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CURES CONSTIPATIO.
Tore'd Liver, Indigestion, Heartburn, Malaria, Rheumatism, Pallid Skin, Loss of Appetite, Heart-burning from indigestion and deranged condition of the stomach, Sick Headache or Nervous Pains and Female complaints. The only pad-ulins in the world.
Positively Cures Constipation.
Price, $1.00 per bottle; 6 bottles, $5.00
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TAKE
THE LIVER, THE KIDNEYS & THE
HOPS
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MALT
BITTERS.
It will cure any case of Liver and Kidney troubles which you may take. It is a perfect renovator and invigorator. It removes the decayed matter and poisons that develop in the Liver, Kidneys and Urinary Passages, causing aches and pains, and retaining the blood to a healthy condition, giving a healthy coloring and invigorating the whole system. Hops and Malt Bitters are a most powerful and dangerous enemy of Diseases that begin in a manner trivial at first, and are too apt to be neglected as such.
THOUSANDS OF CASES
of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved and in a short time perfectly cured by the use of Hops & Malt Bitters.
Do not get Hops and Malt Bitters confounded with inferior preparations of similar name. Take Nothing but Hops & Malt Bitters if you want a sure Cure.
HOPS & MALT BITTERS CO., DETROIT, MICH.

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CELEBRATED
STOMACH
BITTERS
Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a specific for dyspepsia and prevents malarial fever and ague. It imparts a tendency to kidney and bladder troubles, rheumatism, and nervous complaints, a healthy condition of the system, and bodily trouble arising from weakness. Many people are generally debilitated, and it is slightly stimulating to such persons, it imparts a healthy glow of health. It is, moreover, a most delightfully agreeable tonic to take with one on long journeys, to counteract the effects of the water, and is a beverage for any climate. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

An invalid went into a drug store, the other day, to buy some medicine. "Do you keep the best drugs?" he asked. "You can't get better," replied the urbane druggist. "I can't, eh? Well, then, there is no use for medicine," said the customer, as he strode out in disgust.

"ROUGH ON CATARRH."
Correct diagnosis, plain treatment, and a complete cure of most cases, also unequaled as gargle for Diphtheria. 50c. Druggists or Mail. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

There are no white servants at the White House.

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Children, slow in developing, rapid in growth, weak and crooked, cured by "Scott's Emulsion."

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Stinging, Inflammation, Mucous, Gleet, Kidney and Urinary Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

Light houses don't ring bells and fire cannons to call attention to their shining; they just shine.

A MEMBER of the Pioneer Press staff, troubled for eleven years with obstinate bitter on the breath, has completely cured it by the use of Cole's Carbolsalve.—Pioneer Press, St. Paul.

We recommend Carter's Iron Pills to every woman who is weak, nervous and discouraged; particularly those who have the pale face, cold hands and feet, and who are without strength or ambition. These are the cases for which Carter's Iron Pills are specially prepared, and this disease and these sufferers alone are benefited. Valuable for men also. In metal boxes, at 50 cents. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. See advertisement elsewhere.

MERMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its natural nutritive properties. It contains blood-making force generating and life-sustaining properties, invaluable for dyspepsia, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all diseases requiring a nutritive tonic. In all infected districts, whether the result of malaria, or as a preventive against malarial fevers, it is invaluable. Sold by druggists.

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

THE LAST REGIMENT.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

The dying land cried; they heard her death call;
Gray, toothless old men stopped, listened intent;
Then rusty old muskets came down from the wall;
Old equipment gons gleamed in that regiment;
Gray grandsires marched, old muskets in hand—
The last men left in that whole sea land.

The gray grandsires! they were seen to reel,
Their rusty old muskets a weariness load,
They marched, scarce tall as the cannon's wheel;
Marched merrily on up the corduroy road;
The gray old boys, all broken and bent,
Marched out the gallant last regiment.

But on, that march, and the memories,
When zest and excitement had died away,
That desolate march through the cypress trees,
Arrayed in their desolate robes of gray;
The grass sires so broken and bent—
The gray moss mantling that regiment.

The gray, bent men and the mosses gray—
The dull, dead gray of the uniform—
The dull, dead sides like to a dead land day,
Dull, dead, heavy, and so deathly warm.
Oh, what meant more than the cypress meant
With its reaching moss to that regiment.

That deadly march through the marshes deep,
That sultry day and the deeps in vain,
The long down by the way to sleep,
The sleeping never to rise again;
The rust on the guns, the rust and the rent:
That dying, desolate regiment.

The muskets left leaning against the tree,
The cannon wheels clogged from the moss—
The dead, all dead!

The cypress trees kneeling on obstinate knees
As kneeled gray men by the gray men dead
A lone bird rising from hedge and grass
Slowly rising and drifting and drifting away.

The dank, dead levels gave back no sound,
The drums lay silent as the drummers here—
The sultry stillness it was so profound
You might have heard an unuttered prayer,
And ever and ever and ever drifting away
Kept drifting that desolate bird in gray.

The long, gray veils of that cypress weed,
Like veils that sweep where the gray man weep—
That cypress moss over the darkness deep;
Why, the cypress roots they are running in blood,
And to right and to left they are piled in dead—
A mourning cypress set for each dead!

Tom-man hunting man in the wilderness there—
Tom-man hunting man, and hunting to slay—
But nothing was found there but death that day—
Let us pray—God, in that potent its air;
And ... silly tool, and that bird in gray.
Slow rising and rising and drifting away.

And never a sword was unsheathed that day,
Nay, never a sword was unsheathed at all;
But silent and patient men passed away
All unsoothing as the leaden fall;
And never a shot or a sword was heard
By the last, last, gallant old regiment.

Now, down in the swamp where the gray men fell—
The fire flies volley and volley at night,
And black men by dates are heard to tell
Of the ghosts in gray in a mimic fight—
Of the ghosts of the gallant old men in gray,
Who silently died in the swamp that day.

THE WOMAN IN RED.

A Thrilling Italian Story of the Last Century.

BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.

CHAPTER VII.

THE COUNTESS RECEIVES A WARNING.

The streets of Genoa were all but deserted; for it is close upon the midnight hour. A few lazy revelers may be seen wending their unsteady way home; and occasionally a cloaked form stealing along in the shadows of the houses with a cat like gait. These are the sons of darkness—bravos, cutthroats, and vagrants, on the lookout for drunken nobles; or else perhaps watching and waiting till the man whom they have been paid to slay shall appear, to fall beneath the assassin's dagger. The streets of Genoa by night were certainly not fit for any woman to traverse alone, much less one of rank and station.

But, nevertheless, a closely veiled female form may be seen hurrying along the tortuous streets—in an obscure part of the town—from the uncertain manner in which she hastened, first to the right, then to the left, halting anon and gazing wildly around, it would seem that she had lost her way.

She was, indeed, the fact, and after thus vainly wandering to and fro for some time, the lady (for such she was by the richness of her dress) ventured to address herself to another foot passenger.

"Sir, your assistance. I am lost in this place."

The person whom she addressed, by his unsteady gait and wandering eye, was evidently in no in condition to be a guide but the lady, in her alarm and agitation, did not appear to notice this. He of the reeling carriage and bacchanalian appearance halted, and swaying his body to and fro in the effort to stand erect, gazed stupidly at the lady for a time. He was a man of some fifty years, thin, spare, and with an expression of good humor lurking in his features, which even the liquor he had taken could not entirely obliterate.

His name was Matteo Twitti, and he was by trade a birdcatcher. He is blessed with a good wife, of whom he stands in very righteous awe, and half a dozen children, all of whom he declares shall become bird-catchers like their father.

"I am lost in the street," said the lady again, thinking he had not heard her.

"So am I," hiccoughed Matteo, vainly endeavoring to stand still.

"I am in trouble."

"So am I," he again repeated, this time catching hold of a lamp-post.

"I do not know my way."

"No more do I."

"I require assistance."

"So do I," again echoed the birdcatcher; and his words really seemed to be borne out by the fact, for even with the aid of the lamp-post he could scarcely keep his footing.

"I wish to reach my home."

"So do I."

"I wish to go to the Palace Donati."

"So do I."

"I live there."

"So do I."

"You!"

"Yes—at least—that's, to say—(hic)—in a little house under the palace wall."

"Who are you?"

"Matteo Twitti, most accomplished bird-catcher in Italy. Who are you, eh? Pretty clothes, fine lace veil, plumage o' no common bird. You live at Palace Donati. Who are you, eh?"

"I am the Countess Donati."

These words produced a marvelous effect on the inebriate bird-catcher. They seemed to sober him all at once.

"Eh—what! Countess Donati?—Beg your ladyship's pardon. Frald I've been a little too merry; can't see quite plain. What does your ladyship require?"

"I wish your assistance to regain my palace. I must escape from the cape from a house where I was forcibly detained."

"Certainly, your ladyship. I know the way, though the streets do twist and twist about so. This way, your ladyship. Lean on me, your ladyship; you seem ill and weary."

So saying, the bird-catcher offered his arm to the Countess with the utmost deference and politeness.

But at this moment another woman turned the corner of the street, and remained transfixed with astonishment as she saw Matteo and the lady. They did not see her; but she quickly made her presence known to them. Fleeting herself right in front of the pair.

"Matteo Twitti?"

His astonishment was great, and also evidently mingled with dismay.

"Quite right."

"My husband?"

"Right again."

"Don't dear me, you reprobate, drinking and carousing your earnings away, and then wandering about the street with a woman not your wife. Ah, my lady, you may well veil your face; you may well be ashamed—

"Hush, Hush!" said Matteo, endeavoring to stop her. "Be silent, do. You don't know who this is."

"I don't be silent, and I don't want to know who it is. She ought to be ashamed of herself—the—

"Hush! it is the Countess Donati!"

And at this moment the veiled lady uncovered her face. "Ten thousand pardons, madam! I did not know did not think, I ought to have left a lady of quality could be in the streets of Genoa unattended at this hour."

"Enough. I am returning from a house where I have been detained against my will; and not being acquainted with the part of the town, had lost my way. I would thank you for your husband to direct me to the Palace Donati.

"Supply, only your lady-ship, we will both go with you."

"Thanks. You shall be well rewarded for your trouble. Lead on. I wish to be at home. My daughter will be anxious."

Matteo and his wife at once led the way, and they soon emerged on one of the large spacious streets of Genoa.

"Now I know my way; for there is the palace Donati. I will trouble you no further."

"Your ladyship had better let us see you to the gate. It is past midnight and dangerous characters frequent the streets at this hour."

At this moment two other persons approached.

"Count Claudio!" cried the lady, as she recognized one of the newcomers.

"Ah! Countess! we have been searching for you. Your Francesca is dreadfully alarmed at your absence."

"I feared so, and was hurrying home. Count Claudio, I thank you," she said, turning to the bird-catcher and his wife. "I do not require your further services. Go to-morrow to the palace and you shall receive more substantial acknowledgment."

"Oh Count Claudio," she said, turning to the young man, "I have been so terribly ill-treated."

"Ill-treated. Who has dared—

"I will tell you all to-morrow. I went out and sought the house of Rudiga, the Woman in Red, as she is called."

"The Woman in Red! the Jewess, the supposed sorceress, the fortune-teller and—and—money-lender?"

Claudio spoke when pronouncing the words of Hector Fiaramonte, closely watched the countenance of Francesca's mother.

A deep sigh mounted from her to brow at the word money-lender, and the young man at once drew his own conclusion.

"Then it was then truth in what this fellow told me," he thought to himself, "and the Countess sought the assistance of the Jewess in order to borrow money."

"For what purpose did you seek the Jewess, Countess?" he asked.

"I wished to have my fortune told," she replied, casting down her eyes in confusion.

"To receive your fortune told, Countess! that is indeed strange. One would have thought that the future of a woman so beautiful was already assured, that surrounded by wealth and luxury, blessed with a noble husband, and with such a daughter as Francesca, there might have been content with the happy present, without seeking to pry into the unknown future."

These words pained the countess with confusion, especially the mention of Francesca; for she remembered the terrible and emphatic words of the Woman in Red.

"Your daughter is not your daughter."

However she regained her self-command and went on:

"No matter, Count Claudio; let it suffice that I did seek the abode of this female sorceress. Well, I had been there long, she commenced a most extravagant trade, and made the most unfounded assertions. Finally—she burst from the room, and I feel lucky in so securely as apparently to defy escape. Fortunately, however, I succeeded in making my escape through one of the windows, and endeavoring to find my way home, missed the road, and might have wandered about all night had I not met these good people with whom you saw me."

"The Woman in Red went out before you, you say, lady?" asked Hector Fiaramonte.

"Yes, saying that she would keep me there until she had accomplished her designs."

"Her designs! Then she has gone to the Palace Donati," said Hector Fiaramonte, confidently.

The Countess turned pale and a cry of alarm escaped her.

"To the palace! For what purpose?"

"For your daughter, Countess."

"Ha! for my daughter," cried the Countess, in the utmost alarm. "How know you this? Who and what are you?"

"My name is Hector Fiaramonte, and I have means of knowing that the Jewess has designs against your daughter."

"Do you know this man Count Claudio? are his words to be relied upon?" cried the Countess, in the greatest agitation.

"I am inclined to believe him," said Claudio, briefly.

"Come, come—oh, come! let us hasten. My darling Francesca is in danger. Count, and you sir, come with me. I pray; my heart misgives me. Let us hasten to the palace."

CHAPTER VIII.

"NAOMI, BEHOLD YOUR MOTHER."

The colored lamps in the saloon of the Palace Donati, where Francesca waited and watched, cast a soft rosy light on the massive furniture, the gilded cornices, the great mirrors, and the hangings and tapestry of rich Venetian stuff. All around breathes of luxury and refinement. It was indeed an abode fit for a princess; but nevertheless Francesca, amidst all this splendor, was very wretched.

"My mother," she murmured to herself, "what can have happened to her? My heart migives; and my soul is weighed down with a dreadful fear of impending evil."

Ever and anon she arose from the velvet covered couch on which she was reating, and going to the window, leaned wistfully, sorrowfully forth.

It was on one of these occasions, while peering vainly out in the fond hope of discovering the approach of her for whom she waited, that she was startled by a noise behind her.

"Naomi."

She turned, and saw at a few paces distant only Rudiga the Jewess—the Woman in Red.

A cry of terror escaped her.

"Fear not, daughter," said the mysterious woman: "I shall not injure you."

"What want you, woman?" cried Francesca indignantly, and now recovering her self-possession; what means this intrusion?"

"What want I?" said the Jewess, half soliloquizing, "she asks me what I want? What want a mother of her only child—her dearly loved one—her long-lost Naomi? Oh, Naomi, Naomi, is it possible the voice of nature is dead within you? Does not your heart yearn for me, your mother, as does mine for you, my lost beloved?"

Her voice rose and quivered with emotion as she spoke, standing with clasped hands, and gazing passionately at Francesca.

"Mother—daughter—Naomi," muttered Francesca to herself, "what can the woman mean?"

Presently a light seemed to break in on her.

"Ah," she thought, "I see now—the woman is mad.

"My poor woman," she said, approaching her, and kindly taking her hand, "you are excited, feverish, and know not what you say. Go home, I will send some one to accompany you."

The Jewess divined the meaning of her pitying words, and snatched away her hand, gazing at the same time in the yearning grief-stricken, half-angry expression, half-loving, half-pitying, half-scornful.

"And you think me mad? that what I say is but the wild raving of delirium? It is not so. Listen, my daughter, to me.

There was an air of solemnity and earnestness in the words and manner of the Jewess which powerfully impressed Francesca.

"You think, daughter, that you are the child of the Count and Countess Donati. Is it not so?"

"How mean you, woman?"

"I mean that you are not the daughter of the Countess whom you call mother."

"Not her daughter!" muttered Francesca, turning away, and communing with herself—"can there indeed be aught in what this terrible woman says? Her manner seems as though she was speaking the truth, there is a ring of truth in her words. Oh, my poor, poor mother! my poor, fond mother, for mother you are, and always will be in my heart, whatever this woman may say. The story of this woman's wrongs—poor, poor woman! I will question her.

Then turning to Rudiga, and summoning all her resolution, she said:

"Good woman, your words are of strange import. You say I am not the daughter of the Countess Donati. What reason have you for so saying? and if I am not her daughter—not Francesca Donati—who then, am I?"

"I have proved reason for what I say—more than good reason—certain knowledge. Oh, Naomi, is nature dead within you? Do you love the Countess Donati whom you call mother?"

"Do I love her?" cried Francesca, with tender passion, clasping her hands, and turning her beautiful eyes aloft. "Oh, yes, I dearly love her; my mother, my kind, good mother. Hand soothed my pain when illness was upon me; her voice calmed my troubled spirit when night vexed me; her tender care brought me back to life and blood; and her all pervading love has shielded me and guarded me from evil in this world. Do I love her? Oh, yes! and you ask me if I love her. Aye, though she were not my mother, I should love her still."

A terrible conflict of emotions racked Rudiga's breast. Her breath came in quick gasps, and her whole frame trembled with emotion, as she listened to the impassioned words of Francesca. Presently she mastered her emotion, and spoke in tones husky and trembling:

"You would love her still, even though you were not her child? And what of the poor mother from whose breast you were torn in early infancy? Have you no pity for her misery, for her broken heart and blighted life? Have you no sorrow for her tears, her lonely existence, robbed by violence of your child? Have you felt no sorrow for the bitter wrong done to this poor, broken-hearted woman? Do you not owe her love—duty?

"Duty, indeed!" Francesca—"if it is indeed as you say. I deeply pity the poor woman; I grieve for her sorrows, and would fain alleviate them if I could. But how can I profess to love one whom I have never seen, should your words indeed be true, it would be a mockery of the term. Although I should still bear love to her who has been from infancy a mother to me, I should owe duty to my natural parent."

"Duty only! Have you, then, no tender place, no corner in your heart for her whose life has been one sorrow?"

"I cannot love, one I have never seen.

"You have seen her."

"I have seen her.

"Yes.

"When? where? Who is she?"

The Jewess drew off a few paces, and, extending her arms, cried in heart-rending tones:

"Naomi, behold your mother!"

CHAPTER IX.

FRANCESCA IS CLAIMED BY RUDIGA.

The young girl started back, and, with a shriek, with surprise gazed on the Jewess.

The latter repeated the words, "Naomi, behold your mother," before Francesca could fully gather their import, or realize the truth. Then—still gazing on the Woman in Red—she inquiringly shrank with the utmost something terrible in the dramatic attitude and passionate utterance of the Jewess, which compelled a feeling of dread to have place in the bosom of the gentle girl.

The Woman in Red watched the face of Francesca, and read in it the varying emotions which swept over her soul.

Her own heart was filled with unutterable anguish.

"Alas, alas!" she murmured, "my daughter loves me not; my daughter fears me; my daughter shrinks from her mother—who would lay down her life to serve her."

And as these thoughts passed through her mind, her whole demeanor changed, and the almost fierce manner in which she stood with outstretched arms faded away. Her hands dropped and fell by her side. An expression of utter misery and anguish pervaded her own features; the fountains of sorrow were opened; tears forced themselves from her eyes, and rained down her cheeks; her bosom rose in deep, deep, deep sobs bursting from her overladen bosom, she flung herself on her knees at the feet of Francesca, and hiding her face in her hands, cried, in utter self-abasement:

"My daughter, oh, my daughter, have pity on me!"

Francesca, ever gentle and kind-hearted, took pity on Rudiga's grief. Tears suffused her eyes, and the deep heart-broken pathos with which the words, "My daughter, oh, my daughter" were uttered, powerfully affected her. There could be no act in such a passionate outburst of sorrow, she felt convinced; and her heart told her that whether mistaken or not, the Jewess believed she was indeed her mother. But a conviction amounting almost to certainty, forced itself on her mind—that she was not mistaken, but that there was a deep mystery about her parentage; and that the Countess Donati was not her natural parent.

The thought was full of bitterness; for irrespective of her deep love for her whom she had alway supposed her mother, there arose the torturing question, "How will Count Claudio receive the news that I am not the high-born and wealthy heiress? Will his love stand the ordeal?"

She could not answer the query. All these thoughts rushed through her mind in a very brief space of time, mingled with a feeling of compassion for the weeping woman at her feet.

"Rise, rise my poor woman," she said, taking her hand, "do not give way to such grief. From my heart I pity your sorrows, and will do all I can to alleviate them."

The Jewess arose, and, mastering herself, calmly asked:

"Supposing, oh, Naomi, that my words are true, that I can convince you still, you owe to me a little love on the poor Jewess, your wretched and injured mother."

"Alas!" said Francesca, sadly; "it is hard to give up the associations and recollections of one's childhood, to look on those whom you have considered as parents in the light of strangers. Be patient, good woman, be patient. But if your words be indeed true, if I am not Francesca, daughter of the Countess Donati, Naomi, the child of Rudiga, the Jewess—the poor girl's voice rose in a tone of sublime expression—"if I am indeed, Naomi, your daughter, the laws of nature and nature would compel me to yield to you my duty and love. Her voice faltered and died away.

"Naomi! my daughter! my dear daughter! come to your mother's arms."

Then she enfolded the young girl in close embrace, and the two women, mother and daughter (such in truth they were), mingled their tears together.

While thus locked in a close embrace, the Countess Donati, who had hurried from the palace followed by Count Claudio, entered the saloon, unseen and unheard.

The first fell on Francesca—her Francesca—closely embraced by the Woman in Red weeping on her shoulder.

A terrible cry of grief and rage broke from her.

"Ah! she cried, concerned Jewess, what do you here? Begone, or I will have you scourged through the streets!"

Rudiga released Francesca from her embrace, and fell on her knees, stood confronting each other, eyes flaming, bosoms heaving, angry tigresses, in defence of their young! "Go back upon Francesca as daughter—

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Some of the Fixed Stars.

St. Louis Republic.

Of the 6,000 fixed stars visible to the naked eye, and the 20,000 within the range of the telescope, only sixty are classed as stars of the first magnitude, and of these fourteen are visible in this latitude. They are Sirius, or the Dog star, which are now rising, distinguish, as it is the brightest of all the stars in the firmament, and just now the most brilliant object in the southern sky; Arcturus, the bright star seen well up in the east at 9 o'clock, and pointed to by the last two stars in the handle of the Dipper; Regulus, the pale blue gem in the forefoot of Orion; Capella, a blue star also, seen in the northeast; Vega, the bright green star in the northeast; Procyne, a blue star fifteen degrees east of Orion; Betelgeuse, a red star in the shoulder of Orion; Aldebaran, a red star in front of Orion's head; Antares, a red star in the heart of the Scorpion; Altair, a green star in the Eagle; Spica, a blue star in the Virgin; Fowalhaut, a white star in the Southern Fish; Polaris, in the tail of the Little Dipper; Orion and Regulus, the beautiful white star just now very close to the Ecliptic, are not far east of the zenith, at 9 o'clock in the night. Sirius can be seen any clear night at 9 o'clock, except Antares, Altair, Spica, and Fowalhaut can be seen only when seen in the hours just before dawn. A casual glance at the stars gives the impression that they are all of the same color, but by comparing them one with another, it will be found that they are of various tints. Another curious fact is that the changes have taken place with the degree of their incandescence. The brilliant Dog star was described by the ancients as fiery red, but it gradually paled to white, and is now pale blue. Capella has changed from red to yellow, and from yellow to pale blue; and the brilliant star seen in the Eagle, has gradually blazed forth in the constellation of Cassiopeia and remained visible for six months after its coming out of sight, changed from white to yellow, and then to red.

The first magnitude stars are not all of equal brightness, the apparent one of Sirius is three times brighter and apparently larger than any other star in the heavens. Sirius is in the wonderful procession over moving up from east to west. The next brightest is Canopus, the steel blue gem in the rudder of the ship Argo. It is so large and with such deep reverence. It is not visible in this latitude, but can be seen just on the edge of the southern latitude of New Orleans. Next comes the Alpha Centauri, the first of all the fixed stars found to have an estimable parallax, and the nearest to the earth. This star, together with the two brightest ones in the Southern Cross, are invisible in our latitude, but can be seen at Key West, Fla., which is the only spot in our country from which the Southern Cross, itself regarded by some as the most beautiful of all the constellations, can be located.

Astronomers are overwhelmed at the contemplation of the enormous distances of the fixed stars from us and from one another. The intervals intervals in our solar system are insignificant in comparison with them. One can suppose that with a base line of 185,000,000 miles between opposite points of our earth's orbit, we could secure a measurable angle for computing the distance of a star, but it is found that the two lines drawn from a star to the opposite ends of this line are so nearly drawn up in the immense distance they traverse; they make no appreciable angle at all, but appear as one line. A German astronomer has discovered a method by which an approximate paralax for some of the stars is obtained, and this shows that the nearest star, Alpha, in the Centaur, is 224,000 times farther from the earth than the sun is, and the North star 3,000,000 further off than the sun's distance. Such measurements can be expressed only in figures; it is impossible for the human mind to grasp them.

It is proposed to send our navy to quell the Guatemala revolution. How can we transport it to Guatemala?—*Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.*

It is rumored that Mr. A. H. West has lost twenty pounds in weight since commencing the study of "Ingomar." This should be a good pointer for oversensitive heavy weights to follow.

FACT AND FANCY.

Circus parades are a fashionable entertainment in New York.

A Tampa, Fla., turnip measures twenty-seven inches around.

Gadsden, Ala., will build waterworks at a cost of $20,000.

A cabbage shown at Palatka, Fla., recently weighed eighteen pounds.

A piece of gold worth $1,515 was recently found near Placerville, Cal.

Immense numbers of hogs have died in Onondaga county, New York, from cholera.

It is estimated that a ton of gold is buried each year with those who die in this country.

In one year a Jacksonville, Fla., lady became a wife, widow, mother, and wife again.

The cost of each saloon to the city of Indianapolis last year was $153, and the license only $52.

Selling orange blossoms to be made into perfume is a booming industry at Jacksonville just now.

Down in Alabama the cows begin to die as soon as people begin to trim their mock-orange trees.

A South Carolina planter rises seventeen cents per pound for cotton, and receives $1 per pound.

Fifteen men have been indicted in Sussex, Del., for complicity in the murder of Postmaster Alley.

A resident of Lake City, Fla., has sixty-three varieties of grapes on his place, and intends to add more.

A Lawrence county, Pennsylvania, legislator can not use his hands, and his wife acts as his amanuensis.

Prohibition is a dead issue of the state of New York will be taken this year by the state authorities.

The United States fish commissioner also proposes to stock Lake Michigan in the St. Johns river, Florida.

Maud S. has just celebrated her eleventh birthday, and will soon be taken in training for her second.

The present population of St. Augustine, Fla., including the strangers, is not far from twenty thousand.

Kansas has lost the appointment of eight officials in Morrow county, Oregon, divided them equally seven republicans and democrats.

Ladies who go shopping in New York now fit up artistic sitting-rooms at the top of the house, where they receive their intimate friends in a veritable sky parlor.

Sybella June, colored, died at Sutton's, Williamsburg county, S. C., a short time ago. She is said to have been 110 years of age.

In Woburn, Mass., last Friday, while men were cutting ice on one of the ponds, robins in the trees on the shore were singing merrily.

Miss Addie Kurtz is the deputy sheriff of Franklin county, Pennsylvania, and carries a pistol and arrests male prisoners from the county jail to the penitentiary at Philadelphia.

The Salvation Army in Oakland, Cal., is doing good work. Last Sunday week some one of the hallelujah lasses elopes with some outside barbarian, and there was a great time in the ranks.

A church at St. Clarsville, O., secured an injunction to restrain the manager of the skating-rink from opening its doors during hours when prayer-meetings are held. The two buildings are so near together that the music of the rink interrupts the services at the church.

Children of school age must be remarkably temperate in some section of the country, if we may judge from the following taken from a Boston paper: In Warner there is one school district which contains but one pupil, four districts have but two pupils each, and two have only six between them.

The name Metis used frequently in connection with the Red rebellion, is originally applied to the half-breeds of the northwest. There are two divisions of Metis—the Metis-Canadians, descendants of the French, Anglais, descendants of the Scottish officers of the Hudson Bay company.

The Tax relief committee of Carroll county, Md., have raised money for the aid of the sufferers by the great fire in that place in October last, and who have not received acknowledgment from the treasurer, Charles P. Rether, to communicate with that gentleman, giving amount sent, and to whom.

When the druggist is rung out of bed at four o'clock in the morning by a customer who wants to purchase a two-cent postage stamp, he begins to think that life is not worth living.—Boston Transcript.

SCENE: A concert for the people. Old nervous lady hesitates to make her first appearance in public. "I feel so nervous! Sympathetic Friend "Oh, there's no occasion to be nervous, my dear fellow. They applaud anything!—Punch.

A Philadelphian went to a physician with what he had learned was a hopeless case of kidney disease, but was relieved in finding out that the creaking sound which he had heard at every deep breath was caused by a little pulley on his patent suspenders.

Young Lady at Boarding School.

At some of the French boarding schools in Paris, the girls are fed on weak soup, one or three times stronger than hot water; meat, from which nearly all the nourishment is exhausted by boiling, course veal, watery carrot and grass, sour bread. The young lady who comes home after a year's absence, finds a diet much relished, but is pale and poor looking, lacking vigor and health. Give her Brown's Iron Bitters—the best tonic in the world for restoring the impoverished blood—and bring the roses into her cheeks.

An average of one picture per day is added to the Boston pigeons' gallery.

When you come to New York city, via Central depot, save Baggage Expressage and $3 Carriage hire, by stopping at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Central depot. Fifty hundred rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms, $1 per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated road to all depots. Families can live better for the money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

A colored instructor of D. L. Moody is evangelizing Georgia.

Experienced debtors say that "other preparations as substitute for Hunt's Kidney Remedy, are worthless in comparison to it.

We are building a monument to remain for ages, how magnificent and enduring must be its construction. How much more august and solemn a life!—Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs.

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. Blotches on the glands of the neck, or on the face, swelled joints, painful joints, and many of the upper lips, are other symptoms. Hood's Sarsaparilla has had wonderful success in curing this form of disease, and we have on file hundreds of testimonials, which we will publish from time to time, and give new vitality and richness.

Mrs. Ann Bates, of East Pine Street, Lowell, Mass., had been troubled with a serious tumor from her hip bone, and in the summer of 1879 had a large running sore on her hip. On taking Hood's Sarsaparilla the sore gradually disappeared, and she has had no indication of the tumor since.

Mr. Alfred Maxwell, Worcester, O., for 15 months suffered with erysipelas, also had a large lump in the neck. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave immediate relief. Six bottles made a perfect cure. He thinks there is nothing equal to it.

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IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR
All those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.
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It permeates every part of the human system, and gives new life and vigor.
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It stimulates the children, the mother and the grandmother.
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