GROWING OLD.

Is it parting with the roundness
Of the smoothly moulded cheek?
Is it losing from the dimples
Half the flashing joy they speak?
Is it fading of the lustre
Of the wavy golden hair?
Is it finding on the forehead
Graven lines of thought and care?

Is it dropping—as the rose leaves
Drop their sweetness, over-blown—
Household names that once were dearer,
More familiar than our own?
Is it meeting on the pathway
Faces strange and glances cold,
While the soul with moan and shiver
Whispers sadly, "Growing old!"

On the graceful sloping pathway,
As the passing years decline,
Gleams a golden love-light, falling
Far from upper heights divine;
And the shadows from that brightness
Wrap them softly in their fold,
Who unto celestial whiteness
Walk, by way of "growing old."

—Margaret Sangster.

THE STORY OF PATSY.

CHAPTER II.

Morning came as mornings do come bringing to the overworked body and mind a certain languor difficult to shake off. As I walked down the dirty little street, with its rows of old clothes shops, saloons and second-hand furniture stores, I called several of my laggards, and gave them a friendly warning. "Quarter of 9, Mrs. Finnigan!" "Bless me soul, darlin'! Well, I will hurry up my children, that I will; but the baby was that bad with the whoopin' cough last night that I never got three winks meself, darlin'!"

At last, come to that little tin shop on the corner—a blessed trysting place, forever sacred, where the children wait for me in sunshine, rain, wind and storm, unless forbidden; and here on the step sits faithful Patsy, with a clean and shining morning face, all glowing with anticipation. How well I remember my poor lad's first day. Where should I seat him?

But a pull at my skirt and a whisper decided me.

"Please can't I set aside o' you, Miss Kate?"

"But, Patsy, the fun of it is I never do sit."

"Why, I thought teachers never done nothin' but set."

"You don't know much about little boys and girls, that's sure! Well, suppose you put your chair in front and close to me. Here is Maggie Bruce on one side. She is a real little kindergarten mother, and will show you just how to do everything. Won't you, Maggie?"

He soon learned the family history of every child in the school, and those family histories, I assure you, were of an exciting nature; but so great was Patsy's prudence and his idea of the proprieties that he never divulged his knowledge till we were alone. Then his tongue would be loosed and he would break into his half child-like, half ancient and reflective conversation.

Meanwhile, though not perfect he was greatly changed for the better. We had given him a neat little coat and trousers, his hair was short and smooth, and his great dark eyes shown with un unuteable content. He was never joyous; born under a cloud he had lived in its shadow, and sorrow, too, early borne had left its indelible impress, only to be removed by the "undisturbed vision of the father's face, which is joy unutterable;" but for the first time in his life he was at peace.

So, in those busy afternoons, when the little flock had gone, Patsy and I stayed together and arranged the next day's occupations. It was he who fastened the ends and threaded the needles and set right the sewing cards of the babies; and only the initiated can comprehend the labyrinthian maze into which an energetic three-year-old can transform a bit of sewing. It was he who fished the needles from the cracks in the floor, rubbed the blackboards, and scrubbed the slates, talking busy the while.

"Jee-rush-y! Miss Kate, we can't let Jimmy Buck have no more needles; he sows 'em thick round his chair. Now, jis' look yere! Ef that Levy chap hain't scratched the hull top of his table with a bazzer! I'd lam him good ef I was you, I would!"

"Do you think our kindergarten would be the pleasant place it is if I whipped little boys every day?"

"No-o-o! But there's a p'nt—"

"Yes, there is, I know, Patsy, but I never found it!"

"Jim's staying out night's this week," said he one day, "'n I hez to stay alone o' Miss Kennet till 9 o'clock."

"Why, I thought Jim always stayed at home in the evening."

"Yes, he allers used ter, but he's busy now looking up a girl, don't yer know?"

"Looking up a girl! What do you mean, Patsy?"

"Lookin' up a girl! Why, I s'posed yer knew that, I dunno zackly. Jim says all the fellers does. He says he hates to git the feed and wash the dishes orfly, 'n' girls like ter do it best of anything."

"Oh!" cried I, light bursting in on my darkened intellect when dish-washing was mentioned, "he wants to get married."

"Well, he was ter look up a girl first, don't yer s'pose?"

"Yes, of course, but I don't see how Jim can get money enough to take care of a wife. He only has $30 a month!"

"Well, he's goin' to git a girl what'll 'go halveys,' don't you know, and pay for her keep,. He'd ruther have a millingtary girl—they're the nicest—but if he can't he's goin' to try for one out of the box factory"

"Oh, Patsy! I wish——"

"Why, didn't I oughter say that?"

"I wish you had a mother, dear!"

"If I had I'd know more'n I do now," and a great sigh heaved itself upward from beneath the ragged shirt and torn jacket.

"No, you wouldn't know so much, Patsy, or at least, you would get the right end first; never mind, dear boy, you can't understand."

Jim did not find his girl that summer, although he "looked" industriously. Either the "millingtaries" did not smile upon him and his slender bank account, or they were not willing to wash the dishes and halve the financial responsibilities besides, but as the reluctant summer, never warm and orthodox, slipped into autumn, and as the autumn days gave place to the dull, dark wintry weather, Patsy's pale face grew paler, and his soft, dark eyes grew larger and more pathetic. It seemed to me as a sixth sense came to him in those days, so full was he of wisdom and strange old-fashioned thoughts and intuitions. His eyes never left my face; when, in passing from one child to another, my glance fell upon him, his loving gaze seemed always waiting for mine.

In the afternoons, as he pored over picture books, or sat silently by the window, watching the drops chase each other down the window pane, his talk was of heaven and the angels. His mind was evidently on that mystery which has puzzled souls since the beginning of time; for no anxious, weary waiting heart has ever ceased to beat without its passionate desire to look into the beyond.

"Nixy Jones' mother died yesterday, Miss Kate, they had an orful nice funeral."

"Yes, I am sorry for the poor little children; they will miss their mamma."

"Not 'nuff to hurt 'em! Them Joneses never cared nuthin' for nobody, they were playing on tin oyster cans the hull blessed ev'nin' till Jim went'n told 'em it warn't perlite. Say! how dretful it must be to go into the cold, dark ground, and be shut up in a tight box, 'n want to get out—git out—'n keep hollerin' an' a hollerin', an' nobody come to fetch yer, 'cause yer dead!"

"Oh, Patsy, child, stop such fearful thoughts! I expect people are glad and willing to stay when they are dead—the part of them that wonders and thinks and feels and loves and is happy or sad—you know what I mean, don't you?"

"Yes," he said slowly, leaning his head on his hand.

"Well, that part God takes care of is his own, and He makes it all right. And as for our bodies, Patsy, even the kitties and puppies have those, and they don't worry about them. You talk about the cold, dark earth, why I think of it as the tender, warm earth, that holds the little brown acron until it begins to grow into a spreading oak tree, and nurses the little seeds until they grow into lovely blossoming flowers. Now we must trot home Patsy. Wrap this shall over your shoulders and come under my umbrella."

"Oh, I don't need any shawl, please. I'm so orful hot!"

"That's just the reason," I replied, as I looked with anxious eyes at his flushed cheeks.

I left him at the little door on T—— street, and persuaded kind hearted Mrs. Kennet to give him some hot soup at dinner time.

[TO BE CONTINED.]

A Romantic Story.

Surveys of a large tract of land in the town of Jasper, near Bath, N. Y., are being made for a party of confiding capitalists from Buffalo and Albany, who intend to purchase the tract on the strength of an old legend, which locates a silver mine and a "treasure cave" on the property. The legend has been prominent in the folk lore of the Cohocton Valley ever since the first white people settled there. People formerly had unalloyed faith in the legend, but during late years the story has served only to amuse strangers, and the advent of persons into the valley who treat the story seriously, and intend to renew the long abandoned search for the legendary treasure, has greatly surprised the neigbors of the property.

During the French and Indian war, so runs the legend, two Quaker brothers by the name of Dickinson entered the Cohocton Valley to trade with the Indians. They gained the confidence of the natives to such an extent that the latter revealed to the traders the existence of a silver mine somewhere along Bennet Creek, as the stream is now called. The brothers had in their service an old man who had come with them from Philadelphia. The brothers marked the silver mine, the ore of which was very pure, and hid the treasure in a cave known only to themselves, until such time as they could have it conveyed to Philadelphia. Near the close of the war a stranger appeared one day at the cabin of the Quaker brothers, which was in the most dense part of the forest.

He said he was a deserter from the French army and begged for shelter and food. These were gladly given him. The first night he was in the cabin he overheard the Quakers talking about their treasure. They evidently supposed their guest was asleep, and from their conversation he gleaned that it was secreted somewhere in the vicinity. He also learned that they intended to start their servant to Philadelphia the next day and had given him a message to another brother there, which would inform him as to the place where the treasure was hidden in case anything should happen to the brothers who were working the mine.

The diabolical thought entered the mind of the stranger to murder the Quakers in the morning, pursue and overtake the messenger, murder him, and secure possession of the paper which revealed the storing place of the reputed wealth. After the servant had started on his journey the next morning, the stranger surpised one of the brothers, who was drinking at a spring near the house, and stabbed him to death. He then returned to the cabin and killed the other brother.

The Frenchman next hurried in the direction taken by the servant, and overtaking him succeeded in murdering him and getting possession of the message. One glance at the paper showed him that his bloody work had been in vain, for the instructions were written in cipher. Unable to discover a key to the mystic writing, the murderer returned to France, taking the cipher with him. For many years he studied it in vain, and haunted perpetually by the memory of his fruitless crime he became insane and died in an insane asylum raving about the murder, the cipher and the treasure.

In 1810 Gregory Harding settled with his family in the town of Jasper. He knew the legend, and, unlike others, he placed no faith in it. A few months after he settled in the valley he dreamed that he saw a cave not far from his clearing. The opening of the cave was concealad by a large flat rock, upon which set a copper kettle. In the cave was stored enormous wealth in silver, but it was guarded by two ghostly sentinels.

Harding thought nothing of his nocturnal vision until the arrival of his twin brother in the clearing. The brother had a dream exactly like that of the other brother and when the latter was told the story he was so impressed with the circumstance that he resolved to investigate the matter. The two brothers searched for the cave. They found the locality just as they had seen it in their dreams and discovered the copper kettle and the flat rock but remembering and fearing the specter guardians that watched the treasure within they did not attempt to remove the covering.

The next day Gregory Harding was killed by a tree he was felling and his brother was thrown from his horse and killed. The secret of the cave's locality died with them. In 1830 the Rev. Auson P. Greene, a Methodist preacher, who knew the legend, and believed there was a strong basis of fact for it, came to the Cohocton valley from Genesee, accompanied by a woman who professed to have a wonderful glass, by looking into which she could see the secret cave where the treasure of the murdered Quakers was hidden.

This woman and Dominic Greene searched along Bennet Creek for the spot was to be found. They finally reached a place which the woman said, while gazing into her glass, was the approach to the cave. As she was reading what further was revealed in the glass she was stricken blind, and the search was necessarily abandoned. Greene and the woman remained at the house of the Rev. Jedidiah Stephens in the neighborhood. They related what had occurred. Stephens' son Silas was curious to see the marvelous glass, and he was allowed to look in it.

He said he could see plainly the cave and its surroundings, and could go straight to the spot. No one else could see any thing in the glass. The next day Silas Stephens and his brother Nathan went out to find the cave, and as they neared the spot Silas gradually grew blind, but he continued to describe the way to the cave to his brother and insisted upon proceeding. They had gone but a short distance farther when Silas became deranged and his brother was obliged to conduct him back home.

These legends are religiously believed in by many of the old residents of the valley, and no effort has ever been made to find the cavern since the alarming experience of young Stephens.

A London paper says that on his return to England Lord Garmoyle and Miss Fortescue will be married, notwithstanding the lawsuit.

Fish Culture in Michigan.

The fifth biennial report of the state board of fish commissioners, a pamphlet of 70 pages, is out. It says the commission has grave responsibilities, not generally understood, which relate to a large commercial industry, furnishing employment and a livelihood to many citizens of the state, in which a large capital and experience are invested. Besides this, fish culture has a close relation to healthful recreation by a large and rapidly increasing number of persons. It is also an economic question, affecting the supply of nutritious and wholesome food; requiring state control and regulation, for when the supplies are exhausted they can never be restored to productiveness by private enterprise.

The coast line of Michigan, upon the great lakes and their connecting straits, including the principal islands, is upwards of 2,000 miles. Besides this, there are a large number of lakes in the interior with a great abundance of rivers There is not a mile of that coast and river line, nor an acre of that lake surface, that does not produce some variety of wholesome fish food." From 80 reports received by the commission it is shown that in 1883 there were caught of white fish 5,686,000 pounds, lake trout 5,065,000 pounds, herring, bass and all other kinds 3,300,000 pounds, a total of 14,000,000 pounds valued at $532,984. One report not included in the above gave a total of over 6,000,000 pounds of fish, worth $177,000, but as it was not classified it is not included. From the same reports the number of gill nets is given as 14,456, measuring 2,841,000 feet in length, or over two miles; the number of pound or trap nets, 371; steamers 18; sailboats 294; pounds net boats 153, skiffs or canoes 41, and the number of men employed 1,151.

In answer to questions as to whether the average size of the fish caught was increasing or decreasing, 18 out of 24 intelligent fishermen said the size was decreasing as well as the product. At the same time the extent of ground fished over was increasing, as well as the number of men, boats and nets employed. The United States fishery census shows that in Lake Michigan alone the number of gill nets increased from 450 in 1870 to 24,899 in 1879, the number of steam tugs increasing from four to 30. During the same time, also, the entire fishing grounds of Wisconsin were utterly destroyed, so that by 1880 more than two-thirds were actually abandoned. The commission fear that if steps are not taken to protect young fish the Michigan fisheries will suffer the same fate.

What is needed is the appointment of an inspector of fisheries, who, with a limited number of assistants, will see to it that the fishery laws are obeyed, that the meshes of nets are large enough to allow young fish to pass through, and to gather reliable fish statistics. "The business of fishing should be licensed by the state, and the fees paid for the license should be devoted to the hatching and distribution of the best variety of fish, and to pay the cost of state regulation and inspection." In this way the cost of replenishing the public waters would be borne by the persons immediately and directly benefited.

In 1884, there were planted 37,800,000 white fish 353,000 brook trout and 18,000 schoodic salmon. This salmon, besides its excellent quality of food, is one of the best game fish. A small plant of these fish in Log lake, Kalkaska county, attained a weight of eight pounds in three years.

The appropriations for the prosecution of the work for the past two years were $20,000 for current expenses and $10,000 for new buildings, a total of $30,000. The property on hand inventories at $19,232. All fishermen who want copies of the report can be supplied by sending to A. J. Kellogg, secretary, Buhl block, Detroit.

Changing Instincts

George J. Romanes contributes a very able and interesting paper to the Popular Science Monthly for March, taking as his subject "The Darwinian Theory of Instinct," in which he says:

Turning to higher animals, Andrew Knight tells us of a bird which, having built her nest upon a forcing-house, ceased to visit it during the day when the heat of the house was sufficient to incubate the eggs; but always returned to sit upon the eggs at night when the temperature of the house fell. Again, thread and worsted are now habitually used by sundry species of birds in building their nests, instead of wool and horse-hair, which in turn were no doubt originally substitutes for vegetable fibers and grasses. This is especially noticeable in the case of the tailor-bird, which finds thread the best material wherewith to sew. The common house-sparrow furnishes another instance of intelligent adaptation of nest-building to circumstances, for in trees it builds a domed nest (presumably, therefore, the ancestral type), but in towns avails itself by preference of sheltered holes in buildings, where it can afford to save time and trouble by constructing a loosely-formed nest. Moreover, the chimney and house-swallows have similarly changed their instincts of nidification, and in America this change has taken place within the last two or three hundred years. Indeed, according to Captain Elliott Coues, all the species of swallow on that continent (with one possible exception) have thus modified the sites and structures of their nests in accordance with the novel facilities afforded by the settlement of the country.

Another instructive case of an intelligent change of instinct in connection with nest-building is given from a letter by Mr. Haust, dated New Zeland, 1862, which I find among Mr. Darwin's manuscripts. Mr. Haust says that the Paradise duck, which naturally or usually builds its nest along the rivers on the ground, has been observed by him on the east of the island, when disturbed in their nests upon the ground, to build "new ones on the tops of high trees, afterward bringing their young ones down on their backs to the water;" and exactly the same thing has been recorded by another observer of wild ducks in Guiana. Now, if intelligent adjustment to peculiar circumstances is thus adequate, not only to make a whole breed or species of birds transport their young upon their backs—or, as in the case of the woodcock, between their legs—but even to make web footed water-fowl build their nests in high trees, I think we can have no doubt that if the need of such adjustment were of sufficiently long continuance, the intelligence which leads to it would eventually produce a new and remarkable modification of their ancestral instinct of nest-building.

CAUGHT BY AN OCTOPUS.

A diver who was trying to find pearls off the Alaska coast, found none, but found himself all of a sudden, in the grasp of an ugly octopus with arms twenty-seven feet long. Such an experience is rare; but there are thousands of people who are caught by dyspepsia, which is quite as bad. An octopus hates to let go. So does dyspepsia, Brown's Iron Bitters settles dyspepsia, and makes it loose its cruel grip. Mrs. Schmidt and her daughter, of 186 Conway street, Baltimore, were both cured of dyspepsia by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters.

Ten years ago Calvin Fletcher, when on a visit to Orange, Los Angels county Cal., stuck his stick into the ground. The cane took root and is now a stately sycamore tree fifty feet high, with widespreading branches and its base three and a half feet in circumference. —Philadelphia Record.

Meditation.

"Know thyself" is one of the commands given in the inspired word, and is to be taken in its broadest and most liberal meaning.

With a command a duty is always implied, and the duty in this case is all the more imperative because of the high source from which emanates the command.

It is good for us to meditate, and that man is the stronger and better fitted for the conflict with the world's life who often draws apart from those by whom he is surrounded and thinks of and studies, himself. He then learns his weak points,—for men of to-day are not like Achilles, vulnerable only in one point—and knowing his weaknesses he is better enabled to ward off the attacks of the tempter, and more secure in his confidence to successfully perform the duties which come with every dawning.

Meditation does not mean solitude. No doubt many pure-minded, holy men have left the busy marts of the world's life, and in cloistered monastery held themselves aloof from social intercourse and helpful communion with their fellow men, doing all conscientiously for the honor and glory of God. But such are not the men whose names have been handed down to us through all the ages, as examples worthy of emulation. In only exceptional cases have these men won renown in science, art or literature; or even in a more humble way left a name or memory to be revered by the world. Good men, they were, no doubt, but to our young of today we say, be not only good—be good for something.

We leave these men behind the walls of the monastery, and turn to the pages of history and read of brave men who have fought hand to hand with the alluring temptations of the world, and who have won signal victories in the cause of truth and right.

And as we turn the pages of history and read the lives of noble men who have lived, suffered and died for their adherence to principles of truth and right, we find that in many instances they were men who were wont to steal away from others for self-communion. In these hours of meditation many battles have been planned by men whose names will ever be enshrinded in a halo of glory. Battles which were fought singly and alone by the commanding officers in the silent watches of the night, while the soldiers were sleeping, dreaming of the victory on the morrow.

The life of the "Man of Nazareth" is an illustration familiar to all. In Gethsemane's garden, in the mountain solitudes by the Gallilean sea, and often do we find Him apart from His disciples in communion with the Father and in self counsel.

Martin Luther stands out prominently as an example of the help and inspiration of the habit of meditation. During all those years when the power of Rome sought to quell the tumult of the popular feelings incited by Luther's works and words, did the grand old reformer seek some time each day for a quiet hour in his study, when at the home presided over by the gentle Katherine or in some secluded spot if away from the home circle, engaged in the glorious work in which he was engaged.

We do not need to go back into the past. The great military men of modern times are witnesses of the truth of the helpful influences of moments when the man communeth with himself.

The brave General Gordon, whose tragic death in the African desert, at the hands of a cowardly assassin, is fresh in the minds of all, was wont to spent much time alone. To this man, prayer and self-communing were his refuge and support.

All can find a little time each day for thought, and self-examination. Think of the events of the day, of duties done and undone, of words spoken, of the things we have read and the people, we have met. Aside from the help derived in a spiritual way, such a plan will be conducive to mental growth, by strengthening the memory and forming habits of thought.

Holy writ tells us, "As a man thinketh so is he," and this axiom should be written indelibly upon our hearts and its truth verified in our lives. Let the thoughts and aspirations of our hearts be pure and holy, and every purpose strengthened by the consciousness of duties done as *best we knew*.

Errors will be made by the best of men, remember that.

"One error committed, to all should be
A *Beacon* on life's tempestuous sea!
To shed on our way Humanity's light,
And warn of danger in the darkest night."

Profit by the errors of the past, and the mistakes of others. Let them serve as buoys on the sea of life to warn us of the shallow places and rocks hidden just below the surface of what appears to be harmless pleasure. The arch enemy of our souls is too shrewd to place temptations before us in their true guise. He carefully guilds them over with glittering tinsel, beneath which lur sorrow a death.

Known by His Chips.

Liverpool Courier.

Scene at the Southwark Kindergarten. In the course of the lesson the children had some small sticks in their hands, and a visitor asked where they came from. They replied: "Trees." He asked, "Who prepared them?" They replied: "The carpenter?" "Who cut down the trees for the expected carpenter?" "A woodcutter," was the expected answer, but instead they answered: "Mr. Gladstone." Following up this, he asked the children what else Mr. Gladstone did, and some of the youngest answered: "He helps the Queen," and others added: "To make laws." He thought such spontaneous answers from little children were remarkable, and wrote to Mr. Gladstone telling him of the incident. In reply Mrs. Gladstone answered: "10 Downing street, Whitehall. Sir: I thank you heartily for your interesting letter, for deeply interesting indeed it is, and I shall treasure it greatly and leave it to my children. I think it is very kind of you to have taken the trouble of writing so fully. The letter was read to Mr Gladstone, who was greatly touched. I thank God for the many helps we have of deep sympathy, and specially for the prayers so precious, and indeed the quantity of serious work would be heavy indeed without this help and encouragement. I remain, yours truly, Catherine Gladstone."

The Fadder Hubbard.

Whitehall Times.

The coat was a very bad fit—to fall in the back.

"That'll never do," said the customer, "it's like a shirt on a bean pole."

"Dot coat, mein frent," replied the dealer, "ish a very stylish garment. Look at dot back. Mein gracious, it is lufly. See dot beautiful pufting—der latest style, and don't you forget it. It was made on Fifth avenue. It is de Fadder Hubbard style, and is actually worth so much as five toller more for dot cut." And five minutes later the delighted customer left the store with his Father Hubbard coat.

There is a mournful rumor in Washington, to the effect that Mrs. Belva Lockwood is "out" with the great lights of the woman suffrage movement because they neither contributed to her campaign fund nor helped get her tricycle repaired.

OF GREAT INTEREST.

To Millions of Miserable Men and Women.

Detroit Times.

"I say, reporter, I know something that some of you newspaper men ought to investigate and publish for the benefit of thousands of people that are fixed as I was a couple of months ago."

"Tell me about it Mr. Hyzer, and perhaps I'll go for it."

"Well, I'll tell you. I've been troubled with rheumatism for over ten years and often had it so bad that it laid me up. I doctored and doctored and took all kinds of remedies that people recommended, but never found anything that would take the pains out of me till I tried Hops and Malt Bitters. I commenced taking them about six months ago, and after taking about 8 or 10 bottles they cured me right up. I never felt better in my life than I have for the last two months. Now these bitters are made right here on Larned street, and I think the people ought to know more about them. They will knock rheumatism and I know it, and they are splendid for the kidneys, for mine were all out of order and now they are all right."

The speaker was Mr. Jacob Hyzer of the American Express Company, and his suggestion was made in such dead earnest that the reporter resolved to go around and see what more could be learned about Hops and Malt Bitters.

These bitters are manufactured in a fine four story brick block at 136 West Larned street where the employes were found busily engaged in disposing of orders from wholesale druggists. The bitters are recommended for dyspepsia, liver and kidney complaints, and rheumatism, and are recognized as the most thorough blood purifier ever produced.

The Hops and Malt Bitters Co., has hundreds of testimonals from prominent and well-known men of influence and veracity, among which are many ministers who eulogize Hop and Malt Bitters as a tonic preparation without parallel in their experience. When Mr. Hyzer's case was mentioned our reporter was informed that there were five cases within a square of the office of men cured of rheumatism and dyspepsia, and women relieved of the miseries peculiar to their sex. The formula of these bitters embraces hops as an appetizer and tonic; malt as a highly concentrated nutritious element; cascara, or buckthorn bark as a lexative; dandelion as the finest liver regulator in nature's pharmacopeia, and an acknowledged specific for derangements of the kidneys, spleen and urinary organs; buchu, the most popular diuretic in the world, sarsaparilla, the great and only antidote to mercurial poison; mandrake, a liver alterative without a peer, and aromatics to give the compounds a palatable and pungent flavor, and to stimulate the stomach.

Those familiar with these several ingredients will readily perceive that Hops and Malt Bitters contain the elements for healing many of the most aggravating chronic ailings with which men and women suffer. Every wholesale druggist in the West handles these bitters, though they are but a year old, and the style of all their guarantee to retailers is similar to the following from all of the prominent houses in the West.

To the Trade and Consumer.

We guarantee "Hops and Malt Bitters" to be equal, if not superior, to any other Bitters in the market.

A well-fed oyster will lay 128,000,000 eggs, but millions of them are devoured by the finny tribe before the protecting shell is formed.

WHAT THE SEXTON SAID.

Mr. Lewis Edwards, Sexton of Mt. Vernon Place Church, Washington, D. C., certifies that for several months past he had been suffering with a severe cough which distressed him night and day. He was very much debilitated, with constant pains in his chest. After trying various remedies he used the Red Star Cough Cure, which gave him entire relief.

A new building material—a mixture of cork, silica and lime—is coming into extensive use in Germany. It has the advantage of keeping out heat and cold, and is also claimed to be an excellent preventive of damp and deadener of sound. It is substantial, light and durable, and seems to be especially adapted for ceilings and wall linings.

Miss Irving, niece of Washington Irving, has offered to the senior class of Princeton college, for the commencement ivy ceremony, a slip from a vine planted by her uncle, the original of which he brought from Sir Walter Scott's home at Abbotsford.

When a remedy has proven itself to be a cure for consumption and a perfect lung restorer, it should be kept in every well regulated home. We refer to Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, a single dose of which will cure an ordinary cough or cold. A few bottles will cure consumption. It is very pleasant to take.

A cold climate is hard to bear, but it makes men robust and active. People in very warm countries lead a rather shiftless life.

"Why do leaves fall to the ground?" asks a poet. It is because they can't fall anywhere else. They have got to fall somewhere.

Skating rinks are demoralizing. They incline one to base actions, and even the best of christians are liable to become back-sliders.

An old carpet in the San Francisco mint was taken up the other day and burned. The ashes were assayed and yielded $509 in gold dust.

Is your system running down? Is there a feeling of decrepitude taking possession of you? Are the functions of your digestive and urinary organs impaired? Is your blood bad? Do sores and pimples trouble you? Do you suffer from aches and pains? Are you weak, and does the least exertion give you fatigue? Regain perfect health by using Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla.

A chemist has found that he can obtain from distilled coal a white crystalline powder which cannot be distinguished from quinine, and that it assimilates even more readily when taken as a medicine. It is remarkably efficient in reducing fever heat.

India will have a good part of the space in the London exhibition of 1886. One of the exhibits will be life sized models of native soldiers and officers.

In Connecticut the wooden nutmeg industry has given place to oyster culture, and the last is more profitable and extensive than the first.

For scrofula, syphilitic disorders, thin and watery blood, sluggish liver (indicated by poor digestion) weak kidneys, (indicated by urinary sediments), diseased mucous membrane (indicated by both nasal and urinary catarrh, inflamed eyelids, etc.), use Dr Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. It gradually rebuilds a broken down constitution and restores robust health and strength to every part. No other remedy equals it.

O'Donovan Rossa has been shot by a crazy English woman, and he does not like it. He does not approve of making a personal matter of warfare.—Texas Siftings.

A German paper states that eggs may be kept perfectly fresh for a year by rubbing them with vaseline which has been melted with three-tenths per cent of salicylic acid. The application should be made twice at an interval of a month.

OIL SPECULATION.

To buy petroleum on a margin is to gamble, but to petroleum in the shape of Carboline the world renowned Hair Restorer and dresser, is legitimate business, and should be encouraged.

Gov. Robie of Maine, advocates woman suffrage.

Diseases of the kidneys and bladder are very prevalent among men past middle age, and those most difficult diseases to cure are on the increase. Hunt's [Kidney and Liver] Remedy has long been known to be most successful in the cure of these diseases. "Never known to fail."

When an owner of a sailing vessel grows wealthy, would it be proper to say that he has amast a fortune?

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

"Wells' Health Renewer" for weak men.

The people of Idaho refer to that territory as being the best poor man's country out of doors.

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

"Buchu paiba." Great Kidney and Urinary Cure.

Some apple trees in Kansas are said to have borne three crops of apples during the past year.

Those Complaining of Sore Throat or Hoarseness should use Brown's Bronchial Troches. The effect is extraordiary, particularly when used by singers or speakers for clearing the voice.

The latest miracle accomplished by prayer is the cure of a kleptomaniac.

"Rough on coughs" Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

"Wells' Health Renewer" for Delicate women.

Rev. Dr. Talmadge's eldest daughter is said to be one of the prettiest girls in America.

It is dangerous to tamper with irritating liquids and exciting snuffs. Use Ely's Cream Balm, which is safe and pleasant and is easily applied with the finger. It cures the worst cases of Catarrh, Cold in the Head and Hay Fever, giving relief from the first application. All druggist have it. Price 50 cents. By mail 60 cents. Ely Bros., Owego, N. Y.

A camel will work a week without drinking. This is evidence enough that nature never intended that desert drudge to be a politician.

"Rough on Pain" Porosed Plaster, 15c. Liquid 20c.

"Wells' Health Renewer" for Dyspepsia, Debility.

Gladstone can trace his ancestry back to the royal houses of the Plantagenets and Stewarts.

I have been bothered with catarrh for about twenty years. I could not tell how many different remedies I have tried, and none seemed to reach my case like Ely's Cream Balm. I had lost my smell entirely for the last fifteen years, and I had almost lost my hearing. My eyes were getting so dim I had to get some one to thread my needle. Now I have my hearing as well as I ever had, and I can see to thread as fine a needle as ever I did, and my smell is partly restored, and it seems to be improving all the time. I think there is nothing like Ely's Cream Balm for Catarrh.—Mrs. E. E. Grimes, 67 Valley St., Rendrill, Perry Co., Ohio.

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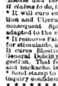
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