THE WOOD CHOPPER'S CHILD.

The smoke of the Indian Summer
Darkened and doubled the rifle,
And the ripe corn, like a stranger,
Shimmered along the hills;
Like a gracious glowing sunset,
Interlaced with the rainbow light
Of vanishing wings a trailing
And trembling out of sight!

As, with the briar-buds gleaming
In my darling, dimpled hands,
Toddling she comes down the pathway
Of the yellow stubble-lands—
Her sweet eyes full of the shadows
Of the woodland, darkly brown—
Came the chopper's little daughter,
In her simple hood and gown.

Behind her streamed the splendors
Of the oaks and elms so grand,
Before her beamed the gardens
Of the rich man of the land;
Gardens about whose gateways
The stormy ivy weaved,
Setting all her heart a-tremble
As she saw within their shade.

Now the chopper's lowly cabin
It lay nestled in the wood,
And the dwelling of the rich man
By the town's busy way stood,
With its pleasant porches facing
All against the morning hills,
And each separate window shining
Like a clear cluster of daffodils.

Up above the tallest poplars
In its starriness it rose,
With its carved and curious gables,
And its many fine portioues;
But she did not see its grandeur,
And she thought her father's oaks
Were finer than the cedars
Ulps so close along the walks.

So, in that full confiding
The unworldly only know,
Through the gateway, down the garden,
Up the marble portico,
Her bare feet brown as bee's wings,
And her hands of brier-buds full,
Oh, along the flowy crimson
Of the carpets of dyed wool,

With a modest glance uplifted
Through the lashes drooping down,
Came the chopper's little daughter
In her simple hood and gown;
Still and steady, like a shadow,
Gliding in and from the wood,
Till before the lady-mistress
Of the house, at last, she stood.

Oh, as sweet as summer sunshine
Was that lady's came to see,
With the chopper's little daughter,
Like a shower at set of sun!
Oh, green as leaves of clover
Were the violets of her train,
And her hand it shone with jewels
Like a lily with the rain.

And the priest before the altar,
As she stood along the isle,
Reading out the sacred lesson,
Read it unconsciously, the while
The long roll of the organ
Drew across a silken stir,
And when he named a saint, it was
As if he named but her.

But the chopper's child undazzled
In her lady's presence stood—
She was born amid the splendors
Of the gorgeous autumn wood—
And so sweetly and serenely
Mat the cold and careless face,
Her eyes with blushes,
Even as she gives a grace;

As she said, the accents falling
In a very childish way
"To morrow, then to-morrow
Will have brought Thanksgiving day,
And my mother it will be happy,
And be honored, so she said,
To have the Lizard's lady
Taste her honey and her bread."

Then slowly spake the lady,
As chidingly she smiled,
"Live you not in yonder cabin?
Are you not the chopper's child?
And your foolish mother bids me
To Thanksgiving, do you say?
Why, the child is starv'ing,
That you give your thanks for, pray?

One leadight moment's silence—
Then blushing up her pale,
And sweetness growing out of it
As the rose does out of rain—
She stript the basket's scarlet
From off her shining head,
As one long strip by outer nook
From the golden car, and said:

"What have we to give thanks for?
Why, just for daily bread?"
And then, all her little pride
A-blushing out so red—
"Perhaps, for that the sunshine
Can come and lie on our floor,
With none of her cruelty,
To shut it from the door?"

"What have we to give thanks for?"
And a smile illumined her tears,
As a star in broken vapors,
When it suddenly appears;
All she answered, all her bosom
Throbbing up and down so fast:
"Because my poor sick brother
Is asleep at last, at last.

"Asleep beneath the daisies
But when the drenching rain
Has put these hues in her hands,
And, climbing up the sheep-paths
Of yellow pebble-lands,

Passed the march wherein the starlings
Shut so close their horny bills,
And lighted with her loveliness
The outer way of the hills,
Oh, the eagle has the sunshine,
And the wren a grand an i will;
But the lark can turn the cloud into
A temple when she will!

That evening, when the corn fields
Had lost the rainbow light
Of vanishing wings a trailing
And trembling out of sight,
Apart from her great possessions
And from all world apart,
Knelt the lady wife and mistress
Of the richman's house and heart.

Knelt she, all her spirit broken,
And the shame she could not speak,
Burning out upon the darkness
From the fires upon her cheek,
And prayed the Lord of the harvest
To make meet and suitable
And as faithful in Thanksgiving
As the chopper's little child.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

CHAPTER III.

Never, during all the bright, idle summer, had he seen a tear dim the pretty eyes, nor an expression of trouble cross the mobile features. He flattered himself that he was the cause of this sorrow, and he reproached himself for his selfishness in desiring to keep for the last moment the sweet consolation that she was as dear to him as he had become to her. He crossed the room and lifted her head, taking the trembling little hands in his own, and looking into her eyes, his own shining with a light she had never seen in human eyes before.

"Margie! little pearl," he said abruptly, "do you know I love you and want you for my own?"

Margie caught her breath. Did sudden happiness ever come to you, reader? So sudden that it seemed as though a flash of some magnificent light had glanced through your heart, and stilled for a moment your very breath? Leonard saw her start; saw the bright, vivid love-light gleam from uplifted eyes, and knew this sweet, guileless life was all his own.

"I am going home to-morrow, little pearl," he continued, "but I will come again before the trees have put off their autumn glory, and take my bride to her city home. Will you come?"

"I think so," Margie said gravely. Then yielding to the intense happiness that filled her heart, she suddenly threw her arms up and drew his face down to hers, and kissed both bronzed cheeks. A moment after John Maynard and Vi stepped softly back from the open door, where they had been involuntary witnesses of the scene.

Vi, in talking to Clarice afterward said she never heard of anything so absurd as making love over a pan full of apple peelings, while Joan Maynard went home after doing his errand, and coming into the sitting room: where his mother was, dropped down on his knees at her side and laid his head in her lap.

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Margie was very busy after her lover's departure making ready all the garments befitting the adornment of a bride-elect.

Even Clarice was aroused enough to forsake her lovers and take a part in this romance in real life; and Vi stitched industriously and vowed in her impulsive manner never to be married if she had to have so many ruffles and frills and puffs upon her own wedding garments.

So the autumn weeks passed rapidly and one golden day late in October, when nature was looking royally lovely, giving to the world the last grand effort of regal beauty before doffing her gold and crimson, Leonard Bryant came to the farmhouse and bore from it the fairest and sweetest of its inmates.

The wedding was very quiet, none but the near neighbors and friends being invited. But the papers received a business call that took him from home at the time, but his mother was present, and none kissed the pretty bride more warmly or wished her more happiness, than she.

So Margie went to her new, strange life in the city, and the old farmhouse saw her no more for many, many days.

And then she came alone, her pale, beautiful face, with its large, starry eyes gleaming amid the sombre draperies of a widow's garment. Margie's married life was as a sealed book to those left behind. Only in the brief letters carried the information that she was well and happy, and for two years the loving hearts that waited for news dreamed of no shadow existing in the bright sky of Margie's life.

The letters grew shorter and less frequent, giving the merest general facts concerning her manner of existence, and then Mr. and Mrs. Bryant had gone abroad, and all intercourse had ceased, owing, the family believed, to the wandering life of the pair.

Dr. Lee had passed from life; leaving a legacy of blessing and love to his own well for his daughter; and Vi had married a thriving young farmer, and the young couple lived with Clarice at the homestead. Now and then the second year of wandering, a letter, deeply edged with black, came to the little circle at the home, telling of a wife left dead, after seeking long for some clime to restore health to his wasting frame, and now Margie was coming home, to the dear old place to heal her grief, she fondly hoped, while life should last.

Had life and love been all it had promised to the innocent, trusting girl who had so fearlessly given herself into the keeping of a stranger? Had naught but happiness come to fill the years since she left her child-friends? Ah, who can know; for although the letter told of her utter loneliness now, it breathed of nothing else, and when she arrived at home, the first thing she noticed in its sorrowful dark eyes, told no more.

So Margie took up life again after its long break at the old home, and went quietly helping Clarice at her household duties, or playing with Vi's baby, and gradually losing the shadow from her eyes, and the white, listless look from her features.

The years, whatever they may have held of disappointment, had not taken away any of the beauty that marked her girlhood, but had, on the contrary, developed into a richer promise of those early years, and at twenty-five Margie Bryant was a beautiful woman. Those four years of intercourse with the world had polished and refined her into naturally delicate perceptions, and Margie might never more say she felt "ashamed" of her mountain environments.

At first, upon coming home, she had remained entirely secluded from all society, not caring to meet any of the curious acquaintances who came down to the house, but gradually she overcame this feeling of reticence and mingled more freely with the friends of her girlhood days

Among the first whom she visited was Mrs. Maynard. Time had not dealt lightly with the old lady, though she was unable to leave the house. The first time Margie went to see her old friend she walked up and entered at the open door without knocking. How familiar everything was! The same bright rag carpet on the floor, the same brass candlesticks on the mantel, and dresses upon the high old-fashioned mantel-piece. Margie stood a moment silent, looking at the old lady, who sat in her high-backed rocking-chair, her eyes closed in a light sleep, then crossing the room, she bent and softly kissed the faded cheek of the sleeper. Light as was the touch of her lips it awoke the old lady, who opened her eyes and for a moment looked out of sight, apart from her great possessions And from all world apart,
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"You have not forgotten me, dear Mrs. Maynard?" she said softly.

"Forgotten you, little Margie Lee!" said the old lady sharply. "I have thought of you every day since you left us. Oh! how lonely we were after you were gone. But you have come back to us now?"

"Yes I have come back," said Margie simply.

A slight noise at the door caused her to turn, and John Maynard stood before her. He knew she had returned, but until this beautiful, royally beautiful —woman, that rose from her knees at his came forward to greet him. her silken robe trailing upon the carpet, he little Margie, the child of his mother's love, that he had given his heart so many years ago? It must be, for she held out two pretty hands and said, in the familiar voice of his little girl-sweetheart:

"Ara's you glad to see me, John? I can hardly think so, though, for you have let two weeks go by before you came home and you have not shown your face."

John took the outstretched hands in his a moment and looked into the perfect face.

"I was afraid of intruding," he said gravely.

"My friends can never intrude upon me," answered Margie, and then she sat down upon a stool at Mrs. Maynard's feet, and John, who, poor, simple fellow, had thought his love dead and buried years before, sat still and stifled for a moment your very breath? Leonard saw her start; saw the bright, vivid love-light gleam from uplifted eyes, and knew this sweet, guileless life was all his own.

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The Cow is Queen

Southern Live Stock Journal.

A few years ago many people stood ready to claim that cotton was king and queen also, but many gasping slaves to-day who claim the same thing. Statistics are abundant by means of which this claim can be, in part, at least, verified, but the few people seem desirous of claiming that King Cotton ever did much to improve society, education or morals, or to light such a vulgar thing as a mortgage. Cotton may be king or not, just as people care to think. We don't believe it is, but we do believe the cow is the old cow is queen, and that with a gem the and royal purpose she is seeking to be now and then the king-maker of the throne. The good cow has paid off more mortgages, and paid for more farms than any other known production. She is the mother of old gold in the land, a household she catches the wolf on her horns and tosses it far from the door. She has done more to make a more general prosperity in many parts of the country from a downward, course in raising grain or cotton to an upward and prosperous one in raising stock, grass and hay. Flowers and grass spring from beneath her feet in the pastures she goes to bear, and don't stop to enthuse over them, but converts them into good, solid, hard cash. King Cotton may well tremble when the sees the good old gem of a cow coming in that direction. She comes marching along in advance of better schools, better morals, better homes for men and women. The dead old cotton fields will burst forth into grass at her touch, and contentment and happiness will leap out of her footprints. We take off our hats to Queen Cow. May her shadow never grow less.

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In Popular Science Monthly for February, J. W. Powell, in an admirably lucid paper on "The Larger Import of Scientific Education," says:

Scientific education is a training in mental integrity. All along the history of culture from savage to modern civilization men have imagined what ought to be, and then have tried to prove it true. This is the very spirit of metaphysical philosophy. When the imagination is not disciplined by unrelenting facts, it runs riot in falsehoods, and when error has thus been created, the heavens andearth are to be ransacked for its proof. Most of the literature of the past is a vast mass of arguments in support of error. In science nothing can be permanently accepted as true that is not true, and whatever is accepted as true is challenged again and again It is an axiom in science that no truth can be so sacred that it may not be questioned. The world which has been accepted as true has the least doubt thrown upon it, scientific men are the most active in the subject. No opinion is sacred. "It ought to be" is never heard in scientific circles. "It seems to be and we think it is" is the modest language of the investigator.

In science all apparently conflicting facts are marshaled, all doubts are stated, all opposing error are examined, and the most refined discrimination is given with the "probable error." A guard is set upon the bias of enthusiasm, and the bias of hoped-for discovery, that they may not lead astray. So while scientific research is a training in observation and reasoning, it is also a training in integrity.

Recollections about Colfax

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Mr. Colfax always had a pocket full of postal cards about him, and writing on the cars, he dropped little notes of encouragement, suggestion or advice along the routes of his lecturing tours. If a discussion with some one in Kansas broke off suddenly, it would be resumed in a letter written the next week in New York. He was the sort of man to take almost as much pride in the fact that he could write a letter as he had been Vice-President. He early established an acquaintance with printers and newspaper men in all the towns, lowest and highest, he was always half fellow well met.

Among friends and with his family Mr. Colfax lived up evenly and squarely to the ideal plane of his writings In all his lecture engagements, extending over many years, he made it a point to spend Saturday night and Sunday with his family at Bliss's. Hearing them on one occasion laugh at Colfax's idea of steaming across three or four states to spend one day at home and then steam back again on Monday, he never again abandoned the custom. He always spoke of his wife with the exultant kindness of a bridegroom. It is claimed that he has property enough to make good the claim that the Scissors to the Paste Pot, "first there was the Golden Age, then came the Silver Age and the Brazen Age, and now comes the Mucilage," whereat the Paste Pot went into convulsions.—Boston Globe.

From way down in Georgia comes the report that they have a rooster which lays eggs. Many persons use the words "lay" and "lie" indiscriminately. Somerville Journal.

OUR SCIENTIST.

The whale swims by striking the water up and down, instead of laterally, with a fin-like horizontal tail.

If ten parts of colloidion are added to fifteen parts of creosote a sort of jelly is formed which is more convenient to apply to decayed teeth than creosote in the liquid form.

Late discoveries have rendered insulators so perfect that there is less loss of electricity between New York and Europe than there was formerly between New York and Jersey City.

Sir Henry Bessemer has announced that, by the use of very pure charcoal pig iron and its treatment by a special method, a Bessemer steel is produced which on analysis is found equal in purity to the highest brands of steel made from blistered bars.

The wood of the chestnut tree yields tannic acid in quantity and quality superior to that of any wood hitherto used for the purpose. A process of extraction has been found which will enable it to be sold at less rates than any other tannic acid.

M. Vulpian has written on the anæsthetic which is so powerful that an aqueous solution of one part salt of cocaine and ninety-nine parts of water inserted under the eyelids produces complete insensibility of the cornea and conjunctive in the human eye.

Prof. H. Munk, are work of some eminence in agricultural chemistry, says that moderate muscular exercise increases the yield of milk, but that violent motion hinders the process of milk formation. Many farmers may turn his remarks to profit.

At a meeting of the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall, England, Professor Warrington Smyth said that owing to the temperature of deep mines, especially those of Nevada, the great heat of the earth is developed by the chemical going on in the lode itself.

A box or safe has been made of asbestos and silicate, formed into a solid, impervious mass. It is said to be proof against sound and vermin, as well as fire, and will be useful in preserving valuable papers. It is light, strongly made and handsome.

The proper allowance of air in barracks is 600 cubic feet per man in Europe and 1,000 in India. For hospitals it is 1,200 cubic feet per bed in Europe and 1,800 in India Horses require in England 1,000 cubic feet each, or nearly as much as three men.

Captain C. E. Dutton of the United States geological survey, is now successfully prosecuting the investigation of the volcanic country lying in New Mexico to the east and south of the region already described by him in his reports on the Utah plateau and the canon country.

An interesting experiment to ascertain the effect of artificial heat on vegetation has been made by Barthelemy. Two greenhouses and a number of glasses in a circle around the pipe of a stove, and after some time he found that the roots assumed a nearly horizontal position, and those almost at right angles with the pipe.

A claim has been advanced in favor of Athanasius Kircher in connection with the origin of the germ theory of disease. In his work on "The Plague," published in Rome in 1658, he attributes the whole origin of pestilential diseases to causes (germs?) and maintains that each kind of putrefaction possesses a peculiar virus which produces a definite disease.

Vaseline is said to be a good preservative for eggs. The vaseline is melted with three per cent of salicylic acid and the fresh eggs after they are thoroughly washed. The contents are given may be removed after a while. As the air is thus thoroughly excluded the eggs, if they have been in season with, ought to keep good for a long time.

A parasite known as Heterodera schachtii has made its appearance in France, greatly injuring the beet crop. To this parasite, M. Aime Girard thinks, is partly due the partial failure of this crop in that country. He says that in 1883 the yield of sugar was 7 per cent, a deficit of twenty per cent in the weight of the roots, besides a decrease in the yield of saccharine, in some of the northern districts, amounting to twelve or fourteen per cent.

Some of the researches lately made by English explorers in regard to deep sea beds have led to the belief that there are no rough ridges, abrupt changes, nor bare rock, and that the sea bottom at great depths is not affected by the currents or storms which act on the surface to the magnitude of the gulf stream—its general appearance rather resembling that of the American prairies, and is in every where covered by a kind of mud.

Soil covered with herbage or with dead vegetable matter as leaves, straw wood, dung, etc., says Professor E. Wollny, is warmer in winter and cooler in summer than naked soil under similar conditions. The difference of temperature is greatest in summer and least in spring; and consequently, the latter is more quickly in spring and cools more quickly in autumn than that covered by the living or dead vegetable matter. The fluctuations of temperature are also much smaller in covered than in naked soil.

Rolled gold is thus manufactured: An ingot of brass is cast, and while it is yet hot a thin layer of gold alloy is poured upon it. When the ingot thus covered becomes cold it is forced between steel rollers until a long thin ribbon is produced, of which the proportion of gold and brass is, of course, the same as that of the ingot. The percentage of gold is often reduced very low—sometimes to two and three per cent. This rolled gold is used for watches and watch chains lasts for many years.

Dr. R. Von Lendenfeld, who has been studying the sponges of the Australian waters for the Linnean Society of New South Wales, has succeeded in discovering the nervous system of these low animals, which has hitherto escaped observation. This discovery is of the great scientific interest, inasmuch as it proves the much disputed animal nature of sponges beyond doubt. The nervous system consists of small microdermal, spindle-shaped cells, similar to those of higher animals. Ganglia cells have also been detected similar to those in higher animals.—Sidney Mail, Australia.

So very few articles of iron of unquestionable antiquity have been discovered among the remains of ancient Egyptian art, while copper and bronze have been brought to light in abundance, that many have doubted whether iron had been introduced into Egypt before the time of Ptolemies. But it is very certain that other and neighboring people, who never reached so high a stage of civilisation as the Egyptians, knew well the manufacture and uses of iron, and it is scarcely possible that the builders of the monumental works of Old Egypt should have neglected so useful a metal. Besides there are chemical reasons why the iron remains are so few and the bronze relics so many. Yet it would seem that the ancient Egyptians had a marked preference for bronze weapons, implements, and ornaments.

"I-T-A-K-E my tex," said the colored preacher, "from de Ax of Apostuls Dis, my friends, am a bigger ax, and a ax of mo' importance to us, dan de hatchet ob George Washington, about which you all hears so much now 'mong de school children."

EXCITEMENT IN ROCHESTER.

Widespread Commotion Caused by that Remarkable Statement of a Physicist an

The story published in these columns recently, from the Rochester, N. Y., *Democrat*, created a deal of comment here as it has elsewhere. Apparently it is now conceded that Dr. Henion, of Rochester, as the following from the same paper shows:

Dr. J. B. Henion, who is well-known not only in Rochester but in nearly every part of America, sent an extended article to this paper a few days ago, which was duly published, detailing the remarkable experience and rescue from what seemed to be certain death. It is impossible to enumerate the personal enquiries which have been made at our office as to the validity of the statements there have been so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed an editorial necessity.

With this end in view a representative of this paper called on Dr. Henion at his residence on Andrews street. When the following interview occurred: "That article of yours, Doctor," has created quite a whirlwind. Are the statements about the terrible condition of your blood, and the way you were rescued, such as you can sustain?"

"Every one of them and many additional ones. I was brought as low by neglecting the first and most simple symptoms. I did not think I was sick. It is true I had frequent headaches, felt tired most of the time, could eat nothing one day and was ravenous the next: felt dull pains and my stomach did not feel right, but I thought it only meant anything serious. The medical profession have been treating symptoms and not diseases for years, and it is high time it was changed. The symptoms I have just mentioned or any unusual action or irritation of the water channels should be carefully looked after. Nothing more than a cough announces the coming of consumption. We do not treat the cough, but try to help the lungs We should in the same time trying to relieve the headache, pains about the body or other symptoms but go directly to the kidneys, the source of most of these ailments."

"This, then, is what you meant when you said that more than one-half the deaths which occur arise from Bright's disease, is it Doctor?

"Precisely. Thousands of diseases are terrifying people to-day, which in reality are Bright's disease in some of its many forms. It is a hydra-headed monster, and the slightest symptoms should strike terror to every one who has them. I can look back and recall hundreds of deaths which physicians declared as the result of apoplexy, paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, pneumonia, malarial fever and other common complaints which I see now were caused by Bright's disease."

"And not all these cases have simple symptoms at first?"

"Every one of them might have been cured as I was by the timely use of the same remedy. I am getting my eyes thoroughly opened in this matter, and fully realize the danger now, and think I am helping others to see the facts and their possible danger also."

Mr. Warner was visited at his establishment on North St. Paul street, and at first he was inclined to be reticent, but learning that the information desired was about Bright's disease, his manner changed instantly and he spoke very earnestly.

"It is true that Bright's disease had gained a foothold, and we had, in fact, reliable statistics, that from '70 to '80 its growth was over 250 per cent. Look in the prominent men it has carried off— Everett, Sumner, Chase, Wilson, Carpenter, Bishop Haven, Folger, Colfax and others. Nearly every week the papers record the death of some prominent man from this scourge. Recently, however, the increase has been checked and I attribute this to the general use of my remedy."

"Do you think many people are afflicted with it to-day who do not realize it, Mr. Warner?"

"A prominent professor in a New Orleans medical college was lecturing before his class on the subject of Bright's disease. He had various fluids under microscopic analysis, and was showing the students what the indications of this terrible malady were. 'You know, gentleman,' he said, 'as we have seen the unhealthy indications I will show you how it is in a state of perfect health,' and he submitted his own fluid to the usual test. As he watched the results his countenance suddenly changed, his color and command left him and in a trembling voice he said: 'Gentleman I have made a painful discovery, I have Bright's disease in the kidneys.' And in less than a year he was dead. The slightest indications of any kidney difficulty should be carefully watched. Take care of the kidneys and health will follow."

"You know of Dr. Henion's case?"

"Yes, I have both read and heard of it."

"It is very wonderful, is it not?"

"No more so than a great many others that have come to my notice as being cured by the same remedy."

"You believe then, that Bright's disease can be cured."

"Most certainly I do. I know it from my own and the experience of thousands of prominent persons who were given up to die by both their physicians and friends."

"You speak of your own experience, what was it?"

"A fearful one. I had felt languid and unfitted for business for years. But I did not know what ailed me. When, however, I found it was kidney difficulty I thought there was hope and so did the doctors. I have since learned that one of the physicians in this city pointed me out to a gentleman on the street one day, saying: 'There goes a man who will be dead within a year.' I believe his words would have proved true, but I had not providentially used the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Cure."

Mr. Warner's establishment is largely engaged upon some matters connected with State Board of Health, of which he is one of the analysts, courteously answered the questions that were propounded him:

"Did you make a chemical analysis of the case of Mr. H. H Warner some three years ago, Doctor?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did this analysis show you?"

"The presence of albumen and tube casts in great abundance."

"And what did the symptoms indicate."

"A serious disease of the kidneys."

"Did you think Mr. Warner could recover?"

"No, sir. I did not think it possible."

"Do you know anything about the remedy which cured him?"

"Yes. I have chemically, analyzed it and find it pure and harmless."

"Do the foregoing statements in view of the commotion which the publicity of Dr. Henion's article has caused and to meet the protestations which have been made. The doctor was cured *four years ago* and is *well* and attending to his professional duties today. Dr. Henion, Mr. Warner and Dr. Lattimore in the community is beyond question and the statements they make, cannot for a moment be doubted. Dr. Henion's experience shows that Bright's disease or kidneys is one of the most deceptive and dangerous of all diseases, that it is sedingly common and that it can cured.

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"What is Nature's worth?" asked a fair damsel of a crusty old bachelor. He did not know, so she said: W. O. man (double you O man). But a man, an feels worth little if disease has invaded her system and is daily sapping her strength. For all female weaknesses, Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" stands unrivalled. It cures the complaint and builds up the system. Send two letter stamps for pamphlet to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N Y.

If a gas man were to write poetry, would his meter be correct?—Louisville Courier-Journal. Well, it would be likely to have redundant feet, several thousand in fact, if it resembled his bills.—Burlington Free Press.

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Rufus Hatch advises young men to go West where land is cheap.

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