The Epidemic of Crime.

Whence comes this epidemic of suicides and murders? Recent discussions have named several causes. Hon. C. H. Reeve, of Indiana, charges it to infidel teachings—holding that hopelessness of a future state cripples fortitude for bearing life's ills. Another declares suffering from the universal business depression the cause. A third writer attributes it to increasing insanity, a physician thinks much of the tendency is inherited, while temperance advocates lay the responsibility upon strong drink.

Free-thinkers have committed suicide, but so have orthodox churchmen. Financial straits have beset many, but the wealthy have also taken their life.

Insanity and dissipation have preceded suicides and family murders.

One feature common to almost every such crime challenges attention. Well nigh every report of suicide and family murder mentions the perpetrator as having "for some time been subject to melancholy." Whence comes this? All recognized medical authorities tell us that fire which consumes the brain is always kindled by derangements of digestion; that good digestion is impossible without pure blood, and pure blood is never known when the liver and kidneys are out of order. Under such circumstances, a preventive should be sought, and for this Warner's safe cure is sovereign—a fact conceded by the best authorities in the land, and it is especially commended by the celebrated Dr. Dio Lewis.—*Rochester Democrat.*

A Muntz and V. Marcano, the great French scientists, have announced their belief that the large deposits of nitrates in Venezuela "have a purely animal origin, developed without the intervention of atmospheric electricity."

"Athlophoros is doing my wife a great deal of good, more good than any other medicine she has ever taken," is the testimonial to this great remedy for rheumatism and neuralgia given by J. S. Helmick, of Berrien Springs, Mich.

Russian peasants half starve themselves to make their bodies so thin that they will not be liable to military service. The chest measurement of a Russian soldier must be one-half his hight.

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A cold in the Head causes much discomfort and annoyance and if of frequent recurrence often produces serious results. The membrane of the nasal passage becomes inflamed and stopped up, an acrid and poisonous virus is formed, sores form in the head, deafness, headache and roaring in the ears ensue and the sufferer finally discovers that he has the Catarrh. This loathsome disease is by many considered incurable but never fails to yield to the power of Ely's Cream Balm. This is an article of undoubted merit, not a liquid nor a snuff, but a pleasant, cleanly and efficacious remedy which a child can use. It is applied into the nostrils where it is absorbed. It opens the passages, allays inflammation, heals all sores, cleanses and soothes the membranal linings and restores the senses of taste and smell. It gives instant relief; and a thorough treatment will certainly cure. Price 50c. at druggists or by mail. Ely Bros., Druggists Owego, N. Y.

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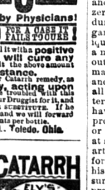

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"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME."

English Paper.

[This is one of the songs of the people which have sprung into existence without anyone knowing how they originated, and which, having been orally transmitted through several generations, come to be looked upon as national ditties. There is no exact information as to the age of this song, though it is probably contemporary with the tune, "Brighton Camp," to which it is sung, and which belongs to the 18th century.]

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hills,
And o'er the moorland sedgy,
Such heaviness my bosom fills
Since parting with my Betsy!
I seek for one so fair and gay,
But find none to remind me
How blessed the hours which pass'd away
With the girl I left behind me."

The hour I do remember well,
When first she owned she loved me,
A pain within my breast doth tell
How constant I have proved me.
And now I'm bound for Brighton Camp,
Kind heaven, then, pray guide me,
And send me home, safe back again,
To the girl I left behind me.

My mind her image must retain,
Asleep or sadly waking;
I long to see my love again;
For her my heart is breaking.
Whene'er my steps return that way,
Still faithful shall she find me,
And never more again I'll stray
From the girl I left behind me.

THE WOMAN IN RED.

A Thrilling Italian Story of the Last Century.

BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE MAGICIAN—A FEARFUL RIDE.

As soon as the news had been circulated among the community of peasants who inhabited the borders of the infested districts, they, for their own future peace and comfort, took measures to communicate the fact to the bands that were located about them, that they might avail themselves of the offer of pardon, and retire from their unlawful pursuits.

The news was generally received by the robbers with gratitude, and a very large portion of the class was soon broken up. Those who were reckless enough, however, not to accept the proffered lenity of the government were soon hunted down; and within a year's time the mountains were rid of those pests, who had for a long period previously occupied their caves and passes.

The mansion of Count Donati was finished at last, and a very showy and elegant one it was; his taste was good, and he did not spare expense; so that the dwelling which replaced the original was in every respect superior to the one that had been sacked and destroyed; and as soon as it was complete, he left it in charge of his secretary, and departed in search of Claudio, whom he still hoped to punish for having overreached him; and besides this he had a further design, to wit, the abduction or the arrest of Francesca, whom he still loved, and who he believed was not the wife of his adversary.

Claudio was still at Palermo, awaiting the arrival of some chests, which he had stored at another point, in charge of an old friend, with whom he had lately communicated, and who had shipped the articles to the address of Signor Bletzer, Palermo, according to his letter of instructions.

On their arrival they were found to contain the gorgeous paraphernalia, the wardrobe, and the superb appointments that Rodolpho made use of at his magical exhibitions, and which were now about to be brought into requisition; for his means were not over ample, his expenses and losses had been very large during the few past months, and upon his leaving the band, he had left behind him the great bulk of what of right belonged to him at Francesca's solicitation. With his elegant wardrobe and fixtures, and his still unimpaired tact and knowledge of legerdemain, the road of fortune was open to him by an honorable route; and he resolved to pursue it, and trust to his accomplishments for future success in his career.

This determination was suggested by his lovely wife, who was overjoyed when he informed her that a free pardon had been granted to himself and his unfortunate companions, and that from that time forward he should pursue his profession as a means of obtaining a livelihood.

He therefore, determined, before leaving Palermo, to give a series of entertainments in the mystic art.

These were highly successful; and he had nearly finished his engagements when Count Donati was ready to leave Genoa.

It chanced the evening before he left that the old Italian, after having visited his banker, entered a coffee room and taking up a paper, his eye fell upon a paragraph which contained an unusual amount of interest for him under the circumstances. He slowly read it, as follows:

"A REMARKABLE MAN.—We have been highly gratified with the unique and artistic exhibitions of Signor Bletzer, who has delighted our citizens during the fortnight past with his elegant entertainments in the 'art magique,' in which he may be pronounced a most accomplished professor, without a show of flattery. His necromancy, his slight of hand, his jugglery, and his various optical deceptions, are all of the most extraordinary character; and, in our limited experience, we have never met the man who could approach him in neatness of execution, or who could at all compare with him at successful experiment in the black art. He is certainly a most singularly fortunate person in these respects, and his success elsewhere cannot but be sure, wherever rare talent can be appreciated. We hear that on the close of his engagement he will make a tour in the country. We wish him success. Signor Bletzer is really an extraordinary man!"

"So he is!" exclaimed Count Donati, as he laid aside the journal from which he had so unexpectedly obtained the information he most desired, and which he was at that very moment on the point of leaving Genoa to obtain. "Yes; he is an extraordinary being, to be sure; but unless fortune greatly abuses me, I think this time I shall make sure of my prey. Well, we shall see, we shall see—about shortly to make a tour, eh? Perhaps he won't go; perhaps he may be detained. Well, we shall see;" and with these conflicting self-assurances Count Donati at once left the "cafe" and prepared forthwith to visit the town of Palermo, to confront and punish his former lieutenant.

In the meantime, Claudio was pursuing the even tenor of his way. He gave his entertainments still under the "non de guerre" of Signor Bletzer, and was rapidly accumulating a large sum, and had thoughts of commencing his tour, when Count Donati, after reading the account we have quoted, left Genoa, and arrived at Palermo.

Amidst all his shiftings and changes and adventures, Claudio had constantly retained possession of his favorite black mare, "Peri." When he absented himself from the country, he always placed her in charge of a faithful person who provided for her, and took a pride in preserving her in a fine condition constantly against the hour when her master might, at any time send for her. This was a noble beast; and next to his wife he loved his matchless "Peri."

Few men in Europe could manage a horse or ride one better than Claudio; and this was a favorite exercise with him, for his wife was a magnificent horsewoman as well. Their excursions into the suburbs, on all convenient occasions, therefore, on horseback, were frequent. They were entering Palermo one evening, just at dusk, riding slowly along, when the palfrey upon which Francesca was seated became suddenly alarmed at some object at the roadside, and bolted unexpectedly. In her sudden attempt to recover the bit and bring her horse in hand again, the girth of her saddle slipped, and the lady instantly sprang to the ground to save herself. Rodolpho was at her side immediately, and the saddle-straps were at once tightened, and she sprang lightly into her seat again, as her steed turned about and started off at a gallop. As Claudio wheeled to mount his mare, he felt a sharp blow at the back of his head—from whence, or by whom, he had no idea; and as he fell senseless at the side of the road, a stranger jumped over his prostrate body into his saddle, and the mare dashed furiously away upon the track of Francesca.

It was some time before Francesca could stop her palfrey, which had been frightened by the sudden appearance of a man's form, which protruded from the side of the road, which neither Claudio nor his wife had observed. That intruder was Count Donati, who had just reached Palermo and having learnt the temporary whereabouts of those he sought, determined to wait upon them at once, and make the most of the advantages which might issue in his favor, under the circumstances.

Claudio, stunned by the blow he had received, still lay unconscious of anything, when the strange rider overtook Francesca. Evening had set in, and it was very nearly dark when the well-known Peri dashed up to her side, and she noticed that the rider (whom she mistook for her husband) seized upon the palfrey's bit. She shouted at this act, which she supposed was to aid her, and said:

"Do not touch him, Claudio; he is behaving very well. I am quite safe; do not check him thus."

"Francesca," said a familiar voice, which penetrated to her very heart; "halt, Francesca, and listen to my word—"

Paralyzed with terror, shocked at the sudden appearance of her guardian, the Count, and deeply alarmed for her absent husband, poor Francesca could not speak for a moment. She looked back, then at her guardian, then at Peri, and thus she shrieked:

"Claudio! Claudio! my husband! Where is he? where is he?"

"Hear me, Francesca," said Count Donati, firmly. "You have escaped me thrice; you cannot do so again. I have staked my all of hope and revenge upon this moment."

"Count Donati, tell me, is he hurt?"

"Forward, Francesca; you must accompany me now. Claudio will not molest us at present, be sure of it. Forward, I say!" and the Italian drove his rowels deep in Peri's sides, while he clutched the bit of Francesca's palfrey with an iron grip, and away dashed the horses, side by side, the unfortunate wife scarcely realizing where she was or what she was doing amid her terror and excitement.

Away went Peri at top speed for a few moments; but she very soon discovered that she carried an unnatural weight, and that the spurs that goaded her flanks were altogether a new mode of impetus to her. The palfrey was like a fox, and Francesca still kept her seat, bound whither she had no idea.

On dashed the guardian and his ward at a furious pace; and poor Rodolpho, robbed of his wife without a moment's notice, lay for some time upon the roadside ignorant of the cause of his trouble, and utterly unconscious of what had been transpiring since he received the blow upon his forehead.

Forward, then, Donati! It is your last chance. The game is a desperate one, and you may win, but the chances are against you, nevertheless. Have a care for the beast you are riding has known the voice of a kinder rider for many a month, and her proud spirit will scarce brook the treatment you now offer her. The matchless Peri strode away at a terrible pace, and the palfrey upon which Francesca was seated still galloped on as fast as its legs could carry her; while the desperate Italian drove his rowels into Peri's side, and cried still to shout, "Forward, Francesca, forward! There is no other course left you."

Five minutes is a long space of time for a man to be bereft of his senses; and in five minutes of time, at the pace they traveled, the Italian and his captive must have gone a very considerable distance from the spot where Claudio had been struck down. But as there is usually an end to this sort of thing, so there was an end to his unconsciousness, and when he came to himself partially, he half arose, endeavored to look about him, and call to mind what had happened; but his sensations were such, that he could not determine where he was or what had brought him there. Suddenly, however, he sprang to his feet, and jumped into the road, and cried:

"Francesca! my wife, Francesca."

The truth flashed upon his memory, and he bethought him of the attack, the accident, and then of all was chaos again. His horse was gone, his wife was gone, his enemy (whoever he was) was gone. He was not badly hurt; his purse was safe; but he was entirely alone. What could it mean?

He did not halt to make unnecessary and fruitless inquiries; but, as well as he was able, although still confused and dizzy, he staggered half ran, along the road toward the town. Ah, how did he hope and trust that his poor wife had not been harmed, and that he should be able soon to greet her in safety! He hastened on therefore, and made the best of his way toward the hotel.

The fugitives had arrived within half a mile of the inn of the town, when Peri became furiously excited from the repeated urgings and gorings she had received from her unknown rider. Three or four times she had plunged and struck out or leaped fearfully forward, as the rowels penetrated her tender sides; but Count Donati maintained a good seat in the saddle, and still he pressed her on, when suddenly rearing, the palfrey cut her on the gambrel (being close behind her); she plunged madly out, and bolting, threw Count Donati with dreadful violence against a ledge of rock by the side of the path. Then turning, as she thus relieved herself of her unwelcome burden, Francesca saw, with painful horror, that Donati's foot was thrust through the stirrup. Peri was quite as much alarmed as was the wife of Rodolpho, and wheeling once more, away she dashed, wildly, madly, desperately, with her late rider dangling at her heels. The work of death was brief but terrible. The horse only knew that some extraordinary event had occurred, and at a murderous leap she went off toward the stable in which she had been housed for several days. When she reached it, she dashed headlong into the courtyard, leaped the paling, and fell, covered with sweat and dust and blood, near the outer door.

The groom instantly caught her head, and aided her upon her feet. The foam dripped from her sides, and she was badly scared. The headgear was out of shape, one stirrup-strap was missing, the saddle was turned down under her belly, and it was plain some shocking accident had taken place. Aid was sent out at once from the hotel in the direction that Claudio had been known habitually to take in his equestrian excursions, and matters were soon explained in a measure. The body of a man was found by the roadside, awfully mangled and bruised, around whose right ankle there hung a stirrup, which matched the other in Peri's saddle. But this man was a stranger. It was not the young Count, but an older person. How came he there? How could he have occupied the Signor's saddle? Where was the lady, too? There was plainly foul play in some way, and the people who huddled about the body became excited and curious.

"Send for a doctor," suggested some one in the crowd at last.

"Rather too late," replied another, taking up the man's hand, "he is dead."

A surgeon was sent for, however; the body was removed to a more suitable place for examination. But all was useless, Count Donati, the once supposed father of Francesca, and the sworn enemy of her husband the bandit and robber, the celebrated chieftain Barcardo—was no more.

But Claudio hurried along, and as he advanced the exercise rather aided him. He was all in doubt and confusion—he could not, fearing to know the result of the night's work, when he heard a horse galloping down the road toward him at a rapid rate from the direction of the town. As the animal approached nearer, he stepped a little aside, and (if he had a rider) he might be hailed when he shouted, "Hi! hi!" which brought both palfrey and rider to a standstill, for that voice was well remembered.

"Claudio!" shouted Francesca in response, as she leaped from her saddle at a bound. "Claudio, my husband, are you safe? Are you safe? Are you not hurt? Speak, quick!"

"No, love I am not hurt much. But where is Peri? Whence come you and what does all this mean?"

"Oh Claudio, in one word I beg you hasten. Count Donati lies bleeding by the road not a hundred yards hence."

"Count Donati!"

"Yes, yes; do not pause now, do not ask a question, I beseech you, but haste in humanity's name, hasten to aid him."

"How came he here?" said her husband, confusedly, and assisting upon placing his wife in the saddle again. "Where did Count Donati come from, pray?"

"Away, Rodolpho. For *my* sake, now away, and save him if possible," continued Francesca, kindly. And in a very little time they reached the spot where lay the form of the once powerful robber, who had now ceased to breathe. In vain was sympathy, kindness or surgical skill. The die was cast—Count Donati was dead. The body was removed, as we have stated, and a brief explanation took place. It was clear to the examining authorities that this man was upon the wrong horse, at any rate, and it was quite as clear that he not only had no right there, but that his death occurred by being thrown and dragged against the rocky road. However, he was *dead*, and they could not proceed fur her toward him, even if he had criminally possessed himself for the time being, of Claudio's horse. So they suffered him to take charge of the mangled body, and the event was soon afterward forgotten.

Francesca, though deeply agitated and alarmed, reached her hotel in safety at last, where she quickly explained the whole affair to her husband in detail. Claudio bore no malice in his composition, and so, after hearing his wife's story, though he saw that Donati would have robbed him of Francesca, and left him to die by the roadside, in order that he might thus triumph, yet the old Italian was now beyond harming him further, and he forgave him for the multifold injuries he had sustained at his hands and went about the work of having his remains cared for in a suitable and respectable manner.

After some consultation between Claudio and his wife, such a version of the story of his death as seemed fit to them under the circumstances was prepared and published, to be sent to Genoa for the information of that community. This account stated in general terms, that Count Donati came to his death by being run away with and thrown from his horse. And no questions were subsequently asked which were not readily answered in connection with this statement.

The body was placed in a leaden coffin, and afterwards in a wooden one; and there were encased and sent forward at once to the villa of Count Donati, whither Claudio and Francesca resolved to follow the corpse, and give it a proper burial, having in view also, an examination of Count Donati's pecuniary affairs, and a determination to look after his property, which they both supposed to be very valuable.

At an early moment therefore, they proposed to leave Palermo; and having sent forward their own luggage and Claudio's paraphernalia, they quitted the place which had been big with so important a turning point in their existence, and journeyed toward Genoa at once.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE MYSTERIOUS FRIAR.

The voyage home was a melancholy one, for Francesca could not but look back with sorrow on the untimely end of Count Donati, whom at one time she had considered as her father, and who, despite his cruelty of late, had often shown her signs of affection and good will. She believed that it was nothing but his inveterate hostility to Claudio, her husband, which had caused his late relentless persecution of her. When she again revisited the old town, and saw the familiar places and scenes among which she had been brought up, the memories of the past thronged before her; she remembered her gentle, loving mother (at least, her whom she had always supposed to be her mother), the Countess Donati; and then, too, there arose in fancy before her the image of her real parent, the "Woman in Red." It was not without causing an involuntary shudder that this latter presented itself; for the remembrance of the Jewess was so blended in her mind with the scenes of violence and sorrow to those she had loved most dearly, that, though she had evidently been the victim of Count Donati's own wrong, he was indeed her daughter, she could not bring herself to regard her with the affection a parent should command.

They were no longer poor now: for, besides the moderate fortune Claudio could call his own, Francesca inherited all the wealth which Count Donati, the ex-brigand, had left behind him.

Accordingly her husband, anticipating her wishes, had made arrangements by which they came in possession of the Palace Donati, and she was installed as mistress in the home of her happy youth and maidenhood.

It might have been supposed that under these circumstances, Francesca would have not only tasted, but enjoyed unalloyed happiness. Such, however was not the case. A perpetual gloom hung over her life, which the tragic death of him whom she once supposed to be her father was quite insufficient to account for. The three years named by the Jewess had expired, and though she had not made her appearance to claim the fulfillment of Francesca's vow, still the young wife was troubled and anxious at heart, for she knew not on what day she might be called upon to renounce her husband or falsify her solemn oath. But day after day, week after week passed, and nothing arose to disturb the calm happiness of her life. Claudio was more affectionate and kind as a husband than he had ever been as a lover; and, but for the uncertainty and sense of insecurity in which she lived, her happiness would have been complete.

"Claudio," she said one day to her husband, "my heart misgives me; I have a sad forboding—a presentiment of impending evil."

"What evil can befall us now, my dear Francesca? Are we not secure in each other's love, and in circumstances above worldly want? Are we not surrounded by faithful servants? and since we have returned to Genoa, and you have resumed your place as mistress in the Palace Donati, have we not made many friends? Are you not admired and praised as the reigning beauty of Genoa? Is not every luxury at our command—wealth, power, popularity? What, then, can give you cause of alarm, my Francesca?"

He took her fondly in his arms, as he thus endeavored to console her; but, in spite of all her efforts to restrain her feelings, tears rose to her gentle eyes, and she wept on his shoulder.

"All that you say is true, Claudio. We are indeed in possession of ever earthly blessing, and doubtless I am foolish and weak to give way to vague alarms; but I cannot help it. A terrible weight is on my soul—a knowledge of impending evil."

"What is it you fear, dearest? Surely, after having passed through so many perils and misfortunes, Fate can have no more in store for us."

"I scarce know what it is, Claudio; but during the last two or three days unquiet thoughts of the past have forced themselves on me; a vivid image of the scene which took place more than three years since is ever present to me; my poor lost mother the Countess Donati, for, despite certain knowledge that she was not indeed my mother, I shall always regard her as such—bowed down, crushed by her deep grief at the thought of losing me; then that other one, of whom (though I know I am indeed her daughter) I cannot think without a dread of her—her threatening manner and terrible denunciation yet haunt me. Do you not remember, too, Claudio, the oath which I took—the solemn oath, by which I bound myself to return to her at the end of three years, when she should claim me? The three years have elapsed, but she has not appeared, nor have I heard aught of my poor lost mother, the Countess Donati."

Surely, Francesca, dearest, you cannot consider an oath extorted under such circumstances to be binding?

"An oath is registered in heaven, and forever binding; accursed be he or she who shall take the name of the Most High to a falsehood!"

These words were spoken by a strange voice, in a deep, solemn tone.

Francesca screamed, and Claudio started to his feet.

There stood before them a tall figure, habited as a mendicant friar.

"What now, Sir Friar? Whence come you, and what want you here?" cried Claudio, in angry tones.

"I am a poor brother of the holy Order of St. Ignatius," replied the friar. "I come from journeying to and fro on the earth, according to my vow. I am here to deliver a letter to this lady, Francesca, once called Donati, now the wife of Count Claudio."

"From whom comes this letter?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Will not say, rather."

"Will not an it please you. It amounts to the same thing."

"Then I will not suffer my wife to receive it."

Then the friar, bowing coldly, turned and left the saloon.

A chill fell on both their hearts, though neither could tell wherefore.

"Ah, Claudio, that man's manner, and looks frighten me! I fear you have done wrong in offending him, by refusing to let me receive his letter."

"I trust not. Who can he be? and what can be his errand to you?"

"I know not; and feel as though I were destined to see him again."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Poisonous Plants in India.

No country is better supplied with medical as well as poisonous herbs than India, says Chambers' Journal. Along waysides and ditches harmless looking plants flourish abundantly, yet possessing some strange and some the most deadly qualities. It is one of the mysteries of creation how, side by side with plants and cereals the most valuable and necessary to life, nature has also scattered abundantly plants so deadly; as if along with an element of good there must also be one of evil. One of the most common plants by ditch side or cactus hedge is the datoora, with its large white flowers and leaves resembling the hollyhock, and now well known as a valuable medicine for asthma, for which its leaves are used in the shape of cigars or "tobacco." The seeds, on the other hand, are a subtle and powerful poison, in small quantities cause temporary insanity, and in large, either permanent injury to the brain or death. By an accident I became aware of the peculiar properties of the datoora. A robbery occurred in a neighboring village, and an alarm spread that this had been effected through the agency of datoora poisoning by an organized gang of robber poisoners. It seemed the gang had put up at the village the night before in the guise of travelers, and succeeded in getting on friendly terms with one of the wealthiest families there, whom they entertained to a feast of sweetmeats—the only eatables in which the different castes may join. As night advanced the family allowed them to put up in their verandah; and when the village was sunk in sleep, the effects of the poisoned sweetmeats gradually placed the house and all it contained at the mercy of the robbers. Next morning, when the hue and cry arose in the village, and native inspectors, *thannahdars* and constables had arrived from far and near to investigate the case—and turn to what profit they could the opportunity—they found the family of eight lying helpless and dangerously ill, semi-idiotic and unconscious of what had occurred or was going on around them. The house had been ransacked and money dug out of the ground—the native's purse—amounting to 30,000 rupees; and the suspicion of datoora poisoning was confirmed. No trace of the gang could be found, in spite of the official raids made by the police, and the levy of blackmail on those who could afford to "pay" to escape suspicion. The family gradually recovered, to find themselves almost penniless, the time they had been under the posoning being a blank to them.

Mr. Bunyiu Nanjio, the Japanese Buddhist priest who studied Sanscrit at Oxford, and on whom the university conferred an honorary degree, has been appointed professor of Sanscrit in the Imperial university of Tokio.

The Baroness Pritcha, who lately figured in a social sensation at Biarritz, is a daughter of an Englishman and a Siamese woman. She was expelled from Siam by the king, and collected $100,000 damages from him therefor by the aid of English influence. Having run through with that sum, she sold herself to the king of Cambodia as a slave for $4,000.

ALL SORTS.

Herr Von Creyty, of Brussels, has paid $1,000 for the historic violin which Ole Bull used in his American tour.

One grain of wheat developed, in three years, into 17 bushels under the skillful handling and care of a Dakota farmer.

Men's dinners at married men's homes are taking the place, to a great extent, of dinners at the clubs in foreign cities.

Of 18 young women engaged as clerks in the Euskilda bank of Stockholm, in the past 20 years only one has ever been dismissed for cause.

Munich brewers extend their trade by running at their own expense, daily extra beer trains to many cities from 20 to 100 miles distant.

White Mountain resorts have cheery fireplaces, with steaming kettles of apple toddy in them for the comfort and edification of September guests.

The will of a Jasper, Tenn., man contains a provision creating a trust fund "for suppressing the habit so prevalent among men of eating with their knives."

Sister Woodworth, the Indiana evangelist, preaches at camp meetings while Brother Woodworth, her shrewd husband, runs a first-class lunch stand on the grounds.

The authorized strength of the police force of London is 25 superintendents, 637 inspectors, 1,057 sergeants and 11,151 constables, making a total of 12,880.

Commenting on a great contest on the turf, Ruskin once remarked that "horse racing should be conducted without a whip or spur, and only for a laurel crown without money."

The circulation of the Paris Petit Journal is now put at 800,000, less than half of which is in Paris. Figaro sells 50,000, Temps, 33,000, Debats, 8,000, and Siecle, 6,000.

Of the 180 tornadoes which occurred last year within the boundaries of the Union only fifty visited the Western States and territories, while the Southern States had 102.

Copying letters in the Treasury at Washington is now done by caligraph on separate sheets of paper for binding in volumes. The new process saves time and money.

The Sei-I-Kwai, a Japanese medical monthly publication, says that Western medicine is gaining a permanent hold in Japan, and within a few years the old style of native practice will cease.

An ingenious burglary ladder is made of cords, attached at one end to a telescopic pole, which can be carried under a coat or extended to a second-story window sill, to be there hooked fast.

Monarch, England's champion bulldog, for which £400 had been refused has just died. He had taken an immense number of prizes, and was considered by experts to be the best bulldog since Crib.

The Crown Princess Stephanie of Austria contributed some original drawings for a picture book and accepted pay at the rate given to other artists, though she presented the money to a charity.

An Oakland (Cal.) judge delined the application of a Canadian recently for naturalization, because the latter knew so little of this country's affairs that he stated his belief a king ruled the United States.

Fleas having invaded a church near Quitman, Ga., in large numbers, an attempt to banish them by kindling a fire of pine needles was made. The insects quickly disappeared—together with the church.

The deepest sea soundings known were made in the Pacific, where the line reached down 4,555 fathoms, and off the east coast of Japan 4,630 fathoms. Thus it seems that the greatest heights of mountains and the greatest depths of the ocean correspond very nearly.

The month of July, 1885, the London Echo says, will be memorable as one of the dryest on record. The fishermen's few have registered scarcely half an inch of rain, the usual quantity being two and a half inches.

Physicians in the Sandwich Islands have come to the conclusion that the only way to stop the alarming spread of leprosy is to begin vacinating with leprosy microbes. They think the operation will be a success, but have found no one yet willing to submit to it.

Another Life Saved.

About two years ago a prominent citizen of Chicago was told by his physicians that he must die. They said his system was so debilitated that there was nothing left to build on. He made up his mind to try a "new departure." He got some of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and took it according to directions. He began to improve at once. He kept up the treatment for some months, and is to-day a well man. He says the "Discovery" saved his life.

Fred Gebhardt and the Langtry recently spent several merry days together at Boulogne.

Victims of youthful indiscretions, suffering from nervous debility, lack of self-confidence, impaired memory, and kindred symptoms, should send 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise, giving means of certain cure, with numerous testimonials. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

"So called improvements" to roller skates, to the number of 150, have been patented this year.

"Frailty, thy Name is Woman."

—*Hamlet.*

That she is frail, often to be, say,
"Tis true, 'tis true 'tis a pity,
And pity 'tis 'tis true."

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is the best restorative tonic for physical frailty in women, or female weaknesses or derangements. By druggists. Price reduced to one dollar.

There are about 5,000,000 total abstainers under pledge among the adults of England.

Starfish are causing a great deal of trouble in some of the oyster beds on the Connecticut coast.

Emma is a lucky name for singers. Ask Albani, Nevada, Thursby, Juch and Abbott if it isn't!

In the past year a ton of diamonds in the rough have been sent away from South Africa in the mails.

French terms are being excluded gradually from the bills of fare at New York hotels of the best class.

A wild-eyed poet with 16 buttons on his vest flits about the hotel grounds at White Sulphur Springs.

There are works of art in a certain 70 of the churches of Paris whose total value is nearly $1,700,000.

The Dead sea will be a solid mass of salt by or before the year 2,885, in the judgment of German geologists.

There is a sunflower patch at Barnegat, N. J., three acres in extent and containing nearly 100,000 flowers.

Nearly 50,000 bushels of wheat have been raised this year by the peaceable Indians in the Devil's lake region.

Our English Cousins.

LONDON.—In a recent trade-mark suit it was shown by sworn evidence that over nine million bottles of St. Jacob's Oil had been sold here during the past few years. Leading chemists certify that the sale of this remedy exceeds that of all others; and that it is being recognized as the best pain-cure ever discovered. In serious rheumatism it has accomplished astonishing results.

There are 107 pretty girls, any one of whom might pose with reasonable success as a professional beauty, in a Philadelphia necktie factory. The junior member of the firm wants to move the shop to Salt Lake City and become a mormon.

No one should delay when they have a cough or cold, when a 50 cent bottle of Bigelow's Positive Cure will promptly and safely cure them. Dollar size cheapest for family use or chronic cases.

One of the pleasing results of the Charleston cyclone was the rapid, though temporary, rise in wages. For a time bricklayers received $5 and $6 instead of $3; carpenters, $3 instead of $1.50; laborers, $2 and $5 50, while $5 and $5 were paid for slaters.

M. L. Blair, Alderman, 5th Ward, Scranton, Pa., stated Nov. 9, 1883: He had used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for sprains, burns, cuts, bruises and rheumatism. Cured every time.

It isn't considered good form to ride in the same carriage with your fiancee in Mexico.

BAD DRAINAGE causes much sickness, and bad blood and improper action of the liver and kidneys is bad drainage to the human system, which Burdock Blood Bitters remedy.

The Barones Burdett-Coutts has a five-years-old pony which is only 13 inches high.

BEWARE OF FRAUDS.—Be sure you get the genuine Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. It cures Colds, Croup, Asthma, Deafness and Rheumatism.

One of the dirtiest streamers in England is Wordsworth's whilom rippling river, Wye.

George Campbell, Hopkinsville, Ky., says: Burdock Blood Bitters is the best preparation for the Blood and Stomach ever manufactured.

An exquisite bit of work is being done by the artist Volpi, in the way of painting a fan for the queen of Italy. The design is painted on kid leather, and represents the queen surrounded by the graces and other allegorical figures, with the genius of Italy in the act of crowning her.

If you need a perfect tonic or a blood purifier, take Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic. It speedily cures all troubles of the stomach, kidneys and liver. Can be taken by the most delicate. Price 50 cents.

What is the Use

Of your dragging yourself around, day after day, without any life or activity, feeling all tired out and miserable, when you might be as quick and lively and strong as ever? Take care of yourself at once, or in the depleted condition of your system, a complaint otherwise trivial, may fasten upon you with serious or fatal result. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine you need to build up your entire system, to purify and quicken your blood, and to give you appetite and strength.

Run Down—Built Up.

"Being run down from hard work I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and it so built me up that I have continued its use. I have great faith in it as a blood purifier and regulator." J. A. SMITH, Commercial Bulletin Office, Boston, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier has no equal. It tones the system, strengthens and invigorates, giving new life. I have taken it for kidney complaint with the best results." D. R. SAUNDERS, 81 Pearl street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

100 Doses One Dollar.

There is a parrot in New Orleans which can repeat the Lord's prayer in Dutch.

"Rough on Rats," clears out Rats, Mice. 15c.

Chautauqua's new chime of bells cost $5,000.

"Wells' Health Renewer" for weak men.

New Orleans maidens delight in frozen cream cheese.

"Rough on Corns" hard or soft corns, bunions. 15c.

The story that Edwin Booth was once a minstrel is a hoax.

"Buchu-paiba," Great Kidney and Urinary Cure.

Ex-President Arthur is still in great demand as a diner out.

"Rough on Coughs," Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

The average rainfall in the Ohio valley is gradually decreasing.

"Wells' Health Renewer" for Delicate Women.

A London crank wrote a letter on the back of a stamp and posted it.

"Rough on Pain" Porosed Plaster, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

Shorter menus and less wine at dinner is the growing custom in London.

"Wells' Health Renewer" for Dyspepsia, Debility.

There were 3,001 fire alarmed sounded in London in the last official year.

"Rough on Toothache." Instant relief. 15c.

Ere long tourists can reach the top of Lookout mountain in steam cars.

"Rough on Itch," cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

The Brombey cocktail is a favorite drink at Saratoga. It is a mixture of Scotch whisky, rich cream and strong, well sweetened coffee.

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

FARMERS AND STOCKMEN.

The only remedy that cures galls, cuts and wounds on horses and cattle, and always grows the hair in its original color, is Veterinary Carbolisalve. 50 cents and $1.00, at Druggists or by mail. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

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.

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IT WILL SURELY CURE **CONSTIPATION, PILES, and RHEUMATISM,** By causing FREE ACTION of all the organs and functions, thereby **CLEANSING the BLOOD** restoring the normal power to throw off disease. **THOUSANDS OF CASES** of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved, and in a short time **PERFECTLY CURED.**

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ASTHMA CURED German Asthma Cure never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases, insures comfortable sleep; effects cures where all others fail. A trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 50c. and $1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE for stamp. Dr. R. SCHIFFMANN, St. Paul, Minn.

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