"How's Your Liver?"

In the comic opera of "The Mikado" his imperial highness says,

"To make, to some extent,
Each evil Liver
A runn'ng river
Of harmless merriment."

A nobler task than making evil livers, rivers of harmless merriment no person, king or layman, could take upon himself. The liver among the ancients was considered the source of all a man's evil impulses, and the chances are ten to one to-day that if one's liver is in an ugly condition of discontent, someone's head will be mashed before night!

"How's your liver?" is equivalent to the inquiry: Are you a bear or an angel to-day?

Nine-tenths of the "pure-cussedness," the actions for divorce, the curtain lectures, the family rows, not to speak of murders, crimes and other calamities are prompted by the irritating effect of the inactivity of the liver upon the brain. Fothergill, the great specialist, says th's and he knows. He also knows that to prevent such catastrophies nothing equals Warner's safe cure renowned throughout the world, as a maker of

"Each evil Liver
A running river
Of harmless merriment."

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COUGH CURE
Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons.
A PROMPT, SAFE, SURE CURE
For Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Influenza, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Quinsy, Pains in Chest, and other affections of the Throat and Lungs.
Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold by Druggists and Dealers. *Parties unable to induce their dealer to promptly get it for them will receive two bottles, Express charges paid, by sending one dollar to*
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Sole Owners and Manufacturers,
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QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. Trade Mark On Every Bottle.
PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.
— THE BEST TONIC.
This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.
It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.
It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.
It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*
It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.
For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.
☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.
Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

DR. JOHN BULL'S
Smith's Tonic Syrup
FOR THE CURE OF
FEVER and AGUE
Or CHILLS and FEVER,
AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.
The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of KENT'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient. Use no other.
DR. JOHN BULL'S
SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER,
The Popular Remedies of the Day.
Principal Office, 831 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

FOR SICK HEADACHE TAKE SOUR STOMACH FOR
HOPS & MALT BITTERS,
If you wish to be relieved of those terrible **Sick Headaches** and that miserable **Sour Stomach.** It will, when taken according to directions, **cure any case of Sick Headache or Sour Stomach:** It cleans the lining of **stomach** and **bowels,** promotes healthy **action** and **sweet secretions.** It makes **pure blood** and gives it free **flow,** thus sending **nutriment** to every part. It is the **safest, speediest** and **surest Vegetable Remedy** ever invented for all diseases of the **stomach** and **liver.**
J. M. Moore, of Farmington, Mich., says: My **suffering** from **Sick Headache** and **Sour Stomach** was terrible. One bottle of Hops and Malt Bitters cured me.
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he ever a year, his suffering from Neuralgia was so great. Three doses of ATHLOPHOROS cured him. Neuralgia can always be quickly cured by use of Athlophoros. Ask your druggist for Athlophoros. If you cannot get it of him do not try something else, but order at once from us. We will send it express paid on receipt of price, $1.00 per bottle.
ATHLOPHOROS CO., 112 Wall St., New York.

THE WOMAN IN RED.

A Thrilling Italian Story of the Last Century.

BY GEORGE W. H. REYNOLDS.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FRANCESCA DESERTS HER HUSBAND.

Let us for a time follow the steps of Count Claudio, the un appy husband of Francesca, or rather Naomi, the daughter of Rudiga.

Driven almost frantic by grief and anger at hearing his wife as he thought, side unjustly with the Jewess against him, his first impulse was to put as great a distance as possible between himself and the scene of what he considered his disgrace and unmerited contumely. He walked quickly on, chafing and fuming, and vowing that, since Francesca chose to desert him for this woman, who claimed to be her mother, she might do so: he would renounce her, as she had offered to desert him. She was false, fickle, and tired of him; and he, on his side, could play as independent a part.

Presently, as he walked on, he passed the door of the gambling-house where, more than three years previously, he had lost the remnant of his fortune on the night he had decided to join with Count Donati and take to the mountains. He passed the door, hesitated, then walked on a little, and again stopped; finally his evil genius prevailed, and, turning back, he stood on the threshold. For a little while he yet paused, and his thoughts flew back home to his wife. Should he return and endeavor to reason with her? Pride loudly said: "No; away with the thought!" He would return later, when, perhaps, alarm at his unwonted absence might cause her to be in a more reasonable state of mind—more ready to listen to him, and not inclined to obey the preposterous command of the Woman in Red, whom he tried to think an impostor.

And so Count Claudio strode boldly up into the saloon where his ruin had been before consummated.

He noted not that a dark figure, enveloped in a heavy cloak, had been closely following him, nor that this same person entered immediately behind him, and took a seat by his side.

"Will you play, Signor?"

Claudio saw that the public table was quite full, and, glad of some means of diverting his mind from the painful subject which engrossed it, at once accepted the offer, and moved to a small table in a retired corner.

The stranger at once proposed a high stake, and Claudio, though somewhat surprised, offered no objection. It was at once evident to him that his opponent was a complete novice at the game; and the Count won the stake with great ease. Apparently annoyed at this, his antagonist proposed a yet larger stake; and again the young noble won. Furious, it seemed, at this, the stranger challenged him to play for five times the amount, and he, being the winner, did not refuse. Again he won; and his antagonist, swearing furiously, called for wine, and proposed to change the game.

Claudio was now a considerable winner; and as the night wore on, he began to feel deeply anxious as to Francesca, for though at first, piqued and angry, he tried to persuade himself he was indifferent, such was far from the fact. He had left her with that terrible Jewess, who claimed to be her mother; and now that he was calmer, he reproached himself for his folly. For he might well dread her influence when she had Francesca to herself, in the face of the fact that, even in his presence, her power had been sufficient to cause his wife to acknowledge the validity of her rash vow.

Had he been a loser, he would at once have risen and left the table; but being a large winner, he could not honorably do so.

Again they played, and again he won; and now he found that he was ten thousand ducats richer than when he entered the saloon.

His antagonist, now apparently furious at his heavy loss, proposed that they should play five games for ten thousand ducats a game. The stake seemed enormous even to one so reckless as Count Claudio had proved himself. Nevertheless, he consented, arguing that he would be sure to win at least two games out of the five, which would leave him in the same position as when he commenced. It seemed almost a certainty that he must win a majority of the games, for he had from the first discovered that the stranger played a far inferior game to himself.

Accordingly the game for these high stakes commenced. A crowd, attracted by the great sum being played for, gathered round them; and even Claudio, ill at ease and anxious to be away as he was, felt his pulse quicken as he looked on the great heap of money which the stranger had freely staked on the issue of the match.

They played; and, strange to say, fortune, which had hitherto favored him, took a decided turn, and despite his antagonist's inferior play, he won the first game of the five with the greatest ease.

This somewhat surprised Claudio; but he had no fear for the result, as he felt sure he would at least win two of the remaining four.

Again they played, and again fortune was false to him; for his opponent won with even greater ease than before.

Claudio now began to look serious. Should his opponent again win, it would involve a certain loss of ten thousand ducats. His hand was more nervous, and his gaze more eager, as the next bout was being decided.

Again he lost; the stranger thus winning back the ten thousand he had lost, and twenty thousand to boot.

It now became serious. If he did not win one of the two remaining games, he would be the loser of forty thousand ducats—a sum which, at the present juncture, would very nearly beggar him.

Again he essayed his fortune, and again he lost. His antagonist played now with the luck and skill of the fiend himself. Claudio was deadly pale, and the perspiration stood in large beads on his forehead. He played on the last game, and, as before, lost.

"Sir," he said to the winner, with forced calmness, "you are a winner of forty thousand ducats. I have only bills and gold to the amount of twenty thousand with me; I will give you a note-of-hand for the balance."

The stranger bowed politely, and declared he was perfectly willing to play on, and would himself oblige Count Claudio with gold for his note-of-hand for any amount.

The demon of gambling now had full possession of the mind of Count Claudio. He determined to retrieve his desperate loss, if possible; and with that view played on recklessly, and without judgment, as under the circumstance is usually the case.

Morning dawned on the gamblers, and found Count Claudio a loser of some sixty thousand ducats, for which amount he had been compelled to give his note-of-hand. The stranger rose from the table, assured Count Claudio that he could pay him at his convenience, bowed politely and took his leave.

Then it occurred to Claudio to inquire who the wealthy and mysterious player was, who made so light of such a vast sum.

The answer struck consternation into the soul of the Count. He was informed that the stranger was the confidential steward of the Princess Esmeralda—the Woman in Red. A sudden conviction forced itself on his mind that he had been duped.

He rose hastily, and, leaving the house, hurried home. The great gates of the Palace Donati were wide open. He entered, and ascended the grand staircase. The saloon was littered with wearing apparel and luggage, as though some of the inmates had been preparing for a hasty journey.

A chill fell on his heart. He ran to his wife's room. It was empty. He found there a note for him, containing these words only:

"Adieu, Claudio; Heaven bless you. "Fate has separated us. May it some "day reunite us, is the earnest wish of "your unhappy wife. FRANCESCA."

Frantic with grief and fury, he aroused his servants, and demanded of them what had occurred, and whither their mistress had gone.

They informed him that at midnight the Princess Emeralda drove up in a chariot and four horses, attended by a large retinue. The Lady Francesca hastily packed a few boxes with wearing apparel, entered the chariot alone with the Princess, and then all drove off at a rapid pace.

Claudio gave vent to a wild cry of despair. "To horse!—in pursuit! The Lady Francesca has been decoyed away. To horse! let every steed be saddled, and every man mount. I will rescue her yet from this accursed woman."

But, alas! it was too late. None knew what direction the Princess had taken, and, besides, she had a clear start of five hours.

It was not for some days afterward that the Count Claudio heard the fate of his young and lovely wife.

But we will reserve this for another chapter.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE COUNTESS DONATI VISITS FRANCESCA.

When Count Claudio went out, burning with rage and wounded pride, he did not stop to consider the consequences. Francesca, his wife, had avowed her determination to obey the commands of the Jewess, and, at her bidding, separate herself from him. This was enough. He stayed not to reason or think, but, hot-headed as ever, and reckless of everything, sought his own ruin.

Meanwhile Francesca and her mother were left alone together. It need scarcely be said that the Jewess, with but one object in view, improved the opportunity to increase her power over the young wife.

Francesca, ever yielding and dutiful did not attempt to dispute the point with her, but consented to fulfill her vow, and accompany her whenever she should choose to demand her.

Having received a promise from her daughter to be in readiness in two hours' time, the Princess Esmeralda took her leave.

Francesca was again alone. She had dismissed her waiting-maids, preferring to remain the short time yet left before she should leave her home forever, alone with her thoughts. Where was Claudio? She longed to see him, and bid him farewell. But, alas, he had left her in her extremity, and she would have to bid adieu to him only in thought.

The lamps of the luxuriant saloon burned dimly as the hours passed, and still the mistress of that palatial residence lay on a couch, her face hid in her hands, weeping bitterly.

The loud clanging of a bell aroused her from her sorrowful lethargy. She started to her feet, and, just looking at the jeweled watch she carried, listened.

It wanted yet an hour of the time when the Woman in Red should return. Could it be that she had come earlier than she said? While she thus debated with herself one of the waiting-women hurried in, and informed her that a lady, who refused to give her name, demanded immediate audience of her.

"My God! what new trouble?" murmured poor Francesca. "Who can this be who calls at such an hour? No matter, I will see her."

She seated herself to recieve the stranger, little thinking who it was.

"Francesca, my sweet love, you have not forgotten me?"

With a cry of astonishment she started up, and, running to the speaker, was the next moment clasped in the arms of her whom she had, till the Jewess put in her claim, considered in the light of a parent.

When the first excitement of the meeting had passed over, Francesca and her foster-mother proceeded to relate to each other all that had happened since they parted.

"Why, oh, why have you left me so long, O my mother?" cried Francesca. "You know not what misery, what perils, what hardships I have endured since I left Genoa, with you, more than three years back!'

"You ask me, Francesca, why I have kept aloof from you. Alas! you know not all! For your sake, for the sake of the Count Donati, who has now gone to his last account, I dared not see you—dared not even communicate with you. Years ago I despised and defied that terrible woman, your mother; now I fear her, and with reason. At any time up to the day of his disastrous death, the Woman in Red could have brought the Count Donati to a felon's doom; and though he is not your father, Francesca, yet he is my husband. Great as is my love for you, my daughter, I cannot forget my marriage-vow. Despite the wicked, lawless life of my husband my heart still yearned for him; and knowing, as I did, that this terrible woman held his fate in her hand, I dared not refuse to obey her."

"Dared not?"

"No, dared not. You do not know all, Francesca. Listen, and I will tell you: More than three years ago, your mother (I hate to say the word, and yet I must) wrung from me the confession that you were not my daughter, and proved her own right, of which, alas, I was convinced before. She consented to waive her claim on you for three years; but that very night the Count my husband returned, and completed in a gaming-house the ruin of his fortunes. Then, as doubtless you know, he took to the mountains with your graceless husband, who——"

"Mother, not a word against Count Claudio. Whatever he may have been, he is now my husband."

"By the sale of jewels, and what little property was left to me after the final crash, I realized a considerable sum, and fondly flattered myself that I might live in peace and obscurity with you, my adopted daughter. We left Genoa for Paris; and, as you remember, Francesca, I was taken ill on the road, and compelled to make a long stay at Turin. Just as I was recovering, and thinking of pursuing our journey, an event occurred which changed the whole currant of my existence. I was alone; you, I think, had gone for a walk. One of the attendants at the hotel informed me that a lady wished to see me. I ordered her to be admitted, and in a brief space there stood before me your mother—your terrible mother—the Woman in Red."

Francesca gave a slight shudder in spite of herself. The very words, the "Woman in Red," struck a chill to her soul. To her they were pregnant with sorrow and ill-omen.

The Countess continued: "She addressed me at once in an abrupt and stern manner.

"'Where is Naomi?'

"'She is out,' I replied.

"'You must see her no more after to-day. She must leave you.'

"Despite my weakness, my unconquerable terror of the woman, I braved her anger and defied her.

"'She shall not leave me,' I cried, passionately, 'unless she herself decides so to do. I will appeal to the authorities, to the law to protect us from your persecution.'

"'You will appeal to the law?' she said, sarcastically. 'Good; come with me to the office of the Commissary of the Police.'

"'Come with you?—never!' I replied.

"'Come with me, and I will show you your husband.'

"'My husband?'

"'Yes, Count Donati. To day a prisoner, to morrow condemned to death, the next day shot.'

"A cry broke from me.

"'You do not believe me,' she said, with a terrible smile. 'Come with me.'

"'I will come,' I replied, excitedly; 'and if your words prove false, it is you who shall be punished.'

"She only laughed; and in a few minutes we were at the police office. I know not by what means she obtained the power, but her words were all-sufficient there. I suppose her boundless wealth proved her passport. She said a few words to the official in attendance, and we were at once conducted along a corridor. Arrived at the end, a cell-door was thrown open, and I beheld my husband loaded with chains.

"'Behold!' she cried triumphantly, 'and know that I speak truth.'

"A few words from the unfortunate Count Donati convinced me that she had in no way exaggerated. He would infallibly be condemned, and suffer death, could he not escape. She offered an alternative—a means by which he might avoid his otherwise certain fate: that was that I should relinquish you, I reminded her of her promise. She replied, that until the expiration of the time agreed upon (three years) she would not claim you, but neither should I have possession of you: you should be handed over to the custody of the Count Donati, now a felon, condemned to death. Such was her will. She promised, moreover, to compass the Count's escape to the mountains, and provided that you should be sent to him by a trusty messenger. Then this imperious woman compelled him to take an oath to abandon this lawless life and live in quiet and obscurity with you, who had been supposed his daughter until it should please her to come and claim you. I had no choice but to consent; and he, with an ignominious death staring him in the face, was but too glad to embrace the offer.

"I returned to the hotel in fear and trembling, and the first news I heard in the morning was that a prisoner had escaped from the jail—a noted bandit called Barnardo. At noon a messenger called with a note, bidding me send you with the bearer. I dared not disobey, but could not meet you myself; so without even bidding you farewell, I left a letter commanding you to commit yourself to the stranger's care, and myself hurried to Paris, miserable, broken hearted and broken-spirited. Hence, Francesca, my apparent desertion of you.

"The Count, my husband, shortly renounced his lawless life; but still I dared not come to you. Day by day I witnessed evidences of her power; and she had warned me that if I sought an interview it should be the signal for the ruin of all—of me, of my husband, of you. Continually I saw and heard of her. Her wealth appeared boundless, and the power that wealth gave her, skillfully handled was enormous. Her spies, her emissaries, were everywhere; and convinced that should I attempt to thwart her imperious will it would be alike useless and disastrous, I resigned myself to my fate.

"A short time back I heard of my husband's untimely death in Sicily, and your marriage with Claudio. I was informed that you had again returned to Genoa, and were living happily. Of her I had heard nothing for a long time; and as the three years had elapsed, I again hurried to embrace and claim my daughter."

"Alas, too late!" exclaimed Francesca, sorrowfully. "My mother has been here; she has this evening sought me out, and claimed the fulfillment of my vow. I dare not refuse. The three years have elapsed; I must go with her. I have sworn to it. Hark!"

There was heard the rolling of carriage-wheels and the clatter of horses' hoofs.

"She comes!" cried Francesca.

"Who comes?"

"My mother."

"Rudiga, the Woman in Red?"

"Yes—yes. She is called the Princess Esmeralda now."

"I cannot see her, Francesca. I dare not. I fear her. Let me escape. I have sworn not to see her without her consent, and dread her vengeance. Let me escape!"

Francesca conducted her along the corrodor to a flight of steps which led into the grounds at the back of the palace.

"Follow this staircase, and it will conduct you into the garden. There you can pass into the road by the wicket. Haste! I, too, dread her meeting you."

The Countess pressed her in her arms for a moment in a close embrace, and hurried away, just as the Princess Esmeralda and her suite ascended the grand staircase into the saloon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The History of a Rose.

A very curious story is told as to the discovery of the variety of rose known as the White Province, La Blanche, or Unique. Mr. Daniel Grimond, of Little Chelsea, nurseryman, was on business in the county of Norfolk 110 years ago, when riding leisurely along the road he perceived a rose of great whiteness in a mill. He alighted, and on close inspection discovered it to be a Province rose. He sought an interview with the inmate of the mill, an elderly woman, and begged a flower, which was given him. The old lady must no doubt, have been considerably surprised in being in turn presented with a guinea. "In cutting off the flower," so runs the tale, "Mr. Grimond cut three buds, and on arriving at the nearest inn he packed up the flower and sent it directly to Chelsea, addressed to his foreman. Two of the buds grew, and in the following autumn the florist went down to Norfolk again and bought the whole stock for five guineas. The foreman was then allowed to propagate it, and for doing so was paid 5s a plant for three years. At the expiration of that time the plants were sold out at a guinea apiece, the foreman's share of the profits amounting to £300. Not the least pleasant part of this pleasant little "romance of the rose" is the fact that the old lady who had been the unconscious discoverer of a grand secret in horticulture was gratified by receiving out of the proceeds of the undertaking a handsome present, consisting of a silver tankard and other plate of the value of £60.

Young married couples off on their wedding tour have in times past devised a good many able schemes to conceal from fellow-travelers how recent their happiness was, but none that we ever heard of equaled in inventive genius the young pair from Somerville, who borrowed a three-year-old boy from a neighbor to take along with them to avoid suspicion.

An agricultural journal says: "When is the best time to skim milk?" One time is as good as another—that is, for the boarder.

A WICKED PLACE.

The Metropolis Seemed Full of Perils to an Innocent Granger.

He boarded the car at Twenty-third street, says the New York Tribune. There was nothing out of the way about his appearance. A broad-brimmed straw hat was worn on the back of his head; he had a good-natured face with a rather fleshy nose, large at the base; he wore a light suit of clothes and carried a bamboo switch; his first question told the story.

"Which is your destination," was the conumdrum that he fired at the conductor, "the Astor House or the city hall."

"Both," was the sententious and comprehensive reply of that official.

This stunned him so that he didn't revive until the Bowery was reached. Then leaning over and whacking a fellow-passenger across the shins in a playful manner with his stick, he asked:

"Where's the Five Point's?"

"'Bout a mile further down," was the reply.

The next inquiry was directed in a general way to the whole car. "Wha are the police up to nowdays? I aint seen 'em make no arrests yet."

"As there are 1,000 officers on duty at one time, it doesn't take more than one arrest to every tenth man to keep up the necessary supply for the courts," suggested a gentleman sitting opposite.

"How many officers are they in all?"

"Three thousand," was the laconic answer.

"Gosh!" exclaimed the seeker after knowledge, as his wonder evaporated in a long whistle.

"I wouldn't like to walk around here after dark," was the next remark, as he gazed fearfully up and down the centre of the street, after a benevolent old gentleman had shown him the glimpse of Five Points to be obtained as the car crosses Worth street.

"Oh, this is a perfectly safe and entirely respectable locality," exposulated the old gentleman.

"Wall, down South we reckon Five Points to be a pretty tough place," was the knowing response. "Ye see we read all about these places."

After that he was permitted to revel in the imaginary terrors of his wanderings through this desperately wicked city, and when last seen he was picking his way across Broadway to the Astor house with one hand on his watch, and the other on his purse, and both eyes open for the dreaded pickpocket and bunko man.

Clothing in Summer.

Twenty, or even ten years ago, before the fashion of taking exercise in summer had set in, the smart young man of the cities put on as much white linen or cotton as his purse would allow. The poorest and most forlorn revelled in a waistcoat which used to be white early in the week. Those better off wore spotless waistcoats of the same material all the week, and if their means allowed it, added thereto white duck trousers. The real swells, however—the men who had nothing to do and did it, clothed themselves in white linen from head to foot in warm weather. The Southerners, who used in anti-bellum days to be the wonder and delight of Newport and Saratoga and Sharon, were particularly given to raiment of this sort, and in fact it was the mark of pecuniary ease combined with perfect leisure. Nobody who is anydoby is seen in that attire now. The stiff linen has gone out; the soft woolen has come in. The men are, in short, all slimsy and squeezeable as well as the women. A suit of white flannel in Summer, in the country at least, is the highest point in the matter of dress to which the ambition of the most restless dude carries him. It means not only disregard of expense, but perfection, as regards comfort. But then the wearers of white flannel by no means monopolize the good results of the woolen revolution. All Summer clothes are now in a sense flannels. Of whatever color they may be, they are thin, porous and light to a degree which makes linen seem hot, heavy and cumbersome in comparison. It has been discovered, and the discovery will never be forgotten in any change of fashion, that woolen clothing, if thin enough, is to the wearer very much what the Irishman's whisky was both winter and summer. It keeps the heat in when it is cold, and keeps the heat out when it is hot. It enables anybody to lounge on the grass or on the deck without getting rumpled or soiled, and to exercise into any amount of perspiration without getting chilled. In fact, a well-educated man, clothed in thin flannel from the skin out and free from any organic disease, is, in summer, one of the highest products of modern civilization.

A New England Ghost Story.

The inhabitants of Seymour, Conn., and vicinity are much exercised in mind over the existence in that town of a veritable haunted house, and those who have occasion to pass the place after nightfall do so with quickened pulses and a fear that they may see something that would cause fright at least. It is believed that in the little brown house where John Sullivan and his wife were found dead last winter, after having been undiscovered for at least thirty-six hours, there is some strange and terrible secret, and that instead of its being, as some supposed, a case of double suicide, perhaps both Sullivan and his wife were murdered in cold blood.

For some time past timid people have hinted that all is not right in the lonely little place. Two or three families have occupied the place since the tragedy, and they at once move out and away, and are reticent as to the causes, only saying that they do not care to live there. Finally it transpired that the first family were annoyed by strange noises. The second family heard all sorts of supernatural sounds, and so did the third family, and it would be extremely difficult now for the owner to get a tenant.

Very recently a young man was riding along in company with a young lady, when she suddenly gave a shriek of terror and convulsively seized him by the arm. He hastily asked her what she meant, and as soon as she could regain her composure she said that she saw the form of a woman on the roof wildly waving its hands. Her companion tried to make her believe that there was nothing in it, but she insisted, and still insists, that she saw the startling specter. He made up his mind that he would sift the mystery to the bottom, and the next night, in company with three or four reliable friends, he visited the spot. While they saw nothing, they assert that they heard many noises that in their opinion must be ascribed to supernatural causes. There are but few agnostics and but a few more optimists in Seymour. They are mostly pessimists and many firm believers in ghosts and hobgoblins. What will be the outcome remains to be seen.

Montana has over 92,000,000 acres within her boundaries, of which 70,000,000 acres are fine lands, suitable for agriculture or grazing. Nearly 20,000,000 are mountainous, but among these 20,000,000 acres are located some of the richest mining camps in the world.

Sidney Dickinson, the art critic, has turned lecturer and will talk about art to the young women at Smith's college this winter.

The Massachusetts Sunday law is a very old one, prohibiting all work or travel, except for charity, mercy, necessity or worship.

There are more than a quarter of a million of adults in Texas. Perhaps Tom Ochiltree can offer some explanation of apology.

Colorado schoolma'ams are hard to keep in the traces. They get married off so fast that a new lot has to be imported every fall.

It is the intention of the society for the promotion of the Norwegian fisheries to establish in the Christianiafjord, near Oorbak, a biological station for the hatching of seawater food fish and salmon. The inducement to this step has been the great success of other stations along the coast.

Speaking of the triumphs of German surgery, a writer points out a number of men now walking around in the empire with only a fractional part of their digestive organs. Some are referred to as to being without a spleen, or having but a single kidney, others lack a gall bladder and several metres of intestines, while the climax is reached by "the man without a stomach."

Dr. Maddox, of the Royal microscopical society, London, says he has been continuing his interesting experiments of feeding insects with bacilli. He fed both the wasp and the blow fly with anthrax bacilli, and they lived on for a considerable time, until a hot day, when the thermometer rose to 136 deg. Fahrenheit in the sun, when they succumbed to what seemed to be heat asphyxia and not apparently to the effects of the bacillus.

Regarding the emission of carbonic acid and the absorption of oxygen by leaves kept in darkness, Deherain and Maquenne observe that in Euonymus japonica the plant selected for experiment, the carbonic acid given off exceeds the oxygen absorbed. Thus the respiratory phenomena of leaves consist not merely in a transformation of the oxygen absorbed into carbonic acid but also on the production of carbonic acid from internal consumptions similar to those which take rise in fermentations.

"It is customary," says the Scientific American, "to use ammonia for the purpose of neutralizing acids that have accidentally or otherwise destroyed the color of fabrics. This must be applied immediately or the color is usually imperfectly restored. After careful use an application of chloroform will bring out the colors as bright as ever. Plush goods and all articles dyed with analine colors, faded from exposure to light, will look as bright as ever after sponging with the chloroform. The commercial chloroform will answer the purpose very well."

M. De'aunay, of Paris predicts that earthquakes on a grand scale will occur next year either when the earth is under the influence of a planet of the first rank, like Jupiter, or under that of a group of asteroids, or at a time when the sun and moon are nearest to our planet simultaneously. This specialist in earthquakes foretold the frightful catastrophe which occurred in South America in 1877. He announced a vast seizmic disturbance in 1883, and the appalling disasters in the Indian archipelago followed. He raised his voice of warning also before the late extensive shaking of the earth in Spain.

Lowell, Mass., has four chimneys over 200 feet high. The Merrimack company has two chimneys 283 feet and 200 feet respectively. Glasgow, Scotland has a 446 foot chimney, not for smoke, but for chemical fumes, and another chemical chimney 350 feet; and Manchester, England has one of 415 feet. The Merrimack company's is the tallest smoke chimney in the world. The Tremont and Suffolk company has one 225 feet, and the Lawrence one 211 feet. The chimney of the Pacific mills, Lawrence, is 227 feet. That of the navy yard, Boston, 239½ feet.

From experiments tried by Dr. E. Klein in concert with Dr. Blyth it would seem that mercuric chloride is of as little value as a germicide as pure water. It has yet to be determined whether there is any substance really capable of permanently preventing the growth and multiplication of microbia, and still more of destroying their germs.

Detroit has had a taste of the fence building mania, due to little neighborly unpleasantnesses; and now Boston is threatened with a somewhat similar experience. It seems that a resident of the suburbs of the Hub proposed to build a tabernacle on his land, but was opposed by the neighbors, who complained that such a building would be an objectionable nuisance in the vicinity. The irascible builder persisted in his undertaking until opposition became too serious, and he is now waiting the conclusion of the court. Meanwhile he has posted a query in front of his premises: "Which will you have, a fine track and house or a big black fence."

To RESTORE sense of taste, smell or hearing, use Ely's Cream Balm. It cures all cases of Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds in the Head, Headache and Deafness. It is doing wonderful work. Do not fail to procure a bottle, as in it lies the relief you seek. It is easily applied with the finger. Price 50 cents at druggists. 60 cents by mail. Ely Bros., Owego, N. Y.

Creighton's island, near Brunswick, Georgia, has been inhabited by different families for more than 100 years, and yet no baby has ever been born there.

I have had no remedy for rheumatism which has given such general satisfaction in eighteen years experience in the drug business as your medicine for rheumatism and neuralgia—Athlophoros. R. S. Armstrong, M. D., druggist, Chelsea, Mich.

The Adventists have settled it. The end of the world is now positively fixed for May 14, 1886.

I had a severe attack of catarrh over a year ago, and became so deaf I could not hear common conversation. I suffered terribly from roaring in my head. I procured a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm and in three weeks could hear as well as I ever could, and now I can cheerfully say to all who are afflicted with the worst of diseases catarrh and deafness, take one bottle of Ely's Cream Balm and be cured. It is worth $1,000 per bottle to any man, woman or child suffering from catarrh.—A. E. Newman, Grayling, Campbell Co., Mich.

It will be "quite the thing" this winter for towns and cities in the states to have toboggan slides.

Outcast London.

Much excitement has been made by reports recently published on the vile condition of the slums of London. In one cellar was found a family consisting of a man sick with small-pox, his dying wife, three half naked and dirty children, and one pig. In some parts there is one gin-mill to every hundred persons. What defilement! Yet corresponding impurities often defile the human blood. These can be cast out by Brown's Iron Bitters, the great strengthener and purifier. Mr. B. J. Strange of Stark Lake, Florida, says, "Brown's Iron Bitters is the best blood purifier I ever tried. It gives all the satisfaction a man can want."

In the lofty Sierras, there are now snow banks 100 feet high which have lain unmelted for many years.

Had a billious attack and one of those indescribable cases of constant weariness. Took quinine and other remedies without relief. Took Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic; am strong and well. ASA THOMPSON, Logan, Ohio.

There is nothing like Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil to quickly cure a cold or relieve hoarseness. Written by Mrs. M. J. Fellows, Bur Oak, St. Joseph Co., Mich.

The ancient Egyptians, like the modern Bostonians, relished beans.

A WEAK BACK, with a weary aching lameness over the hips, is a sign of diseased kidneys. Use the best kidney curative known, which is Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mrs. Gladstone is a wise and good, but not graceful woman.

CURE FOR CROUP.—Use Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil according to directions. It is the best remedy for all sudden attacks of colds, pain and inflammation, *and injuries.*

An "old silver" craze is crowding out its "old china" cousin.

Clipped from *Canadian Presbyterian*, under signature of C. Blackett Robinson, Propr.: I was cured of oft recurring billious headaches by Burdock Blood Bitters.

A physician of Bridgeport, Conn., woke up the other morning to find that his back yard had indulged in a land slide and was 100 feet from where it had been the previous night.

The longest pole knocks the persimmons, and Bigelow's Positive Cure knocks all coughs, colds, croup, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma, influenza and consumption. Pleasant for children. Safe and speedy. 50 cents and $1.

HOME STUDY. Secure a Business Education by mail, from BRYANT'S COLLEGE, Buffalo, N. Y.

The three oldest counties in Pennsylvania are Chester, Bucks and Philadelphia, which date from 1682.

Hotel keepers at summer resorts along the Maine coast have made money "hand over fist" this season.

Gold bullion reaches an annual product of $400,000 in Georgia.

HalfordSauce Expressly for family use. Only sold in bottles. Best and cheapest.

The third annual session of the international geological congress, which was postponed last year on account of the cholera on the continent of Europe, is fixed to be held this year in Berlin on Sept. 28, under the honorary presidency of Dr. H. von Dechen.

A BIG OFFER. To introduce them, we will GIVE AWAY 1,000 Self-Operating Washing Machines. If you want one send us your name, P.O. and express office at once. The National Co., 25 Dey St. N. Y.

"I WISH I could find something that would cure galls and prevent the hair coming in white," is an expression frequently heard. Veterinary Carbolisalve will always do it. Sold, by Druggists at 50 cents and $1.00.

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JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS,
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"It Knocks the Spots,"
and everything in the nature of eruptions, blotches, pimples, ulcers, scrofulous humors, and incipient consumption, which is nothing more nor less than scrofula of the lungs, completely out of the system. It stimulates and invigorates the liver, tones up the stomach, regulates the bowels, purifies the blood, and builds up the weak places of the body. It is a purely vegetable compound, and will do more than is claimed for it. We refer to *Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery*

Vultures avoid dead Chinamen. The delicate birds don't like the flavor of opium.

The thirteen club of New York, at their last dinner had small tombstones for table decorations.

Georgia legislators drink 120 gallons of mineral water daily, and nobody knows how much whiskey.

"As Good as New,"
are the words used by a lady, who was at one time given up by the most eminent physicians, and left to die. Reduced to a mere skeleton, pale and haggard, not able to leave her bed, from all those distressing diseases peculiar to suffering females, such as displacement, leucorrhœa, inflammation, etc., etc. She began taking Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," and also using the local treatments recommended by him, and is now, she says, "as good as new." Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

Dead seagulls bring from 50 to 75 cents apiece on the Long Island coast. They are wanted for their feathers.

Liverpool doctors and hospital officials are delighted with the results of the first year's trial there of the American ambulance system.

Throw Away Trusses.
when our new method is guaranteed to permanently cure the worst cases of rupture, without the use of the knife. Send 10 cents in stamps for pamphlet and references. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The London Saturday Review calls the American cup, which the Genesta did not win, "the ugliest piece of plate ever made by an English silversmith." Sour grapes.

Our Vicksburg newsboy has worked up a good custom by his modesty and quiet manners. He offers his papers for sale in a gentle whisper.

"Rough on Rats" clears out Rats, Mice. 15c.

A Russian lady recently set out on a journey wearing a travelling dress of tiger plush, a tiger-skin muff and the tips of tigers' tails at her throat. She looked ferocious, as well as fair.

"Rough on Corns" hard or soft corns, bunions. 15c

As the principal industry of Liege is the manufacture of arms, a complete and instructive museum of arms, ancient and modern, has been formed in a large building known as the prefecture.

"Rough on Toothache." Instant relief. 15c.

Picking hops in Washington territory is a favorite employment for hundreds of Indians, who come over from British Columbia for that purpose.

"ROUGH ON ITCH."
"Rough on Itch," cures skin humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains, itch, ivy poison, barber's itch. 50c jars.

Chinamen have taken a sudden but strong fancy to Atlanta, Ga. The city doesn't reciprocate.

"ROUGH ON PILES."
Cures piles or hemorrhoids, itching, protruding, bleeding, internal or other. Internal and external remedy in each package. Sure cure, 50c. Druggists.

In the Forest City.
Mr. G. E. Bryan, No. 151 Putnam street Cleveland, Ohio, has naturally much experience in sickness,—with a family of seven children, and his doctors' and druggists' bills are heavy. He states publicly that he has given Red Star Cough Cure a thorough trial in his home, and finds it to be the best remedy that he has ever used for coughs or colds. It contains neither morphia nor opium, and therefore leaves no depressing effects.

According to an eminent Southern authority on barbecues, it takes ten hours to roast a whole ox to perfection.

Every nervous person should try Carter's Little NERVE Pills. They are made specially for nervous and dyspeptic men and women, and are just the medicine needed by all persons who, from any cause, do not sleep well, or who fail to get proper strength from their food. Cases of weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous and sick headache, &c., readily yield to the use of the Little Nerve Pills, particularly if combined with Carter's Little Liver Pills. In vials at 25 cents.

Two hundred and fifty million persons quench their thirst every year at the London public drinking fountains.

Smuggling is carried on along the Mexican and United States borders to the amount of about $1,700,000 worth per year.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility, in their various forms; also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya" made by Caswell Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

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.

Punta Arenas, in Patagonia, is the most southerly town in the world inhabited by civilized men. It has about 600 inhabitants. It is winter there all the year around, for the latitude corresponds with that of Labrador, or the tip end of Greenland.

Attention Storekeepers.
E. B. Gawley & Co, Commission Merchants of Detroit solicit consignments from general storekeepers. Read their advertisement in another column. Their reference is one of the best banks in Detroit, A. Ives & Son.

In the judgment of Yates, the English journalist, the American book which is likely to be most sought after by literary London this fall is the life of the poet Longfellow, by his brother, the clergyman.

I Really Can't
Begin to tell the benefit I have derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla, says a lady who had been all tired out 'almost ready to give up." Why, it gave me new life and strength so rapidly that in a few days I felt like another woman. I recommend it as the best blood purifier and tonic I ever knew of.
"I have been using Hood's Sarsaparilla and am greatly improved in health. It has toned up my entire system, enriched my blood, and given me an appetite." JAS. O. CAVIN, New Albany, Ind.
Needed a Tonic.
"I was generally run down, had no appetite, and needed a good tonic. I never used anything that did me so much good as Hood's Sarsaparilla. I now have a good appetite and feel renewed all over; am better than I have been for years." E. H. RAND, 41 W. 9th street, Oswego, N. Y.
"I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as a wonderful blood purifier—a sure and reliable remedy." MRS. S. F. BURGESS, West Morris, Ct.
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar.

The Mirror
is no flatterer. Would you make it tell a sweeter tale? Magnolia Balm is the charmer that almost cheats the looking-glass.

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THE SURE CURE FOR
KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, PILES, AND BLOOD DISEASES.
PHYSICIANS ENDORSE IT HEARTILY.
"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I ever used." Dr. P. C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.
"Kidney-Wort is always reliable." Dr. R. N. Clark, So. Hero, Vt.
"Kidney-Wort has cured my wife after two years suffering." Dr. C. M. Summerlin, Sun Hill, Ga.
IN THOUSANDS OF CASES
it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.
☞ It cleanses the Blood and Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.
PRICE, $1.00 LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
Dry can be sent by mail.
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KIDNEY-WORT

HALL'S Catarrh Cure
Is Recommended by Physicians!
$100 REWARD FOR A CASE IT FAILS TO CURE!
We manufacture and sell it with a positive guarantee that it will cure any case, and we will forfeit the above amount if it fails in a single instance.
It is unlike any other Catarrh remedy, as it is taken internally, acting upon the blood. If you are troubled with this distressing disease, ask your Druggist for it, and ACCEPT NO IMITATION OR SUBSTITUTE. If he has not got it, send to us and we will forward immediately. Price, 75 cents per bottle.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

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CURES DYSPEPSIA
IN ALL ITS FORMS.
VEGETABLE. Burdock BLOOD BITTERS CLEANSING.
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$1000 REWARD THE VICTOR
For any machine hulling and cleaning fit for market as much Clover Seed in ONE DAY as the
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Delightful employment. Easy and profitable. No Hooking, Knitting, Braiding, or Weaving. Use any kind of cloth (new or old), rags or yarn. A handsome Turkish Rug made with 25 cts. worth of carpet waste. THE PEARL RUG MAKER can be used on all sewing machines, or by hand. A wonderful invention. It sells at sight. Price $1.00, postpaid. Agents Wanted. ☞ Send stamp for circulars, terms, and territory. JNO. G. HOITT & CO., 218 State St., Chicago.

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EGAN'S IMPERIAL TRUSS
This new truss has a spiral spring and GRADUATED PRESSURE; yields to every motion, retaining the hernia always. Worn DAY and NIGHT with comfort. Enclose stamp for Circular. Used in both Hospitals. Ask your druggist. EGAN'S IMPERIAL TRUSS CO., Box 228 Ann Arbor, Mich.

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UNEQUALLED FOR CEMENTING WOOD, GLASS, CHINA, PAPER, LEATHER, &c. Awarded GOLD MEDAL, LONDON, 1883. Used by Mason & Hamlin Organ and Piano Co., Pullman Palace Car Co., &c. Mfd only by the RUSSIA CEMENT CO. GLOUCESTER, MASS. SOLD EVERYWHERE. Sample Tin Can by Mail 25c.

BUY THE BEST. THE CELEBRATED Diamond Band Instruments. Michigan Musical M'f'g Co., Detroit, Mich. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. Second-hand instruments taken in exchange for new ones. Write for our prices on sets before buying elsewhere. Sold for one of our old Cornets on trial.

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.

R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Climax Plug bearing a red tin tag; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

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OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

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hurts and many sorts of ails of man and beast need a cooling lotion. Mustang Liniment.