A Campaign Secret Given Away.

In the campaign of 1884 the two candidates for governor in a "pivotal" Western State arranged for a series of joint discussions. Both men were popular, both of fine appearance and were so well matched in mental force as orators that the contest between them promised to be a magnificent one. For several weeks the scales balanced evenly.

But one day the brilliant Republican candidate came up ailing. He seemed overcome and spoke laboredly. The next day he was even less effective. Later on he was compelled to ask his opponent for a postponement of certain appointments, which was granted. Before the campaign ended he had abandoned the field altogether.

Meantime the Democratic candidate continued his canvass, seeming to grow stronger, cheerier and more effective with each succeeding week. He was elected. One evening in December while entertaining several gentlemen he said:

"I will tell you a campaign secret which gave me the election! With the opening of my campaign I began caring for my liver. I knew that a disordered or torpid liver meant dullness and possible sickness. I took something every day. When my opponent began failing I knew his trouble to be his liver and felt like prescribing for him, but feared if I did he might beat me! I grew stronger as the campaign progressed, often making two speeches a day. Even my voice, to my surprise, did not fail me once. All because Warner's safe cure kept me in A 1 trim." Ex-Governor Jacob of Kentucky, also made a campaign tour under precisely similar circumstances and says he kept up under the exhausting strain by use of the same means.—*Rochester Union.*

THE WOMAN IN RED.

A Thrilling Italian Story of the Last Century.

BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE BEGGAR OF THE HOTEL ST. MARC.

For several days prior to the scenes we have just now related, there had been seen daily among the *lazzaroni* that loitered near the terrace of the hotel where Rodolpho had tarried, a professional beggar, who had attracted his especial attention, from his peculiarity of costume, and the peculiar air of presumption which characterized his continual alms-seeking.

Rodolpho had not escaped this inveterate beggar's appeals; and more than once, when he halted to contribute his mite to the fellow's demands, did he scan his countenance, and aim to read his character in his face. The beggar suspected nothing, however, and Rodolpho moved away, with the conviction that something, perhaps, might be made of this forbidding mendicant at some time or other.

"Do you not remember, Pierre," he asked, turning to his lieutenant, suddenly, "the person of the miserable beggar we have so often met at the foot of the terrace, near our late lodging—him with the slouched hat and scarred eye?"

"Very distinctly, Captain."

"I am glad of that."

"He was a cunning rogue, I think."

"You are right. I would use him."

"That may be easily done, Captain. His size and figure are not unlike your own."

"So I believe. Come join me at once. I will return to Naples."

"To Naples, Captain?"

"Yes. I must have the suit of clothes that fellow wears. You shall know particulars as we go along."

"I see Captain."

"Perhaps you don't though. But listen; we have no leisure for explanations now."

The two men were very shortly in the saddle, and but a short time passed ere they arrived as near the vicinity of the hotel as they dared to approach. Here they alighted and held a short conference, the result of which will be made to appear as we proceed. They separated finally, and before noon the plan proposed by Rodolpho had been successfully commenced.

Toward evening the residents at the hotel sauntered forth to enjoy the cool breezes which were wafted from the waters, and the *lazzaroni* were abroad as usual, with open palms and piteous stories. Among them appeared the noted beggar we have alluded to, who lounged, as was his wont, at the foot of the outer terrace.

There came along an oldish man, well dressed and firm in his gait; but one who had evidently been ill of late, who gave alms but charily, and who did not like the annoyance occasioned by the frequent applications of the street-loungers.

"Give, Signor; give the poor cripple, an it please you; the smallest pittance will be grateful," said the one-eyed beggar, imploringly.

It was Count Donati whom he thus accosted, and who felt generous at at this moment; for he had secured the person of his charming ward, and Rodolpho, his enemy, had fled from Naples. He was at that moment on his way to Francesca, who had been secreted at the mansion of an acquaintance since her abduction, and he felt that he had the field to himself. Tossing the largest silver coin he had in his pocket to the beggar, he said:

"You are a lazy, one-eyed rascal; but I am in luck to-day. Take it, and do not annoy me further." and Count Donati passed rapidly on toward the dwelling where Francesca was temporarily domiciled.

"One eyed," muttered the beggar to himself; "yet, with that same one eye, some there are who could see more than many others with two;" and as the Count hastened along, the rough beggar disappeared at once from the foot of the terrace.

Count Donati moved with hurried footsteps, but at a distance there followed on his track two forms that he little fancied were so near him. He turned and passed to the left, down a long avenue, and then crossed again to the right. As the evening shut in, he halted before a modest appearing dwelling, mounted the steps, opened the door without ceremony, and entered the house.

The blinds were closed, and though one of those that followed him approached the window stealthily, he could see nothing, and for a time the evening silence was unbroken. At last voices could be heard and loud words were spoken; and now the conversation became more animated, and the begger beneath the window, the same to whom Count Donati had given the piece of money, caught every syllable of the exciting conference.

"I tell you, Francesca," continued the old man, in a severe tone, "that you cannot act for yourself in this fearful matter, and you must be advised; the laws of Naples will protect me in my guardianship, and you must submit to my authority. However you may will it, I will never consent that you see this villain again."

"Signor, he is my husband!"

"Pshaw! Out upon the vile wretch who has so deceived you. Fly from him, forget him, and be saved while you may; or, if you will be obdurate, I shall interpose my authority, and compel you to return with me. Nay, do not appeal to my better nature, Francesca; my purpose is fixed. We leave Naples to-morrow. I counsel you, then, accept with becoming grace what you have not the power to prevent."

Much more than this was heard by the beggar beneath the window, who still crouched and listened attentively till the interview was over. He heard the lady appeal to the old man in piteous tones to spare her, to allow her but one moment's interview with her husband; but he was obdurate, unflinching, decisive in his determination.

Even as he skulked beneath that lattice, and while his ears were drinking in the sobs and prayers which were uttered by the persecuted and suffering Francesca, he felt a hand laid suddenly upon his shoulder; and grasping a glittering stiletto as he turned round, he heard a whisper which he instantly recognized.

"Hist! how is it?"

"As I supposed. She is here."

"Good."

"And he is here too."

"He need not go far away from this place," suggested the other person, "if you but will it." And at the same moment the latter drew from beneath his ragged cloak a shining dagger, which he clutched firmly and spitefully.

"No, no; not now. That will defeat all. He proposes to bear her away perforce to-morrow."

"Time enough then."

"Yes; but we will be cautious. Mark you this dwelling."

"Time enough then."

"Do not err, for your life. And now to horse we will return anon."

The beggars were soon out of sight, and, as, has already been suspected by the reader, there can be little question of their identity. It was Claudio who had listened to the threats of Count Donati and the pleadings of Francesca for the last half-hour; and his companion in disguise was the hard-fisted redoubtable Pierre, his lieutenant. They had contrived to purchase the tresses, and the absence of the real beggars, who were known by their attire, near the hotel; and assuming their habits and manners, they had succeeded in deceiving Count Donati completely, and at the same time discovering the habitation of the lost but still faithful wife.

The two robbers rode hard to headquarters; and upon arriving at the retreat of the band, Claudio sprang from his jaded mare, and summoned his clan about him instantly.

"Men," he said, "I have an enterprise for you, in which I feel far more than ordinary interest which attaches to our expeditions, and for which, if successful in it, you shall be sumptuously rewarded for the peril to be incurred."

"What is it, Captain?—What is it?—Where shall we follow you?" exclaimed his comrades, waiting for the proposition, and eager to be busy.

"Bernardo—now styled Count Donati—has played me false again. He lives, comrades, he has dared to cross my path, and has offered our heads for sale to the Neapolitan authorities."

"Where is he? Where can we find him?"

"Order. Be quiet, and observe my instructions. He is in Naples; he has stolen my brightest jewel from me, and I must recover it and be avenged. Not a moment is to be lost. Pierre has his instructions from me in detail. Follow his orders, and I will meet you at the scene of action. The mission is one of hazard, and every man must do his whole duty, for his own weal and the success of my plan."

"We are ready, Captain," was the immediate response of every member of the band.

In a few moments everything was in readiness for the advance. Claudio went forward at once, and Pierre, with about a dozen stout hearted, stalwart fellows, quickly followed in his commander's footsteps.

At about an hour before midnight, the marauders entered the city in pairs; and the final rendezvous having been agreed upon, and the signals arranged Pierre proceeded to reconnoiter before the attack was undertaken.

The plot was well laid by Claudio, who had resolved upon making a dash at the dwelling where Francesca was confined; and in the midst of the confusion that must ensue, he determined to carry her off at the hazard of his life. It was a bold step, but no other resource was left him. There was no time for dallying or diplomacy.

A *coup d'etat* was his only alternative and he grasped the details of his scheme with the readiness of an accomplished operator.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE ATTACK AND THE RESCUE.

Promptly to the moment previously agreed upon, and at a little after midnight, the band, in different disguises, and fully armed, made for the appointed rendezvous.

Two individuals that were foremost in arriving at the immediate vicinity of the residence of Count Donati's friend, stood under the dark shadow of a high garden-wall, and conversed together in a low and earnest tone of voice. They were Claudio and his lieutenant.

"Pierre," said the former, "it is a hazardous and forbidding undertaking. The servants and household of Montesque is large and the odds would be against us under ordinary circumstances here, for I would not harm the person of this man, who evidently means only to befriend our antagonist and enemy; neither am I disposed to attack his attendants. He has never injured me."

"But the Lady Francesca?"

"Aye, Pierre, you are right. She is a prisoner there. You may smile at my earnestness, but I tell you, in all candor, that within the walls of that mansion there is now imprisoned all that I hold dear in my life. My business is well nigh finished, Pierre, in the profession."

"Captain," exclaimed Pierre, with surprise, "what mean you?"

"Well, well, we will talk of this at another time; yet I am disposed to quit the life I have led so long, and I shall name my successor, you know, by our rules."

"I have no ambition, Captain, to serve under any other leader but yourself."

"Thanks, Pierre. We have stood by each other's side in many a hard skirmish, and I know your worth surely. We will speak of this at another time. But our present business is a movement of importance to me; and it must be adroitly conducted or blood will be spilled. I would avoid this, Pierre."

"Your orders will be obeyed, Captain."

"I know it and this is the reason I am now so particular."

"I only repeat what I have already directed you to do, but I reiterate it because I only desire to get possession of Francesca. So then, unless we fight for our lives, we will not discharge a pistol, remember. Our men here are all athletic fellows, and they must be discreet and quick in their movements, and all will go well, I think."

"Will you lead us, Captain?"

"No; you lead the attack. We will force our entrance with the least possible disturbance. I myself will seek Francesca, and point out the best mode of escape. See that our men are properly stationed to guard our exit; and once more, above all, avoid confusion and noise, unless we are compelled to use force."

"I understand, Captain. But how will you find the lady's rooms? Were you ever in the house?"

"No; are you ready?"

"The men are within hailing distance. But what have you here, Captain?" continued Pierre, as Claudio drew something from beneath his cloak.

"This is part of my armor, Pierre," he replied, good humoredly. "You have seen it before; and you shall now observe how effective a weapon this will prove."

"Really, Captain," rejoined Pierre, "you are happy in the selection of so mild a weapon. The plan is capital to be sure."

"Retire, then, Pierre, and watch for the result. I will strike the strings beneath the lower wing of the dwelling, where I suppose she may rest. If any response shall follow, be ready at the word with the men."

"You may count on us, Captain," replied Pierre; and the two men parted company.

A few minutes afterward, the chords of the guitar which Claudio had brought with him were swept in artistic style, and a clear, manly voice, accompanied a melody familiar to the ears of the prisoner within.

The young wife had retired to her couch for the night. She had wept and sighed, and yearned to speak a few parting words to him she loved so devotedly, and from whom she had been so suddenly separated. Her heart was torn by the cruel act of Count Donati, which she could scarcely believe was not a frightful dream, rather than a reality; and her brain was wrought up to a point of frenzy, when she pictured to herself the thousand perils to which her beloved husband might be subjected. Heartsick and utterly broken down with grief, she had thrown herself upon her couch, and an interval of wakeful sleep had overcome her temporarily. The night was far advanced; and as Francesca turned upon her uneasy pillow, she recognized, or thought she recognized, even amid her dream, a well-known and favorite air that she had heard him sing before. It was only a dream, though, and the lovely but persecuted wife slept on; for it was sweet even to dream of the happy hours and scenes which she had known so recently.

The serenade continued; the harp-string leaped with melodious sweetness, the voice was the same she had listened to in brighter hours than this; and the words were familiar indeed:

> "My bark is on the waters, love,
> The breeze is fresh and fair;
> Then hie then, 'neath the starlight, love,
> My bark unmeasured to share!
> And we'll away, we'll away,
> For we may not brook delay:
> Our boat is at the shore—
> Let's away, let's away!"

Francesca was awake.

She did not slumber; she did not dream; she was sure of this, and she sprang to the lattice with a heart full of hope. She gazed abroad; she saw the form of the singer. She doubted no longer it was Rodolpho her husband. He was safe, and had come to claim his bride.

The faithful woman forgot Count Donati; she forgot all he had said of Rodolpho; she thought of nothing on earth save to fly and be with him once more. No matter what he was; no matter whither he could bear her; no matter was it to her heart that his name was a terror to others—*she loved him!*

Her determination was quickly made. Seizing her veil, she advanced to the door of her chamber, resolved to escape without another or thought. But, to her surprise, after removing her key, she found the door of her apartment was secured on the outside. Returning to the window, as quickly as possible she leaned forward, and beheld her husband below, backed by half a score of men who had just responded to the preconcerted signal.

"Hist!" she said quickly; "Rodolpho I am not deceived?"

"No, loved one! you are correct. I come to rescue you. Haste; we have not a moment to lose."

Matters were very soon explained, and Claudio soon learnt that his wife had not the means of egress from her sleeping-apartment. Every apparently approachable portion of the dwelling was quickly examined, but every point was thoroughly secured. There was but one plan left them.

"We must force an entrance," said Claudio, in a low tone, to Pierre; "there is no other alternative. Let us retire to the south wing, dash out one of the windows and follow me with men. Is the horse saddled?"

"Yes, Captain, and in charge of Antoine, close at hand."

"Good. Now, then, bring the men."

In another moment a dozen stout, armed brigands, were clustered beneath the shadow of the piazza, and a crash was heard as the casement and lattice gave way before them. The entrance was effected, and Claudio rushed in, followed by one half of his band. Mounting the broad stairs he sprang along the corridor, crying aloud, "Francesca! Francesca! Francesca!" as he advanced.

The household was but slowly astir, for both the proprietor and his servants slept soundly. Yet the confusion had become too great to escape the observance of the sleepers, and in a few seconds, as the shrieks of Francesca arose amid her excitement and fears, the servants and their master began to tumble out of their beds and their rooms to learn what was the trouble.

The attendants rushed along through the darkness, Francesca continued to shriek her husband's name, and Claudio was soon before the door of her apartments.

"Francesca!" he shouted. "I am here," and as the door gave way before the shoulders of his foremost men, the brigand dashed into the room and received his wife in his arms.

Quickly he tore her from her place of confinement and his faithful comrades advancing before him, cut a passage over the falling forms of the terrified servants, who had crowded themselves for a moment upon the stairs and within the hall below.

Pierre advanced, his men closed up the rear. The retreat was as sudden as the entrance had been successful; and long before the astonished Montesque and his household had had time to gather up the stunned, Claudio, at the side of his lovely wife, were galloping out of Naples, followed by his valiant and faithful men.

Count Donati who, after his interview with Francesca, had retired to his hotel, was quietly asleep. He had made sure of his prize this time, he thought, and would leave Naples in the morning, accompanied by his ward. Such, at least, had been his intention.

CHAPTER XXX.

HUSBAND AND WIFE—THE EXPLANATION.

The shadows of evening of fallen upon the earth three months after the events just narrated, and the attention of our readers is now invited to a happy scene many leagues distant from Naples. We have said it was a happy scene, and so it was. Francesca the beloved of Claudio, the contented and loving companion of the whilom robber-chief, sat by the side of that same brigand, her lawful husband, in a superbly decorated apartment at the Hotel l'Anglais, at Leghorn.

"Once more, Claudio," she said, as he clasped her soft, white hand, and she looked up lovingly into his handsome face—"once more we are comparatively at ease, and safe from annoyance."

"Yes, dear Francesca," responded Rodolpho, affectionately; "we may rest here after the tumultuous and harrassing life we have led for the past five months, and feel at leisure. I promised you, at the fitting time, to tell you my history, you remember."

"Ah, Claudio, you well may believe that I have not forgotten that! Pray tell it me, my husband."

"To begin, then, Francesca. Of my early days I know little. As far back as I can remember, I never knew the smiles of a parent, and I can now indistinctly call to mind the friendship even of any particular individual. I was reared in a place, now known to me—that is, up to the age, as I suppose, of some nine or ten years. About that time I recollect being placed, early one cold morning, in a *diligence*; and after a hard ride of fourteen or fifteen hours, was set down at an indifferent looking house in the city of Paris.

"There I continued to reside for three years afterward. A small portion of the first two years I attended a school, and became fond of study for awhile; but on a sudden, without any more explanation than had been vouchsafed to me on my entrance, I was taken to a southern part—Marseilles—where I remained some four years longer, occupied, as I had previously been, and supported by those whom I never knew or saw.

"The parties who had me nominally in their charge were exceedingly lax in their management, and I soon became my own master. I followed my own inclinations; went where fancy led me; returned when I thought proper; and very soon made them tired of looking after me in my wanderings. As I generally had a small amount of money which I could call my own I frequently delayed my return home for days.

"In the meantime, I was rapidly growing up, when one day I was informed that my *protecteur* had become bankrupt, and had declined to advance the means to defray the charge of my board and contingent expenses; and that I must find other accommodations and the means to take care of myself forthwith.

"I was thus thrown upon the world without a franc, for I had expended all my money weeks before. I knew no way to turn to obtain a living, and I had not a suitable education for ordinary business pursuits.

"But during the time I resided in Marseilles, I had met with a famous juggler, of astonishing deceptive powers, into whose good graces I had ingratiated myself, and who took a great fancy to me for my aptness in acquiring the knowledge of his tricks and maneuverings. To him, then, I immediately appealed, and he willingly assisted me when I made known to him my unfortunate position.

"After a few months of constant practice, I had become so thoroughly proficient in the art of legedemain, that I accompanied him on a continental tour as his confederate. We were eminently successful for a time; but my star of good fortune deserted me in an evil hour, and I made the acquaintance of a rascal who imposed upon and well-nigh ruined me."

"And who was this person?" asked Francesca, with deep sympathy.

"You shall learn anon. As you are aware, Francesca, fortune favored me, and I was known in Genoa as the Count Claudio, a young nobleman, wealthy, extravagant, but, beyond the follies of youth, with spotless character. None knew my previous history; and as to who I was, or what my origin, I could not myself inform them; so perforce it remained a mystery. You were a girl of some sixteen or seventeen when first I made your acquaintance. Fascinated by your beauty and gentleness, I fell deeply in love; and, dear Francesca, to my inexpressible joy, I had reasons to believe that my love was returned. But then there came storm-clouds, which obscured the bright sunshine of our love; that terrible woman appeared; and driven to despair, I rashly attempted to carry you off, and thereby incurred your displeasure. I had become desperate, and seeking the gaming-table, was one night utterly ruined. I met there a stranger, who was in the same plight. I said something about taking to a brigand's life; he eagerly caught at the proposal; and having agreed to meet again, we parted. I set out for the appointed rendezvous, and there became an outlaw, under command of the notorious Bernardo. I continued with him for more than a year, became his lieutenant, served him and his cause faithfully; and when he had amassed and secured a fortune as chief of the clan, he retired and named me his successor, with a voluntary promise of aid should I ever need it at his hands. Two years passed away. I was at times successful, at others unlucky. I contrived to save some portion of the ill-acquired gains of the band, and at last became in a measure needy; and then as a last resource, I called upon the man whom I had helped to make rich for his promised aid in my emergency; but he scouted me, and refused to oblige me with the loan of a few thousands that I required. It was not *his* money, but it was not *mine*; and I demanded what he declined to lend me. Francesca, I see by your excitement that you suspect the rest. Be calm; trust in me as you have trusted, and be sure that you will never have cause to regret your love or your confidence. As I hope for mercy, what I now speak is the truth. That ingrate coward, Bernardo, was your guardian, Count Donati!"

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed his wife, scarcely knowing what she heard or what she said. "My God! how have I been thus deceived?"

"Speak, then, Francesca," continued Rodolpho wildly. "Speak; tell me in one word what is now to be my fate? How I have loved you, how my all of hope and joy is wrapped in your weal and happiness, I will not now repeat. But tell me, am I still loved, still honored? Shall I still retain your affection and your confidence since now you know my secret and your own?"

She sprang upon his neck, and while he kissed away the flood of tears that gushed from the fountain of her overcharged heart, as she remembered all she had passed through for him in the past few months, she reassured him of her unalterable affection forever.

"Claudio," she said, "if it may afford you one moment of joy, or if it shall haply be the occasion of relieving you from a doubt of my devotedness, let me pledge anew to you the earnestness of that love, the whole of that heart, which you alone have ever occupied. I am your wife, Claudio, your trusting, loving wife. Believe me, I am yours, now and ever!"

Of a truth it was a happy scene. Francesca had now learned from the lips of the only man she had ever loved his story from his childhood. She could easily conceive how such a man as she knew Count Donati to be, could manage to entangle and lead astray an ardent careless youth, like her lover in his earlier years. But all had now been explained to her satisfaction and she could look to the future with bright hopes.

Claudio had assured her that his professional business in the mountains was over. He had already separated himself from the band, and measures were at that moment in progress for the pardon of the brigands by the Italian government who were about to issue a proclamation to that effect, after in vain endeavoring to subdue the robbers by force. He had resolved upon quitting that part of Italy, and proposed to travel with his fond and lovely wife. He had not saved much out of the gains of his captaincy, but in his magical profession he was still an adept, and he did not fear for the future in a pecuniary view.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How Vaccination Works.

Popular Science Monthly.

Pasteur had little difficulty in establishing the parasitic origin of fowl cholera; indeed the parasite has been observed by others before him. But by his successive cultivations he rendered the solution sure. His next step will remain forever memorable in the history of medicine. I allude to what he calls "virus attenuation." And here it may be well to throw out a few remarks in advance. When a tree or a bundle of wheat or barley or straw is burned a certain amount of mineral matter remains in the ashes—extremely small in comparison with the bulk of the tree or of the straw, but absolutely essential to its growth. In a soil lacking or exhausted of the necessary mineral constituents, the tree can not live, the crop can not grow. Now, contagia are living things, which demand certain elements of life just as inexorably as trees or wheat or barley; and it is not difficult to see that a crop of a given parasite may so far use up a constituent existing in small quantities in the body, but essential to the growth of the parasite, as to render the body unfit for the production of a second crop. The soil is exhausted, and until the lost constituent is restored the body is protected from any further attack of the same disorder. Such an explanation of non recurrent diseases naturally presents itself to a thorough believer in the germ theory, and such was the solution which, in reply to a question, I ventured to offer nearly fifteen years ago to an eminent London physician. To exhaust a soil, however, a parasite less vigorous and destructive than the really virulent one may suffice; and if after having by means of a feebler organism, exhausted the soil without fatal result, the most highly virulent parasite be introduced into the system it will prove powerless. This, in the language of the germ theory, is the whole secret of vaccination.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Fish fried in butter is quite a delicate dish.

Green geese or goslings are in season from now to September. The 29th of that month you may cook and eat the full-grown goose.

The young carrots in market cut into slender rods and cooked, are excellent when blended with a dish of green peas, and both together make a pretty garnish for chops and cutlets.

For cleaning silver ornaments or silverware, a little ammonia diluted with water and some prepared chalk, mixed into a paste. Take brush for the wet paste, and dry chamois for the rubbing.

Corn meal croquettes are nice for lunch or breakfast. Mix two ounces of corn meal, two ounces of white flour, two ounces of butter and four ounces of granulated sugar to a paste, adding a little grated lemon peel. Roll out thin, cut in forms and bake. Serve with powdered sugar.

Convenient work baskets may be made of the wooden baskets with handles that are sold for ten cents at wood and willowware stores. Cover and line the basket neatly with some pretty cretonne, trim it with cotton lace and make a cover of the cretonne edged with lace to lay over it.

Pretty lawn tennis aprons are made of stout linen with rackets, balls and net embroidered upon them in silk or cotton in outline stitch. The strings are of some color harmonizing with the general tone of the embroidery. The sides of the apron and the top of the pockets are feather stitched.

A tablespoonful of sugar of lead (deadly poison, which must be kept under lock and key) to a gallon of water will set the colors of cotton articles that are doubtful. It will also set dirt, so that care must be taken only to use it for clean garments. It is excellent for new colored stockings that may not be "fast."

Soap bark is admirable for cleansing woolens of all colors. Take a tablespoonful of the bark and simmer it for half an hour in one quart of water. Add this decoction to a bucket of warm water and wash the woolen in it. This quantity will be sufficient for a dress. Iron on the reverse side before the material is quite dry.

Wax beans make a delicious salad. Choose young beans, remove the strings, break in inch-long pieces and cook in salt and water. While still warm cover them with a dressing in oil, vinegar, salt and pepper. Be sure and remember in mixing salads the old saying, "A spendthrift for oil, a miser for vinegar, a wise man for salt and a mad man for mixing." Use at least twice as much oil as vinegar.

Rugs of soft and pretty effect are made in this simple way: Take any desired colored worsted and coarse steel knitting needles, cast on thirteen stitches and knit plain knitting to the length required; as each strip is finished wet it thoroughly and then let it dry. Take a piece of stout ticking, the size the mat is to be, and sew each strip firmly on it with strong linen thread on the selvedge side. Having done this, cut through the middle of the knitting and there will be a fluffy, curly carpet.

This marmalade is excellent: One pound of ripe currents and one pound of ripe raspberries pressed through a sieve so that the pulp is free from the seeds; to this add two pounds of sweet cherries, seeded. Clarify two pounds of sugar and add the fruit with a quarter of the cherry seeds from which the skin has been removed. Boil until the syrup becomes thick, stirring constantly and removing any scum. A teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon may be added as soon as the syrup begins to boil.

Eggs with green peas are a nice dish for breakfast or luncheon. Boil one gill of green peas. Beat eight eggs just enough to mix the yokes and whites, season them with a little grated nutmeg, salt and pepper; add a teaspoonful of warm water; put them in a stew pan and set it on a slow fire and stir until they begin to thicken; then add four ounces of butter (two ounces will answer if so much butter is not liked), stir for five minutes and add the gill of green peas; simmer five minutes longer and serve.

A refreshing dessert for warm weather is made by this recipe: One pint of currant or raspberry juice, or half of each, one pint of water and sugar to tast, and six ounces of farina or rice flour. Let the juice, water and sugar boil, and then stir in the farina or rice flour and cook until done; it must not be too stiff nor yet watery. Turn into a mold, set in the ice and when perfectly firm and cold turn upon a dish and serve. This pudding may be eaten with whipped cream, flavored with vanilla or with a vanilla sauce. It may be made with any fruit syrup.

Very, Very Little Things.

But very important are your blood corpuscles. They are so small that it takes over 3,000 of them in a line to make an inch. The right red color comes from the iron in them. When there is not enough iron the blood is thin and watery and impure. Purity and vigor go together. Brown's Iron Bitters is the only safe iron tonic ever made. It enriches the blood, builds up the system, gives health, strength, and enjoyment of life.

Cleveland masons are putting up a $100,000 temple.

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell."

It has often been wondered at, the bad odor this oft-quoted doctor was in. Most probably because he belonged to the old school of medicine and made up pills as large as bullets, which nothing but an ostrich could swallow with comfort. Hence the dislike. Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are sugar-coated and no larger than bird-shot, and are quick to do their work. For all derangements of the liver, bowels and stomach they are specific.

New Zealand is the paradise of small farmers.

* * * * Rupture, pile tumors, fistulas and all diseases of lower bowels (except cancer), radically cured. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., and enclose two (2c.) stamps for book.

They raise 20-pound cantaloupes in Georgia.

French Grape Brandy, distilled Extract of Water Pepper or Smart-Weed, Jamaica Ginger and Camphor Water as combined in Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, is the best possible remedy for colic, cholera morbus, diarrhea, dysentery or bloody flux; also to break up colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks. 50 cents. Good for man or beast.

Coffee can be raised in Florida with profit.

Wichita Falls (Tex.) [illegible], Aug. 8.

It is gratifying to us to note the fact that Messrs. John Cameron and J. Q. Morrison were the lucky owners of one-fifth of ticket No. 48,954 in The Louisiana State Lottery which drew the $25,000 prize in the drawing of July 13. This fortune does away with the reasoning of those crying fraud, because these gentlemen are too well known to admit of a thought for a moment that they would lend themselves as parties to deceive the public. The fact is, they held the ticket and it has been promptly cashed and our good friends wear broad smiles because of their good luck. In the face of indisputable facts some will still doubt that which has been demonstrated beyond a doubt to any reasonable mind. Talk with these gentlemen and you will then know that The Louisiana State Lottery cashes its drawings and that persons do not have to stand in with them to be lucky. We rejoice with our good friends and hope that they may again hold the winning number.

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.

Old people in Persia consume a frightful amount of opium.

A. B. Durfey, mate of steamer Arizona, had his foot badly jammed. Thomas' Eclectric Oil cured it. Nothing equal to it for a quick pain reliever.

New York state has 3,530 railroad bridges within its borders.

THE CLERGY, THE MEDICAL FACULTY AND THE PEOPLE, all endorse Burdock Blood Bitters as the best system renovating, blood purifying tonic in the world. Send for testimonials.

The wine product for 1886 is estimated at 25,000,000 gallons.

FOR LUMBAGO, SCIATIC PAINS, BRUISES and all pain and soreness of the flesh, the grand household remedy is Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Be sure you get the genuine.

Belva Lockwood's favorite shoe buttoner is a silver harpoon.

The Rev. Wm. Stout, Wiarton, Ont., states "After being ineffectually treated by seventeen different doctors for Scrofula and blood disease, I was cured by Burdock Blood Bitters. Write him for proof.

Bismarck having "sworn off" smoking, declares that he regards cigars [illegible].

The plan for a 75 acre tobacco garden in Mount Royal park at Montreal is being pushed [illegible].

About [illegible] [illegible] in England [illegible].

A national convention of [illegible] is to meet at Pittsburg in September. [illegible]

In round numbers, [illegible] separate books and pamphlets have been published by the order of congress since this government started.

A Sandwich Island doctor wants to stay the spread of leprosy by vaccinating [illegible].

The governor of Kansas once [illegible].

A society of child killers [illegible] Boston, Russia.

Rejoicings Down South.

[illegible]INGTON, KY.—Mr. John T. Bruce of the United States Revenue Collector's Office, informed an editor of the *Daily Press*, of this city, that for seven years he suffered terribly from rheumatism in his ankle, which most of the time was swollen to twice or three times its natural size, and was so painful that he could not put his foot to the ground. After trying everything he could think of without obtaining relief, he at ten o'clock one morning applied St. Jacobs Oil, and shortly afterwards made two further applications. At three o'clock that afternoon the pain was gone; the swelling also disappeared, and the cure was as permanent as it was quick.

The Orkney Islands have an immense trade in eggs.

ITCHING and irritations of the skin and scalp, [illegible], quickly cured by Cole's Carbolisalve. 25 & 50 cents, at Druggists.

They have struck oil near Saratoga.

The simplest and best regulator of the disordered Liver in the world, are Carter's Little Liver Pills. [illegible]

Millais is the first English painter who has been made a baronet.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Postal cards are not quite so popular as they used to be.

"ROUGH ON CATARRH." Corrects offensive odors at once. Complete cure of worst chronic 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 and Urinary Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

It is two years since the White House had a fresh coat of paint.

The purest, sweetest and best Cod-Liver Oil in the world, [illegible] Hazard, Hazard & Co., New York.

Chapped Hands, Face, Pimples, and Rough Skin, cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

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

Sick Headache

That oppressive, dull pain in the head, with which so many people suffer periodically, [illegible] Hood's Sarsaparilla [illegible]

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for sick headache, [illegible]"

"I was a great sufferer from sick headache and dyspepsia. [illegible]"

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL

CURES Rheumatism, Lumbago, Lame Back, Sprains and Bruises, Asthma, Catarrh, Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Diphtheria, Burns, Frost Bites, Tooth, Ear, and Headache, and all pains and Aches. FOSTER, MILBURN & COMPANY, Proprietors, Buffalo, New York, U. S. A.

Did you Suppose Mustang Liniment only good for horses? It is for inflammation of all flesh.

RED STAR COUGH CURE

TRADE RED STAR MARK

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. [illegible]

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY — THE BEST TONIC.

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.

DR. JOHN BULL'S

Smith's Tonic Syrup

FOR THE CURE OF

FEVER and AGUE

Or CHILLS and FEVER, AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of KENT'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient. Use no other.

DR. JOHN BULL'S SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP, BULL'S SARSAPARILLA, BULL'S WORM DESTROYER.

The Popular Remedies of the Day.

Principal Office, 831 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY

FOR SICK HEADACHE TAKE HOPS & MALT FOR SOUR STOMACH

MALT BITTERS.

If you wish to be relieved of those terrible Sick Headaches and that miserable Sour Stomach, [illegible] take directions, cure any case of Sick Headache or Sour Stomach. It cleans the lining of stomach and bowels, promotes healthy pure blood and gives it free flow, thus sending nutriment to every part. It is the safest, speediest and surest Vegetable Remedy ever invented for all diseases of the stomach and liver.

J. M. Moore, of Farmington, Mich., says: My suffering from Sick Headache and Sour Stomach was terrible. One bottle of Hops and Malt Bitters cured me.

Do not get Hops and Malt Bitters confounded with inferior preparations of similar name. For sale by all druggists.

HOPS & MALT BITTERS CO., DETROIT, MICH.

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

FARQUHAR VIBRATING SEPARATOR.

Address A. B. FARQUHAR, York, Pa.

ASTHMA CURED

NERVOUS DEBILITY. [illegible] CIVIALE TREATMENT [illegible] CIVIALE AGENCY [illegible]

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

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.

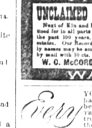
Price $1 in liquid, pill or lozenge form.

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. [illegible]

THE BUYERS' GUIDE is issued Sept. and March, each year. 256 pages, $1/2 x 11 1/2 inches, with over 3,500 illustrations — a whole Picture Gallery. GIVES Wholesale Prices direct to consumers on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These INVALUABLE BOOKS contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy FREE to any address upon receipt of 10 cts. to defray expense of mailing. Let us hear from you. Respectfully,

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO. 227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Well Drilling Machine



LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.

HEIRS

UNCLAIMED MONEY AND ESTATES. [illegible]

W. C. McCORD & CO., Des Moines, Iowa.

WANTED

YOUNG MAN and WOMAN [illegible] DETROIT BUSINESS UNIVERSITY, Detroit, Mich.

LePAGE'S LIQUID GLUE [illegible] Russia Cement Co., Gloucester, Mass. FREE

Pennsylvania Agricultural Works, York, Pa. Farquhar's Standard Engines & Saw Mills [illegible]

Address A. B. FARQUHAR, York, Pa.

R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Climax Plug [illegible]

RUPTURE [illegible]

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Price 35cts. ASTHMA. [illegible] Charlestown, Mass.

TELEGRAPHY. Learn here and earn good pay. [illegible] Janesville, Wis.

W. N. U. D.—3—3

OPIUM [illegible]

A Clear Skin

is only a part of beauty but it is a part. Every lady may have it; at least, what looks like it. Magnolia Balm both freshens and beautifies.