WHERE ARE WICKED FOLKS BURIED?

"Tell me, gray-headed sexton," I said,
"Where in this field are the wicked folks laid?
I have wandered the quiet old graveyard through,
And studied the epitaphs, old and new;
But on monument, obelisk, pillar or stone
I read of the sainted departed one."

The old sexton stood by a grave newly made,
With his chin on his hand, his hand on a spade;
I saw by the glance of his eagle eye
That his brain was instructing its lips to reply.

"Who is to judge when the soul takes its flight?
Who is to judge twixt the wrong and the right?
Which of us mortals shall dare to say
That our neighbor was wicked who died to-day?

"In our journey through life, the further we speed,
The better we learn that humanity's need
Is charity's spirit, that prompts us to find
Rather virtue than vice in lives of our kind.

"Therefore, good deeds we record on these stones;
The evil men do, let it die with their bones.
I have labored as sexton this many a year;
But I have never buried a bad man here."

Truth Seeker.

THE SILK DRESS.

"There's Annie Beldon!" said Aunt Jane, looking up from her knitting as she heard the sound of footsteps on the plank walk which lay along the front fence. "Poor soul! I never see her that I don't think of that verse in the Bible which says that "from him that hath shall be taken even that which he hath," and she sighed deeply.

I looked from the window just in time to see Annie Beldon before she turned the corner of the front street. She was a faded, careworn looking woman, a little past middle age, with dark-brown hair thickly spread with gray. Her dress was a rusty black cashmere, her black shawl was decidedly shabby, and her crape bonnet was shabbier still. She looked pleasant, attractive, nor interesting, and I turned from the window and took up my crocheting again, remarking that she looked as if she had had her share of sorrow."

"Sometimes I think she has had a good deal more than her share," said Aunt Jane. "I know dozens of women would have sunk into the grave under only half so much. And I'ain't so fond of it, she don't never complain. She's the cheerfulest soul that ever breathed."

"Does she live near here?" I asked, more out of politeness that from any real interest in the subject.

"No! but she was my next door neighbor for twenty-five years, when this was a farmhouse. The town lay two miles off then, and we never looked to see it grow up right into our dooryard. Annie wouldn't be wearing such shabby clothes if there hadn't been a mortgage on their place. She could have sold every acre at a good profit if it had been free."

"Tell me about her, Aunt Jane," I said, as she old lady paused. "I think I have plenty of time before supper."

"Dear me, child, there isn't much to tell, I'm sure. I'm sure I'm sorry I'd n't prove very interestin' to you. I know Annie looks shabby, 'n' old, 'n' gray now, 'n' not much like she did thirty years ago. We was both young, or, 'n' she was the prettiest an' liveliest little thing I ever saw. Her eyes was black as coals, 'n' her hair hung in long curls to her waist. She had a laugh 'n' a good word for everybody, 'n' more beaus than she could 'tend to. There was only two of 'em, children, 'n' she favored at all. One was Tom Layton—"

"The owner of the Layton Mills?" I interrupted.

"Yes; but he didn't own the mills then. He was only superintendent there, 'n' though he was a smart, industrious young man, no one looked to see him get to be a millionaire. But he had a good salary, 'n' he lived well to do, 'n' he was reckoned a good match for Annie. For a while folks thought she'd marry him, but he wasn't a professor, 'n' Annie set a deal by her church. She allowed that if she married a man who never went inside of one she'd be false to her principles, for the Bible says the righteous shall not be yoked to the unrighteous, you know. Tom took it real hard at first, but he didn't bear Annie no ill will, 'n' when she married Luther Beldon he sent her a handsome present. Luther, he was a real steady young man, 'n' wanted nuthin' more'n a bare livin', 'n' Annie had to pinch and screw to keep clothes to their backs. She was a real good wife an' mthagin,' 'n' she worked like a horse, but year after year went by 'n' they didn't get no better off. Drought 'n' early frost, 'n' no rain, kept them 'em allers beaniddand, 'n' jest when they was thinkin' they was going to do better they'd need something that would put 'em back again.

"Luther he got discouraged but Annie she never lost heart. Leastways she never showed it. When they'd come over here 'n' Luther h'd get to tellin' how crossways things allers went for him, she'd allers have some thin' cheerful to say. She'd tell about that it was a long lane that has no turnin', 'n' was allers looking at befor day, 'n' there was always a silver linin' to every cloud, till Luther h'd get pleasant again 'n' ready to laugh with her over their troubles.

"'Ain't I got a treasure in my wife?' he's say. 'Long as frosts 'n' mildew 'n' flasks don't come to take her away from me, I guess I can get along.'

"They was over here to take dinner the day I was thirty. I was nearly for the first time a new black silk dress which John had given me for a birthday present. It was thick 'n' soft 'n' mighty handsome. I'd Luther 'n' he didn't seem able to keep his eyes off it.

"I wonder when I'll be able to give you a black silk, Annie?' he said, putting his arm round her as she stood by his chair. 'We've been married seven years 'n' I ain't been able to get you nothin' better 'n calico yet.'

"'I don't need a silk,' says Annie. 'I've got all the dresses I can use now.'

"Luther looked at her real steady a minute. Then says, sorter sober 'n' quiet, 'For all that, I mean to get you one, Annie. I want to see how you'd look in it.'

"'No better'n I look now in my blue delaine,' says Annie.

"'We'll see 'bout that,' says Luther. 'I don't care how hard times are. I mean to live till I get you a black silk dress.'

"She laughed 'n' told him he'd make a peacock of her if he could; but for all her brave words I know she was downhearted at prospect of things, 'n' it really hurt her to have to wear her old, faded dresses. 'n' bonnets five years behind the style. She never said so, 'n' she'd walk into church Sunday in her old blue delaine 'n' yellow straw bonnet, lookin' as sweet 'n' happy as if she'd been dressed like a queen.

"Well, Luther he never came over here after that without he had some remark to make 'bout my black silk, 'n' he stuck to it that he would give Annie one like it before he died.

"A year after year went by, 'n' my silk was all worn out 'n' I'd mended it up 'n' still Annie's best dress was a cheap delaine, 'n' it wasn't often she could afford to buy enough a pair of cotton gloves to cover her hands. Things hadn't gone better with Luther, 'n' they had other things to sorrow for than losing their best horse 'n' cattle 'n' their chickens. They lost their six children, one after the other. Three of 'em died in one week of scarlet fever, 'n' the others was sickly little things, 'n' went off in slow consumption.

"If it hadn't been that she had, to keep Luther up, I believe Annie'd have give way many a time; but for her sake she didn't know one half she felt. An she never lost faith in the Lord. She said His ways seemed hard, but that He knew what was best for her.

"Well, time went on, 'n' about five years ago things seemed to take a turn for the better with Luther. Annie's crop turned out well, 'n' he sold it to good profit, 'n' he got his corn off the bottom lands before the river rose 'n' that was a great help to him. He seemed real cheerful, 'n' told John that he was just beginning to enjoy life, 'n' if things went well he'd soon have the mortgage cleared off the farm. The weather set in cold 'n' stormy just after Thanksgivin', 'n' one afternoon I was out in the chicken yard shellin' corn to the hens, 'n' all muffled up to my eyes, when I heard a wagon stop at the gate, 'n' there was Luther a noddin' 'n' beckonin' to me. I went down to the gate to speak to him, 'n' before I got there he was tellin' me how he'd sold Tom Layton a colt he'd been raisin', 'n' was on his way at last to buy Annie a silk dress. He asked me how the number of yards he ought to get 'n' where he'd best go to buy, 'n' he said he wouldn't hardly wait to get it now he was ready. He was goin' to give Annie a surprise, he said; she didn't know what he was goin' after.

"Well the tears rose in my eyes as I watched him drive off, pleased as a child at the idea of surprisin' Annie. But I never expected to see the black silk dress was to cost nor, poor soul!

"It began to rain soon after Luther d'parted 'n' poured down for upward of four hours. I was at the window half the time I went by on his way home, 'n' I noticed he didn't have his overcoat on, 'n' I wondered if he had got wet through for I was sure he'd had it on when he stopped at the gate. Annie DIN me afterward that he'd taken the foot off his back 'n' rolled the black silk up in it to keep it from gettin' wet. It wasn't even damp, when he unrolled it 'n' showed it to her, but he was white as the skin himself, 'n' a few days later there was a doctor's buggy at the gate. I didn't know who it was, but the matter, 'n' found Luther walk'n' the floor 'n' groanin' with pain. The cold had settled in his side 'n' the doctor couldn't give him any relief. Luther said he guessed he'd pull through all right 'n' there wasn't no need to worry.

"Miss Parsons was makin' the silk up. Luther wasn't satisfied till Annie had gone to the village 'n' got some one to work on it, 'n' she had to stay 'n' watch by him. He wasn't no better when the dress came home, 'n' the doctor was still attending him. I'm sure I'd loved he was anyway dangerous. It was John who brought the dress home from the village. He said Luther was just to pleased for anything to see the bundle.

"I'm goin' to have Annie dress right up in it, he says, 'n' I want you 'n' John to come over after supper 'n' see how she looks.

"Well, as I heard afterwards, John had hardly gone when Luther began to tease Annie to put the dress on. She wanted to get supper first, but he wouldn't hear to it.

"'I've been waitin' nearly twenty years to see you in that dress,' he says,''' I won't wait even an hour longer.'

"Well, Annie she made him lie down —for he'd been walk'n' the floor nearly all day—'n' she went into her bed-room to put the dress on. She'd got the skirt on, 'n' was fastenin' the waist, when she heard a queer sound from the spare room where Luther was lyin'. She stopped a minute to listen, 'n' then called to him to know if he wanted anything. There wasn't no answer, 'n' she crossed the hall 'n' hurried into the spare room. Well, child, she found him dead, his face turned toward the door as if he'd been watchin' for her, 'n' her name was the last he heard as the death rattle in his throat.

"When John 'n' I got there he'd been dead only a few minutes, 'n' I tell you, child, it was a sad sight to see her kneelin' down by that low bed in her new black silk, her arms round that poor 'n' 'n' moanin' 'n' shudderin' over him 'n' beggin' him to speak to her.

"'He isn't dead!' she says to me as come in. 'He has only fainted. O, Jane! do something for him. Get hot water, 'n' you'll find camphere in the pantry on the lowest shelf to the right.'

"But I saw that hot water 'n' camphere wouldn't be no use, 'n' I told her so as gentle as I could 'n' begged her to come away. She wouldn't listen to me at first, but after the doctor had come, 'n' he'd told her it was all over, 'n' poor Luther died from an apoplexy of the stomach, she let me take her to her own room.

"As we was crossin' the hall she heard the dress rustle, 'n' she stopped short 'n' looked at me pitiful.

"'He never saw me in it, after all,' 'n' she broke down and cried as if her heart would break.

"After poor Luther was buried 'n' there was a stone put over him 'n' his debts was all paid, there wasn't much left for Annie. 'n' she was glad to take a place in the mills. We wanted her to come here, but she was too proud to eat bread she hadn't earned, she said. About a week ago I was out with Miss Sniper getin' subscriptions for the church carpet, 'n' we met Annie on the street. Miss Sniper, she was a sharp, sensitive herself 'n' she don't give no time wasted words for bein' so, 'n' she up and asks Annie if she didn't feel as even she'd said 'yes' 'stead of 'no' to young Tom Layton.

"'Never,' says Annie. 'Had I my life to begin again I would do just as far as Tom Layton is concerned.'

"'But it's pretty hard to have to work for him, Miss Sniper,' 'n' Miss Sniper, 'n' I felt in my heart to hate her for asking such a thing.

"'But Annie only smiled. 'I consider myself fortunate to be able to earn such good wages,' she says, 'n' then she walked away smilin' still.

"I was glad Miss Sniper didn't know about that black silk dress. If she'd said anything about that, Annie would have broken down. She'd have packed away at the bottom of her trunk, poor soul, 'n' she never speaks about it."

Who Was Driving?

One of the prettiest conceits in Mr. Harris' (Uncle Remus) new book is put into the mouth of an old negro driver. He had run away from his master and could not be caught; but an old lady bought him, because he saved the life of her son, and he immediately himself and became a faithful servant.

When his old mistress came to die her wandering son came back, and the negro who had served her so faithfully. She fancied she was making a journey.

"The carriage goes smoothly here," she said. Then, after a little pause, she asked, "Is David driving?" and the weeping negro cried out from a corner of the room:

"Fain't po' Dave, mas'es! De good Lord done tuck hoit er de lines."

And, dreaming as a little child would dream, the old lady slipped from life into the beautitudes, if the smiles of the dead mean anything.

The patient, was a 12-year old boy. Like other boys, he got hurt and got the skin scraped off his knee. Three doctors set about remedying this and their brains to find new skin. At last the ingenious idea suggested a kitten. The proposition was snapped up quicker than a flash of dynamite. Twenty-sixth street is overcome with cats, and at last here was a profitable way of utilizing them.

RIEL'S REBELLION.

An Account of the Trouble With a Sketch of Its Leader.

In view of the general interest in the rebellion of the Indians and half-breeds of the Northwest under the leadership of one Riel, we append a sketch of that remarkable character with an account of the origin of the trouble.

THE MAN RIEL, THE LEADER.

The Hon. Z. Demesles of Minneapolis says that he knows Riel well. Mr. Demesles told a newspaper correspondent that Riel is a shrewd, well educated man, who will give the dominion government more trouble than they expect. Mr. Demesles gives this account of him: "Riel is highly moral man, brave as a lion, and much like his father before him in other respects. He has an uncle Jim Bonsecour who has been living in Minneapolis. Riel is about 45 years of age. He attended the same college I did in Montreal in his early days and I well remember the impression I formed of him at that time as that of a young man of brilliant promise. When he graduated he stood second in his class. He is one-quarter Indian, as his grandfather married a full blood squaw. He is liked by all who know him and his very appearance is enough to inspire one who meets him with confidence. He is nearly six feet in height and when he left college weighed 190 pounds, and presented as fine a physique as anyone could wish to see. The next time I saw him after he left Montreal was in 1858 in Minneapolis. He came as an adventurous young man and remained with us for a time. I had seen him for three years and when I met him at the Des Noyers house—the place where I frequently dined on St. Paul—he recognized me and began to talk Latin to me. I then remembered that he had frequently after met him while he was in the legislature at Montreal. He remained longer than usual with us. Riel went to Montreal where he was educated at the expense of a philanthropic lady" who was living in that place near Montreal, and who aided young men possessing such talents as Riel seemed to have. The last time I saw him was in 1873, when he was flying from Montreal. The Canadian government had set a price on his head—$10,000 I think. I was in the legislature at that time, and one day Riel, another gentleman and myself were in a saloon opposite the Merchants', when Riel's quick eye detected the presence of Englishmen.

"My God!" said he in French, "I am a dead man!" nodding toward the Englishmen.

"Then he left me by the back door. My other friend had a set-to with the Englishmen and drove one of them off them we left. Riel was in hiding three or four days until his would-be captors had left. Then he worked his way west, but kept out of Canada until five or six years ago, when he was pardoned."

Mr. Demesles described Riel's father as a man of great genius. He at one time studied for the priesthood, and in 1849 led the half-breeds in a rebellion against the Hudson Bay company could no longer be tolerated.

CAUSE OF THE UPRISING.

The present uprising is due to the agitation begun by Riel about a year ago. Riel was the leader in the Riel River rebellion of 1869, and for his complicity in the troubles of that time was banished for five years from the dominion. He returned to Canada last year and entered the Saskatchewan country, where he advised the half-breeds as to the course to pursue to obtain recognition of their rights by the government. The half-breeds claim that patents should be issued for the land occupied by them, and that each man should have his homestead definitely defined and be allowed to use the timber on his claims. The half-breeds, in short, demand the same treatment as is accorded other settlers. It is thought probable that commissioners will be sent to confer with the half-breeds and, if possible, adjust the difficulties without resorting to armed force.

THE SCENE OF THE REBELLION.

Manitoba and the territory now the seat of trouble was ceded to the dominion in 1869 by the Hudson Bay company, who until then had been governors of the country. The population in which the dominion government sought to assume the jurisdiction was about 12,000 in 1869. Winnipeg is now but one but the great corporation which controls the land. Rome was their church and the Hudson Bay company their state.

THE GOVERNMENT'S CLAIM.

Suddenly word came up the river that the land owners which they had lived for so many years had been transferred to the dominion of Canada. Their Indian blood took fright, and they pictured their lands in the hands of strangers, themselves turned out of doors, and their homes gone. The arbitrary course of Mr. McDougall bore its legitimate fruit in Riel's rebellion. The trouble did not keep the strangers out, but it had its effect in the half-breed land act, which was soon after passed by the dominion parliament. In the first place, there were 1,400,000 acres of land set apart for half-breed land grants; subsequent grants were made of land and scrip to the half-breed heads of families. Afterward came an order in council dividing the 1,400,000 acres of land among the infants per capita, and granting 240 acres to each child. Commissioners were sent about to take a premium; each child was worth 240 acres of good land to its parents and tradition says that children were "dear" from one family to another, those already counted by the commissioners being sent ahead to be counted over again in the interests of another family further on; consequently the commissioners reported unusual multiplying powers as characteristic of the French half-breeds in the Northwest.

The English feel slighted because the sultan of Zanzibar has ordered two screw steamers to be built for him in Germany instead of in England.

The total expenditure of the postoffice department during the last fiscal year amounted to $48,494,860.65, or $3,066,833.57 more than its receipts.

It is estimated that of the entire population of the globe, 90,000 persons die every day, or more than one each second.

Who Wrote Shakespeare?

Hon. Ignatius Donnelly of Minnesota, is hard at work to prove what he has long believed, that the man who wrote Shakespeare's plays was not Shakespeare, but Bacon. He is firm in his theory and he is supported by the assertion that William Shakespeare, a butcher's son, was educated at the Stratford village school, where only the rudiments of Latin were taught, the Shakespeare plays being neglected. Yet the first "heir of the invention" of Shakespeare, the "Venus and Adonis," was the most perfect and finished piece of courtly versification produced in that age.

The writer of these plays was not only a man of vast genius, but of great learning. Whole pages were written in French, and there are evidences that the writer was a Latin, Hebrew, Italian and Spanish scholar. He was an accomplished and erudite lawyer, so intrigued with the terms of the profession that they flowed from the mouths of his characters. It was not prejudiced that William Shakespeare was a lawyer. Shakespeare did not, as was "in his will or any other way, make any claim to the authorship of the plays; they were not even published in his own name, for he always signed his name Shakespeare, the first syllable having the sound of shax, while the name on the title page of the various editions of the plays was Shakspeare, very often printed with a hyphen thus Shakspe-are. Bacon, on the other hand, of finished education, who, in the earlier years of his manhood, had no employment, was in favor with Elizabeth, and was glad of an opportunity of writing these plays secretly for Shakspeare and gaining some profit, for his lack of money was the source of great embarrassment to him in his relations with the English nobility.

"I have long been convinced from the voluminous evidence on the subject that Bacon wrote these plays. He was a man of universal nature. After Queen Elizabeth's death, when he was advanced to the chancellorship of England by King James, in that capacity and all through his life previous, he had had occasion to use a cipher in his government correspondence. In those times letters were intercepted and not only suspicious language, but such letters bore any signs of mystery would endanger the writers' safety. Those writing in cipher were often called upon by the government to interpret the meaning of their messages, and to overcome this Bacon invented a double method by which two meanings could be conveyed in one message. In studying the subject, merely with historical evidence, it occurred to me that possibly Bacon had made some reference to his authorship in a cipher woven in the text of the plays, and when I first began to read, I began reading them and found that they were from beginning to end one marvelous piece of work of internal narrative arranged by a system so complex, so varying and precise as a sum in arithmetic. By a systematic method in "Henry IV," I found the following sentence: "Francis Bacon of St. Alban, Sir Nicholas Bacon's unimportant side cousin of Gorhambury; his robbery of Sir Thomas Lucy's orchard, he was referred to in the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' the killing of the deer, the beating of the gamekeeper, the flight to London, the pursuit and Shakespeare's first encounter with Henry Percy, the servant of Bacon's, which Shakespeare was then poor, ragged and begging at the door of the play houses."

Mr. Donnelly had a fac-simile of the folio edition of the plays published in 1623. "Note how this book is made up. If you put a manuscript in the hands of the publisher without special instruction the pages would be numbered in order. See here," said he, referring to two consecutive pages in "Henry IV," one page was numbered 179 and the other 49, and which erroneous numbering is frequent throughout the book. Page 179 hangs on the numbering of these pages. Now, these phrases, phrasing words, italicised words and words in parenthesis. They are so distributed without regard to historical rules and are apparently inaccuracies. Many learned commentators have classed them as typographical errors and have corrected them. The fact is, these characteristics do not exist in the first edition of the folio, which were intended only for the plays, but were inserted in the revised editions, and on them the cipher is woven. When this system is revealed the wonder of the world will be gone, and over the marvelous mechanism of these plays as it is now over their literary merit.

A Romantic Story

A correspondent of the New York Sun writes sends the following from Pittsburg: Some of the old citizens of this city remember Robert Graves & Son, lumber merchants, who failed here under suspicious circumstances forty-seven years ago. A few weeks before the failure the head of the firm bought an unusually large quantity of lumber on thirty days' credit, and then he disposed of for cash, making over $30,000 out of the transaction. He attempted to repent his criminal act a little later and was caught in his dishonesty and arrested. Passing out of his lumber yard he caught up a hatchet and buried its blade in the skull of a man, the father of the officer who had arrested him. Hiram Graves, the son, who was accompanying his father and the officer, saw the blow struck and to prevent being a witness against his father in the trial, killed the murdering the officer, and with him to part company. In a few months after their departure the woman to whom young Graves was engaged left Pittsburg mysteriously and never came back again.

Last week Hiram Graves, his wife and three children came back to Pittsburg to enable Mr. Graves to pay his father's debts. To an old friend Mr. Graves said that forty years ago, when they left Pittsburg, 47 years ago, he and his father went to Canada. Being pursued there by officers they hurried away one night, under cover of darkness, and went to California. Young Graves was followed by his sweetheart and they were married in Sacramento. They were successful, and three years ago had paid enough money to pay all his debts and have a considerable amount besides. Still unknown to them he would be arrested for murdering the officer. Robert Graves refused to come to Pittsburg. Several months ago he died.

As soon as Hiram Graves could get his affairs in a condition making his absence from California for a few months possible, he came east with his family.

Not one of the men whom his father owed is now living, though in every case he succeeded in finding some relatives to whom the money and interest so long due could be paid. The grandchildren of the richest creditor of Robert Graves were found in a orphan asylum. The man died in poverty, leaving a compound in [illegible], was $9,000. Mr. Graves found [illegible] Louisiana. None of the relatives of his creditors were in comfortable circumstances and the money was in each case a god-send. All have been paid in full and Hiram Graves and his family will soon return to their western home.

The officer whom Mr. Graves supposed that his father had killed is now a success-ful planter in the South. The hatchet missed his head though it left an ugly scar in his shoulder.

J. W. Cross, the husband of George Eliot, passed the ten years of his life between 1862 and 1872 in New York, in the banking house of his uncle William Wood, of the Board of Education. His relatives here and in England were angry opposed to his marriage, and used all their influence against it. Mr. Wood received a few days ago from his nephew an English edition of Mr. Cross's "Life of George Eliot."

A Novel Inaugural Celebration.

New York World.

On the last days of February the following notice was posted in the streets of Mexico:

Extension to Popocatepetl. Inauguration of the President of the United States. A party under veteran management will leave Mexico Tuesday morning, March 3, 1885, for a visit to the famous volcano to celebrate on the highest mountain in America the inauguration of the President of the United States on the following day.

At the hour when the guns are booming in Washington a bottle of champagne will be broken and the health of the "President of the United States" will be drunk under the American and Mexican flags.

The journey will occupy three days and two nights.

Special attention will be given to the comfort of the ladies in the party.

A stove will be taken to the inn and hot coffee made from the snows of Popocatepetl will be served.

Hot coffee and meats will also be served at the ranch where the party will be obliged to tarry two nights.

Photographs of the party and of the scenery will be taken on the summit in commemoration of the visit.

Every possible facility will be afforded the scientists of the party to improve the occasion by taking barometrical and other observations. Apply to Frank Wollenstein, Calle de Plato at the sign of the red W, where full information and tickets may be had.

On the following toast the following toasts were given:

May the administration of Grover Cleveland be without blemish, as the clouds below us are without stain.

Mexico. May her national glory be as grand as the glory of her hills.

The Two Republics—the American and the Mexican. May they be forever one in kindness of heart, yet each distinct.

Americans for America.

Mexicans for Mexico.—New York World.

A Boy With Cat's Skin Grafted on Him.

New York Herald.

Drs. Gorman and Gardner of Bellevue Medical College performed an operation at a recent clinic that was never performed before. Perhaps when the patient grows to manhood and becomes very, very charitable he will thank his Maker that he is the only victim. Perhaps, as misery likes company, he will encourage the doctors in their experiments.

A cat of tender years and mezzo soprano voice was procured and dosed with chloroform. Then it was carefully shaved and twenty strips were cut from its skin and grafted on the boy's leg, intermingled with a few small strips cut from the inside of the boy's arm.

The operation was a success; the grafts took hold and grew and at present the skin is perfect.

The cat, however, died.

There is an irritating doubt in the boy's mind as to what kind of an animal he will be when he grows up.

There looms up in his dim future visions of heavy barber's bills and much embarrassment. It will be very awkward to go into a barber shop and say, "I want my leg shaved."

THERE IS a wide-spread and serious prevalence of disorders of the kidneys, and of various diseases caused by the imperfect operation of the kidneys and liver. According to Roberts, Bright'son, and other recognized authorities, kidney disorders are very common, but the obscure nature of these symptoms is so marked that many people, even out of sorts generally, are really victims of kidney complaint, and they and their physicians do not realize it. Rheumatic pains, irregular appetite, frequent headache, chills and fever, "blues," hot and dry skin, sour stomach, dyspepsia, irregular action of the bowels, nervous irritability, muscular soreness, cramps, stiffness, impairment of memory, loss of virility, sexual weakness, frequent evidences of coming kidney and liver derangements. As the disease develops then follow dropsy, swelling ankles, pale face, scalding sensations, high or sediment being very light and scanty, or, at others scarce, dark colored and frothy, and abounding in mucus and, under the microscope, in albumen and tube casts. If the deranged kidneys are not promptly attended to, there is danger of the terrible Bright's Disease hitherto considered incurable, which is a consumption or destruction of the kidneys—the near approach of which alarming disorder should awaken the liveliest concern, for it soon hurries into the grave unless promptly checked.

Disordered kidneys have the unfortunate tendency of weakening the vigor of the liver, as shown by pain in the sides the above symptoms, yellow spotted skin, fat covered eyeballs, frothy urine, loss of appetite, burning and itching skin, cold extremities, hot head, and circulation of blood, sick headache, pain, light colored evacuations, constipation, piles, variable appetite and feelings, dizziness, blurred eyesight, liver-cough, ague, chills, fevers, weakness at night, drowsiness by day, etc.

These are some of the commoner symptoms of the kidney disease by leading medical authorities, and with them in mind one ought not to have much trouble in ascertaining if he is suffering from disease of these great organs.

These observations have been called forth by a double-column article which appeared in this issue of this paper. Skeptical of some of the statements made therein, and at other times by the same persons we have been led to make a little curious inquiry concerning the with the above result. The diseases prevail amongst young and old everywhere, resulting in terrible and sudden deaths; they take off more people than epidemics; physicians report death occurring from such diseases as apoplexy, paralysis, convulsion, heart disease, pneumonia, fevers, etc., when in reality these disorders are often secondary to Bright's disease and it would not occur were the kidneys in healthy working condition. Hence from personal knowledge, or from trustworthy experience of other competent physicians we believe there is no preparation equal to the remedy that is so prominently advertised in this issue, for curing, preventing and curing the dangerous disorders of which we have written. It has had an extraordinary sale, is everywhere commended, the record of its work seems indisputable, its manufacturers are reputed to be men of the highest standing. We hold, therefore, that not to use it, if needed, would be a crime against one's supremest interests. Bright's disease is at this time, threatening by a fearful epidemic, it is of the highest importance, according to Dr. Kock, the celebrated German cholera specialist, that we keep the kidneys, liver and digestive organs in healthy action, if the scourge would be escaped.

There were 759 arrests made last year for offenses against the United States mails, while the convictions numbered 439.

There are 10,000 veterans stumping through the world on wooden legs, having lost their limbs in the United States civil war.

The Average Cost of Living.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

How many persons have even a rough idea of the average sum upon which by far the larger part of the citizens of the United States are fed, clothed and housed? A recent statistician estimates that eighty per cent of the population of this country is supported by from forty-five to fifty cents per capita a day. At the latter figure this makes $163 25 per annum, or about 44 cents a day; but, as by average we mean the balance between extremes, there must be many persons who have more, even this sum to live upon. That fifty cents a day is a generous estimate will be admitted when it is remembered that many mill operatives earn only from $5 to $7 a week, and that the wages of farm hands run from $20 to $30 a month, and that in addition some several persons are often supported. When it is remembered, too, that some other human beings have a yearly income equal to what is necessary for the subsistence of 500 to 1,000 of these "average" mortals, the startling contrast between the extremes of our modern society must be most evident.

"SHOOT POLLY AS SHE FLIES."

—*Pop.*

was the way it appeared in the proof-slip. The argument, however, however, the quotation intended and changed it to read: "Shoot Folly as she flies."—*Pop.* Of course it was an error, yet how many are daily committing much graver errors by allowing the first symptoms of consumption to go unheeded. Is afflicted with loss of appetite, chilly sensations, or hacking cough, it is suicidal to delay a single hour in procuring Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery,"—the great and only reliable remedy yet known for that terrible fatal malady. Send two letter stamps for Dr. Pierce's 1000 page treatise on this disease. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

It is a good thing to be contented, yet contentedness is often the fruit of laziness.

"LAUGH AND GROW FAT,"

is a pleasant maxim, easily preached, but so easy to practice. Have a good appetite, but a distressing nausea, sick-headache, dyspepsia, bowels or any other ills attending from impure blood, and it is impossible to get up such a laugh as will produce sidemanic corpulence. But Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" satisfactorily you must be well, and to be well you must have your bowels in good order. You do this and laugh heartily with Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" the little regulators of the liver and bowels and best promoters of jollity.

Twenty times its own weight is the drawing power of Dr. Pierce's power to make a boy jump when it stings him cannot be definitely measured!

* * * * *

Delicate disease radically cured. Consultation Free. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

It is pretty hard for a man to be betrayed by his friend.—*Pop.* But very easy to be worse.—Peck's Sun.

The advancement to an earldom was one of the prizes held out to Gen Wolseley conditional upon his success in Egypt.

Have used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for croup and colds, and declare it a positive cure. Contributed by Wm. Kay, 570 Plymouth Ave, Buffalo, N. Y.

All syrup and no flapjacks makes a thin breakfast.

THE BURDOCK PLANT is one of the best tonics and kidney regulators in the vegetable world, and, if compounded known as Burdock Blood Bitters is unsurpassed in all diseases of the kidneys, liver and bowels.

Nature has always been progressive, and cucher has recently been so.

SOME REMARKABLE CURES of deafness are recorded of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Never fails to cure earache.

Joking on facts will frequently part closer friends than beer and French brandy.

Stated by H. B. Cochran, druggist, Lancaster, Pa.: Have guaranteed over 300 bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters for blood, liver, kidney, stomach, bilious attacks, liver and kidney complaints.

A no-bill act—coining money.—New York Journal.

Behold the conqueror of all kidney, liver, and urinary disease—Hunt's Remedy. Sure cure.

A lunch is a kind of piece-fair.—Merchant Traveler.

Speedy cure to all diseases of the kidneys or urinary organs by using Hunt's Remedy.

Hunt's Remedy is well as bad granular.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

What an appetite it gives; how restful it makes my sleep, by using Hunt's Remedy.

Hunt's Remedy is a cure for disease in pants are short.—Centralia Journal.

Throat Diseases commence with a Cough. Throw of Jacksonville, Florida, April 20th, 1884, says: "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give immediate relief. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cts.

Hunt's Remedy! may not be very artistic but it draws well.—Texas Siftings.

Mr. Nicholas suffered from Catarrh, for years. He tried everything. Ely's Cream Balm of us. He is now almost cured, and says he feels like a new man. Ely's Cream Balm.—Evening Bros., Druggists, Independence, Iowa.

Poverty is certainly bad enough, but the pride and poverty are as twins, it's worse.

Why continue the use of irritating powders, snuffs or liquids. Ely's Cream Balm, pleasant and agreeable, is quickly absorbed, and a cold in head, can be had for 50 cents, at druggists. It is applied with the finger. It is safe and pleasant and is curing the worst of chronic cases. It gives relief at once. Ely will mail it at 50 cts. Ely Bros., Owego, N. Y.

In the United States one person is every 120 is dependent upon public care.

I have been troubled with catarrh from childhood and had considered my case chronic until I used Ely's Cream Balm. I have found in Ely's Cream Balm, and I count myself sound and well. Rev. E. Wolf, Lutheran, Ashland, Neb.

Cooper, Hardware Merchant, Mount Vernon, Ind.

The number of postal not es issued last year was 3,780,237, amounting in money to $7,41,992 48.

SCORCHES.

J. M. Shafer, Madison, Wis., says: "I cured a horse of a bad case of scorches, in two days, with Veterinary Carcolsaive. Of all the sores of horses, scorches are the worst. Carcolsaive is dead to scorch, and cures in two days."

Doctors Disagree.

It will be time enough to doubt the reliability of Kidney Wort. Doctors all agree that it is most valuable in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Liver Complaint and Piles, and frequently prescribe it. Dr. F. C. Ballou of Moline says: "The great Kidney Medicine, Kidney Wort, is proving a great boon to the most successful remedy I have ever used." Such a recommendation speaks for itself. Sold by druggists.

$5 Will Dispose of People don't wear dingy or faded clothes. Diamond Dye Sc. and guaranteed Diamond Dye will make them as good as new. Sold by all druggists and be economical. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

The purest, sweetest and best Cod Liver Oil in the world, manufactured from fresh healthy livers, upon the sea shore. It is absolutely pure and sweet, palatable as milk. Physicians say it is more efficacious than any other Cod Liver Oil. Its superior to any of the other Oils in the market. Sold by druggists everywhere. Scott & Bowne, New York.

A CARD—To all who are suffering from errors of youth, premature decay, early decay, loss of manhood, lost vitality, nervous debility, etc. I will send a receipt that cured me. No charge; it was discovered by missionary in South America. Address, enclosing stamp, addressed envelope, REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York.

PAINT MANILLA ROOFING ESTABLISHED 1866. **IS CHEAP, STRONG, easy to apply, does not crack or need coal tar. Is also A SUPERIOR FOR PLASTER, at Half the Cost, and Ready for Use in Any Climate. Sample, with full of same, double the size of oil cloth, Catalogue and Price, W. B. FAY & CO., Cleveland, O.**

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS Vigorant. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally. The finest tonic for invalids, people in delicate health, sufferers from dyspepsia, debilitation and the effects of malaria or fever and ague. Its effect upon the system as a tonic is more lasting and more in accordance with laws of health than that of any other tonic. Medical men prescribe it because it is a medicine which is a genuine tonic, and which people given way to it can safely take. Ask your druggist for it. Take no other.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH. When applied into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of clattarral virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane from fresh colds, completely heals the sores and restores the senses of taste and smell. Agreeable. Price 50 cents. Sample 10 cents. Ely's Cream Balm is the most convenient and agreeable remedy. Ely's Cream Balm is a quick and positive remedy for Hay-Fever. Ely's Cream Balm is a quick and positive remedy for Hay-Fever. Ely's Cream Balm is a quick and positive remedy for Hay-Fever