Christian Education.

A copy of a letter sent by Pope Leo XIII. to the Roman Catholic Hierarchy of England has just been received in Baltimore by Archbishop Gibbons, the Primate of the church in America. The subject of the letter is christian education. It has been translated, and will be published in full in to-morrow's Catholic Mirror. The Holy Father commends the great vigilance of the clergy in looking after the christian education of the children of England. He encourages and praises them, and assures them of his special commendation and good will in prosecuting their meritorious work. The laity also come in for a share of the Pope's commendation for their readiness to supply what is needed for the maintainance of the schools, not only the wealthy contributors, but those who are of slender means and poor. The Pope then continues:

In these days, and the present condition of the world, when the tender age of childhood is tempted on every side by so many and various dangers, hardly anything can be imagined more fitting than the union with literary instructions of sound teaching in faith and morals. For this reason we have more than once said that we strongly approved of the voluntary schools which, by the work and liberality of private individuals, have been established in America and elsewhere. We desire their number increased as much as possible. We, ourselves, seeing the condition of things in this city, continue with the greatest effort and at great cost to provide abundance of such schools for the children of Rome, for it is in and by these schools the Catholic faith, our greatest and best inheritance, is preserved whole and entire. In these schools the liberty of parents is respected and what is most needed, especially in the prevailing license of opinion and action, is provided. It is by these schools that good citizens are brought up for the state, for there is no better citizen than the man who has believed and practiced the Christian faith from his childhood. The future condition of the state depends on the early training of the children. The very foundations of those state are ruined by the destructive error of those who would have children brought up without religious education. You see, therefore, venerable brethren, with what earnest forethoughts parents must beware of entrusting their children to schools in which they cannot receive religious teaching."

No Mystery About It.

There are no mysteries or secrets about the compounding of Brown's Iron Bitters. The preparation of iron is the only one that can be taken without injuring the teeth or stomach. It gives vigor to the feeble, life to the debilitated, and health to the dyspeptic. You need not fear to give it to the most delicate child. Mrs. Emma Williams, of Starkweather, Miss., says: "It relieved my daughter of dyspepsia, and myself of general debility."

The discovery if reported from Norway of a new element in nickel ore, which is described as being malleable, of white color with a tinge of brown, presenting, when pure, a metalic luster, but oxidizing when exposed to the atmosphere. It is about as hard as copper.

The Lancet announces that Prince Charles Theodore of Bavaria, who has devoted himself to the practice of medicine, is expected in Paris for the purpose of becoming initiated into M. Pasteur's recent discoveries for the treatment of hydrophobia.

Occultations of a Tauri and several other stars, visible in the Hyades to the naked eye, will occur on the 19th inst., by means of which astronomers expect to get renewed measurements of the semi diameter of the moon.

The botanist, Asa Gray, whose 75th birthday was celebrated a short time ago, has sent an autograph letter of thanks to each of the 150 botanists who contributed to the memorial vase presented to him.

The annual expenses of the French chamber of deputies are $1,500,000.

At a recent sale Garfield's autograph brought 10 cents and Cleveland's 7.

London's gas bills, for public purposes, amount to $3,000,000 per annum.

Two burglars broke into the Plainfield N. J., jail—and staid there against their will.

Three Quotations.

When a man is hanging, cut him down, then go through his pockets.—Texas Post.

When a man is coughing give him Red Star Cough Cure.—Baltimore News.

When you want to conquer pain, use St. Jacobs Oil.—Philadelphia News.

Gladstone declares he did not subscribe to the confederate cotton loan of 1863.

Three months' treatment for 50c. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. Sold by druggists.

Get Lyon's Heel Stiffeners applied to your new boots and shoes before you run them over.

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

The statue of William Allen for Ohio's niche in the capitol at Washington will be made by Carl H. Niehaus of Cincinnati.

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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.
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S. H. DOUGLASS & SONS'
Capsicum Cough Drops
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GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 187 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

CONSUMPTION

WON AT LAST.

From the Churchman.

Some one came and rested there beside me,
Speaking words I never thought would bless
Such a loveless life; I longed to hide me,
Feasting lonely on my happiness.
But the voice I heard
Pleaded for a word,
Till I gave my whispered answer, Yes.

Yes; that little word so softly spoken
Changed all life for me, my own, my own!
All the cold gray spell I saw unbroken,
All the twilight days seemed past and gone,
And how warm and bright
In the ruddy light
Pleasant June days of the future shone.

So we wandered through the gate together,
Hand in hand upon our future way,
Leaving shade and cold behind for ever,
Out to where the red sun's westering ray
Gave a promise fair
Of such beauty rare
For the dawning of another day.

HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

SPELLS OR NO SPELLS.

BY MARY C. PRESTON.

"Na gude ilka cam' o' sic tricks, my bairn," said old Nancy, solemnly. "The ill one himsel' ha' all to do wi' them. Be sure yer ain bonnie face an' yer ain blue een will bring ye a braw lad soon enow. Bide wi' auld Nancy an' let giddy anes goo daft aboot the spells."

"But there is no harm, and I will not be afraid," said the "bairn," a flaxen-haired lass, with eyes as blue as speedwells and lips as sweet as roses at day-dawn. Judith MacDougal taught me the rhyme, and it is pretty. Let me say it for you, auntie."

And she began in a sweet, clear voice which had caught its music from the wild winds as it rose in childish freedom while the girl sprang lightly from crag to crag, or wandered among the heather of the Scottish hills:

Come over the mountains,
Come over the sea;
I wait for my lover,
I beckon to thee!

A moaning cry from the sands below broke on her spell.

With white face and dilating eyes she started back, and that moment the thread was drawn from her hands, although she had held it in a convulsive grasp.

But she did not fly; perhaps some of that dauntless tide that had warmed the veins of the Macivors was in hers. At any rate, after the first recoil she leaned over the cliff once more, every sense on the alert.

"If it be a spirit it canna harm me," she told herself, "but it didna sound like that. It had a human sound."

Up from the sands below it came again—a moaning cry for aid.

Throwing herself flat on the rocks, the girl bent forward and looked down.

Many feet below, on the whiteness of the sand, she could see a dark mass, and once more, fainter this time, she heard that call for aid.

"Somebody has fallen from the rocks. It maun be poor blind Dan," she whispered. "I'll e'en run down and see."

She sprang to her feet, blithe as a young deer; gathered the plaid around her, and ran lightly along a path perilous to feet less sure than hers, which ran along the edge of the cliffs and led directly to the white barrenness below.

The fact that it was a November night, and she had come out to try a spell of which her aunt did not approve, was forgotten as she sped down the path, light and sure-footed as a chamois on its native hills.

At last she reached the base of the cliffs, and then some of the dauntless courage forsook her and she shivered in the night air.

For a great, black steed lay prostrate before her, struggling and kicking out the sand, but evidently unable to rise.

Near him, but beyond reach of the frantic hoofs, as though, having drawn himself so far from danger, life and fear and all things else had fallen from him lay a man, with white face upturned to the smiling calm of the sky.

But the old woman stopped her sternly. "Na mair o' sic folly," she said. "It be na godly. Gin ye maun say it, say it where Judith MacDougal telt ye to, an' see what will come to ye. Girls maun all be fules till some lad comes, an' then they maun put on weddingrings, an' find theirsel's greater fules yet. Gangawa', chiel, an' dinna fash me wi' yer foily."

So pretty Janet, with the ball of yarn in her hand, went out to the moonlight silence, wrapped in a heavy plaid.

"Hold the end of the yarn and fling the ball over a cliff," Judith had told her. "As you rewind the yarn say the spell aloud, again and again. It will bring your lover to you, if he be on earth. When I tried last year Donald stole up behind me and kissed me on the cheek, and he and I are to wed at Christmas."

So Janet hurried along the path that led to the cliffs, as bonnie a lassie as Scotland held that night, as brave and fearless.

But when she had cast her ball into the darkness and felt the thread tighten in her fingers she cast a swift glance over her shoulder before beginning the rhyme:

Come over the mountains,
Come over the sea;
I wait for my lover——

Janet subdued the shrinking that came over her, hurried to the side of the fallen figure knelt, and scanned the features closely.

"It is the lairds's son, Douglas Cameron!" she cried, with a start, "and heaven befriend him—he is dead!"

At her voice a pair of heavy eyes opened slowly and fixed themselves upon her face. They were dim with pain and faintness, but she could not know that in the moonlight.

"Nay, lass!" he answered, laboredly. "I am crushed a bit, and my leg is broken, but it takes much to kill a Cameron."

With the last word he fainted dead away.

Janet was no dainty maiden' beautiful and useless; she had been taught early to forget self often, and do for all who were ill or in need as much as in her lay; so, never thinking of shrieking or fainting herself, she drew off her plaid, folded it, and placed it under his head. As she did so she saw her ball of yarn clutched tightly in one of his rigid hands; and her pretty face flushed.

But she could do nothing for him there, so she flew up the steep path like a swallow, and on through the night, to the cottage of old blind dan, who had "twa braw lads."

It was not long ere she was leading the sturdy fellows to where she had left the laird's son.

They found him conscious and able to tell them how, in riding home, he had lost himself in a dream, and not heeded that his horse was on the very edge of the cliff until a stumble of the animal's had sent steed and rider over the rocks, down to the sands below.

"My Bonnie Raven will na harm me mair," he said, in conclusion. "He is in pain. Can one of you shoot?"

"Nay!" they told him.

"Lift me a little, then. I canna lift myself."

"They did so, and he drew a revolver from his bosom. Janet, with a shudder, turned away, as, with the weapon lifted and his face as white as death, he took aim at the restless head of the injured steed. A report went echoing from cliff to cliff and the bonnie black animal lay dead.

Douglas Cameron had fainted again, also.

They lifted him as though he was a child and bore him up the path. Janet ran before to prepare her aunt.

"I kenned na gude would coom o' sic folly," Nancy said, simply.

And then she began to prepare a place for the injured man, her laird's son."

They laid him on the couch and then Nancy sent the lads in different directions. One hurried across the crags for Dr. Deane, the other took long strides toward the residence of the laird.

"An' tell him the lad be badly bruised, but ha' life in aim yet," Nancy called after her messenger.

The young man had very much life still in him, as was proven by the week of delirium, during which he was as one raving mad; but when the consciousness returned and he lay weak, bandaged, with wounds on him which leave their scars upon him all his life, he did not seem unhappy in the cottage, but would lie long hours, following Janet's movements with his eyes, or, bidding her read, would close them and listen.

At last, when the sleet was falling outside, and rugged Scotland looked more than usually unlovely, the old laird drove down to see his son, as he had done daily since the accident.

"Ye're weel enow to gang hame, my lad," he said, on leaving. "I'll send for ye to-morrow."

After his father had gone the young man lay long watching Janet's face as it bent over her sewing. At last he spoke:

"Ye heard it, lass," he said, softly; I am weel enow to gang hame."

"Yes," she answered.

"Will ye miss me, lassie?"

No reply, but Janet's cheeks are burning. Oh, how sadly she will miss the laird's son when he goes back to his people!

"Lassie—Janet!" He put out his hands and took her own—not very white, not very fair, but tender hande and helpful. "I will leave ye wi' a lighter heart if ye but say it. Ye will think of me sometimes?"

"I couldn't forget" she said, softly.

"Then, when I come for ye some day, will ye gang wi' me, Janet?"

She lifted her serious blue eyes to his face then, and they were glowing, but steadfast.

"Yes, I will gang wi' ye when ye come for me," said she.

And he bent forward and kissed her on the forehead.

Then Nancy came in and the young man told her.

"When the heather blooms I will steal Janet from ye," he said. "I couldna live wi'out the lassie now' an' I will cherish her fu' carefully."

The woman looked at him very grimly.

"It's na ill-luck for her," she said at length, "to wed wi' the laird's son, for my Janet will ha' neither siller nor land."

"I will ha' baith."

"Aye; an' ye love the lassie. I will miss her sairly, the gude God kens; but I will na say ye nay, for the lassie loves ye. It all cam' through that daft fule o' a Judith MacDougal, an' the spell she wrought on hallowe'en. Ah, weel, I'm uncoo glad the lassie's got a lover wi' flesh and bluid, for I feared she would bring the de' it himsel' hame wi' her that night. But the gude Lord bless ye baith, and keep ye true to ane anither, an' happy for aye! I be na too auld to pray for ye; but I thocht I could keep my chief mony a day yet. Ah, weel, love steals into young hearts, spells or na spells!"

Pugilists in a New Role.

New York Star: A well-dressed young man of gentlemanly appearance, but somewhat under the influence of liquor, entered an up-town sporting resort at a late hour recently in company with a rather flashily-attired individual whose general outward characteristics were suggestive of combativeness. Taking into consideration the character of the place they were entering and the young man's condition, as well as his youth and the company he was in, it seemed scarcely a safe resort for him to be visiting. A remark to that effect from a bystander to a meditative policeman who was standing near elicited a curious bit of information.

"That young fellow will not get into trouble to-night," the officer remarked; "he's a stranger in the city most likely, and the big chap with him is showing him the sights. You see, he makes a regular living that way. Bunko steerer? Not a bit of it. He's a bit of a bruiser, of course, in his way, but his business it to act as guide and protector to just such green customers as the one with him, who desires to see the town. It is a fact, though you may not believe it. Go at night into any saloon where sporting men congregate and you will always find the same kind of people on the lookout for a patron. They usually dress fairly well, have a ready flow of conversation, and are rarely obtrusive or offensive in manner, besides which they are always careful to keep their wits about them when drinking. Most of them, nearly all, in fact, are professional fighters—celebrities very often, past or present—and they are well known to the proprietors of every questionable resort in town. Consequently, when a young fellow puts himself under their protection, no matter how rough a gang he may find, he is pretty sure not to be molested or involved in any quarrel. He pays his protector for his services according to his means—of course settling all the night's expenses—and thus becomes relieved, as it were, of all responsibility, while his companion in this way manages to secure a living. Moreover, the latter knows all hackmen, and receives a handsome commission from those he can induce his charge to employ."

Where Dr. Talmage Got His Tip.

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, when in town the other day, said that he owed much of his success in life to the suggestion of a newspaper reporter. He was engaged to lecture in Baltimore several years ago, and just before he was to begin his discourse the newspaper man, who had been sent to report the address, inquired, in an off-hand way:

"Well, Dr. Talmage, are you going to give us many points to-night?"

"Points?" repeated the clergyman. "Points?"

"Yes," replied the reporter, "you won't get much space to-morrow unless your lecture is full of good points that the paper can't afford to leave out."

"I thought very deeply over the reporter's words," said Dr. Talmage, in telling the story, "and I saw that they were full of sound wisdom. Since that time I have always endeavored to make my lectures and sermons and literary work bristle with 'points'—that is to say, with striking thoughts and phrases."—Philadelphia Press.

EXPERIENCE IN A HAREM.

How Dr. Warren Came Near Causing a Divorce by His Politeness.

Dr. Edward Warren, of Baltimore, in his forthcoming book, "A Doctor's Experiences in Three Continents," gives the following amusing account of his professional visits to a harem in Egypt, and the jealousy caused by his politeness to a fair patient.

I came near being the cause of a divorce on one occasion, by simply doing that which I considered to be demanded by the laws of common politeness. I was sent for by an old Bey of wealth and influence to visit the youngest of his four wives—a hazel-eyed, voluptuous looking Circassian—who was suffering from stomatites, produced by the use of henna, a substance in common use among the women of Egypt for the staining of their nails, teeth, the soles of their feet, etc. I found her seated upon a divan, covered with a habarrah, and as a special privilege, I was permitted to introduce my hand beneath its folds to feel her gums. Prescribing to the best of my ability, under these disadvantageous circumstances, I promised to return in a few days and bowed myself out of the apartment.

On my second visit, by some accident, I left my dragoman at home, and found, on my arrival at the Bey's residence, that its master was absent. The eunuch received me graciously, however, and conducted me to the apartment of his mistress, where I found the patient awaiting me. The fair invalid was unusually complaisant, expressing much pleasure at my visit, chatting gayly about her malady, and gradually removing her veil until she had uncovered her entire face, which I thought perfectly right, as her mother was present, and as it enabled me to examine her gums, and to make a proper application to them. She then ordered coffee and cigarettes, which I accepted in the best Arabic that I could master, and made myself as agreeable as possible, though not getting beyond a few commonplace expressions taken from the phrase-book.

I was delighted with the manner in which I had been entertained, and I departed, rejoicing in the conviction that I had made a good impression upon the invalid, and had secured the family en permanence as friends and patrons.

At an early hour on the succeeding morning I received a message from the Bey to the effect that his wife had gone to the country for a change of air, and the sum of fifty francs in return for my professional services. Assured at once that something was wrong, I sent Achmed around to present my compliments and to ascertain the difficulty. He soon returned, looking as pale as a ghost, and frightened nearly out of his wits.

"Oh, doctor," he exclaimed, as he entered my office, "the Bey is terribly angry with you. He is going to visit the Khedive to complain that you have insulted him, and to ask for redress. He says that you shall be driven out of the country for the great outrage that you have perpetrated in his house on yesterday. You are in serious trouble. I am so sorry that I was not with you."

"I was as polite and respectful as possible on yesterday. I conducted myself as a gentleman and a physician in every way. Of what does the old fool complain?"

"He says that you have violated the Mohammedan law—that you have offered an insult to the religion and the customs of the country, and he swears by the beard of the Prophet that you shall be punished for it. He has already punished his wife."

"Punished his wife? What does it all mean?"

"His wife uncovered herself before you, did she not?"

"Yes, but I had nothing to do with her uncovering herself. She did it of her own volition. What have I done I should like to know?"

"You looked at her face; you saw her mouth and the back of her head."

"Of course, but how could I help seeing her face and head when she uncovered them? As for her mouth, it is what I wanted to see. Was there any crime in seeing what was before my eyes—in looking at what I was sent for to treat?"

"Yes, doctor, according to the Mohammedan law it was a crime to look at them, and especially at her mouth and head. You have defiled her by gazing at them, and have placed your life even at the mercy of her husband."

"A crime to look at her face! Defiled by seeing her mouth and head! What was I to do when she uncovered herself and exposed them to my view?"

"It was your solemn duty to turn your back upon her and then walk to the corner of the room and hold your face until she had recovered herself. That is what our law and customs demand under such circumstances; and it is for not doing that precise thing the old man is going to report you to his highness."

"Well, let him report as soon as he pleases. His highness has lived in Christian countries, and he knows that to turn one's back on a lady is offense that no gentleman would think of committing. I am not in the least alarmed. But you say he has punished his wife. What has he done to her?"

"Oh, yes, he has punished her. I heard both her and her mother wailing, and the eunuch told me that the Bey had said to her: 'I divorce you,' twice, and had ordered her to her country place on probation for six months, when he would decide whether or not to make the divorce absolute, repeating it the third time. Nothing but the prayers of her mother has prevented him from divorcing her at once and absolutely."

"Then come with me; I will pay him a visit, and after having explained my conduct, having shown him as a Christian and a gentleman that I could not turn my back on a lady, I will intercede for the poor woman."

"All right, your excellency; I think that is the best course to pursue."

I drove at once to the house of the Bey, where I was met by the eunuch with many salaams, professions of friendship, and the assurance that his master was not at home. "That is all right," said I, slipping a ten-franc piece into his itching palm, "I will await his return." I was immediately invited into the house, given a cup of coffee and a pipe, and overwhelmed with politeness, while the master was produced after so brief a delay as to assure me that he had been at home all the time.

Talk about French politeness! It is no more to be compared to that of an Oriental than a mustard seed to a pumpkin. The old Bey was as suave and obsequious as if I had been the Khedive himself. Although he would have been pleased to throw me into the Nile, he and his household were my friends and slaves. As we sipped our coffee together, I made Achmed explain that, never having lived in a Mohammedan country before, I was ignorant of its customs, and that in Christain lands it was regarded a breach of civility to turn one's back upon a lady, especially upon the wife of a great man and an esteemed friend. He professed to be more than satisfied, begged me never to think of the occurrence again, and vowed that no other physician should ever cross his threshold while I remained in the country.

I then tried to put in a word for his wife, but, while he smiled, bowed, and looked the very picture of amiablity, he told Achmed in Turkish, knowing that I did not understand the language, that if another word was said concerning his harem, or if I was informed of the threat he was then making, he (Achmed) should receive the kouroashe and be sent to the Soudan, a region which in Egypt is placed upon the same plane with the "bottomless pit," both as regards climate and a billet de retour.

I could learn nothing respecting the fate of the unfortunate wife, and I never saw or heard of the Bey again while I remained in Egypt.

It seems that with many women the mouth and the back of the head are the pieces de resistance, and that the face is veiled for the especial purpose of guarding their features against masculine observation, this exposure being regarded as the ultima thule of pollution, especially if the woman be a wife.

BULGARIA.

How Its Natural Life was Quickened—The Work of American Missionaries.

From Article in the Evangelist by Dr. Henry M. Field.

The reawakening of Bulgaria dates from the Crimean war, which brought to its shores the armies of France and England, and gave some little idea of what was going on in other parts of the world. The Bulgarians had never forgotten their proud history; and now, as they looked upon the armies of Western Europe, they recalled the deeds of their ancestors; "they remembered the days of old," and longed to see "the Bulgarian nation" again appear among the powers of Europe.

Shortly after the war there came into Bulgaria another influence from the West—not western Europe, but the farther West which lay beyond the sea. Dr. Riggs had already translated the New Testament into Bulgarian, which had sold rapidly. Such was the eagerness for knowledge that it was bought in many cases by people who could not read, in the hope that some day they or their children would be able to enrich their minds from its precious pages. Seeing the field thus open and inviting, Dr. Hamlin, who visited America in 1856, urged upon the American Board (which already had a mission in Roumelia, with stations at Rodosto and Adrianople) to establish a mission also in Bulgaria; but as the Board had its hands full, he laid the proposal before the Methodist Episcopal Board, by which the work was undertaken, with the same results which missions had wrought in Asiatic Turkey.

They found among the people an eager desire for education, which they met by establishing schools—an example which provoked imitation, in which these schools were the models of other schools, so that in a few years there was a system of popular education all over Bulgaria. Even in poor villages there was a little school-house, from which there came the buzz and hum of children learning to read.

The most important American institution in Bulgaria is at Samokov, in a picturesque spot at the foot of the mountains, not far from the capital, Sofia. Here is a seminary for girls, in which there are nearly eighty boarding pupils; and a theological and training school, in which there are about sixty boys. This is practically what we are accustomed to call a normal school, for the teaching of teachers, whose influence therefore will be multiplied, as each pupil will be at the head of a school, or in the case of theological students, of a church, or it may be of a church and school together.

The desire for a higher education is shown by the number of young men who have been sent to Robert College. From the founding of that college, a large proportion of its students has been from this province of European Turkey, to which they returned prepared for any duties which the course of events might throw upon them; and so it has come to pass that its graduates are now filling the highest positions in Bulgaria. This single fact illustrates the far-sighted wisdom as well as benevolence of the American philanthropist who was its founder. But even he could not see all that he was doing. "He builded better than he knew." When he erected that institution on the shores of the Bosphorus, he could not conceive that it was to educate the rulers of a State which did not yet exist. "He died without the sight," but this generation is reaping, as others yet to come will reap, the fruit of his noble generosity.

With the new life given by free churches and free schools, one thing more only was necessary to the beginning of national existence—political independence. That was to come, but by what terrible instrumentality! Of the path of blood through which Bulgaria was to pass to obtain it—of the massacres and the war—I am yet to speak. I here allude only to the result in the priceless blessing of liberty. The sense of freedom at once gave the people new courage and hope. The country still remains a part of Turkey, in the sense that it pays (or owes for the prince's government are more than reluctant to obey this obligation laid upon them by Europe) an annual tribute to the sultan; but in the management of its internal affairs, he has no more control than the czar of Russia; and, indeed, in the degree of influence, not half as much. The government belongs to the people themselves. They may be poor, but they are free—free in their humble homes; free to cultivate their little plots of ground, free to send their children to schools in which their own language is spoken; free to worship God.

Thus Bulgaria has at last her limbs unbound, and is free to work out her own destiny. With a people so industrious, and no longer impoverished by the exactions of the government and the church, their material condition must improve, not rapidly, perhaps, but surely, even though slowly. At present the traveller riding over the country sees no such villages as those of New England, but who can tell what changes time may bring? The country itself, in its natural fertility is much richer than New England, and who can tell what signs of prosperity may cover these plains after a hundred years of freedom from oppression, of industry and of peace?

Immensity of London.

Max O'Rell says that London contains more Roman Catholics than Rome, more Jews than the whole of Palestine, more Irish than Dublin, more Scotchmen than Edinburgh, more Welshmen than Cardiff, and more country folks than the counties of Devon, Durham, and Warwickshire put together. It has a birth in every five minutes; has seven accidents every day in its eight thousand miles of streets; has an average of forty miles of streets opened and fifteen thousand new houses every year. In 1883 there were added 22,110 new houses to the vast aggregate of dwellings which is called the metropolis, thus forming 368 new streets and one new square, covering a distance of sixty-six miles and eighty-four yards.

A LEGISLATOR'S STORY.

The peculiar political changes which have occurred in Michigan within the past few years, causing it to be transferred from the list of surely Republican States to that of doubtful ones, give a seasonable interest to a story told by Mr. M. J. Ludington, Jr., of Verona, that State, an ex-member of the Michigan Legislature. Mr. Ludington, who is one of Verona Mills' most progressive citizens, was elected to the Legislature by an appreciative constituency some six years. That Mr. Ludington has not figured largely in public life since he returned from the State capital is due to a peculiar concatenation of circumstances that apply illustrate by what apparently trivial matters a political career may be made or unmade:

"The second day of August, 1879," in the honorable gentleman's words, "was a very hot day, and I ate a hot dinner and got very warm. I got into my buggy after dinner and started toward Verona Mills. I had driven about three miles when I met a Northwest wind and hail storm. I got a little wet and became chilled. I drove on home, sixteen miles distant, and when I reached there felt sick. I went to bed and my wife made me some ginger tea, but not enough to sweat me. The next morning a pain, sharp and piercing as a knife, caught me in the ankles and I could hardly step. The next day I could not walk at all. We did everything we could think of, with wormwood and vinegar, smartweed and other remedies, but with no good effect. Neither my wife nor I could discover what the matter was.

"In three or four days I could not stir nor turn in bed. A doctor was called in who said I had rheumatism of the worst kind. He relieved me a great deal and drove out the pain wherever it caused swelling. I got better in six months and was able to walk a little, but the disease settled in my ankles and continued to trouble me. Last October (1884) I began taking a prescription which the doctor said would drive the swelling out of my ankles. In November the rheumatism began to scatter first to my toes, then to my hips and back and all over me. I then quit taking the medicine, as I was getting worse. I tried everything in my efforts to get better, but continued to grow worse. Finally I could not turn over in bed and it nearly took my life to draw a long breath. My wife had to put mustard plasters on my breast and side to ease me so that I could breath.

"I read an advertisement of Athlophoros in a religious paper published at Detroit, and though I had not much faith in it I sent for a bottle. I thought I should die before it arrived, so great was my pain. In thirty-six hours after I had began taking the medicine I was cured of my rheumatism, have been able to sleep ever since, and have had no more pain. That was the 14th of last May. I sent for and got six bottles more from Detroit. After taking four of them the swelling has nearly all gone, except in one of my ankles where I was hurt last fall, and that is getting better every day. Thank God for Athlophoros. It has done everything for me."

And all this long sickness came from a hot meal taken on a warm day, followed by a chill. If Mr. Ludington returns to public life it may be safe to say that he will go around with a bottle of Athlophoros as a cure for the physical evils from which not even legislators are exempt.

If you cannot get Athlophoros of your druggist, we will send it express paid, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us as directed. Athlophoros Co., 112 Wall Street, New York.

Geo. W. Cable teaches a class in Sunday School.

Street car lines are still a great novelty in Vermont. Burlington is about the only place that supports them.

Harrow school in England, is taxed up to its capacity and no new pupils can be received for some time to come.

A Remarkable Statement from a Homoeopathic Professor of Medicine.

Two years ago last March I was taken with a sort of languid, dull, heavy feeling, attended with slight chilly sensations and hot flashes. I paid little attention to it thinking it was the result of over work and the want of proper sleep. About five weeks from the time I first felt the weariness, while on my way to visit a sick lady I was taken with a severe chill, which lasted nearly an hour and was followed by fever. If some immense weight had fallen on me and crushed every bone in my body, I could not have suffered more. After this, I lost my appetite, my skin became sallow, my strength failed me, I was annoyed with distressing headache, a terribly dull aching pain in the small of my back and through my hips and limbs; my stomach became irritable, and every function of my body seemed to be impaired. Still, the most of my time I was able to attend to my professional duties. My bowels were terribly constipated, my urine became scanty and high colored, my sleep was disturbed and I was one living mass of aches and pains. I doctored myself for awhile, but failed to find relief. I then consulted several distinguished physicians in different parts of the country. Still I could find nothing that did me any good. I lost forty six pounds of flesh and had made up my mind that I would have to put up with my suffering and get along the best I could, when a neighboring physician—a friend of mine—advised me to take Dr. J. B. Henion's Sure Cure for Malaria, that he had used it, with marked success, and he believed it would cure me. I procured a bottle and began taking a teaspoonful every four hours. It relieved my pain, and I continued to use it until I had taken ten bottles and found myself once more returned to health. I did not think I was suffering from Malaria, from the fact that I never had but one regular chill. Still I had chilly sensations and occasionally a new form of fever I most heartily endorse Dr. Henion's Sure Cure for Malaria, and would advise all those who are suffering from any marked form of disease, pain or prostration, to give it a faithful trial. They will not be disappointed.

FRANK D. SMITH, M. D.,
172 N. Clinton St., Rochester, N. Y.
Formerly of Owosso, Mich.

The author of "My Maryland" is just about to publish his first volume of verses.

THE EFFICACY of DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, in Chronic Dyspepsia, Fevers, Nervous disorders, Constipation, deficiency of vital power, and all maladies affecting the stomach, liver, bowels, pulmonary organs, or muscular system, has been experienced by thousands. The Bitters strikes at the root of these diseases by toning the stomach and cleansing the blood.

Cleveland is wondering if it can't get natural gas, by pipe lines, from Pittsburgh.

M. L. Blair, Alderman, 5th Ward, Scranton, Pa., stated Nov. 9, '83: He used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for sprains, burns, cuts, bruises and rheumatism. Cured every time.

A fatal case of sea sickness occurred not long ago on a steamer in the gulf of Mexico.

BAD DRAINAGE causes much sickness, and bad blood and improper action of the liver and kidneys is bad drainage to the human system, which Burdock Blood Bitters remedy.

A drunken juryman rendered necessary the adjournment of a case in a Boston court.

BEWARE OF FRAUDS.—Be sure you get the genuine Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. It cures Colds, Croup, Asthma, Deafness and Rheumatism.

The elegant Ohio river bridge to connect Portland, Ky., with New Albany, Ind, will be finished in the spring of 1886.

George Campbell, Hopkinsville, Ky., says: Burdock Blood Bitters is the best preparation for the Blood and Stomach ever manufactured.

London alone contains more churches and chapels than are to be found in any country of Europe, except France.

Bees whose place of abode happens to be near a distillery are liable to get drunk every day and make no honey at all.

It is by copying after nature that man gets best results. Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic is nature's own remedy, is purely vegetable, can be taken by the most delicate. Cures all stomach, kidney and liver troubles. 50 cents.

The population of Paris is said to be increasing at the rate of 29 per 1,000.

Williams college has now 258 undergraduates, 66 of whom are in the freshman class.

Don't neglect a cough and let it remain to irritate your lungs when a safe and speedy remedy can be had for 50 cents in Dr. Bigelow's Positive Cure.

Nearly all Louisvill lawyers play poker.

Odd names for girl babies are all the "go."

A beautiful bull-finch brought £70 at a London sale.

Suicides are getting distressingly common in Berlin.

Erie, Pa., talks of building a monument to Commodore Perry.

Japanese lovers do their courting by exchanges of flowers.

Philadelphia folks are cultivating a craze for family crests.

White labor "raised" fully half of this year's cotton crop down south.

Here is a "happy thought" from the Western Druggist which should be promptly acted on by the trade: To prevent the dispensing of morphine for quinine a strip of steel should be firmly riveted over the mouth of the vial containing it, the neck being first plugged with a torpedo so arranged as to explode and shatter the steel when the poison is taken in hand. If the clerk survives he will know that the shock meant morphine.

A simple and effective method of bleaching bones, to give them the appearance of ivory has been discovered. After digesting the bones with ether or benzine to recover the fat, they are thoroughly dried and immersed in a nile, and a beautiful flat surrounds it which is utilized for pasturage. It is probably the crater of some extinct volcano, and is exceedingly deep.

A "Madman's" Legacy.

"Sire!" exclaimed a man in the homely garb of a mechanic to Richelieu, Prime minister of France, as he was entering his palace; "Sire, I have made a discovery which shall make rich and great the nation which shall develop it. Sire, will you give me an audience!"

Richelieu, constantly importuned, finally ordered the "madman" imprisoned. Even in jail he did not desist from declaring his "delusion," which one day attracted the attention of a British nobleman, who heard De Cause's story, and developed his discovery of steam power!

All great discoveries are at first derided.

Seven years ago a man yet under middle age, enriched by a business which covered the continent, found himself suddenly stricken down. When his physicians said recovery was impossible, he used a new discovery, which, like all advances in science, had been opposed bitterly by the schoolmen. Nevertheless, it cured him, and out of gratitude therefor he consecrated a part of his wealth to the spreading of its merits before the world. Such in brief is the history of Warner's safe cure, which has won, according to the testimony of eminent persons, the most deserved reputation ever accorded to any known compound, and which is finally winning on its merits alone the approval of the most conservative practitioners. Its fame now belts the globe.—The Herald.

In the list of colonels who at various times have commanded the English royal horse guards, are the names of 13 dukes, three marquises, four earls, two viscounts, two barons, one knight and one commoner.

A NEW IDEA embraced in Ely's Cream Balm. Catarrh is cured by cleansing and healing, not by drying up. It is not a liquid or snuff, but is easily applied with the finger. Its effect is magical and a thorough treatment will cure the worst cases. Price 50 cents. At druggists. 60 cents by mail. Ely Bros., Owego, N. Y.

One of the curiosities of Oxford is a much admired portrait of Fuller, an eminent painter, taken by himself when drunk.

A Popular Fallacy.

Many people think that Rheumatism cannot be cured. It is caused by a bad state of the blood which deposits poisonous matter in the joints and muscles causing lameness, stiffness and swelling of the joints and excruciating pains. Kidney Wort will certainly effect a cure. It acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, stimulating them to a healthy action, purifies and enriches the blood and eliminates the poison from the system. Go to the nearest druggist, buy Kidney-Wort and be cured.

KEEP THIS IN MIND. In the Diamond Dyes more coloring is given than in any known dyes, and they give faster and more brilliant colors. 10c. at all druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sample Card, 32 colors, and book of directions for 2c. stamp.

New York is the name of a new settlement in Southern Russia.

I HAVE been afflicted with catarrh for 20 years. It had become chronic, and there was a constant dropping of mucous matter from the roof of my mouth. It extended to my throat, causing hoarseness and great difficulty in speaking, indeed for years I was not able to speak more than thirty minutes, and often this with great difficulty. I also, to a great extent, lost the sense of hearing in the left ear, and of taste. By the use of Ely's Cream Balm I have received more relief than from all remedies beside. All dropping of mucous has ceased and my voice and hearing are greatly improved. Jas. W. Davidson, Attorney at Law, Monmouth, Warren Co., Ill.

NO CUT RATES ABOUT THIS.—Only to answer the constant call for a good and low priced cough and croup remedy do we now introduce our Allen's Lung Balsam in three sizes, 25c., 50c., and $1.00 a bottle at all druggists.

The simplest and best regulator of the Disordered Liver in the world, are Carter's Little Liver Pills. They give prompt relief in Sick Headache, Dizziness, Nausea, &c.; prevent and cure Constipation and Piles; remove Sallowness and Pimples from the Complexion, and are mild and gentle in their operation on the bowels. Carter's Little Liver Pills are small and as easy to take as sugar. One Pill a dose. Price 25 cents.

"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.

"ROUGH ON PAIN."—Liquid.

"Rough on Pain" Liquid 25c. Quick cure. Neuralgia, rheumatism, aches, pains, sprains, headache, cramps, colic. "Rough on Pain" Plaster, 15c.

Secretary Lamar lives in a flat.

"ROUGH ON CATARRH"

corrects offensive odors at once. Complete cure of worst chronic cases, also unequalled as gargle for diphtheria, sore throat, foul breath. 50c.

The people of Borneo eat monkeys.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS."

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for coughs, colds, sore throat, hoarseness. Troches 15c. Liquid, 25c.

Georgia has eight living ex-Governors.

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COUGH CURE
Absolutely
Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poison.
SAFE. SURE. PROMPT.
25 Cts.
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Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc.
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Every Child in every Land is subject to

New Hollander (W. Australia).
Coughs, Croup and Whooping Cough.
Which if not attended to in time will result in
CONSUMPTION.
Take Taylor's Cherokee Remedy.
OF SWEET GUM AND MULLEN.
The sweet gum of a tree of the same name growing in the South combined with a tea made from the Mullein plant of the old fields. For sale by all druggists at 25 cents and $1.00 per bottle.
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Was awarded by the National Medical Association
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It being the best Medical Treatise on Manhood, Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline in Man, the Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries resulting from indiscretions or excess in early life, which the author has proved may be alleviated and positively cured. It is a standard Medical Work on the above, and is a treasure to every young and middle-aged man. Warranted as represented or the money refunded in every instance; 300 pages; embossed muslin, full gilt; 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Price only $1, by mail, sealed, post paid. Illustrative samples, 6 cents. Send now. This work is universally recommended by the press, clergy, parents and teachers, and every one of its more than a million readers. Every man, young or old, should read this book, and every sufferer should consult the author. "There is a balm in Gilead; there is a physician there." Address
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I was troubled with headache, Constipation, Loss of spirits and Weak Stomach; but since commencing the use of your BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS I feel better than I have for years. I have recommended it to many friends with the most excellent results.
MRS. JAS. A. ERWIN.

The great popularity and success of Salvation Oil, the great pain destroyer, has made it a target for counterfeiters. Beware of imitations. Price 25 cents a bottle.

A breakeman who was caught between two freight cars, was describing his sufferings to his wife. "Why," she exclaimed, "that's just the way it feels when you are breaking in a new pair of corsets."

The necessity of maintaining, as at present, eighteen palaces when Queen Victoria resides but in one, and that for only three months in the year, is likely to occupy the next parliament.

A terrible mistake is said to have been made recently by an oculist. He removed the wrong eye. The patient, a young lady, will at once enter suit against him for malpractice.

Wildcat hunting is one of the successful pastimes near Norwich, Conn., just now. One killed the other day, after a long fight with dogs, weighed sixteen pounds.

The King of Bavaria's debts are estimated at $4,500,000, and it has been arranged to appropriate $300,000 a year from the royal civil list until all his debts are paid.

If the gentlemen whose lips pressed the lady's snowy brow and thus caught a severe cold had but used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, no doctor's bill would have been necessary.

Very long honeymoon trips are "the thing" with new-married pairs in England.

Back and Shoulders
Are the parts usually attacked by rheumatism; and the joints at the knees, ankles, hips and wrists are also sometimes affected. The cause of rheumatism is lactic acid circulating with the blood, which attacks the joints and causes the pains and aches of the disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies and enriches the blood, and has proven a wonderful remedy for rheumatism.

Could Hardly Walk
"I was troubled very much with rheumatism in my hips, ankles, and wrists; in fact, I could hardly walk, and was confined to my bed a good deal of my time. I was also very bilious and suffered severely. I was recommended to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I did. I have taken four bottles and am well. I gladly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." W. F. WOOD, Bloomington, Ill.
"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for rheumatism and have received great benefit. I cheerfully recommend it," W. BURSSAL, Lebanon, O.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar.

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CREAM BALM
Cleanses the Head.
Relieves Pain at Once.
Allays Inflammation.
Heals Sores. Restores
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POSITIVE CURE.
A particle is applied into each nostril. Price 50 cents at druggists or by mail. Send for circular.
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Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
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