"PAPA CAN'T FIND ME."

No little steps do I hear in the hall;
Only a sweet silver laugh, that is all.
No dimpled arms round my neck hold me tight;
I've but a glimpse of two eyes very bright,
Two little hands a wee face try to screen,
Baby is hiding—that's plain to be seen.
"Where is my precious I've missed all day?"
"Papa can't find me!" the pretty lips say.

"Dear me! I wonder where baby can be?"
Then I go by, and pretend not to see.
"Not in the parlor and not on the stairs!
Then I must peep under the sofa and chairs!"
The dear little rogue is now laughing outright;
Two little arms round my neck clasp me tight,
Home will indeed be sad, weary and lone,
When papa can't find you, my darling, my own.

"SHUTTING OUT CARE."

We may open the door to our neighbors,
And open the door to our friends;
We may entertain guests at our table,
While friendship with courtesy blends;
We may gather our dear ones about us—
Our helpmeet and children so fair—
But let us forget not to banish
From these tender meetings dull care.
It watches at doors and at windows;
It whistles through crannies and cracks;
It giveth the good man the headache;
It pinches and tortures and racks.
It sits down unasked at the table;
It crouches beside the down bed;
It takes all the brightness from slumber;
It takes all the sweetness from bread.
Of all things to make our lives happy,
Of all things to make our paths fair,
There is nothing from Home's cheerful fireside
So sacred like shutting out care.

—*Mrs. M. A. Kidder.*

WHISPERING TEMPTER.

CHAPTER I.

"John Mumford, I ought to tie you and whip you half to death, you good-for-nothing thing. You promised me that you wouldn't drink anything to-day, and here you are half drunk."

These words were addressed to me by my wife, Maud. As she stood surveying me, she didn't look much as though she would come into the garden, unless it might be that she were looking for a bean pole with which to belabor my head. My conception of a Maud was a creature of bright-eyed gentleness, whose hair in ringlets reached down and toyed with a shell-like ear. Well, my Maud had, previous to our marriage, been something like this, but now—well, poor girl, I suppose she has had trouble enough to effect so great a change. I was a newspaper scribbler, and it was my sketches of domestic happiness—written while I roomed over a beer saloon—that first caused her to feel an interest in me. My habits were not above reproach, but I would have been indignant had any one called me a drunkard. I first met Maud at a church fair. When she learned that I was the man who wrote "so charmingly," she warmed toward me and smiled so sweetly that I surrendered at once.

I thought of all this as I sat looking at her.

"Maud, did I promise you that I wouldn't drink anything to-day?"

"Yes, you did, and now you are half drunk."

"Well, if I hadn't promised you, I might have been whole drunk."

She glared at me. "If you could see yourself you never would drink again. Sitting there blinking your eyes."

"Of course. Can't blink anything else. Don't expect me to blink my ears, do you?"

"Oh, shut your mouth."

"Maud, that's no way to treat a man. Draw him into a discussion, and then tell him to shut his mouth. You are getting to be a regular scold. When Hopkins goes home after taking a few inspiring drinks, his wife speaks kindly to him."

"She's a fool if she does."

"Oh, no, she's not a fool. Graduated with honors, I understand. Writes a good hand, and came very nearly having one of her poems printed in a semi-weekly paper."

"She lets that drunken brute lead her by the nose."

"Oh, no, it's not so bad as that."

Yes it is. I'd just like to see a man run over me."

"Oh, well, there's no danger of any man trying to run over you. I'd like to have a snack to eat if you have anything handy."

"You know where the kitchen is."

"Yes, my knowledge of location is very fair."

I took up a hand-lamp and went into the kitchen. A gust of wind extinguished the light, and not having a match, I decided, that rather than return to the sitting-room, I would eat in darkness. When I returned to the room where my wife sat, I stepped around with such agility that I thought it might be a good idea to convince her of my soberness.

"Did you find anything?"

"Yes, feasted sumptuously, thank you. Say, there's something the matter with our well. Took a drink of water just now and it almost gagged me."

"Where did you get it?"

"From the bucket in the kitchen."

She laughed.

"What are you laughing at me for, Maud?"

"Why, John, that is a bucket of brine."

"Maud, fix the bed. Reckon I am a trifle off."

CHAPTER II.

The next morning, just before starting down town, I kissed Maud very tenderly. She did not encourage my caresses, but she allowed her head to rest on my shoulder. "Girl, I won't drink anything to day."

"That's what you said yesterday."

"Don't remind me of broken promises. Help me to keep the one I now make. I will not drink anything to-day. Have faith in me now. just this one time more."

"I will this time, John," putting her arms around my neck, "Oh if you knew how I love you—"

"There Maud, don't cry. I can stand your scolding better than I can your tears."

I wonder if there can be an actual devil who stands at the elbow and who whispers in the ear of frail mortality? I had not been at work more than half an hour, until—involuntarily, it seemed—I arose, walked to a saloon and took a drink. I had not that burning thirst of which temperance lecturers rant; I would not have acknowledged that my desire to drink was beyond my control. I don't know why I drank. I was not nervous—I was not sick, but I drank. Then I wanted another. The work of the whispering tempter was not now required. Had he turned his pernicious breath into the breath of good counsel he could not have prevented me. I did not go home to dinner. I sent a note to Maud, telling her that I was too busy. I was. I was discussing, with a low-browed fellow who wore canvass trousers, the advisability of calling a constitutional convention. I did not go home until late at night. Maud was in bed. She said nothing but I heard her sob. "Wretch," I thought, "why does not some one kill me."

"I was very sick the next morning. While I was heaving, and while the perspiration of agony was standing on my purple brow, Maud remarked:

"I don't care if you are sick. It's good enough for you."

I had nothing to say. All my arguments, tied up with blue strings, were stored away where I could not reach them.

"Henry will soon be large enough to imitate the example of his father," she said, referring to our little boy.

"Maud, don't say that," I replied.

"I will say it, for it's the truth. If you can't stop drinking now, you can't stop when the boy grows up to—"

"Now, here, Maud, I am going to stop."

"When?"

"From this time forward, I will be a sober man."

"I can't believe you."

"Can't you trust me once more?"

"No. Every time I build up a hope, you tear it down."

"Is it not better to hope, though the hope may be in vain, than not to hope at all?"

"It is never better to be deceived, John."

"Try me to-day. I swear by all that is sacred, by the love I bear you—"

"Pshaw. The love you bear me. If you loved me, you wouldn't drink."

"That is no argument, Maud."

"It is the truth, and the truth needs no argument."

"I don't want any breakfast. I'll go down town now, but mind you, I'll be sober when I return.

I was unfit for work. My hand trembled and my thoughts were confused. I took up an article which I had written the day before, while I was under the influence of liquor. At the time I wrote it, I thought it was a gem of sentiment, but now the maudlin lines were repulsive. Maud's face came up before me. Surely she was a lovable woman. "No tempter needs come to-day," I mused. "I will go home sober. I will smoke while she cuts the leaves of the new magazine and then I will read to her."

"Hello, John," exclaimed a friend, opening the door and thrusting a smiling face into the room. "Hard at work, eh?"

"Hard at work trying to work," I replied. "Took a little too much of the merry demon, yesterday."

"Better come out and get a cocktail?"

"No I am obliged to you."

"It's the best thing you can do. I filled myself up pretty well yesterday and felt like hell this morning, but now, after taking a cocktail or two, I'm all right. I tell you what's a fact, John," entering the room and shutting the door, "there's no use of a man getting drunk. The trouble is, that a fellow who swears off takes a drink and then says to himself, 'well, I've broken my vow and I'd just as well get drunk.' This is a mistake. If, after taking two or three drinks, he would go to work, he would keep up his end in a business sense, and would retain his selfrespect. Come on, let's get a drink or two and then you can work. Confound it you are not so weak that you are afraid of the stuff are you? One drink now would fall on you like a shower of salvation."

"I knew that his utterances were the utterances of sophistry; I knew that a child could see through the flimsy texture of his pretended argument, yet I went with him. As I shut the door of my room, I saw Maud's face—I saw the arms of my little boy stretched out toward me.

"We'll only take one round, Jake," I said to my friend.

"That's all. Then we'll go back to work."

Jake Howard was an insurance agent and occupied a room in the same building where I did my work of desultory literature.

We drank. Jake told me an amusing story. I glanced at the clock. "Take one more, and then we'll go," said he. We drank again. "Let's sit down," said he. We sat down. A mutual friend—that great abettor of the tempter, that man who always drinks but who never gets drunk came in and declared that we should drink with him. I asked for soda water, but with the poo hoo of good fellowship, he exclaimed, "Bring us three whisky straights."

I went home at dinner time. I was not drunk, but I was far from being sober. My little boy ran out on the porch to meet me. I took him in my arms.

"John," said my wife, "do you think that you are steady enough to carry him?"

I looked at her reproachfully. As I turned to walk down the steps into the yard, I stumbled and fell. Merciful God! the little fellow's arm was broken. I ran to summon a surgeon. After calling at the office of the surgeon and leaving my call on the slate, I went to a neighboring saloon to steady my nerves. I lost my recollection. I remember that I brushed sawdust from my coat. I remember a dark night and a rainy day—I remember drinking with a one-legged man—but nothing was tangible. When I became sober, when consciousness came upon me with a dull, painful awakening, I was in a disreputable part of the city. I had taken up my abode in a den of ruffians. I ask you—you who read this—would not death by hanging have been too good for me? I tried to pray, but what right had I to call upon the great Master of Life? None. I went home. The house was deserted. I found the following note:

"My Dear Lost Husband; I can no longer endure the thought of living with a drunkard. I do not leave you in anger. I have just prayed for you. I do not suppose that we shall ever meet again. Yours, MAUD."

CHAPTER III.

I went away from the town where I had disgraced myself—where I had trampled upon the affections of my wife. It would be impossible to describe my wretchedness. I contemplated suicide, but I remained sober. I was late in carrying out so good a resolve, and I found but little consolation in the old adage, 'better late than never,' but with a determination born of semi-despair, I turned my back upon every temptation. I lived in the hope that my wife would return. When evening came, I would go to our house—I could not call it home—and sit under the vines, the vines which Maud had trained with such tender care. My little angel. His face was ever before me. I found one of his shoes in a closet. I kissed it. Weary months crept along in tiresome stretch. I had written many letters to many distant friends, yet no one could tell me where I could find my wife. Critics said that my work had become melancholy. Is not the leaf melancholy when the frost falls upon it? The precious essence of life had been squeezed from my soul. Time and again I prayed that I might die. Once I heard a man, who did not think that I was near, say that I was losing my mind. He was wrong. I had too much of my mind. I wrote a book. It was a sad cry, rather than a voice of sentiment, but the people bought it. How surprised I was. Why do gay people like to read lines of sadness; why does the gilded butterfly light upon the withered flower? I don't know.

When a friend asked me to take a drink, I said "no." I didn't say "I believe not." I said "no." Sometimes the "hoofed" tempter would whisper in my ear, but when I turned upon him, he would apologize and retire. The scoundrel! The world is full of news, but there was no news of Maud. She must have heard of my book, and knowing that such a book could have only been written by a sober man, why did she not come back to me? I wandered aimlessly; I strolled without pupose. I took no delight in the attentions which literary people paid me. How could fair society smile upon such a wretch? A magazine said that I had once been a drunkard, and in encouragement to other men, held me up as an example.

One day, in a section of country which I had never before visited, I strolled through an almost pathless forest. I suddenly came upon a little log school house. I would have passed on but a voice held me.

"Children, said the voice, "I am glad that you love me, but I must leave you. I must go back to my husband who has become a noble man. We have long known each other and the separation will be painful, but I must go. I have told you of the author of the book which I read to you. That man is my husband—Henry's father. He does not know that Henry and I pray for him—"

"Maud!" I exclaimed, flinging open the door and springing into the room.

"Oh, John!"

Her tears and mine fell on Henry's head. "Thank God," I said. "Thank God," Maud cried.

* * * * *

Into the room where I sit, the sunbeams fall. From the window, I see Henry, riding a stick horse. I have just told him a little story, how the calf and the old dog went to a picnic. He incredulously shook his head, but accepted the recital without verbal disapproval. I am in constant dread, lest he be snatched from me, but why should he? Fate, after all, is not so cruel. Above my head hangs a beautiful picture of a man in whose hands are clasped the hands of a woman. The picture of the man bears some resemblance to me, but the fair artist has not done credit to the woman. Maud painted the picture. Many people come to look at it. Art critics say that it is a master piece, but Maud declares that she deserves no credit for its production—that her soul instead of her hand, guided the delicate tracings of the brush. We are besieged by the attentions of distinguished visitors, but when they are gone, we clasp each other in a loving embrace and thank the originator of all earthly and heavenly happiness.—*Opie P. Read, in Arkansaw Traveler.*

The Editor and the Book Agents.

We can stand a book agent, provided he is of the masculine denomination. We are not afraid of him. We know that he is coming and can deal with him without buying his book. He may be pompous and courtly or he may be pimpled and cadaverous; his lips may be betowed with honeyed flatteries; he may be oily and crafty in his approaches; he may modestly ask for "just a moment of our precious time;" he may say that he only craves the use of our name, or he may charge in upon us and seek to carry us by storm. This does not matter with us. He is a man, and so are we in a small way, and we have our rights. We tell him what we will and what we won't, and that ends it.

But when she comes, then is the winter of our discontent. We bow to the storm, and have no remarks to submit. All the hidden resources of our politeness are called into requisition. She is a woman and has the advantage of us. She has seen better days, and has a tear in her eye. She belongs to an old family and swam in luxury in her youth. Little cares she for money; character is everything with her. She is working in the interests of literature and to lift up society. Her book is for the home circle, and is destined to ennoble the character of mothers, and in that way to add glory to our republican institutions.

She came the other day. How glib and rattling she was! She had us before we knew it. She had us sitting as erect as a sunbeam in July, and meekly nodding assent to her sage observations. We neither moved hand nor foot, and, as for talking, we had no chance. She talked fast, and she talked long, and she talked all the time. After regaling us with the grandeur of her ancestry; the pleasures of her childhood, and the surpassing excellence of her book, she touched us up. She did it handsomely. She expatiated on the potency of our influence, the value of our personal signature, and the well-known warmth and kindness of heart. Greatness, she hinted, always had a tear on its cheek for the struggling and unfortunate. And there we were—dumb and foolish, a victim to her spell. Time came and went, but she went on, and on, and on. We felt fatigued and lonesome, and wonder how it would end. Finally, she gradually descended from her circumlocutory flight, and lit in the region of business. The atmosphere became commercial, and it was a question of dollars and cents. She had a book for sale and desired to sell us a copy. It ceased to be a question of ancestry, and the poetry and praise all faded away. The spell was broken, and all we had to do was to say whether or not we would buy the book.

We did it as well as we could—we spoke in a bright and respectful tone—we even thanked her for her visit—we paid her a tribute to her brillant conversational gifts—we wished her high fortune and a golden future, and expressed regret that it had to be so. How her whole aspect changed! She patted her foot with petulance, her face flushed, she breathed wildly, and swept angrily away.

And yet truly we felt sorry for her. It hurt us to think of her hard lot and desperate devices to stem the tide of adverse fortune. We would have bought her book, except that we could not conscientiously pay an exorbitant price for a useless article.—*Richmond (Va.) Religious Herald.*

Dancing and Praying.

A charming story is told in the memoirs of Peter Cartwright, now little read and therefore worth producing. I have not the book with me, unfortunately, and therefore I write from my note book:

Cartwright was once present at a country ball. A beautiful girl with golden hair came up to him and asked him to dance.

"Dance with you, my dear, of course I will."

And he rose merrily and took his place among the dancers. But before the round began he spoke up cheerily and said; "My good friends, this lovely girl has asked me to dance, and I have not refused. Beauty is one of God's blessings, and who would be so rude as to refuse a blessing. This fair being has been kind to me, my friends; let us get down on our knees, and thank God that he has been so kind to us all."

The gallant Cartwright and the girl with the golden hair set the example and the rest of the company followed, and the missionary soon had a revival meeting after his own heart then and there.

Woman as an Artist.

Is there any reason for supposing that among the sex who has made the best word pictures of the age or of any age preceding there should not be found those who can put their ideas into pictures, and thus prove their superiority? I say no.

I say, moreover, that neither Raphael nor Rembrandt nor Meissonier ever had it in them to translate through brush and pencil our lovely little men and women of the nursery to our deep and thorough and loving comprehension so well as the lady artists of to-day are beginning to do, and all because they do not know them so well nor appreciate them so truly.

I do not know that women will ever make historical pictures. Their living genius reaches forth toward subjects warm with life. And it is just such subjects that will touch all human hearts, and found a new school of painting that will eclipse all the other schools of painting that have ever been.—*Helen Wilmans, in Chicago Express.*

OLD BARNEY, THE MINE MULE.

Thirty-Five Years Underground—Brought to the Surface—He Seeks Death.

Three years ago, writes a Coalbrook (Pa.) correspondent to *The New York Sun*, a mule known as "Old Barney," having spent thirty-five successive years in drawing coal-cars in the tunnels of Old Hickory colliery, was taken out of the mine by his owner and turned out to do as he pleased. Not having breathed any fresh air nor had a glimpse of daylight since 1850, Old Barney did not take kindly to his new life, and for weeks hung around the mine, recognizing the voices of the miners as they went in and came out, and giving every evidence that he was homesick and wanted to go back to the dark and gloomy chambers where he had grown old. He was unable to see in the daytime for several days, but his sight gradually adapted itself to the new conditions. After Barney found that they were not disposed to let him back into the mine he quit going near it, and spent his time wandering alone about the neighborhood, making no spot his particular habitation, but being welcome everywhere, as he was known for miles around and respected as the mule that had lived thirty-five years in a coal mine.

He acted as if he had been turned out as a useless appendage, and he had a perpetual look of melancholy on his face, and chose the most solitary spots, where he would sometimes remain for days at a time communing with himself. In spite of his melancholy and his years, his eyes were bright, his coat soft and glossy, and his body in good flesh. Whenever he appeared in the mining villages, which he did frequently, he was always followed and surrounded by troops of miners' children, tugging his stubby tail, hanging to his mouse-colored ears, and straddling his round back. He tolerated children without a protest, no matter what they did to him, but their merriment never dispelled his melancholy for a second.

For a week or so past workmen have been blasting in a ledge of rocks near Old Hickory Colliery for the purpose of cutting a roadway through it. Last Thursday Old Barney came sauntering along from some place in the hills, and stopped to watch the men at work in the ledge. He evidently remembered the days of blasting in the mines, for every time the men made a charge ready and sought a place of safety to await the explosion Old Barney would take himself off, too, returning after the blast had gone off.

After a half hour or so of solemn enjoyment of this kind Old Barney, walked off and disappeared behind the ledge, and the men soon forgot all about him. An hour later they put in an extra large blast and retired as usual to their safe retreat. About the time they expected to hear the report and see the fragments of rocks flying about, what was their astonishment to see Old Barney reappear around the ledge and walk deliberately up to within six feet of the burning fuse. It was too late to drive him away, for the fuse would be burned to powder before the men could go ten feet toward the mule. They turned their heads. The blast went off like a cannon, and poor Old Barney was thrown a rod away and torn to pieces by the mass of rocks the concussion hurled from the ledge. No one can convince any one who ever knew Old Barney that he did not place himself in the way of the blast, knowing well what the result would be, for the purpose of ending a life that had become burdensome to him.

Queer Indian Names.

Many of the Indian names, writes a correspondent to *The Herald* (Ga.) *Sun*, are funny. Mr. Bushyhead is chief of Cherokee nation. Capt. Six Killer is United States police officer. The widow of Five Killer is a "charming belle" in the Eufaula neighborhood. Rev. Mr. Two Dogs is a clergyman living near the town of Blue Jacket. Sleeping Rabbit was killed in the Creek quarrel some time ago. Brother Rabbit is a leading Baptist clergyman. Needy Wolf is one of my pupils; Jim Yellow is another. "Skipping in the Morning" is a very pretty dusky maiden near Wetumka. Peggy Big Feet kept a restaurant at one of the railroad stations until last Christmas, when she was happily joined in marriage with Laughing Fox. I can't conjecture what the little Foxes will be called. Cindy Red Frog is the betrothed of a Eufaula blood. Dancing Water is the name of a Cherokee lady of remarkable beauty. Every white person is given an Indian name as soon as he becomes a resident of the territory. My own name is Arkatecha Meco, the English of which is "Watching King." The students of the school gave me this royal title because I occupy the position of principal of the institution, and watch them a little closer than the former principal. A great many of the Creek names are real musical as pronounced by the Indians in their rythmical way. The gushing writers of poetry have eulogized the beauty of the Indian maiden, and quite a number of prose writers have been guilty of the same extravagance, but I must confess that Indian women are, as a rule, ugly and repulsive, the only redeeming feature being their jet-black, sparkling eyes. The copper-colored skin, long snaky hair and cheek-bones jutting out like two high promontories, destroy all beauty and attractiveness. There may still a beautiful Hiawatha stowed away in some chief's wigwam among the mountains of Wewoka, but I have not seen her yet.

A Sensible Bishop.

The bishop of Ely has done a thoroughly sensible thing by announcing that he will consecrate no more cemeteries. Consecration, says Bishop Woodward, is not the imparting of a mystic holiness to the soil, but the dedication of it for burial according to the rites of the Church of England. As, however, there can henceforth be no severance of a cemetery into distinct portions for the use of churchmen and nonconformists—at which the bishop expresses his entire satisfaction—he sees no object or meaning in consecration. I hope that this courageous declaration will encourage some of Bishop Woodward's episcopal brethren to an equally rational policy, and that it may not be altogether lost upon those bigots of all parties who regard a graveyard as a fit place for the most bitter displays of theological animosity.—*London Truth.*

Worth Knowing.

It was a very old Spanish writer, who said that "a woman is quite perfect and absolute in beauty if she has thirty good points." Here they are:

Three things white—the skin, the teeth, the hands.

Three black—the eyes, the eyebrows, the eyelashes.

Three red—the lips, the cheeks, the nails.

Three long—the body, the hair, the hands.

Three short—the teeth, the ears, the feet.

Three broad—the chest, the brow, the space between the eyebrows.

Three narrow—the mouth, the waist, the instep.

Three large—the arm, the loin, the limb.

Three fine—the fingers, the hair, the lips.

Three small—the bust, the nose, the head.

A SURPRISING CHANGE.

With its broad streets and majestic avenues adorned with stately buildings, Detroit is one of the most magnificent cities on this continent. Its new system of electric lighting throws into obscurity all the old methods, and leaves ordinary street lamps where dingy tallow dips used to be. The new lights are on light lattice work towers, 125 to 150 feet high, shedding a radiance which is like intensified moonlight. The effect of this when the city is covered with its white robe of snow, is strangely beautiful.

A gentleman recently spent a day or two in Detroit, pushing his researches to some extent in the direction of finding out as to the new method of curing rheumatism by means of Athlophoros, the remedy which in the last year or two has attained such favor as a victor over this old enemy of the human race. Calling on Mr. R. B. Watson, the well-known superintendent of the American District Telegraph Company, he found that gentleman cheerfully ready to say all the pleasant things he could about Athlophoros.

"My wife," said Mr. Watson, "was suffering terribly from rheumatism; her pains were both in joints and muscles. So excruciating were her agonies when she moved, that sometimes on assuming one position in the morning she would remain in that position all day rather than endure the torment of being moved. I procured a bottle of Athlophoros, and the effect on my wife was as surprising as it was gratifying. We had no idea that any medicine could so speedily remove such an obstinate disease. She was soon cured, and the cure was complete. Since that she has had no return of the disorder. We speak freely among our friends of the good work of Athlophoros, and have no hesitation in saying how highly we esteem it."

Visiting nearly all the leading drug stores in the city, it was found that all who had kept Athlophoros had received from their customers marked commendation of its efficacy. One lady had taken six bottles of it with the result of a complete cure. At Frizelle's, on Michigan Avenue, one of the clerks had taken it with excellent effect. This young man, Mr. Cohen, had suffered greatly with rheumatism. Though surrounded by medicines of every description, they did not reach his case. Mr. Cohen tried Athlophoros, and found that it did for him what nothing else had been able to do.

From Detroit to Chicago is but a day's ride, and in the latter city Athlophoros has also accomplished some wonderful results.

In Chicago, at 905 West Twelfth street, lives, Mr. William W. Summers, of the well-known firm of Summers, Morrison & Co., commission merchants, 174 South Water street. Mr. and Mrs. Summers gave substantially the following facts:

"When Robbie was taken sick some weeks ago we thought at first that it was only an ordinary cold, but it proved to be something much more severe. The pains were evidently those of rheumatism. We wrapped the boy in cotton and gave him a number of the remedies such as are generally given. His agony was dreadful. We had to hold him in the bed, his agony was so great. We had two physicians, who did not succeed in making him any better. The poor child's torture was so intense that he asked for a pistol, so that he might put himself out of the way and thus end his sufferings. When he was at his worst we thought of Katie Gill, who was well known to us, and the medicine that had cured her. We sent to Mr. Gill's to know the name of the medicine and where to get it. They happened to have some left in a bottle—Athlophoros the name is—and they kindly sent it to us. It is surely a very strange and powerful medicine, for it stopped the boy's pain very soon and very effectually. He took but a little of it, for there was only enough for about three doses in the bottle Mr. Gill sent us. This was only a few weeks ago. The boy has had no return of rheumatism. You see him now as hearty and as happy as any other boy."

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

How to Overcome the Love of Liquor.

A novel idea in the use of intoxicating stimulants came to the notice of a *Call* reporter yesterday in the case of an old friend, who some time ago was the living personification of the old, old story of a brilliant mind clouded from the effects of intoxicants. He rapidly went down hill, and all efforts to rouse him to a sense of his degradation were futile. The reporter last saw him in this condition over a year ago. One day last week he met a spruce and well-dressed man who bore a remarkable resemblance to this friend, but whom he did not recognize until the individual threw out his hand and called the reporter by name.

"I suppose you hardly know me," he said, a smile wreathing his health-blooming face. The reporter admitted that he at first had hardly been able to, and then becoming confidential, as old friends do on meeting, he soon learned the cause of the change.

"Yes," said the old friend, "I used to be a very hard drinker, as you know. I tried several times to quit, but could not. The appetite for strong drink was too much for me. If I went without it for a while I became a nervous wretch. I had to drink or die. A thought was suggested to me one day, and I made up my mind to make one supreme effort to rescue myself. I reasoned this way: A man takes liquor into his stomach, and the stimulant, through the blood, affects the brain. Now I thought if I could satisfy my appetite without the liquor affecting my brain I would be all right. If I could get the taste of the liquor, the aroma, the essence of it, without taking it into the stomach, I knew I could drink at pleasure and not get intoxicated, as drunkenness could not ensue if the liquor did not enter the stomach. I say this idea was suggested to me, and it was in this way: I had noticed that men who made a business of buying and selling wines in large quantities sampled them, and ascertained their quality and bouquet by taking two or three mouthfuls in succession, rolling it around their tongues, as one might say, bathing their palate in it—in short, subjecting it to the severest tests by the organs of taste—and then ejecting it from the mouth without swallowing any. The remembrance of this came upon me one day when I was perfectly sober but terribly despondent. I resolved to try it. I did, and met with the most gratifying success. You may laugh, but it is the solemn truth. I took a large drink of liquor, but instead of letting it pass into my stomach I checked it in my throat and gargled it for a minute, and then spat it out. To my joy I found my thirst for it almost as much appeased as though I had swallowed the liquor. I tried again and again with the same effect. I was not made drunk. I have followed this plan ever since, although I have gargled the liquor, never swallowing a drop, as many as a dozen times a day—the same number of drinks I used to take. The plan is a very simple one, and is, I believe, the only one for a slave of the cup."

"Has your appetite increased?"

"On the contrary, it has decreased. By the means I adopted, my brain has become clear and strong again, and my will power is as good as it ever was before I became a hard drinker. In gargling the liquor I get all the benefit of the flavor, and all the satisfaction of my appetite, without losing my senses.—*San Francisco Call.*

Chattanooga, Tenn., has grown from 13,000 population in 1880 to 24,000 in 1885. The manufacturing capital of the city was $2,792,000 in 1880. It is now double that amount. Capital in wholesale trade is fully six times as great as the sum invested five years ago.

Some valuable hints to those who contemplate a tour south, and who want to duly impress the natives of that part of the country, are given by *The Lincoln* (Neb.) *Journal:* All persons going south this winter should learn to pronounce r-o-u-t-e "roote." The southern people, in making up their estimate of their visitors, are said to draw their line at roote. If you wish to be taken for a Kentuckian or a Virginian, always take occasion to say Arkansaw in a broad tone.

While the ice carnival may bring fish to the net of Montreal, it is not popular with the other cities in Canada. *The Sarnia Canadian* declares that Americans in general, through hearing of nothing save snow-shoes, toboggans, and ice palaces, get the idea that Ontario is a "frozen up country," with nine months of winter. "Not one out of a hundred of the people of Ontario," says *The Canadian*, "knows what a toboggan is like, and not one out of a thousand uses snow-shoes."

Hash has saved the lives of a great many people—by their not eating it. Hash is a noun, common—in boarding houses—often parsed and frequently declined, neuter gender, singular case. Shakespeare had it in mind when he wrote of "mincing matters." Hash is like a good many other things—it has to be taken largely on faith. Many people object to it, when they are not in reality accustomed to anything better. Those who are continually clamoring for better fare should eat sawdust, which is really fine board.

"Love Sees No Faults,"

it has been said; but, when a woman is dragged down, emaciated, wan, and a shadow of her former self, with never a cheerful word, she can be no longer beautiful or lovable. Nature may have been generous in her gifts, and endowed her with all the charms of her sex, but disease has crept in unawares and stolen the roses from her cheeks, the lustre from her eye, and the sun-shine from her heart. Fut to be well again lies in your own power. Take Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," it will cure you; thousands have been cured by it. Nothing equals it for all the painful maladies and weaknesses peculiar to women. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

A wild girl, 13 years of age, inhabits the swamps in the vicinity of West Tocoli, Florida.

* * * * A disease of so delicate a nature as stricture of the urethra should only be entrusted to those of large experience and skill. By our improved methods we have been enabled to speedily and permanently cure hundreds of the worst cases. Pamphlet, references and terms, three letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The author of "Called Back," Hugh Conway, is seriously ill at Monte Carlo

The great diaphoretic and anodyne, for colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks, is Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed; also, cures colic, cramps, cholera morbus, diarrhoea and dysentery, bloody-flux. Only 50 cents

The cat in ancient times was used by the Chinese as a clock. The pupil of the eye contracted generally as noon drew near. At noon it was like a hair, or an extremely thin line, traced perpendicular on the eye. After midday the pupil began to dilate again.

Six hundred fourth class postmasterships were given away by the postmaster general to the "faithful" in April, and yet the back districts are clamoring for more.

Kerosene oil can be converted into a substance which looks like tallow, and the latter is good material for the making of candles.

That women can keep secrets is abundantly proved by the successful working of the Rebekah order of Odd Fellowship.

The duchess of Cambridge, the only surviving aunt of Queen Victoria, has not been outside of St. James palace in 20 years.

The Care of Children.

Boston, Mass.—A leading medical journal thinks it is about time mothers should know how seriously the health of children is imperilled by the use of preparations containing morphia and opium, and given for the cure of colds and coughs. The chemist of the Brooklyn Board of Health, Otto Grothe, Ph.D., a graduate of the University of Kiel, Germany, certifies officially that recently a harmless and yet effective article for such complaints has come to his notice. He refers to the newly discovered Red Star Cough Cure, which he found purely vegetable.

The house where Lee's surrender was signed is not visited by more than 15 strangers a year.

The most obstinate cases of Catarrh are cured by the use of Ely's Cream Balm, the only agreeable remedy. It is not a liquid or snuff and is easily applied. For cold in the head it is magical. It gives relief at once. All druggists sell it. Price 50 cents.

Norwegian vessels carrying oil crowd the Philadelphia docks.

Ely's Cream Balm is the best effective, convenient and agreeable catarrh remedy I ever used, and I have tried them all.—C. B. Cook, Henning, Lauderdale, Co., Tenn.

It is pretty well settled that all oceanic islands are of volcanic origin.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are excellent for the relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective."—*Christian World, London, Eng.*

Coal, when wet, has 25 per cent less heating value than when dry.

"I wish I could find something that would cure galls and prevent the hair coming in white," is an expression frequently heard. Veterinary Carbolisalve will always do it. Sold by Druggists.

Art treasures are a hobby with the crown princess of Germany.

"I feel bad!" Hunt's [Kidney and Liver] Remedy encourages sleep, creates an appetite, braces up the system, and repairs the wasted powers. $1.25 per bottle at druggists.

A 90 years-old colored woman at Portland, Me., supports herself by taking in washing.

Bleeding Nostrils. It has done me so much good, I want you to send me two more bottles immediately. I have been afflicted with Catarrh for over ten years—frequently my nose would bleed and leave the nostrils in a dry, inflamed condition, with constant soreness. I experienced relief after the first trial of Ely's Cream Balm. It is the best of a great many remedies I have tried, and I can fully recommend it.—E. Gill, Madison, O., Editor of the *Index*.

Twenty-eight miles of new streets are laid each year in London.

Pains in back, or loins cured by the best kidney and liver medicine—Hunt's Remedy.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache,
Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises,
Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites,
AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle.
Directions in 11 Languages.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Scrofula

Lurks in the blood of nearly every one, in many cases inherited. Its severest form is that of running sores on the arms, legs, or feet. Bunches in the glands of the neck, pimples, cancerous growths swollen joints, and thickening of the upper lip, are other symptoms. Hood's Sarsaparilla has had wonderful success in curing scrofula. It thoroughly eradicates the humor from the blood, and gives it new vitality and richness.

Albert Estes, 28 East Pine Street, Lowell, Mass., had been troubled with scrofulous humor from boyhood, and in the summer of 1884 had a large running sore on his leg. On taking Hood's Sarsaparilla the sore gradually disappeared, and he has had no indication of the humor since.

Mrs. Wm. McDonald, Wooster, O., for 18 months suffered with scrofulous swelling of the glands in the neck. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave immediate relief, the swellings being largely reduced. She thinks there is nothing equal to it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

100 Doses One Dollar

The natives of India employ 539 varieties of human speech.

"BUCHU-PAIBA."

Quick, complete cure, all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases, Scalding, Irritation, Stone, Gravel, Catarrh of the bladder. $1. Druggists.

President Cleveland does not permit a barber to toy with his facial area. He shaves himself.

BED-BUGS, FLIES.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

In Columbus, Ga., a week ago a colored lad without arms was tried and acquitted of larceny.

THIN PEOPLE.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility. $1.

Since 1835 4,609 persons have been killed by lightning in France.

Constipation is positively cured by Carter's Little Liver Pills. Not by purging and weakening the bowels, but by regulating and strengthing them. This is done by improving the digestion and stimulating the liver to the proper secretion of bile, when the bowels will perform their customary functions in an easy and natural manner. Purgative pills must be avoided. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills Price 25 cents.

For dyspepsia, indigestion, depression of spirits and general debility, in their various forms, also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya" made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

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

HOPS & MALT
TRADE MARK
BITTERS
DOES WONDERFUL CURES
—OF—
LIVER COMPLAINTS
AND KIDNEY DISEASES,

They cleanse the system of the poisonous humors that develop in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Constipation, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and all FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

They prevent the growth of serious illness of a dangerous class of diseases that begin in mere trivial ailments, and are too apt to be neglected as such. They cause free action of all the organs and functions, thereby CLEANSING THE BLOOD, restoring the normal powers to throw off disease.

THOUSANDS OF CASES

of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved, and in short time perfectly cured, by the use of Hops and Malt Bitters. All druggists keep them. Recommended by physicians, ministers, and nurses, and in fact by everybody who has given them a good trial. They never fail to bring relief. HOPS & MALT BITTERS CO., Detroit, Mich.

FARRAND, WILLIAMS & CO., Detroit, Mich.
T. H. HINCHMAN & SONS, Detroit, Mich.
JAMES E. DAVIS & CO., Detroit, Mich.
J. J. DODDS & CO., Detroit, Mich.
Wholesale Agents.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS

In order to enrich the blood, and thus impart fresh vigor to an enfeebled system, stimulate flagging digestion with the national invigorant, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which by infusing energy into the operations of the stomach, promotes, nay, insures thorough digestion and assimilation and consequent nutrition. A gain in appetite, vigor and flesh, is invariably found to follow a course of this deservedly popular tonic, which is, moreover a reliable preventive of malarial fevers. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

ELY'S
CREAM BALM!
Cleanses the head; allays Inflammation Heals the sores. Restores the senses of taste, smell, hearing
A POSITIVE CURE
Cream Balm
has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, displacing all other preparations. A particle is applied into each nostril; no pain; agreeable to use

CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

Price 50c by mail or at druggist. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

CHENEY'S
Stomach & Liver
REGULATOR
CURES CONSTIPATION.

Torpid Liver, Indigestion, Heartburn, Malaria, Rheumatism, Palpitation of the Heart when arising from indigestion or deranged condition of the stomach, Sick Headache or Migraine, Piles and Female complaints. The only medicine in the world that

Positively Cures Constipation.

Price, $1.00 per bottle; 6 bottles, $5.00
SEND FOR CIRCULARS, FREE.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Prop'rs,
Manufacturing Chemists,
TOLEDO, O.

RIDGE'S FOOD

The use of Ridge's Food produces good healthy flesh, not a puffy, flabby skin, but plenty of bone and muscle. The child likes it, and, as to nature's supply, so the little one turns readily from all playthings, and finds complete satisfaction in this, the best substitute for the mother's milk. Do not let your children grow up weak and puny, when Ridge's Food can be obtained at so small cost.

LE PAGE'S
LIQUID GLUE

UNEQUALLED FOR CEMENTING WOOD, GLASS, CHINA, PAPER, LEATHER, &c. Awarded GOLD MEDAL, LONDON, 1883. Used by Mason & Hamlin Organ and Piano Co., Pullman Palace Car Co., &c. Mf'd only by the RUSSIA CEMENT CO. GLOUCESTER, MASS. SOLD EVERYWHERE. Sample Tin Can by Mail, 25c.

SEND YOUR NAME

To C. B. SCHMIDT, Commissioner of Immigration, A. T. & S. F. R. R., Topeka, Kan., and he will send to you FREE, maps, pamphlets, etc., giving information about Lands, Stock-raising, Farming, Fruit-growing, Mining, Manufacturing, etc., in Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, California or Old Mexico, and about the splendid opportunities now offered in the Southwest.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.
DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

Men Think

they know all about Mustang Liniment. Few do. Not to know is not to have.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

A CURE FOR ALL

SUMMER COMPLAINTS

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, NAUSEA, VOMITING, HEARTBURN, NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA MORBUS, COLIC, FLATULENCY, AND ALL INTERNAL PAINS.

For CHOLERA and severe cases of the foregoing complaints, see our printed directions.

MALARIA IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS FEVER AND AGUE.

There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, SWELLING OF THE JOINTS, SPRAINS, BRUISES, PAINS IN THE BACK, CHEST OR LIMBS.

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford instant ease and comfort.

It was the first and is THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs by one application.

PRICE, 50 CENTS per bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,
The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASES.
Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.

Dr Radway's Sarsaparillan Resolvent.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. One Dollar a bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S
REGULATING PILLS,
The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen.

Dr. Radway's Pills, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

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Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

DISEASE BANISHED
Health Gained,
Long Life Secured,
BY USING
KIDNEY-WORT
It Purifies the Blood,
It Cleanses the Liver,
It Strengthens the Kidneys,
It Regulates the Bowels.

TRUTHFUL TESTIMONY.

KIDNEY DISEASES.
"*I suffered day and night with Kidney troubles, my water was chalky and bloody, I could get no relief from doctors. Kidney-Wort cured me. I am as well as ever.*" FRANK WILSON, Peabody, Mass.

LIVER COMPLAINT.
I would not be without Kidney-Wort if it cost $10. It cured my Liver and Kidney troubles after I had lost all hope. SAM'L HODGES, Williamstown, W. Va.

PILES! PILES!!
I suffered for 12 years from Piles, as none but those that have been afflicted can realize. Kidney-Wort quickly cured me. LYMAN T. ABELL, Georgia, Vt.

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I was a great sufferer from diseased Kidneys and was terribly constipated for years. I am now at seventy as well as ever I was in my life and it is due alone to Kidney-Wort. C. P. BROWN, Westport, N. Y.

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"*After suffering for thirty years from Rheumatism and kidney trouble, Kidney-Wort has entirely cured me.*" ELBRIDGE MALCOLM, West Bath, Me.

FEMALE COMPLAINTS.
"*Kidney-Wort has cured my wife after two years suffering and weakness, brought on by use of a Sewing Machine.*" DR. C. M. SUMMERLIN, Sun Hill, Ga.

FOR THE BLOOD.
"*The past year I have used Kidney-Wort more than ever, and with the best results. Take it all in all, it is the most successful remedy I have ever used.*" PHILLIP C. BALLOU, M. D., Monkton, Vt.

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"*Chronic Malaria for years, with liver disease made me wish for death. A European trip, doctors and medicine did no good, until I used Kidney-Wort—that CURED me.*" HENRY WARD, Late Col. 69th Reg., N. G. S. N. Y., Jersey City, N. J.

It acts at the same time on the KIDNEYS, LIVER and BOWELS stimulating them to healthy action and keeping them in perfect order. Sold by all Druggists, Price $1.00 Liquid or Dry. The latter can be sent by mail.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO.,
BURLINGTON, VERMONT, U. S. A.
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$50 REWARD
will be paid for any Grain Fan of same size that can clean and bag as much Grain or Seed in one day as our Patent MONARCH Grain and Seed Separator and Bagger or our Improved Warehouse Mill with Equalizer which we offer cheap. Circular and Price List mailed free.
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EGAN'S IMPERIAL TRUSS

This new Truss has a spiral spring and graduated pressure; yields to every motion, retaining the hernia always. It cures. Worn day and night with comfort. Enclose Stamp for Circular. Used in both University Hospitals. Ask your druggist. EGAN'S IMPERIAL TRUSS CO., Box 2358, Ann Arbor, Mich.

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ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers
(Suited to all sections.) Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

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OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

W. N. U. D—3—21

Many a Lady
is beautiful, all but her skin; and nobody has ever told her how easy it is to put beauty on the skin. Beauty on the skin is Magnolia Balm.