

I told a true story of the sufferings which had befallen me, by which I was disabled from work, and honest people let me starve almost to death, but I left off the recital of my own woes and began predicting happiness for others. Mark the result: I am now owner of a neat cottage, with money in bank." Let the unsuccessful learn a lesson from his experience. Is this advice heartless? Not at all What good is gained by an advertisement of grief by means of a mourning countenance? There can be brought about a happier expression of face by cultivating a new field of thougths. Eventually it may occur to you that a smile is not one of the lost arts, or at least you have found it after many days. Otherwise let us follow the example of the old lady who magnified her tribulations and always concluded her recital of them with a moan and the exclamation: "Dear, dear, what troubles we do enjoy!"

The Thimble--The Origin of the Useful Little Article.

Dorcas Magazine.

The thimble is a Dutch invention that was first brought to England in 1695 by one John Lofting, who began its manufacture at Islington, near London, gaining thereby both honor and profit. Its name was derived from the words thum and bell, being for a long time called thumble, and only lately thimble Old records say that thimbles were first worn on the thumbs; but we can scarcely conceive how they could be of much use there. Formerly they were made of brass and iron only, but of late years steel, silver, gold, horn, ivory, and even pearl and glass have all been used for making thimbles. I saw some very beautiful ones in China that were exquisitely carved, of pearl, and bound with gold, and the end also of gold. These pearl thimbles are quite as costly and far prettier than those made entirely of gold. Usually there is a pearl sheath for the scissors, and a dainty needlebook of pearl, edged with gold, to accompany the thimble, and the whole is inclosed in an exquisite little pocket case shaped like a book and bound in satin and pearl.

A thimble owned by the queen consort of Siam is shaped like a lotus bud, this being the royal flower of that country, and almost everything about the court bearing, in a greater or less degree, some impress of the lotus. This thimble is of gold, thickly studded with diamonds that are so arranged as to form the lady's name and the date of her marriage. It was a bridal gift from the king, who, having seen the English and American ladies at his court using thimbles, took this method of introducing them among his own people.

In Naples, very pretty thimbles, composed of lava from Mount Vesuvius, are occasionally sold, but rather as curiosities than for real utility, being, from the extreme brittleness of the lava, very easily broken. I have heard also of thimbles made of asphaltum, from the Dead Sea, and of one composed of a fragment of the old elm tree at Cambridge, Mass., under which Gen. Washington stood when taking command of the United States army, in July, 1775; but I do not suppose that any of these were ever intended to be used in sewing.

In the ordinary manufacture of gold and silver thimbles, thin plates of the metal are introduced into the die, and then punched into shape. But in Paris the French have a way of their own, quite different from ours, for making gold thimbles that are said to be much more durable than those made in the usual way. Pieces of very thin sheet-iron are cut into disks of about two inches in diameter. These, after being heated to redness, are struck by means of a punch into a succession of holes of a gradually increasing depth to give the proper shape. The thimble is then trimmed, polished and indented around its outer suface with tiny holes. It is next converted into steel by a process called cementation, then tempered, scoured, and brought to a blue color. After all this is completed a thin sheet of gold is introduced into the interior and fastened to the steel by a mandrel, while gold leaf is attached firmly by pressure to the outside, the edges being seamed in a small grove made to receive them. This completes the thimble that will last for years. The steel used in its construction will scarcely wear out in a long life-time, and the gold, if worn away, is easily replaced.

A Perfect Remedy for all abrasions of the skin and all diseases of the feet of Horses and Cattle. Invaluable to Stockmen. Cole's Veterinary Carbolisalve. In 50c and $1.00 cans. At Druggists or by mail. J. W. COLE & Co., Prop's, Black River Falls, Wis.

BAFFLED.

One of the most Unaccountable and Dangerous of Recent Doceits Discovered and Exposed.

There is one mysterious trouble that is attacking nearly every one in the land with more or less violence It seems to steal into the body like a thief in the night. Doctors cannot diagnose it. Scientists are puzzled by its symptoms. It is, indeed, a modern mystery. Like those severe and vague maladies that attack horses and prostrate nearly all the animals in the land, this subtle trouble seems to menace mankind. Many of its victims have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A strange sticky slime collects about the teeth The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load upon the stomach; sometimes a faint, all-gone sensation is felt at the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy. The eyes grow sunken, the hands and feet feel clammy at one time and burn intensely at others. After a while a cough sets in, at first dry, but after a few months it is attended with a greyish colored expectoration. The afflicted one feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. He becomes nervous, irritable, and gloomy and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a peculiar whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly The bowels become costive, and then again, outflux intensely, the skin is dry and hot at times; the blood grows thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow; the urine is scanty and high-colored, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a spitting up of food, sometimes with a sour taste, and sometimes with a sweetish taste; this is often attended with palpitation of the heart. The vision becomes impaired, with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of prostration and great weakness. Most of these symptoms are in turn present. It is thought that nearly one-third of our population have this disorder in some of its varied forms, while medical men have almost wholly mistaken its nature. Some have treated it for one complaint; some for another, but nearly all have failed to reach the seat of the disorder. Indeed, many physicians are afflicted with it themselves. The experience of Dr A. G. Richards, residing at No. 468 Tremont street, Boston, is thus described by himself

"I had all those peculiar and painful symptoms which I have found afflicting so many of my patients, and which had so often baffled me. I knew all the commonly established remedies would be unavailing for I had tried them often in the past. I therefore determined to strike out in a new path. To my intense satisfaction I found that I was improving. The full, stupid feeling departed and I began to enjoy life once more. My appetite returned. My sleep was refreshing. The color of my face which had been a sickly yellow gradually assumed the pink tinge of health. In the course of three weeks I felt like a new man and know that it was wholly owing to the wonderful efficiency of Warner's Tippecanoe The Best, which was all the medicine I took."

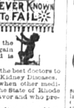
Doctors and scientists often exhaust their skill and the patient dies. They try everything that has been used by, or is known to the profession, and then fail. Even if they save the life it is often after great and prolonged agony. Where all this can be avoided by precaution and care, how insane a thing it is to endure such suffering! With a pure and palatable preparation within reach, to neglect its use is simply inexcusable.

Cholera and Watered Streets.

M. Pasteur entirely dissents from Dr. Koch's startling advice to discontinue the practice of watering the streets during the prevalence of the cholera epidemic He admits that the dust may be full of microbes at such a time, and that water is their native element. But, argues M. Pasteur, if they are so dry as to have lost their vitality, water will not bring them to life again. If, on the other hand, they possess sufficient humidity to be susceptible of resuscitation and of doing mischief, the watering process, if the supply of the fluid is adequate, will have the effect of sweeping them into the limbo of the sewers, where they will be powerless for further evil. If they are left in the streets to be blown about by every wind, they are as likely to be blown in contact with the mucous membrane of passing pedestrians as with anything else, and that offers an ideal field for the recovery and development of these of them whose vitality is not absolutely extinct. M. Pasteur's reasoning has been accepted by the French faculty, and it seems unanswerable.

Oranges and lemons keep best wrapped close in soft paper and laid in a drawer.

CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS, LIVER, BLADDER, AND URINARY ORGANS, DROPSY, GRAVEL, DIABETES, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, PAINS IN THE BACK, LOINS OR SIDE, NERVOUS DISEASES.



By the use of this REMEDY, the Stomach and Bowels speedily regain their strength, and the blood is purified.

It is pronounced by hundreds of the best doctors to be the ONLY CURE for all kinds of Kidney Diseases.

It is purely vegetable, and cures when other medicines fail. Over 100 Physicians in the State of Rhode Island on record testifying in its favor and who prescribe it regularly.

It is prepared expressly for these diseases, and has never been known to fail. One trial will convince you. For sale by all druggists. PRICE $1.25. Send for Pamphlet of Testimonials.

HUNT'S REMEDY CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

A. W. Brown, M.D., of Providence, R. I., says: "I have used HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY in my practice for the past sixteen years, and cheerfully recommend it as being a safe and reliable remedy."

HAY FEVER

I can recommend Ely's Cream Balm to all Hay Fever sufferers, it being, in my opinion, founded upon experience and a sure cure. I was afflicted with Hay Fever for twenty-five years, and never before found permanent relief.—WEBSTER H. HASKINS, Marshfield, Vt.

Cream Balm is a remedy founded on a correct diagnosis of this disease and can be depended upon. 50c at druggists; 60c by mail, sample bottle by mail 10c. ELY BROS., Druggists Owego, N. Y.

CHENEY'S Stomach & Liver REGULATOR

CURES CONSTIPATION,

Torpid Liver, Indigestion, Heartburn, Malaria, Rheumatism, Palpitation of the Heart when arising from indigestion or deranged condition of the stomach, Sick Headache or Migrain, Piles and Female complaints. The only medicine in the world that

Positively Cures Constipation.

Price, $1.00 per bottle; 6 bottles, $5.00. SEND FOR CIRCULARS, FREE.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Prop'rs, Manufacturing Chemists, TOLEDO, O.

EYES

DO THEY TROUBLE YOU? HAVE THEM EXAMINED WITH OUR NEW TEST LENSES BY WHICH WE OFTEN SUCCEED WHEN OTHERS FAIL.

ROEHM & WRIGHT. IMPORTERS JEWELERS, AND OPTICIANS, 140 WOODWARD AVE., DETROIT MICH.

Stanley, the African explorer, will join Gen. Wolseley in his expedition to the relief of Gen. Gordon.

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

Patti's property in Wales is worth $300,000; her diamonds about $200,000, and her money investments are valued at twice these amounts.

CARBOLINES.

Sorrow and gloom the soul may meet,
Yet love wrings triumph from defeat;
And the coarsest hair can still be fine
By using *Magic Carboline.*

A Jacksonville, Ill., man claims to wear the championship hat—a number ten. The size of the head is 31 inches.

Invalid Ladies Attention.

For full particulars in regard to the new, quick and painless method of curing FEMALE DISEASES, so far as to lay aside all supporters and pressaries. Write to Drs. Peterman, Marshall, Michigan. N.B.—All Physicians can quickly cure their invalid lady patients with this treatment.

HAY FEVER After trying in vain for eleven years to cure my Hay Fever I purchased a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm, which entirely relieved me.—T. W. HARRIS, Letter Carrier, Newark, N. J. Price 50 cents.

Mere outward application of so-called remedies for rheumatism and neuralgia must necessarily fail of their purpose because the origin of the trouble is left untouched. Athlophoros destroys the root of the disease by cleansing the blood of the impurities that cause them. Athlophoros is perfectly harmless, while its action is quick and certain. Price $1 per bottle. If your druggist hasn't it, send to Athlophoros Co., 112 Wall street, N. Y.

FOR twenty years I was suffering during the summer months with HAY FEVER. I procured a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm, and was cured by its use.—CHARLOTTE PARKER, Waverly, N. Y.

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.

"ROUGH ON PAIN," POROUS PLASTER, for Backache, Pains in the Chest, Rheumatism. 25c.

Young Men, Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their ELECTRO VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for 30 days to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as 30 days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

"ROUGH ON DENTIST" TOOTH POWDER. Fine Smooth, Cleansing, Refreshing, Preservative. 15c.

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.

"ROUGH ON TOOTHACHE." Ask for it. Instant relief, quick cure. 15c. Druggists.

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.

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor cures Dyspepsia, Impotence. $1.

The reputation of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a preventive of epidemics, a stomachic an invigorant, a general restorative, and a specific for fever and ague, indigestion, bilious affections, rheumatism, nervous debility, constitutional weakness, is established upon the sound basis of more than twenty years experience, and can no more be shaken by the claptrap nostrums of unscientific pretenders than the everlasting hills by the wind that rustle through their defiles. For sale by all druggists and dealers generally.

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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 hauton (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. $1000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

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.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,

In from one to twenty minutes, never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS, DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA, CHOLERA MORBUS.

It will, in a few minutes, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, SUMMER COMPLAINT, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all internal pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain. It instantly relieves and soon cures headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness, and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, sprains, bruises, bites of insects, and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

MALARIA IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS. FEVER AND AGUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Billious, Scarlet, and other fevers, (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Price fifty cents. Sold by druggists.

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The Great Blood Purifier.

For cure of all chronic diseases, Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers, Chronic Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Kidney, Bladder and Liver complaints, Dyspepsia, Affections of the Lungs and Throat, purifies the Blood, restoring health and vigor.

THE SKIN,

After a few days' use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear and beautiful. Pimples, blotches, black spots, and skin eruptions are removed; sores and ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from scrofula, eruptive diseases of the eyes, mouth, ears, legs, throat and glands, that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system. Sold by druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

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The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy,

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum; purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Pain in the back, Loss of Appetite, Languor, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Billiousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

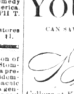
A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders. PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX. Sold by all druggists.

Read "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO No. 32 Warren St., New York. Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's and see that the name of "Radway" is on what you buy.



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Price $1 in liquid, pill or lozenge form.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.

It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the change of life.

It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of inquiry confidentially answered. *For sale at druggists.*

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ASTHMA CURED German Asthma Cure never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases, insures comfortable sleep; effects cures where all others fail. A trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 50c and $1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE for stamp. Dr. R. SCHIFFMANN, St. Paul, Minn.

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

ASTHMA Relieved immediately and cured by using CONE ASTHMA CONQUEROR. Price $3 per bottle or 3 bottles for $8 delivered. Address DR. C. MARKT, Manager Hamilton, Ohio.

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