OLD PROGRAMMES.

ALYNE PORTEOUS.

Looking my treasures over
To-day, I chanced upon
A package of party programmes,
Danced thro' a winter gone.
As I read the long list over
That told of the midnight whirl,
I wondered, a little sadly,
If I were the same glad girl.

Redowa, waltz and polka,
Jenkins and Jones and Brown—
Something after that order
Dances and names are down.
Over the names I ponder—
Full half I can't recall;
Men who were bowed to—danced with—
And forgotten after the ball.

But thro' the season's programmes
The single letter G
Is written over and over—
How much it means to me!
Men and names are forgotten—
Gay partners by the score—
But the letter G and the writer
Are remembered forevermore.

Meetings under the gas light,
A bow and a passionate glance;
Smiles that are set to music,
A hand-clasp in the dance.
Nights that are full of glory,
Whispered vows in the waltz;
Passion and pain and parting—
And there the measure halts.

Ah! each life has its programme,
With its mystic letter G,
And to all its inner secrets
That letter is the key.
Titles and men are forgotten—
The famous and the brave—
But that one silent letter stands,
Like a tombstone by a grave.

THE WOMAN IN RED.

A Thrilling Italian Story of the Last Century.

BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.

CHAPTER XIV.

FRANCESCA TAKES AN OATH.

The confession wrung from the Countess Donati struck all present with dismay. The Jewess stood the queen of the situation, while the unfortunate Constanza Donati was utterly crushed and broken in spirit. She could not muster courage enough to look Francesca in the face, till the latter spoke to her.

Running up to her as she lay on a couch, hiding her face, and giving vent to her grief in deep sobs, Francesca seized her hands, and pressing them fondly, endeavored to console her.

"Mother, dear mother—for to me you have ever been one—do not grieve, though I am not indeed, your daughter, I will, please heaven, always act as such. Yours was the hand that reared me from my infancy, yours the voice that first taught me to lisp the sacred name of mother. To you, then, my love and gratitude are ever due, and shall ever be rendered."

"And what of me, oh, Naomi, my daughter?" said the Jewess in a voice of emotion.

Francesca went up to the Woman in Red, a sweet smile on her beautiful face; she took her hand.

"To you—for I can no longer doubt that you speak truth, and that you are indeed my parent—to you I owe duty. It is for you to command, for me to obey. I have known little of you; you have been to me a stranger, although I am your daughter. Time may ripen a sense of duty into a feeling of love. I pity your misfortunes and will pray to heaven for your welfare; more I cannot say."

"It is the voice of an angel speaking," cried the Jewess rapturously. "My child, my darling child, Heaven will listen to your prayer, and the poor Jewess will once again possess her daughter and her daughter's love."

She folded Francesca in a close embrace, and held her so for a second or two; then she released her, and addressing her and the Countess Donati, said:

"Listen to what I am about to say: It has pleased Heaven to point out to me my long lost daughter, but not yet to restore her to my arms. The Ruler of all will complete His work in His own time. Meanwhile, the child grieves at the thought of being torn from the home and associations of her childhood. Is it not so, Naomi? Speak and fear not."

"Oh, yes, yes; do not take me away; let me remain here but a little time longer."

"My child, it shall be as you wish—at least for a time," said the Jewess, smiling sadly. "The hour for my full restitution in my rights has not yet come; for know, Constanza Donati, that I, Rudiga, the Jewess, will not take my daughter until I have won back the love of which you have robbed me. I will not tear her away, while yet a stranger, at the sacrifice of her happiness—perhaps at the risk of her life. No; for the present she may remain with you; but so sure as Jehovah reigns in Heaven, He will work upon her heart, and her love will insensibly wander back to me, her mother. When that shall have happened, then and not till then, will I reclaim her."

Turning to the maiden she said:

"Naomi, I have decided for the sake of your happiness, to let you remain under the care of the Countess Donati, your foster-mother."

The girl bent her knee, and kissed the hand of the Jewess.

"Promise me," continued the latter, "that when I claim you at the expiration of three years, you will willingly come and yield me your obedience, duty and love."

"I promise," murmured the girl faintly.

"Swear by the Almighty, and call his vengeance down on the head of yourself and the Countess Donati should you refuse obedience."

"I will swear."

"You will swear, at the end of three years, to come to me, wherever you may be, whomsoever you may be with."

"I swear."

Then the Jewess dictated an oath, which Francesca, pale and trembling did not refuse to take.

"Rise, daughter; rise Naomi. I, your mother, leave you now; but only for a time. In three years, wherever you may be, I shall not fail to claim thee. As for you, sir," she said, turning to Count Claudio, "you shall never again set eyes on my daughter."

"Begone," echoed the Countess Donati, remembering the late audacious attempt of the young man.

"Francesca," he said despairingly, "will you not forgive me?"

"Count Claudio, you have grossly and wantonly insulted me this day; I wish to see you no more. Henceforth we are strangers; not even in my thoughts shall you be present. I now tear your image from my heart, and dismiss you forever."

He bowed his head.

"As you will. I now feel reckless, and equal to any desperate deed. Francesca, I loved you; and because the very violence of my love impelled me to an indiscretion, you dismiss me forever! Be it so. Cruel girl, you care not to what you doom me—to a life of violence, of crime; to a bitter, dreary existence; with but little hope for the future, no pleasure in looking back on the past. Adieu."

She was about to speak, perhaps somewhat relentingly; but before she could give utterance to the words he was gone.

"Alas," she sighed inwardly, "I shall never see him again! Fate is very cruel."

The Jewess embraced her new-found daughter, repeated her words of warning and command, and also took her departure.

We will leave them for a while and follow the fortunes of Count Claudio and others which are closely interwoven with our story.

Reckless, driven to despair by the words of Francesca, the young Count cared little now what became of him. He loved Francesca deeply and truly; and though he looked to the dowry he expected to receive with her to relieve him from his embarrassments, that was not the object of his desires.

Even when he learned that her father, the Count, was ruined, and that there was no hope of wealth with the daughter, he had determined not to give her up. Now, then, that she had discarded him, he felt the wound deeply, and at once plunged into a career of reckless dissipation. The small remnant of his property disappeared, and in less than a week he was utterly ruined.

"The gaming-table was now his only hope of retrieving his lost fortunes, and there he was night after night, a constant attendant.

At last the catastrophe of his fortunes arrived. He had played all one night, with desperate and never-failing ill-fortune, against the bank. His watch, his ring, every article of jewelry—everything that could be turned into money—all were staked, and all swept away: till at four o'clock in the morning, the once gay, dashing and wealthy Count Claudio, stepped out into the street a penniless outcast.

There was another gentleman whose ill-luck had even been worse than that of Count Claudio, in that he played for heavier stakes and as uniformly lost, till at the closing of the rooms he rose as utterly ruined as the other. He was a middle-aged man, richly dressed, and by his appearance of some consequence.

He followed Count Claudio out of the saloon, and walked behind him unseen, down the broad stair case leading to the street.

"Ruined—ruined! utterly and irretrievably ruined!" ejaculated Claudio to himself. "I have not my sword left; and, failing all else, must do as many an other ruined noble has done—turn brigand."

"By the saints, not a bad idea!" exclaimed the other, who had overheard him. "Excuse me, sir, for listening, but I heard your words; and as I am exactly in the same position myself, I take the liberty of addressing you. Were you serious when you spoke of turning brigand?—or, rather, say mountain-chief: it is more polite."

"Serious! why not? I see no other career open."

"By heavens! young spark, I am with you. Your name, young sir?"

"Count Claudio. And yours?"

"I am the Count Donati."

An exclamation of surprise broke from Claudio. Before him stood the father—or the supposed father of Francesca. Neither Claudio nor Count Donati were acquainted with each other, and this was the first time they had met. Donati had not the least idea of the events of the last week at his palace, as he had only been able to pay a flying visit there, on account of the desperate state of his affairs; even now he was in Genoa incognito, and if recognized, might be seized and incarcerated at any moment. His wife, the Countess, and Francesca were too much in trouble about recent events, and the impending ruin which hung over the house of Donati, to enter into the particulars of the past; and thus the Count remained in total ignorance of the state of affairs. One thing he knew too well, and that was, that he was utterly ruined.

Count Claudio mastered his astonishment at hearing the name and replied at once:

"Agreed; I am with you."

"How many men can you get to follow you?"

Claudio thought for a moment.

"Hector Fiaramonte can procure me as many vagabonds and cut-throats as I want. He shall be my lieutenant."

Then he replied to the Count:

"I dare say, about twenty."

"Good. I will provide forty. I have yet some silver plate at my palace. I will obtain and sell it. The Countess has a small income in her own right; she must manage to subsist on it with Francesca; for henceforth she will see but little of the noble Count, her husband. Come, it is agreed, I shall find forty men and arm and equip them; you find twenty. I will be the leader; you shall be my lieutenant. Is it agreed?"

"Agreed."

They shook hands on it; and thus it was settled.

"Let us meet to-morrow night at this hour," said Count Donati to Claudio. "I will turn what few valuables I have into money, and therewith purchase arms and equipments."

"I will go seek my worthy friend Hector Fiaramonte, who, I doubt not will suit our purpose. He and I will meet you at the appointed time."

Then the two separated; Count Donati returning to the palace and Claudio going to seek the valiant Hector.

When they met on the following night, each had performed his part of the compact; and the two ruined nobles took to the mountains at the head of a band of sixty men, armed and equipped.

CHAPTER XV.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

Nearly three years have passed, and the time approaches for the fulfillment of the compact entered into by the Woman in Red and the Countess Donati. The Count Donati has long since disappeared from Genoa, but people said that Rudiga the Jewess knew of his dark deeds and the lawless life he led. But at the end of three years Count Donati reappeared at Genoa, no longer the ruined penniless noble, but possessed of ample means.

This part of our story opens upon a sunny scene. Genoa in summer is one of the most charming cities in Italy; and the villas of the suburbs are renowned for their luxurious elegance, and the wealth of the nobles and retired merchants who inhabit them. In one of these charming residences there has lately taken up his abode a portly and well-fed gentleman, of some fifty years of age. He is called Count Donati, and is said to have come from Paris. Little is known about him, and as he is wealthy and pays liberally for everything, people do not trouble themselves much about his business. Still, there are rumors afloat anything but complimentary to the past life of the Count. It is known that he disappeared some years back, deeply in debt, and also under the displeasure of the government. It is known that all his estates were confiscated, and he was generally supposed to be a penniless outcast, bankrupt alike in fortune and reputation.

There had been terrible scenes in the Palace Donati, at Genoa, before the final crash came. The Countess and her supposed daughter, Francesca, suddenly disappeared. No one knew whither they went or what became of them. At the same time, too, the gay and dashing Count Claudio—a young nobleman renowned alike for his handsome person, his recklessness, and his extravagance—also disappeared. He, too, it was well known, had dissipated the whole of his property, and was besides heavily in debt. Strange rumors were afloat shortly after the vanishing of these two nobles as to their pursuits. A band of audacious brigands suddenly became notorious for the success and daring of their robberies. The chief of this lawless band was called Bernardo, and his second in command, Rodolpho. But it was reported that Bernardo was no other than Count Donati, and Rodolpho young Count Claudio. There was nothing improbable in such a story in those days; and in that country many a bankrupt noble might be found among the lawless bands that infested the mountains. These gentry, having lost, gambled or dissipated their property, as a last resource, either joined an existing band, or, contriving to beg or borrow a little money, themselves raised one, and became free-booters, robbing and plundering travelers in the mountains, and occasionally making descents on to the plains.

Though the government, at once feeble and tyrannic, did their utmost to suppress these lawless marauderes their efforts were vain. Occasionally one of the chiefs would be taken and hanged without mercy; but this had no effect. Barring the unpleasant contingency of this sudden termination of a lawless career, the life had its attractions. The peasantry feared and admired these mountain-robbers; while even the rich, who fell victims, did not look upon them as very heinous offenders, and usually went on their journeys with a sufficient amount to protect them from attack. But after the disappearance of Count Donati and Claudio, there arose a band so numerous, well-appointed, and audacious, that no one was safe; and even the government convoys of treasure had been attacked, and the soldiers defeated. As we have said, it was rumored that these two ruined nobles were at the head of the brigands, whose depredations and boldness exceeded anything that had previously been heard of. Count Donati, after a disappearance of nearly three years, suddenly reappeared in Genoa, where he took up his abode. Rumor said that he was himself the notorious Bernardo, and he cared nothing for a vague report. He brought with him a young lady, his daughter, as was supposed. But of her more anon.

The Count at the time of which we speak, is reclining on a rich divan, enjoying his afternoon siesta. Beside him there sat two slaves engaged, the one in shading his master's face and the other in wielding a large fan over his head. Whether the generous dinner he had devoured had oppressed him, or whether the copious draughts of wine in which he had indulged had disturbed his brain, would be difficult to say; but, at all events, he did not seem at ease, but tossed and turned on the couch unable to rest.

"A cigarette, Copo," he said presently to one of his servants, in gruff and unpleasant tones.

Copo disappeared, and returned in an instant with some choice cigarettes on a silver salver. He had scarcely lighted his delicate cigar, which he smoked through an amber mouthpiece, when a cloud of dust was seen at the end of the court-yard in front, and a jaded horse, apparently worn out with fatigue and rough usage, halted at the outer gate. The beast was mounted by an ill-dressed stranger, whose slouched hat and dust-covered clothes offered very slight warrant for welcome at this lordly old dwelling. Count Donati looked out a moment at the intruder, and then throwing himself back on his divan in the lazy attitude which he most loved, he awaited further developments, with the simple query to Copo

"Who is that?"

Now Copo, or his companion in service, the sharp-witted Pinta, knew little and cared less who came to see his master; and so they looked, and both answered that they "didn't know."

At the further extreme of the long piazza of the main house, there were three rows of lattice work, or Spanish blinds, which shadowed three windows of the great reception-room. When the old Italian inquired: "Who is that?" the middle range of lattice turned with a quick movement; and as the stranger alighted and came up the walk slowly, a pair of brilliant eyes might have been seen through one of the interstices fixed intently and curiously upon the new-comer. He was a youngish man, apparently; but his motions were heavy, and seemingly in a measure decrepit. He secured his horse at the gate, and advancing to the very last stair on the terrace, he removed his slouched hat, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead with his hand.

"Give you good day, Count," he exclaimed, addressing himself at once to the dozing Count.

"Well, what now?" inquired Count Donati, without deigning to turn his head.

"I have come a long distance Count, to speak with you. The day is sultry, and I am now fasting since yesternight."

"That is no business of mine," said the old Italian.

"Yes, it is, signor."

"Who are you?"

"A poor man in distress."

"We have such men here every day in the month."

"You do not have me here often, Count; and I pray you give me a draught of good wine, and bid your fellows see to my horse yonder. She has borne me five and twenty Italian leagues since daybreak, without an ounce of barley."

"And what is that to me? Off with you! lest I set the hound after you."

At this moment, for the first time, the stranger heard a low snarl; turning aside, he beheld the teeth of a monstrous blood-hound just beyond him, lying under the shadow of a cluster of evergreens.

"Ha, ha!" grinned Count Donati viciously. "I see you will be civil at any rate. The dog's a good beast, but doesn't fancy your costume. Be quiet, Carlo; quiet, sir."

"Let him show his teeth, signor, an' he will. Come, since you are so inclined, release him. He is a vicious cur like, his master. You shall send him at me, and I will show you how I will make his acquaintance."

"Out on you, fellow, for a stupid fool!" retorted the Count, tartly. "If I please to say to him, 'Go there!' thy skin would be the worse for having ventured within the gate."

"Will it please you, Count, to let him come? I have said he is a cur, like to his master."

"What means the fellow?"

"What he says, Signor."

"Out, then! Out of my gates!"

"Not until my errand is accomplished."

"Speed thee, then, and do thy errand, or, by Saint Peter my dog shall drive thee hence."

"Will it please thee, Count, to order my hungry horse some grain?"

"No."

"Indeed you will anon," continued the stranger, approaching him more closely. "I come from Rodolpho."

"What?" exclaimed the Italian, quickly springing up. "Tell me, stranger—I doubt thy words—the proof that thou so comest."

"It is here," said the traveler at once, as he pointed to a heavy signet-ring upon his left hand.

"Come in, come in. Copo, Pinta, see to the horse."

"And mind you," said the stranger, "she must have good care and faithful grooming."

"See to it," added Donati, extending his hand to the traveler, and leading him into the mansion without further hesitation.

The wayfarer very soon found himself perfectly at home. A choice repast of excellent fruit and delicious wine was instantly placed before him and an explanation quickly followed.

"You come from Count Claudio? What can I do—that is, how can I serve my old friend?"

"Your old companion, I believe?"

"Companion. Ah, yes, yes; partner, you mean."

"Well, partner in trade, if you like that term better; partner or companion."

"You know, then——"

"Yes; I know Rodolpho, and I know Bernardo."

"Bernardo! Who—who was he?"

"It was a good while ago."

Yes, yes; that is, I suppose——"

"I know. It's a long while since you and he traveled together, eh!"

"Exactly. But how did he know—you know—that I was here?"

"Ha, ha! Did you suppose you could live here in all this fine style, and never be known again save as the Count Donati?"

"But I am the Count Donati."

"Yes; and you are Bernardo."

"Hush! Not too loud! You don't know. You may have heard——"

"Pshaw! after what I have said, we may speak in confidence I think."

"But——"

"There is no occasion for 'buts,' Count. I am here to ask an accommodation of you."

"Well?"

"Business with us has been indifferent for the past two years and since your retirement from the profession, we have got to be poor. We have an enterprise in view for the coming winter, but in the meantime we must live, you see, eh?"

"Well, go on."

"The chances in the mountains are not so promising as they were five years ago when you were one of us. We are out of ready means; and we—that is to say Rodolpho has commissioned me to communicate with you and ask the loan of twenty thousand ducats."

"What!" exclaimed the tight-fisted Italian, springing fiercely up. "Twenty thousand——"

"Twenty thousand ducats, I said," continued the dusty beggar, without changing the expression of his face, or seeming for a moment to notice the Count's embarrassment.

"Twenty thousand ducats!" said Count Donati, catching his breath once more. "It is a vast sum."

"I know it," responded the beggar.

"Was the man mad?"

"I think not, Count."

"Then he was drunk, to be sure, to make such a demand of me."

"I should say not drunk, either, Count; for he will drink only good wine, as you are aware; and Heaven knows that he has not of late had the means to obtain his favorite beverage in any extravagant quantities. But, Count," added the stranger, as he filled his goblet with another draught of the choice liquor before him, "Count, your good health! By the Mass, it is seldom of late, that Rodolpho has put his lips to such nectar as this."

"Ten thousand ducats!" exclaimed Count Donati, as if speaking to himself.

"Twenty thousand, Count."

"Eh? what?"

"Twenty thousand, I said, Count."

"Aye, twenty thousand is a monstrous demand, to be sure."

"An accommodation only, Count; it will be returned to thee."

"Bah! Count Claudio cannot be in earnest in this matter, for he knows that I do not possess so much."

"Ha, ha, ha!" screamed the beggar.

"Why do you laugh?"

"Laugh, Count! Your pardon for the rudeness; but Rodolpho has not forgotten how much of gold and plate and jewels fell to Bernardo's final share of the accumulated spoils when less than two years since, he dissolved partnership. I think this is the team with that noted individual. I warrant me the value of those precious items have not since lessened in Count Donati's hands."

"I cannot do it," insisted Count Donati, firmly.

"Yes, you can."

"I cannot—I will not!"

"I think you will—you must."

"This is monstrous. I will not willingly consent thus to be robbed; and I will resist."

"No, you won't."

"And why not?"

"Because it will not be for your interest to do so. Besides you are too rich and too liberal to refuse an old friend so trifling a favor."

"Trifling did you say?"

"And, moreover," continued the traveler, "your place is so public here—nice house, well-appointed, everything pleasant and desirable—you wouldn't care to be inconvenienced by too frequent visits from certain friends I could name to you, and who wouldn't scruple to come and help themselves, perhaps, as you have done in times past, to what might be accessible."

The last hint was delivered by the speaker with the coolest *sang froid* imaginable; and the intruder filled his goblet once more, as the Count stared at him in utter astonishment.

"Bernardo Donati, I mean," said the bold stranger, placing the goblet to his lips again, "your very good health!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Clover Tea Cure.

Omaha Cor. Chicago Times.

United States Senator Stanford of California spent to-day in Omaha. The cure of General Grant is attributed by him to the use of clover tea for the past four weeks. Among the numerous letters received by Mrs. Grant suggesting various remedies, clover tea was urged by the majority of writers, and this so influenced her that she finally insisted on giving it a trial at once. The doctors said they had no objections, although they had no faith in it whatever. They gave it a trial of one week or ten days and then dropped it. Mrs. Grant and family, however, continued to give it to the general, without the knowledge of the doctors, and have kept it up ever since. His improvement was noticeable from the day he began taking it. Senator Stanford had a friend named Bishop who, some years ago, had a cancer break out in three different places on his face and neck. The best physicians in the country treated him, but failed to do him any good. Finally an old doctor of Jersey City recommended clover tea as a purifier of blood and possible remedy for cancerous diseases. Bishop tried it and was cured. Stanford says that General Grant told him that at three different times he would have died had not the doctors been present to revive him with stimulants. Stanford himself was present once when Grant was unconscious for five minutes, and at another time when he nearly strangled to death. "He certainly has had some very close calls," said Senator Stanford.

Myriads of young grasshoppers have made their appearance at Merced, Cal., upon uncultivated tracts, but so far none have appeared upon cultivated fields. They hatch apparently upon the pasture lands, and are now only about half an inch long, and hop like fleas, hundreds of them jumping up at every step in front of any one walking over the ground.

Winnipeg, Man., has 912 trading establishments, doing an annual business of $23,000,000.

BARTHOLDI'S BIG GIRL.

The Prejudices Met by a Canvasser for the Pedestal Fund.

The Bartholdi pedestal fund is nearly complete. The statue has arrived and soon New York harbor will be graced by the most magnificent colossal statue the world has ever seen

"Liberty Enlightening the World!" What a priceless blessing personal liberty is. It is the shrine at which people, ground under the heel of tyranny in the older worlds, worship with a fervency that Americans can scarcely realize; it is a principle for which Nihilists willingly die the death of dogs; and fit and proper is it that at the every entrance of the Bay of New York this emblematic statue should flash a welcome to the world.

The press is entitled to the credit of this achievement. Mr. Phillip Beers, who has been making a circuit of the country on behalf of the pedestal fund, says that the fund will certainly be raised, as the *World* does not know the word *fail*.

Mr. Beers says that he has found the most pronounced generosity among those of foreign birth. They seem more appreciative of liberty than do our native born. Moreover, among some a strange prejudice seems to exist.

"Prejudice? In what particular?"

"I have ever found that however meritorious a thing may be, thousands of people will inevitably be prejudiced against it. I have spent most of life on the road and I know the American people 'like a book.' In 1879 a personal misfortune illustrated this prevailing prejudice. I was very ill, had suffered for several years with headache, fickle appetite, dreadful backache, cramps, hot head, cold hands and feet and a general break-down of the system. I dragged myself back to New York seeking the best professional treatment. It so happens that among my relatives is a distinguished physician who upbraided me roundly for preaching so much about my own case. Finally, with some spirit, I remarked to him:

"'Sir, you know that much of your professional wisdom is pretense. You are controlled by prejudice. You cannot reach a case like mine and you know it, can you?'"

"I had him; and he finally conceded the point, for it was Bright's disease of the kidneys which had prostrated me, and the school-men admit they cannot cure it. Having cured myself, however, in 1879, and not having seen a sick day since, my relative finally admitted that Warner's safe cure, which accomplished this result, was really a wonderful preparation. Had President Rutter of the Central Hudson used it, I am certain he would be alive to-day, for he could not have been in a worse condition than I was."

"I have found similar prejudices among all classes concerning even so laudable a scheme as this pedestal fund."

Mr. Beer's experience and the recent death of President Rutter, of the Central-Hudson railroad, of an extreme kidney disorder, proves that the physicians have no real power over such diseases, and indicates the only course one should pursue if, as the late Dr. Willard Parker says, headache, sickness of the stomach, dropsical swellings, back ache, dark and offensive fluids, premature impaired eyesight, loss of strength and energy occur, for they unmistakably indicate a fatal result, if not promptly arrested.

"Yes, sir-e-e, every cent needed for the pedestal will be raised. Of course it will be a great triumph for the World, but would it not have been an eternal disgrace had our people failed to provide for this pedestal?"

The great monument to be erected as the late Thomas Allen's monument at Pittsfield, Mass., has reached the place. It is forty-two feet long, four feet six inches square at the base, and weighs 84,500 pounds. It will conveyed from St. Louis on two platform of eight cars. It is firmly encased in wood so protected that none of the polished surface or corners is exposed. It was brought without accident, and now the problem is how to move it to the cemetery.

An expedition recently sent from San Francisco to obtain skins and skeletons for the National Museum of the almost extinct sea elephant, once enormously abundant on the Pacific coast, was able, after a long cruise, to get only a dozen or more specimens, though they visited haunts which only two or three years ago were the resorts of hundreds of these unwieldy seals, whose valuable oil has made them an object of exterminating pursuit.

Here is a sample of Chinese advertising, the effort of an ink manufacturer in Canton: "At the shop Tae shing (prosperous in the extreme), very good ink; fine! fine! Ancient shop, great-grandfather, gandfather, father, and self made this ink; fine and hard, very hard; picked with care, selected with attention. This ink is heavy; so is gold. The eye of the dragon glitters and dazzles; so does this ink. No one makes like it."

When Mr. Phelps, minister to England, was in New Haven, it was among his duties to instruct the academic seniors in law. A student was asked one day to give the essentials of a deed. By dint of much head-scratching he described fairly a will. Prof. Phelps called his attention to the mistake, much to his confusion, but relieved him and the situation by remarking at once, "Mr. Blank, I shall have to take the will for the deed."

A patriotic citizen of Vacaville, Cal., who detests the Chinese recently refused to sell a native of the Celestial Empire a lot for $1,000, but sold it to an esteemed Yankee friend for $500. With an eye to business, the Yankee sold it to the heathen, and pocketed a profit of $500, and the original owner now has a "Chinese washee" sign floating next door.

Around the base of the hills surrounding Carson, Nev., says the Appeal, there is a thermal belt in which all kinds of fruit and vegetables may be grown without danger of injury from frost. Higher up on the hills and lower down in the valley the ranches and gardners have hard times guarding their plants and trees.

In view of his very slender means and very large family, with no prospect of wealth, Sir Stafford Northcote's acceptance of an earldom has excited much surprise. It is without precedent to confer upon any but a Prime Minister higher rank than a Viscounty. Sir Stafford has about $25,000 a year.

Geolgists are interested in the discovery of a large deposit of volcanic dust and water-work grains of volcanic sand containing glass and every sort of mineral almost, save quartz, near Plattsmouth, Neb., the only deposit of the sort east of the Rocky Mountains.

A recent prize man in one of the leading New England colleges is said to have paid his way through college by buying old clocks and other bric-a-brac in back country towns, and selling them at fancy prices to New York and New Haven collectors.

Castor Oil.

One of the chief uses to which castor oil is now put is that of dressing and softening leather for boots. It was formerly used for dosing children whose stomachs were disordered. And an awful dose it was. Now we give suffering children Brown's Iron Bitters, which tones the stomach, regulates digestion, and imparts strength to the whole body. Brown's Iron Bitters is incomparably better than castor oil, and more pleasant to take.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies. The combination, proportion, and preparation are peculiar to Hood's Sarsaparilla, giving it curative power not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures where others fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Boils, Pimples, all Humors, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, General Debility, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Complaints. It overcomes that extreme tired feeling, and builds up the whole system. Now is the time to take it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has met unparalleled success at home. Such has become its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that whole neighborhoods are taking it at the same time. The same wonderful success is extending all over the country. Its positive merit makes new friends daily. Try 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.

Bismarck isn't quite as bulky as he used to be.

Nearly all Mexicans are very fond of beans.

New Mexico has had just 75 governors in 200 years.

Tucson, A. T., claims to be the oldest town in America.

The imperial revenues of China are only $87,500 per year.

Forty Moors are coming to the United States to learn how to make firearms.

Some of the adventists are now reckoning May 11, 1886 as "wind up" day.

Joseph Cook takes his hot weather straight, at his old home near Ticonderoga.

Napoleon's old palace at Marseilles is now used as a hospital for cholera patients.

There are 156 medical colleges in this country, and yet we are not any too healthy.

London allowed 36 of its inhabitants to starve to death in the past twelvemonth.

Spurgeon's congregation give an average of $345 a Sunday in the "plate collection."

San Francisco "pigtails" gave $100 to the fund for a memorial to "Chinese" Gordon.

The potter's field is the most "popular" burying ground in or around New York city.

In India they use corals as ornaments for corpses when preparing them for cremation.

Theo. Thomas believes all good singers and musicians should be bald headed, like himself.

It would take 32,000,000 women to hug the globe, even if they clasped hands and stretched.

President Cleveland has become greatly interested in a night blooming cereus at the White House.

Strawberries as well as oysters and peaches, are a big crop on the eastern shore of Maryland.

Chinese make more than half the white shirts worn in San Francisco, and wash two thirds of them.

There is only one woman infidel lecturer in the world and her name, revised, is Sheolen Gardner.

One prominent college for young women has over 640 graduates, of whom less than 200 are married.

It will take at least 11,000 years to exhaust the coal beds of the world, at the present rate of consumption.

Southern Methodist hope to help the missionary cause this year and next to the amount of $205,000.

Giraffes come high in more senses than one. They cost from $5,000 to $25,000, according to their altitude.

Kenealy, the English advocate, left a daughter who is now practicing medicine with great success in London.

The cost of the proposed ship canal from the Baltic, through Holstein, to the North sea, is estimated at $40,000,000.

Massachusetts men have served the United States as ministers to the British court for nearly half of the time in the last 45 years.

Scotland beats the world in the percentage of its college students as compared with its population. Our own New England is a good second.

As if by magic ones pains vanish if he be a sufferer from rheumatism or neuralgia and applies St. Jacob's Oil, the pain banisher.

Watermelons will not be as plenty as usual in the South this year.

There is nothing like Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil to quickly cure a cold or relieve hoarseness. Written by Mrs. M. J. Fellows, Burr Oak, St. Joseph Co., Mich.

A fire originating curiously occurred the other night in Crawfordsville, Ga. A clock cord broke, letting the weight fall upon and ignite a box of matches lying on the bottom of the clock case. The family were all asleep at the time, and the house was nearly burned.

A WEAK BACK, with a weary aching lameness over the hips, is a sign of diseased kidneys. Use the best kidney curative known, which is Burdock Blood Bitters.

Fifteen years ago only 34 per cent. of the people of Wales spoke English alone, 45 per cent spoke both English and Welsh, and 21 per cent. spoke only Welsh. The number of this last class is now much smaller, and, though Welsh will be used for a long time yet, it is believed that within twenty-five years English will be generally spoken.

CURE FOR CROUP.—Use Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil according to directions. It is the best remedy for all sudden attacks of colds, pain and inflammation, *and injuries.*

At Mr. Beckert Denison's recent sale the Duke of Hamilton bought back some of his own pictures for half the price he had given for them.

Clipped from *Canada Presbyterian* under signature of C. Blackett Robinson, Prop.: I was cured of oft recurring billious headaches by Burdock Blood Bitters.

To keep mosquitoes from hatching in standing water, doctor it with oil.

We Caution all Against Them

The unprecedented success and merit of Ely's Cream Balm—a real cure for catarrh, hay fever and cold in the head—has induced many adventurers to place catarrh medicines bearing some resemblance in appearance, style or name upon the market, in order to trade upon the reputation of Ely's Cream Balm. Many in your immediate locality will testify in highest commendation of it. Don't be deceived. Buy only Ely's Cream Balm. A particle is applied into each nostril; no pain; agreeable to use. Price 50 cents; of druggists.

Jeff. Davis' niece, Fanny H. Davis, recently died at New Orleans, aged 70.

When you visit or leave New York city, via Central depot, save Baggage Expressage and $3 Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite said depot. Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars; $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depot. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Victoria's children all like to attend theaters.

RED STAR TRADE MARK **COUGH CURE**

Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons.

A PROMPT, SAFE, SURE CURE

For Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Influenza, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Quinsy, Pains in Chest, and other affections of the Throat and Lungs.

Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold by Druggists and Dealers. *Parties unable to induce their dealer to promptly get it for them will receive two bottles, Express charges paid, by sending one dollar to*

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, Sole Owners and Manufacturers, Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A.

Pennsylvania Agricultural Works, York, Pa.

Farquhar's Standard Engines & Saw Mills. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

Address A. B. FARQUHAR, York, Pa.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO GO TO **DETROIT** AND HAVE YOUR

EXAMINED AND FITTED WITH SPECTACLES OR EYE GLASSES AT **ROEHM & WRIGHT'S**, IMPORTERS, JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS. 140 WOODWARD AVE. THEY MAKE NO CHARGE FOR TESTING EYES, AND SELDOM FAIL TO GIVE RELIEF.

Horned toads are selling at 50 cents apiece in California, and large numbers are sent East as curiosities. They are harmless, and can be handled with impunity. They are cheap to keep, living six months on two house flies.

HAY FEVER.—I have been a great sufferer from Hay Fever for 15 years. I read of the many wondrous cures by Ely's Cream Balm and thought I would try once more. In 15 minutes after one application I was wonderfully helped. Two weeks ago I commenced using it and now I feel *entirely cured.* It is the greatest discovery ever known or heard of.—DUHAMEL CLARK, Farmer, Lee, Mass. Price 50 cents.

Wooden spoons, plates and bowls are used by the vast majority of Russians.

We think we can cure a bad case of Backache quicker with one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters, than by any other application, and after the Backache is cured, you can still wear the plaster without discomfort for two or three weeks longer. This combination of Smart Weed and Belladonna is a great hit, and it is hard to find any pain or ache that will not yield to it. Price 25 cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.

You can buy a polar bear for about $800.

"ROUGH ON CATARRH."

Corrects offensive odors at once. Complete cure of worst cases, also unequaled as gargle for Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Foul Breath. 50c.

There are no white servants at the White House.

THE HOPE OF THE NATION.

Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

Parisian belles now carry pistols.

CATARRH OF THE BLADDER.

Stinging, irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Urinary Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

"Hail Columbia" is 87 years old.

MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its ENTIRE NUTRITIOUS PROPERTIES. It contains blood making force generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., Proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

IF YOU WANT A DOG

Send 15 cents for DOG BUYERS GUIDE, 100 engravings, colored plate. Associated Fanciers, 237 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

PATENTS obtained by Louis Bagger & Co., Attorneys, Washington, D.C. Est'd 1864. Advice free.

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

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS —THE BEST TONIC.

QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. Trade Mark. On Every Bottle.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women**, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

FOR MALARIA TAKE HOPS & FOR BILIOUSNESS

MALT BITTERS.

IT IS THE BLOOD PURIFIER & HEALTH RESTORER.

It never fails to do its work in cases of **Malaria, Biliousness, Constipation, Headache,** loss of **Appetite** and **Sleep, Nervous Debility, Neuralgia,** and all **Female Complaints.** Hops & Malt Bitters is a **Vegetable** Compound. It is a **Medicine** not a **Bar-room Drink.** It differs as **widely** as does day and night from the **thousand-and-one Mixtures of vile whisky** flavored with **aromatics.** Hops & Malt Bitters is **recommended** by **Physicians, Ministers** and **Nurses** as being the **Best** Family Medicine ever compounded. Any **woman** or **child** can take it.

"From my knowledge of its ingredients, under no circumstances can it injure any one using it. It contains no mineral or other deleterious substance. Possessing real merits, the remedy is deserving success." C. E. DEPUY, Ph. G., Detroit, Mich.

The only **Genuine** are manufactured by the HOPS & MALT BITTERS CO., Detroit, Mich.

J. H. HINCHMAN & SONS, Detroit, Mich.; JAMES E. DAVIS & CO., Detroit, Mich., Wholesale Agents.

HALL'S Catarrh Cure

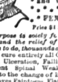
Is Recommended by Physicians!

$100 REWARD FOR A CASE IT FAILS TO CURE!

We manufacture and sell it with a **positive guarantee** that it **will cure any case,** and we will forfeit the above amount if it fails in a **single instance.**

It is **unlike** any other Catarrh remedy, as it is **taken internally, acting upon the blood.** If you are troubled with this distressing disease, ask your Druggist for it, and ACCEPT NO IMITATION OR SUBSTITUTE. If he has not got it, send to us and we will forward immediately. Price, 75 cents per bottle.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.



LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR All those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

Price $1 in liquid, pill or lozenge form.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.

It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the change of life.

It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of inquiry confidentially answered. For sale at druggists.

FARQUHAR VIBRATING SEPARATOR.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE. Wonderful Capacity. Equally Perfect in all kinds of Grain and Flax. VERY DURABLE.

Address A. B. FARQUHAR, York, Pa.

Listen to Your Wife.

The Manchester GUARDIAN, June 5th, 1883, says: At one of the

"Windows"

Looking on the woodland ways! With clumps of rhododendrons and great masses of May blossoms!!! "There was an interesting group. It included one who had been a 'Cotton spinner,' but was now so

Paralyzed!!

That he could only bear to lie in a reclining position.

This refers to my case.

I was first Attacked twelve years ago with "Locomoter Ataxy."

(A paralytic disease of nerve fibre rarely ever cured) and was for several years barely able to get about.

And for the last Five years not able to attend to my business, although

Many things have been done for me.

The last experiment being Nerve stretching.

Two years ago I was voted into the

Home for Incurables! Near Manchester, in May, 1882.

I am no "Advocate": "For anything in the shape of patent" Medicines?

And made many objections to my dear wife's constant urging to try Hop Bitters, but finally to pacify her—

Consented!!

I had not quite finished the first bottle when I felt a change come over me. This was Saturday, November 3d. On Sunday morning I felt so strong I said to my room companions, I was sure I could

"walk!

So started across the floor and back.

I hardly knew how to contain myself. I was all over the house. I am gaining strength each day, and can walk quite safe without any

"Stick!"

Or Support.

I am now at my own house, and hope soon to be able to earn my own living again. I have been a member of the Manchester

"Royal Exchange"

For nearly thirty years, and was most heartily congratulated on going into the room on Thursday last. Very gratefully yours, JOHN BLACKBURN, MANCHESTER (Eng.) Dec. 24, 1883.

Two years later am pretty well.

Prosecute the Swindlers!!!

If when you call for Hop Bitters (SEE GREEN CLUSTER OF HOPS ON THE WHITE LABEL) the druggist hands out any stuff called C. D. Warner's German Hop Bitters or with other "Hop" name, refuse it and shun that druggist as you would a viper, and if he has taken your money for the stuff indict him for the fraud and sue him for the damages for the swindle and we will reward you liberally for the conviction.

CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

HAY FEVER

I can recommend Ely's Cream Balm to all Hay-Fever sufferers, it being, in my opinion, founded on experience and a sure cure. I was afflicted with Hay-Fever for twenty-five years, and never before found permanent relief.—WEBSTER H. HASKINS, Marshfield, Vt.

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.

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

KIDNEY-WORT

THE SURE CURE FOR KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, PILES, AND BLOOD DISEASES.

PHYSICIANS ENDORSE IT HEARTILY.

"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I ever used." Dr. P. C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.

"Kidney-Wort is always reliable." Dr. R. N. Clark, So. Hero, Vt.

"Kidney-Wort has cured my wife after two years suffering." Dr. C. M. Summerlin, Sun Hill, Ga.

IN THOUSANDS OF CASES

it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.

☞ It cleanses the Blood and Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.

PRICE, $1.00 LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Dry can be sent by mail.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. Burlington Vt.

KIDNEY-WORT

RIDGE'S FOOD

At this season of the year, the hilarity of the children is often stopped by some indiscretion on the part of the parent or child; and, as a result, dysentery, cholera infantum, or other complaints of stomach or bowels ensues. In all such cases, Ridge's Food is the best dietetic. It is perfectly safe, being neutral in its action upon the bowels, and in no way interferes with action of medicines.

LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE

Is used by thousands of first class manufacturers and Mechanics on their best work. Received GOLD MEDAL, London, '83. Pronounced strongest glue known. Send card of dealer who does not keep it, with five 2c stamps for SAMPLE CAN FREE. TESTED TO OVER 1600 LBS TO SQ INCH. Russia Cement Co., Gloucester, Mass.

Farquhar's AJAX TRACTION ENGINE. Strongest, most durable, easily managed, and safest. Send for Catalogue. Address, A. B. FARQUHAR, YORK, Pa.

$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. NEWARK MACHINE CO., Columbus, Ohio.

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Boston, Mass., OLDEST in America; Largest and Best Equipped in the WORLD—100 Instructors, 1971 Students last year. Thorough Instruction in Vocal and Instrumental Music, Piano and Organ Tuning, Fine Arts, Oratory, Literature, French, German, and Italian Languages, English Branches, Gymnastics, etc. Tuition, $5 to $20; board and room, $45 to $75 per term. Fall Term begins September 10, 1885. For Illustrated Calendar, giving full information, address, E. TOURJEE, Dir., Franklin Sq., BOSTON, Mass.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.

R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Climax Plug bearing a red tin tag; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

"THE BEST IS CHEAPEST." 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.

LADY AGENTS can secure permanent employment and good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters, Sample outfit free. Address Cincinnati Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

SOLDIERS NEW LAW. Officers' pay from commissions; Deserters relieved; Pensions and increase; experience 19 years; success or no fee. Write for circulars and laws. A. W. McCORMICK & SON, Cincinnati, Ohio.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES Sure relief ASTHMA. Price 35 cts. by mail. Stowell & Co., Charlestown, Mass.

W. N. U. D.—3—30

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

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

Cures Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver and Kidneys, Pimples and Face Grubs, Blotches, Boils, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scrofula & Erysipelas.

THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER ON EARTH.

FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Buffalo, New York.