Unhappy Man.

Why persist in ruining your digestion by eating unwholesome food; and keep up ill health by doing nothing to restore it. Dyspepsia and right acts as! Some time that Dyspepsia is incurable. They are the ones who have never taken Brown's Iron Bitters. This valuable family medicine makes short work of the torn enemy and soon enables the client to separate to do its work. Mr. H. E. Coffins, of Keokuk, Iowa, says, "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for dyspepsia, and am greatly benefited."

Phillipe Daryl calls Oliver Wendell Holmes "this Boston Frenchman."

"Rough on Rats" clears out Rats, Mice, Bugs, Mrs. Jolly Bloom takes bugs for lovers.

"Rough on Corns" hard or soft corns, bunions. Big Gray hair is more fun than ever.

"Rough on Toothache." Instant relief. Dr.

Australia is in a bad way from silly.

"ROUGH ON ITCH."

"Rough on Itch," cures skin humors, eruptions, ringworm, scald head, mange, tetter, chilblains, itch, ivy poison, barber's itch, 50c. jars.

Seven suicides a day is Berlin's quota.

"ROUGH ON PILES"

Cures piles — hemorrhoids, itching, protruding, bleeding, internal or other. Internal and external remedy in each package, same cure. 50c. Druggists.

Young farmers of Dakota are starting East to spend the winter in search of wives.

For Young People.

The oldest and every way the best young people's paper in the country is the Youth's Companion, of Boston—a weekly paper, published in quarto form, and finely illustrated. It grows in its years increase, and is seen familiar to us for a generation. We know a paper of bright eyes that may every week at sight of it. The publishers will send specimen copies on request, or will send you the paper every week to January, 1887, if you send the subscription price, $1.75, now.

The Chinese Minister at Washington is soon to give a ball.

Absolutely no two bottles of Hop's Cure Balm and can say I am entirely cured of fever and ague. Richard Co. Ky. 11th Illinois, Fort Custer, M. T.

Lord Lorne has applied for a patent in bicycles.

Have used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil on frost bitten heels and bottom of feet, and it contributed by Wm. Kay, 572 Pigeon St. Alexandria, N. Y.

A prize dog was recently sold in New York for $5,000.

The Burdock Pills are an order of the day for liver & kidney regulator—in the opinion of world and the compound extract of Burdock Blood Bitters is unsurpassed in all diseases of the kidneys, liver and blood.

The children of Prussia are falling rapidly after.

SOME REMARKABLE CURES OF Tetter are recorded of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Never fails to cure any case.

The Lick Observatory at San Jose, Cal., is now ready.

Stated by H. B. Cochran, druggist, Lancaster, Pa. Have guaranteed over 60 bottles of Hop Bitters for dyspepsia, nervous headache, bilious attacks, liver and kidney trouble.

Colonel Ingersoll has moved from Washington to New York.

We recommend Carter's Pill Pills to every woman who wants a cure, and we know of no particularly those who have tried, positive cold feet and feet, and who have lost strength or ambition. These are truly valuable. Carter's Little Pills are a great boon, and those who have used them cannot say too much of their benefit. Valuable for men as well as women. 25 cents. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail. See advertisement elsewhere.

The purest, sweetest and best Cologne is the Lubin's Extract Jasmine. Ask for it and take no other. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have ordered it for years. Sold by all druggists. Made by Caswell, Massey & Co., New York. Sample by mail, 50 cents, six dollars. Ask for Lubin's Extract Jasmine, and take no other. Lubin's Extract Jasmine.

HallordSauce Kaptrosis for family use. Sold with Kaptrosis in bottles. Best and cheapest.

RED STAR TRADE MARK. COUGH CURE Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poison. SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts. AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. THE CHAS. A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

ST JACOBS OIL TRADE MARK. THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY For Pain Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, etc. PRICE, FIFTY CENTS. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT. Trade Mark. QUALITY PURITY STRENGTH. On Every Bottle. THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fever, and Neuralgia.

It is a strengthening 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 Palpitation, 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. Sale only by druggists. Circulars free. BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

DRUNKENNESS Inebriate Cured. Dr. Haines' GOLDEN SPECIFIC instantly destroys the appetite for alcoholic liquors. It can be secretly administered in coffee, tea, or article of food, and is absolutely and permanently curing drunkards. Thousands of the worst drunkards have been cured. Hundreds believe the gift drinking of their own free will. Endorsed by every leading temperance man and physician. Send for pamphlet containing hundreds of testimonials. Price, $1 per package, sent from the agency for one month's treatment. Sold by druggists. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

The Oldest Medicine in the World, and Probably Dr. BAAS THOMPSON'S Celebrated Eye Water. This article is a specialty prepared by physician's for a century, and has been in constant use for nearly a generation. Its reputation is world wide, and imitations are offered in almost every drug store in the market, the sale of this article is independent into the sale. If you ask for Dr. Thompson's Eye Water you will get the genuine article, which is warranted to be very particularly write to attention of physicians to the public. John D. Thompson, Sons & Co., Troy, N. Y.

Many Years Dr. E. Foster, 105 Main street, Tyrone Basin, Indiana, and Rush Street, Chicago, Ill., writes: "I have used ATHLOPHOROS, then in one day's time the pain was gone, and I can give great relief to a sufferer from Rheumatism, except for Athlophoros. If you cannot get it of your druggist, write to the proprietors, Tyrone, Pa., and it will express about $5 and price. ATHLOPHOROS CO., 112 Wall St., New York.

FOR Man and Beast Mustang Liniment is older than most men, and used more and more every year.

ACCEPTED.

How many years it's lain away,
Unknown, unseen, unheard,
The little song I sent one day
To that great magazine!

For I was very young, indeed,
With hopes of rosy hue—
I thought I'e'en might live to see
My little song in print.

But only now, when I am gray,
And life is fading fast,
The longe-for—after long delay—
"Accept-d" comes at last.

And in the joy it brings to me
There lurks a mournful doubt
If I shall ever live to see
That little song "come out."

For magazines are fresh and strong,
They grow not old and gray,
And though it's true that "Art is Long,"
"Tis not so long as they.

But we—we fade! With bitter pain
I learn that well-worn truth,
And I shall not live to see a
The che-ished hope of youth.

I shall not hear my little song
By others read or sung;
I feel I am useless so long
I am no longer young!

—The Century Magazine.

PAUL PERKINS PASSES.

But there was one within sight and hearing of these rare intellectual pleasures who was very miserable. The parted draperies at the windows revealed to him the guests of General Standish at the very height of their symposiac, the General himself at last the acknowledged symposiarch, but this view seemed only to increase the melancholy of this unknown onlooker. He turned and paced gloomily, meditatively under the great elms, on the lawn of General Standish's residence in Leverby-by-the-Sea. Once in a while he paused at the open window, hoping to catch one glimpse of her he yearned to see, whose voice he now and then heard with pangs of passion. At length a fair woman came to the porch and seemed to be about to venture out, and Paul Perkins rashly stepped forward, as if to beg her to draw back again into the shadows. For he had seen one with classic brow and heavy gold bowed spectacles step beside the young woman, and he heard the philosopher say:

"Be prudent, lady; the dew is falling, if you speak in this night damp let your lung air vibrate the local chords in your larynx gently, that inflammation set not in."

"Dew!" she said gently. "Surely there is no dew, professor. That is but the license of the poets for the exhalation of vegetation to which you refer. How beautifully the moon functionates to night! Leave me, professor, for awhile. I would meditate."

The scholar did as he was bid, returning to his fellows. Then suddenly the fair woman rushed from the steps, out upon the greensward, her face strangely passionate in view of the recent calmness of it. She clenched her hands as though in agony.

Young Perkins saw her; heard her agitated breathing, and, unable longer to restrain himself, he came from his concealment.

"Minerva," he moaned.

She heard him. She gave one quick glance at the window that she might know if any one saw her, and, seeing no one, with impassioned manner she seized the young man's hand and fiercely dragged him to a place of concealment. Then she wildly turned upon him, and he saw her beauty, that it was marvelously enhanced.

"Paul," she said, "I'm flabbergasted. Go back not on me. 'No, how is it said? Don't you go back on me!"

He gasped.

"Drop that," she said, fiercely. "Oh, there must be reaction, or—or I'll fly—fly—off the handle. Stand there, Paul Perkins, and let me talk slang to you until I bring Minerva Standish back to earth again."

And she did.

When the reaction came she said to her well-eyed young man: "If you ever talk anything more to me than lowmright Yankee dialect I'll let you slide off—away—no, I'll let you slide; that's it. Oh, how much good that does me! Now, that pop's won and I'm at last crowned one of them, let me be a frisky girl again, and you, you go brace—no, brace up, for my sake, Paul."

The young man became himself, in place of melancholy there was almost frenzy of joy.

"You are perjured, Min. You're worth my life, but hang me if I ever have kept up this cultured mugwump racket another month. It would have killed me. But the old gen will sour on me worse than ever, now he's high-cock storm among him, after trying so hard, ever since Blaine was nominated. I swear, Min, I've tried the culture and mugwump dodge on him for all I know, but it wouldn't wash."

"That's it, Paul. Talk to me some more like that. It does me good."

"But, Min, how am I going to fetch the old man round? I've played my last card."

"No, you haven't. I'm just Boston girl enough to tell you how you can work a noise—yes, and—hit I like that—that'll fetch him.' First make him break all up—no; what is that term, Paul?"

"Break him all up, you mean."

"Yes; splendid. Break him all up by joining the—the—the—the Prohibition party. Tell him that's the evolution of mugwumpism. That'll make him swearing mad, and when he swears you can handle him. He hasn't sworn since he's laid on this—no, been on this lay; that's it. Then tell him he's got to be a consistent mugwump, and as you are an applicant for the office of son-in-law, make him examine you, give you a certificate, and send you to me. That's the way the nomination does, and I'm the appointing power in this business, commission or no commish. Then for taff, just praise his horseback riding. Tell him there isn't a mugwump in Boston that has a better mount than he. Now, if I'm worth having I'm worth bamboozling pop out of his nonsense to get."

"But, Min, I can't praise his mount. Everybody laughs at it. It's like—"

"A pair of andirons describing a circle. Yes, I know; but that kind of tall always washes pop—no, that taff will wash with him. There's the professor looking for me. So long." And, resuming her intellectual cast, she returned to the parlor.

The next evening, dressed for the first time in six months in the most precise garb of fashion, Paul Perkins called on General Standish.

"I'm here on business, old man, and don't you forget it," said Paul Perkins in most elegant though peremptory manner.

General Standish looked inquiringly upon him. "Have you been dining with the St. Tobolphians?" he asked.

"No. But I want to say you've worked your little racket for a year and have at last won. You're in the cult, and are a boss mugwump. I worked my racket and it's no go, so I'm going to try another. I'm a prohibitionist, gone to join Favon, and I'll get an interview in the Advertiser, telling how your mugwump business drove me into it, and how you are getting ready to take the mugs into that party yourself if you don't give me a fair show."

"Perkins, you've been dallying with the wine glass."

"Not a bit of it. I'm myself again."

"Then, —— it, get out of my house!"

"That's right. I knew old Adam was in you. You've been playing the cult, for all you are worth and have won. You can afford, between us, to let up a little. Now, examine me or I'll expose you. I'll give the whole racket away! By the shades of Eaton Hall, if you don't examine me for the office of son-in-law I'll expose your mugwump pretensions and give the whole snap away."

"Sh-h-h! Not so loud, Mr. Perkins."

"Now, General," said the young man, more gently, "I want to say one thing. Yesterday I was seized with a fierce determination to win Minerva. Why? Well, I saw you out riding on Hannibal—fine horse—what grace, what dignity, what command—and I said to myself, 'What philosopher can ride like that? The daughter of such a superb horseman must be the most noble, splendid girl in Boston. I will win her. I want her, but I want to be able to say when any one sees you riding by: 'Doesn't that man ride superbly? He's my wife's father.' That's the reason. Now I want to be examined."

General Standish smiled a knowing smile.

"What are you worth?"

"Five thousand a year."

"A very satisfactory answer. Are you going to be a Prohibitionist?"

"Not if I get the office. If I get the office I'm after I'll be mugwump enough to let parties go to the devil."

"Very satisfactory. What is the aim of the higher culture?"

"To put on lugs."

"What necessity is there for the existence of the independents?"

"Nothing succeeds like humbugs."

"Does my daughter love you?"

"I think she does, sir."

Here Gen. Standish took up his pen and wrote. Then he read what he had written, as follows: "I certify that Paul Perkins, having been examined for the office of son-in-law, has been marked 100 in all departments. He is, therefore, recommended for appointment to the appointing power."

Then, giving this certificate to the young man, he added: "Here, take it, sir. You'll make a go of it; if you don't I'll be hard on you. She has served me well. Here, let me pour for a bottle, that I may drink your health. You've done me good. I may want you by and by to help me set the whole lot of mugs and other frauds by the ears. But, Paul, don't give me away. Be circumspect."

A half-hour later Paul, with glad-some face, gave the certificate to the fair Minerva.

"I'll put you on probation for six months, Paul," she said, sweetly.—*New York Sun.*

Very Much a Father.

Silas Goble, a gray-haired man, was a passenger on an Erie railroad west bound train on Thursday evening. He had three children with him, the eldest 7 and the youngest 3 years old. The latter was very troublesome, and the old man's patient efforts to care for and quiet it aroused much sympathy for him among the passengers. He was on his way with the children to San Francisco.

"These are not my grandchildren, but my children," he said, in answer to a passenger's inquiry. "They are the youngest of twenty-three that my wife bore me. She died in Ocean county New Jersey, where we always lived, a few weeks ago. She was only fifty-eight years old, I am 60. We were married forty-one years ago. We had eleven children, a daughter, is 40 years old. She has eleven children and three of them are married and have children. Fourteen of my twenty-three children are married and are scattered all over the continent. I have descendants in every state in the union, I don't know many, but I have never heard of a single death of any of my children, but several of my grand-children have died. The next to the eldest of my family are sons, and twins. They are 39 years old. I have a daughter 38 years old, and one 36, who are grandmothers.

"We had children every year the first three years we were married, and then every two years until this biggest girl here was born. There were three years between her birth and her next oldest brother. I had twelve daughters 32 years old, and a second pair of twin sons 26 years old. These three children here are just two years apart, all being born in the same week and some of their different years. Their mother's health was poor, and her death was the result of an accident. She tripped in coming down stairs and fell to the bottom. If she had lived she would in a short time have been the mother of her twenty-fourth child.

"My eldest daughter lives in California. Her husband is wealthy, and they have sent for me to come with all my helpless little ones and spend the rest of my days with them. These were all of my children that were left at home. I have no daughters unmarried except these three. My youngest boy is ten, and he is well provided for in New Jersey.—*New York Sun.*

An Eye to Economy.

Young husband—"I believe I would like a nice turtle steak for dinner."

Young wife (of a thrifty disposition)—"I am afraid turtle steaks are rather expensive, dear. Wouldn't you be satisfied with a mock-turtle steak?"—*New York Sun.*

SINGULAR SUICIDES.

Wonderful Nerve and Determination Shown by People Weary of Life.

Philadelphia has no Vendome column, says *The News* of that city, or undoubtedly the records of the coroner's office would contain the name of more than one unfortunate who, grown tired of life, sought oblivion and relief of earthly cares by making a leap more terrible than that which the Grecian lovers took to destruction.

Some of the methods employed by the unfortunates who were weary of life have been sensational. Many of them have shown a wonderful nerve, and a remarkable determination, while others have been so carefully planned as to materially shake the theory that all suicides are the result of a disordered brain. A few of the most notable instances are here presented.

L. Fenner was a young actor who lived at 1,643 Ward street in this city. While laboring under an attack of dementia, the result of intense physical suffering, he arose early on the morning of June 9, 1883, and saturating his body and garments with a can of coal oil went into the yard and applied a match. He had eluded his father and some friends, who had been watching him, and they were startled by his unearthly yells as he came him enveloped in flames wildly declaiming passages from the last scene of Macbeth. Shortly after the fire had been quenched he began declaiming another passage and fell over dead.

Only two or three years ago one of the most determined suicides on record was consumated on board the ferryboat Dauntless on the trip from this city to Kaigh's point. A middle aged man swallow d a dose of strychnine, immediately on feeling the first twinges of its action he rose from his seat and leaning over the edge of the boat so that his body would overbalance fired a bullet through his brain and dropped dead into the water, where the body was quickly caught in the wheel of the ferry-boat. Any young man who has these qualities, is as much of a genius as he would be if he had been born in the light of the moon with $40 in his vest pocket and a half completed novel under his arm.

Men are not born with genius or anything great. A man does not come into the world with a box of genius strapped on his back like a soldier's knapsack any more than chickens are born with spurs, and no man was ever hatched with genius until, by hard work, he managed to dig up something that others were too lazy to mine. When a man, after starving himself for half his life and working until his back aches and his eyes get dim and sunken, brings some cherished piece of work so well that other are surprised at its perfection and beauty, the lazy folks that have been sleeping away the hours when he was at work, awake, run their eyes and look at his work, and then go among their friends to tell them how they knew he was a genius.

I have never seen any such thing as genius in my life. I have no faith in the idea that great literary men and women are born like frogs, and that even while they are mere tadpoles, they wiggle themselves into prominence among their fellows. Genius is oft when their foreleg appears. There are men and women dying in our great country unknown and unhonored every day who possessed at their birth all the genius that came into existence when Dickens gave his first order for breakfast. Great literary women are being born and living and dying every day without having risen to renown, only because they lack the indomitable self-reliance and strength of purpose that enables a man to rise while others fall and keep them knocked down the hundredth time.

These people who fix up everything nice and pretend to be literary, are only literary dude's and dudines. They would make good statues, perhaps, but they will never do anything to make the world proud of them. Genius nature never makes anybody famous who is born with genius. A man afflicted with genius has too many aches and pains to allow him to do hard work that meets the approbation of a critical world. By the time he cures himself, he is not strong enough for literary work.—*Through Mail Magazine.*

"What Next?"

This is a phrase often found in the newspapers. Whenever anything extraordinary happens, when any event occurs especially wonderful, the paragraph writer is apt to add, as his only comment, these words: "What next?" That is to say, the more extraordinary the occurrence, the less it is dwelt upon. A wonderful fact, instead of arresting the attention, merely suggests the inquiry, "What will happen next?" Thus indices abound in the daily papers which craves novelty, always novelty. Instead of reflecting upon what takes place in order to learn some lesson from it which may be used hereafter, the mind hurries away directly, asking for some other wonderful thing. Of new things, none were new enough. A morbid curiosity takes the place of intellectual earnestness.

Whatever particular fact we read about, whether it be in newspapers or books, let us try to attach it to something more general. If, for example, we read in the papers about the war in the Soudan in upper Egypt, let us take the opportunity to learn something about the geography of Egypt, its races, its past history, what took the Egyptians there, what right they have to be there. Then we may say "What next?" and be prepared for the next news that comes. Or, if I read in the papers about the troubles in Ireland, or in Russia, let me stop and connect what is now happening in those countries with their past history, and so see the causes and roots of present events. To do this the only apparatus needed is a common cyclopedia and a set of maps. To read thus will strengthen the memory, fill the mind with useful facts, and educate us to the habits of reflection. Instead of sliding over the surface of events, we shall regard them seriously as providential, and as having a meaning to be sought after and understood. The habit of saying "What next?" not only weakens the memory and intellect, but destroys moral earnestness.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

The Difference.

"What becomes of men who deceive their fellow men?" asked a Sunday school teacher of her class.

"They lose the confidence of good people," was the prompt answer.

"Very well, indeed. Now what becomes of women who do the same thing?"

The question stumped the class for a minute and then a little girl piped out:

"They usually catches the man for a husband."—*Omaha Herald.*

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

A few days ago Lord Lovat shot the heaviest stag that has been killed in the Highlands for many years past in his forest near Beaufort castle. It weighed 326 pounds.

MR. AND MRS. SMITH.—The origin of these phrases is not without interest. In the earlier times of our history the ordinary man was simply William or John; that is to say, he had merely a Christian name, without any kind of "handle" before it, or surname after it. Some means of distinguishing one John or one William from another John or another William became necessary. Nicknames, derived from a man's trade, or from his dwelling place, or some personal peculiarity, were tacked on to their Christian names, and plain John became plain Smith. As yet there were no "Misters" in the land. Some John Smith accumulated more wealth than the bulk of his fellows, became, perhaps, a landed proprietor, or an employer of hired labor. Then he began to be addressed in the German Fresco of the day, the "Master" of this place or that, of these workmen, or of those. In time the "Mastere" became "Mas'er," as it soon became, just as Mas'er John became Mas'er Master Smith, and Mas'er Master Smith, but gradually the sense of possession was lost sight of and the title was conferred upon any man who had attained social distinction of any kind, whether by mere possession of wealth, or by the possession of some or less consideration and importance. It is only within comparatively modern times that the term came to be considered an almost indispensable adjunct to every one's name when mentioned in ordinary conversation or writing. Mas'er Smith soon became Mistress Smith. Exactly how or when the term got corrupted cannot be said. Master Smith, however, remained Master Smith. Long after his wife became Mistress Smith.

THE LONGEST-LIVED WOMAN.—In behind most foreign and many unknown and modern, and ancient, and medieval, and modern, and ancient, and medieval, and modern, and ancient, and medieval,