PERSONS AND THINGS.

CASTLE GARDEN officials say that the Mormon immigration has fallen off to twelve or fifteen hundred a year.

THE Brooklyn insane asylum is overcrowded. The number of inmates during the past year aggregated 4,215.

SLADE, the Maori pugilist, was recently "knocked out" in a fight with George McDonald at Salt Lake City, Utah.

AT A congress of the bicycle clubs of Germany, held in Berlin recently, there was a procession of six hundred wheelmen.

THE lumbermen at Fairfield, Me., expect to cut upward of twenty-five million feet of lumber during the coming winter.

ALL travelers to Mount Hood this season say there never was so little snow on the mountain; the weather has been so warm.

A PIGEON owned in Brooklyn, N. Y., made the flight from Montgomery, Ala. 875 miles, in ten days, beating all previous records.

IN the 5-cent savings banks of Charleston, S. C., the colored people have $124,-936 35 on deposit. The largest depositor has $6,000 to his credit.

THEY have a rug at Cottage City, N. J., made in the year 691, or 1,195 years ago. It is a pretty old relic, and was obtained from the mosque of Mecca.

THE longest drought that ever occured in this country is said to have taken place in 1762, when no rain fell from the 1st of May to the 1st of September.

A PARTY of explorers claim to have discovered near Magdalena, Sonora, Mexico, a pyramid with a base of 4,350 square feet and a height of 750 feet. The celebrated Cheops is but half as large.

THE latest foreign mail brings information of the death of another of Pasteur's patients. He was a boy aged 3½, named Bergeron Cladice. He was bitten by a mad dog on the 14th of June last, and was at once taken to Paris by his parents to be treated by M. Pasteur. He underwent the ten inoculations. The first symptoms showed themselves on the 12th, and he died on the 15th ult.

NOTWITHSTANDING occasional assertions of the decrease of crime in Egypt, statistics for the first six months of 1886 give 1,700 crimes committed, against 1,400 in the first six months of 1885. The number of murders is 70, against 100, but this is still enormous compared with ten years ago. Thefts with aggravated circumstances have increased 70 per cent.

THE German emperor, after having been dieted for years, is now permitted to eat what he likes and when he likes. What he likes is shell fish, and the intervals between the imperial meals do not exceed two hours. It is a significant commentary on the change of regime that his majesty declares that he has not felt so well for years; though his doctors are in terror whenever he orders a lobster.

A CURIOUS case of revenue collection is reported from Germany. On the occasion of the recent music festival at Kellinghusen, near Hamburg, an artist had, besides the floral and other ornamentations of the locomotive drawing the extra train from Altona, placed on it two boards, bearing in large letters the words: "Song Festival in Kellinghusen." These boards the frontier revenue officers seized upon, exacting the payment of a duty thereon as "painted wood."

PRINCE NAPOLEON (Plon-Plon) was recently visiting the Vatican galleries in Rome, and he used every effort to induce one of the papal officers to allow him to remain hidden in some nook while the pope passed through the galleries in going to his apartments. The prince, however, was treated as any other tourist would be, and was obliged to get out. It is said "he went off in a huff," but it is probable the pope was not particular as to the manner of his going.

PRINCE BISMARCK had a good time at Gastein, whence he has just journeyed to Berlin. The other day some persons who were firing at a target were honored with the chancellor's company. He was clad in black and wore a high beaver hat, and thus was in contrast with those around him, for they had on Tyrolese low-crowned hats with feathers. His big bloodhound was with him. He fired twice with a pistol at the long range target, four hundred yards away, and hit it once. Then he saw a new repeating rifle put to use. He smiled at the effect and said: "It is getting worse for the cavalry every year. Still," he added, "it takes a good deal of lead to kill a man."

A CURIOUS incident is related by *The Boston Courier* as having occurred on the French steamer Bourgogne not long since. Among the passengers coming from Paris was the Viscountess de Coetlogon, formerly Miss Georgy Blake, who came to visit her family in Boston. She had hardly gone on board when she discovered an old friend in the person of one of the cabin stewards. In explanation of his present occupation he told her that all the money of himself and family had been swallowed up; that he was obliged to work for his living, and, failing to find more profitable or congenial employment, he had been compelled to accept service with the Compagnie Transatlantique.

THE eminent surgeon and naturalist, Mr. George Busk, died recently in London in the 78th year of his age. Mr. Busk became a member of the College of Surgeons in 1830 and, on the institution of the grade of fellowship in 1843, was one of those selected to receive it. He was elected a member of council in 1863, and was chosen president of the college in 1871. He was a fellow and had been twice vice president of the Royal society, and was also a fellow of the Linnæan, the Geological and the Zoological societies. Mr. Busk was the translator of some important German works on histology, and at the time of his death had just completed an elaborate report on the zoophytes found during the expedition of the Challenger.

HOW STELLA MADE A "HIT."

If I had been caught in such a situation by any one but John Benton I should have been terribly annoyed. There I was, sitting on the floor of the nursery, with hair tumbled, my face red and sticky with candy and a great rent across the front of my overskirt, where it had been caught by a nail a few minutes before during a fierce blindman's-buff scrimmage. My little sister Alice was having a birthday party, and, of course, I had to assist in entertaining the guests. There were just twelve, seven boys and five girls. Supper was over (everybody was too excited to sit long at the table) and we all retired to the nursery at the top of the house, where there were no restrictions as to noise, and where the seven boys exercised their shouting franchise to the utmost, assisted in a more subdued way by the five girls, the youngest a wee thing of four years who had insisted on sharing her stick of candy with me.

When John Benton tapped at the door I said, "come in," carelessly, supposing it was a servant.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Latour. They said I should find you here. But perhaps I have made a mistake."

"Not at all, Mr. Benton," said I as I scrambled to my feet. "We are pleased to see you. Sit down on—on the piano stool. The chairs have been taken into the other room. We have been playing blind-man's-buff."

"I—I received this invitation," went on Mr. Benton, taking an envelope from his pocket and reading from the gilt-edged card within. "Miss Latour requests the pleasure of your company on Tuesday, Dec. 29, at five o'clock."

I looked reproachfully at my seven-year-old sister Alice. She had sent one of her printed invitations, in which the printer had neglected to insert the name "Alice," to John Benton, and the great booby had taken it for granted that I was the Miss Latour. So he had come, without even sending an acceptance to herald his approach, in full dress, with a great expanse of white shirt bosom, white necktie, and—yes I am sure of it—his hair crimped. A nice contrast to my torn dress and disheveled hair.

"Well, I am glad you have come, though I suppose this is not exactly the kind of gathering you expected to find, is it?"

"I did not care much what I said to John Benton. Ever since I had met him at the Warrens' ball three months ago, when he insisted on dancing with me three times in the course of the evening and trod on my toes each time my brothers all declared he was in love with me, but was too bashful to tell me. I often met him, and though I am sure I am not an awe-inspiring personage, I could not help seeing that he was never at ease in my presence. Not that he was backward where men were concerned. My brother Will took me to the Oil Exchange one morning, and the first thing I saw was John Benton, with his hat on the back of his head, grasping a brass railing with one hand and shaking the other, holding some paper in the face of a savage looking man, and shouting at him at the top of his voice in the most defiant manner. Will said the savage-looking man was a bear, and Mr. Benton was a bull. Then Mr. Benton caught sight of me, and came and stuttered and stayed with me for ten minutes. Will told me afterwards that in that ten minutes the market dropped nearly a cent, and Mr. Benton lost a thousand dollars.

But it was evident Mr. Benton was not thinking about the market as he walked over to the piano-stool in his dress-coat and white necktie, and sat there, with one of the most sheepish smiles I ever saw on a young man's face.

"Now, Lou, you must sit down on the floor again so that we can play forfeits," said my tyrannical sister Alice. "And you, too, Mr. Benton. Come on."

John Benton blushed and looked at me

"We shall have to obey, I am afraid, Mr. Benton," I said. "But you can sit on the piano-stool, if you prefer it."

"Oh, but I don't Miss Latour. Allow me to assist you to—to sit down."

And he actually tried to make a courtly proceeding of depositing me on the floor, as if it could be anything but ridiculous, however it was effected.

Then he sat down himself, with little Stella, the four-year old mite, between us, and the game of forfeits went on. Most of the penalties were in the shape of kisses, and I felt nervous until my turn came. Alice held the forfeits over the head of a particular friend of hers, a girl of her own age, and it was the duty of the latter to say what should be required of the owner of the article. There was my handkerchief! I am ashamed to say that my heart beat quickly when Alice repeated the familiar nursery jargon: "Heavy, heavy, what hangs o'er," etc., and it fairly jumped when Alice, with a mischievous glance at Mr. Benton and myself, stooped and whispered to her friend. Then she went on with the question: "What shall be done with the owner?"

Clear-cut and distinct came the answer: "She shall kiss Mr. Benton."

"Oh, it's Lou—it's Lou!" shouted Alice, amidst the tempest of laughter Mr. Benton sat looking straight before him with a crimson face, while he fumbled with his white necktie until the bow was under his left ear.

There was a silence, as everybody except Mr. Benton looked at me to see the operation performed, when a small baby voice at my side said: "I'll tiss him for you, Lou."

So Stella climbed up to Mr. Benton's neck, with one of her hands on his white shirt bosom, and, as she said herself, "tissed him right on the mout, and it tickled my nose!"

I did not want to play forfeits any longer; it was too dangerous; so I proposed that we should all sing.

"Ess, I tan sing," said Stella. "I know lots of songs."

She did not feel at all abashed over the fact that she had left a dark, sticky impression of her fingers on Mr. Benton's starched shirt bosom, and as for him, he seemed to feel flattered, at her evident preference for him.

I sat down at the piano and played accompaniments for school songs, while the children stood around me and bawled the words into my ears with the excruciating flat intonation peculiar to young untrained voices.

Mr. Benton was sitting near the window, with little Stella on his knee, apparently enjoying the noise, and with his eyes fixed on me in a blank stare of admiration that I could not help seeing whenever my face was half-turned in his direction.

"Now let me sing a song all by myself," said Stella.

Mr. Benton looked inquiringly at me and I said:

"Yes, Stella; let's hear you sing all by yourself."

"So she commenced, deliberately: "Little bir-r-die, on—the—tree! (a long breath) on—the—tree! (another long breath) on—the tree!"

Then she stopped, and with a haughty disregard of the desires or opinions of her audience that would have been worthy of a petted prima donna, turned carelessly around on Mr. Benton's knee and looked out of the window, while we awaited her pleasure.

"Oh, loot—at the big birdie on the tree out of the window," she said, suddenly, pointing downward toward where I knew a tall poplar grew close to the house.

Mr. Benton was apparently startled by this evidence of Stella's keen vision for I saw him jump as his eye followed the direction of her finger. He controlled himself at once, however, as he replied quickly:

"I guess that is the shadow of a cloud in the moonlight and not a birdie, Stella."

"No," she persisted; "I saw a birdie on the tree."

He put her down, and she ran over to me. As I took her on my lap, I heard the door close, and I saw that John Benton had disappeared.

"That is rather unceremonious. I wonder whether he is coming back," I thought. "Well, I do not care whether he does or not," as I made up my mind that the festivities could proceed without him.

I sat Stella on the end of the piano and played a lively polka for the children, with Stella's assistance, she drumming on two or three keys in the bass at intervals, with a wierd, if not harmonious effect.

"I want some more tandy," announced Stella, imperiously.

"I shall have to go down stairs for it, Stella. It is all in the dining room," I said.

"Well, do down 'tairs. I'll be dood."

Of course I had to go. I left Stella in Alice's charge and ran swiftly down the stairs. The nursery was on the third floor. I do not know what induced me to open the door of my parents' bedroom as I passed it. I did so, however. It was quite dark, save a narrow bar of moonlight forcing its way through the poplar just outside the window.

I glanced carelessly into the gloom, with my hand on the handle of the door, and was about to continue my journey to the dining-room when I felt a draught from the open window and saw something white gleaming in the moonlight for an instant and then disappear.

"What is that," I thought, as an indescribable feeling of terror passed over me and left me shivering. "It looked like a hand.

There was not a sound to be heard in the room save the rustling of the curtains as the light wintry breeze blew them from the window, but I was certain some one was there.

What was that?

Surely a man climbing in through the window! Yes, I was not mistaken. My eyes had become accustomed to the darkness by this time, and I could see the outlines of his figure clearly defined against the window!

In that terrible moment all I had ever heard or read about burglars and their desperate actions when brought to bay, passed through my mind. I remembered half a dozen stories, more or less improbable, wherein a young girl had successfully outwitted expert midnight thieves, and captured them alone and unaided.

The man, with his round head covered by some kind of closely-fitting cap, was cautiously creeping through the window, and I saw the poplar shake as if just relieved of a burden. He had evidently climbed the tree to reach the room, and I remembered hearing my brother Will say only the day before that it was a favorite plan of thieves in robbing a house to get up to the second story by means of a porch or tree, while the family were gathered in the lower rooms in the early evening,

I could not move! There was no light in the hall outside the room, and I could not be seen by the intruder as I stood hand on the door-handle, watching him, and listening in a dreamy way to the noise of the children in the nursery overhead.

He was in the room by this time, and I noticed that his footsteps were noiseless, as if he had no shoes on, as he moved across the bar of moonlight toward the bureau where my mother always kept her jewelry. I saw a round patch of bright yellow light fall on the keyhole of the top drawer, and then heard a metallic rattling. The thief was picking the lock!

If I could only scream, or call for Will!

The drawer opened; the man was fumbling at its contents, when—crash! The yellow patch of light disappeared, and, with a fearful word, I saw the man fall, another man holding him! Then a pistol shot rang through the room, and echoed up and down the stairs, and the room was flooded with light. Somebody had touched the electric button down stairs and lighted the gas.

For a few seconds my eyes were so dazzled that I could not see anything. Then I saw two men rolling on the floor in a desperate struggle, while a pistol lay just out of their reach. The man underneath, with his closely-fitting plush cap, was scowling at me, as he tried to release himself, and I thought I could see murder written on his thin lips and short, turned-up nose so plainly that I should have been in favor of hanging him on the spot.

But who was the other man, holding the thief with a grip of iron, as each tugged and writhed in the attempt to subdue the other? Surely that was the bow of a white necktie at the back of his neck! That was a dressing-coat with the tails spread out like the wings of an eagle, or I was much mistaken!

In the battle just as Will and my father reached the room and rushed ed passed me, the combatants rolled over, and a very red face, which, however, was anything but sheepish now, was turned toward me. The face of—John Benton!

Will had the thief by the arm in a few minutes, while John Benton lay panting on the floor.

Then it was that I saw a great red stain on the white shirt bosom.

It was blood!

Somehow I forgot all about the thief, Will, my father—everything, as I threw myself down by the side of John Benton and pressed my handkerchief over the stain.

"John! John! What is it? Where are you hurt? Oh, father, he is killed!" I screamed. "What shall I do?"

I will never believe again that John Benton was ever bashful, for he just put one of his hands on the back of my head, pulled my face down to his, and whispered:

"Do just what you are doing now, and as you have commenced to call me John, do it all the rest of your life, and let me call you Lou."

There was a sudden disturbance! The thief had broken away from Will! The poplar tree shook violently, and Will said, as he put his head out of the window:

"Well, let the rascal go! It will save a good deal of trouble. Ah! there is his pal, who was on guard. They are both running as if the whole detective force were at their heels."

Then, turning to John: "How are you hurt, Mr. Benton? You don't look as if it were serious."

"It is not serious," said John, sitting up. "That fellow cut his hand in some way while opening the drawer; and he rubbed the blood all over my shirt; that's all."

I bit my lip and gave John a look that should have frozen him. It did not have the proper effect, however, for he followed me upstairs to the nursery, where the racket of play had rendered the children oblivious of the disturbance below. As he took Stella on his knee he said:

"Do you know, Stella, you made a tremendous hit with your song? You must sing 'Birdie on a Tree' for us again. Will you?"

"Ess, I will sing it for you, but you must tiss Lou for me now. She has diven me lots and lots of tandy, and she is awfully dood."

"Yes, I think so," said John. "And I'll tiss her for you."

And he actually did it.

Moreover, he says now that it is his privilege, and I suppose, under the circumstances, he is right.

An Incident of Antietam.

David Edwards, of the Thirtieth Ohio, writes to the Washington Tribune an incident of Burnside's advance across the Antietam Creek. He says: After crossing Antietam Creek our lines were formed and we got orders to "forward, left oblique, march," to a stone fence about 500 yards to the front, the left of the regiment being compelled to oblique march through a cornfield. When we reached the stone fence we had no support on our left, and the rebs swung around our regiment and if there ever was a hotter place than that cornfield just then I never found it and I trust I never shall. With rebels in front and rear we had but little show. We got orders to get out of that if we could. Instead of going back oblique, as I went in, I took straight up the corn rows and passed out in rear of the rebel line. Lieut. Rees Furby, of our regiment, was killed at the stone fence, and as I turned to the rear I saw him lying cold in death, but still clinging to his sword with a death grasp. I thought to myself that no rebel should ever carry the sword of such a brave man if it was in my power to prevent it. I wrenched it out of his hand and carried it out with me to the rear, where I found what was left of my company. Thinking I had done nothing but a soldier's duty, I handed my captain the sword with the remark that it was Lieut. Furby's who was killed at the stone fence. The answer I got was: "What in h—l do I want with it?" I threw it down on the ground with my fellings considerably hurt.

At that time reinforcements were crossing the bridge, and a New York regiment attracted my attention, being led by a mere boy—a captain, I think. While walking at the head of his regiment and cheering his men forward a rebel bullet struck his sword just above the hilt, bending it at right angles and knocking it many feet away. He picked it up and went on as though nothing unusual had happened. I thought to myself that so brave an officer as that was worthy of Lieut. Furby's sword, and stepped out of the ranks and picked it up and presented it to him, with the remark that the former owner was killed, and that I had carried it off the field to keep the rebels from getting it. He thanked me kindly and went on. Now, if that officer is living and chances to see this item, I would be glad to hear from him, or from any comrade of the regiment to which I belonged.

The Wit and Wisdom of the Late Dr. Kemper of Nashota, Wis.

Among the many laughable stories told of the late Dr. Kemper of Nashota, Wis., are the following:

On his way home to dinner one day, meeting one of the divinity students, he cordially invited the young man to accompany him, adding that he did not know as there would be much to eat. The invitation was accepted, and immediately upon being seated at the table the doctor commenced carving a boiled ham that was doing duty for the second or third time.

"Why, my dear!" exclaimed his wife in surprise, "You have forgotten something. You have not asked the blessing."

"Yes, I have, too," bluffly responded the doctor; "I've asked the Lord to bless this old ham all I'm a going to."

Nell was a serious child, with a penchant for poetry. She had stood for a long time looking out at the snow-storm, when her mother asked:

"What are you thinking of, dear?"

"Oh, I was just making poetry," she answered, with a sigh.

"But what is it? Can't you tell mamma?"

After considerable urging she repeated with great feeling:

'Tis a sad, sad thing to stand and beg
While the winter winds do blow,
For the cold creeps up the tittle one's leg
And makes her shiver so!

His papa was a clergyman, who strictly enforced the rule that the young scion should attend Sunday service despite his tender years. Imagine the feelings of this dominie parent when pausing at his study door, he discovered the young man in the act of expelling a large bumble-bee, waving his small arms frantically in the air, and crying, "Sh-h! sh-h! Get out of here! Get out, I tell you, or papa'll preach you to death!"

Always Aim High.

Prentice Mulford:—What keeps thousands of noses on the grindstone of hard times is that they have no confidence or courage in themselves to take risks or responsibilities. They keep a poorhouse in their minds and live in it. They aspire to be only a screw in the business machine instead of striking out and making a machine of their own. The screws are bookkeepers, telegraph operators, clerks, and all who never plan anything beyond a situation and steady wages. Confidence and brains combined find such screws ready made by the thousands. It makes the screw do as much work for as little money as possible. When one screw is worn out it throws it aside ... another.

... screws find fault with the monopolist. Their real slavery is in their own mind. They never think, aspire, plan or demand in thought to be anything but screws. They think there is no place for them at the head of a business. Their first and great step toward staying permanently at the tail of a business lies in thinking that they must remain at the tail. Because what is assumed or kept steadily in thought always frames an outward exact like of itself in what can be seen. If you think clean clothes you will always have clean clothes.

A workingman ought never to look at a millionaire's palace without saying:

"I am going to have a palace like that." His saying this in dead earnest is one thought among many others which pushes him toward and into his own palace; because it is your thought that pushes you to do things.

Alice Freeman, the president of Wellesley college, is only twenty-eight years old, but has an almost perfect mastery of seven languages.

The Funeral.

I was walking in Savannah, past a church decayed and dim,
When there slowly through the window came a plaintive funeral hymn;
And a sympathy awakened, and a wonder quickly grew,
Till I found myself environed in a little negro pew.

Out at front a colored couple sat in sorrow, nearly wild;
On the alter was a coffin, in the coffin was a child.
I could picture him when living—curly hair, protruding lip—
And had seen, perhaps, a thousand, in my hurried Southern trip.

But no baby ever rested in the soothing arms of Death
That had fanned more flames of sorrow with his little fluttering breath;
And no funeral ever glistened with more sympathy profound
Than was in the chain of tear-drops that enclasped those mourners round.

Rose a sad old colored preacher at the little wooden desk—
With a manner grandly awkward, with a countenance grotesque;
With simplicity and shrewdness on his Ethiopian face;
With the ignorance and wisdom of a crushed undying race.

And he said: "Now don' be weepin' for dis pretty bit o'clay—
For de little boy who lived dere, he done gone an' run away!
He was doin' very finely, an' he 'preciate your love;
But his sure 'nuff Father want him in de large house up above.

"Now he didn't give you dat baby, by a hundred thousan' mile!
He just think you need some sunshine, an' he lend it for awhile!
An' he let you keep an' love it till your hearts was bigger grown,
An' dese silver tears your sheddin's jes de interest on de loan.

"Here's yer oder pretty chilrun!—don' be makin' it appear
Dat your love got sort o' 'nop'lized by dis little fellow here;
Don' pile up too much your sorrow on deir little mental sheives,
So's to kind o' set 'em wonderin' if dey're no account demselves.

"Just you think, you poor deah mounahs, creepin' long o'er Sorrow's way,
What a blessed little picnic dis yere baby's got to-day!
Your good faders and good moders crowd de little fellow round
In de angel-tended garden of de Big Plantation Ground.

"An' dey ask him, 'Was your feet sore?' an' take off his little shoes,
An' dey wash him, an' dey kiss him, an' dey ay, 'Now, what's de news?'
An' de Lawd done cut his tongue loose; den de little fellow say,
'All our folks down in de valley tries to keep de hebbenly way.'

"An' his eyes dey brightly sparkle at de pretty tings he view;
Den a tear come, an' he whisper, 'But I want my pa'yents, too!'
But de Angel Chief Musician teach dat boy a little song;
Says, 'If only dey be fait'ful dey will soon be comin' long.'

"An' he'll get an education dat will proberbly be worth
Seberal times as much as any you could buy for him on earth;
He'll be in de Lawd's big school house, widout no contempt or fear;
While dere's no end to de bad tings might have happened to him here.

"So, my pooah dejected mounahs, let your hearts wid Jesus rest,
An' don' go ter criticisin' dat ar One w'at knows de best!
He have sent us many comforts—He have right to take away—
To de Lawd be praise an' glory, now and ever!—Let us pray."

—[Will Carleton, in Harper's Weekly.

A huge derrick-pole fell and severely injured the foot of mechanical engineer E. R. Hoyt at the New Orleans Exposition, and after only three applications of St. Jacobs Oil, all the swelling and pain dis appeared.

Ever since the Michigan Central Railroad was built it has been a favorite with the traveling public, because its roadbed was smooth its cars elegant, and its service admirable, but since the road built a new bridge across the Niagara river below the falls, and a station, called Falls View, right beside the horse-shoe falls, everybody wants to go that way. Many people cannot stop at Niagara Falls, from one train to another, and they never could see enough of the Falls from the old bridge to amount to anything, but now, by the new "Falls Route" of the Michigan Central, they can stand on a high bluff for ten minutes, right above the seething, boiling cauldron, and see more of the falls in that time than they could to stop over for a day. From "Falls View" station the Michigan Central gives its passengers the most beautiful view to be seen on this earth. There may be more beautiful views on some other earth, but no railroad runs there yet.—*Geo. W. Peck in Peck's Sun.*

Ladies are inaugurating a new and strange custom. They say "thank you" when gentlemen give them seats in horse cars.—*New Haven News.*

The most astonishingly beneficial results have followed the use of Red Star Cough Cure by those affected with throat and lung troubles. Price, twenty-five cents.

The bold young man who tried to kiss the pretty widow says that the power of the widow's smite has been greatly overestimated.—*Somerville Journal.*

Money. The Marriage Symbol.

Why is marriage a symbol of strength? "Union is strength". But if you have weak lungs, or if you are kept up at night with a croupy child, neither can be strong. Take Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein.

It requires a peculiar talent to canvass a congressional district effectually. Some men who go on the stump, talking for drinks, are not fit to canvas a ham.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Why is a person with asthma like a money chest? He is a cougher (coffer.) Tell him to take Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein and destroy the resemblance and cure his cough.

Philip D. Armour, the Chicago lard king and railroad manipulator, weighs 250 pounds, and at a pinch could scare up $20,000,000.

Mullein vs. Cod Liver Oil.

Dr. Quillan, the leading authority of Great Britain, on lung diseases, says: "While one of his patients gained only seven pounds by the use of cod liver oil, she gained over thirteen by the use of mullein." The old field mullein made into a tea and combined with sweet gum presents in Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein a pleasant and effective cure for croup, whooping cough, colds and consumption. Sold by all druggists.

The Comte de Paris sent his congratulations to Maj.-Gen. Daniel Butterfield who was married the other day in London.

A GREAT VICTORY.

Myrtle Wattles Made Happy.

About the first of July last, Mr. Hibbard called at my market, and seeing me very much out of health, and suffering extremely with Rheumatism and Biliousness, advised me to drop taking all other medicines and try Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, saying it would cure me. I said to him that it was impossible for me to fully describe my intense suffering for years past; that I had tried so many remedies and no good that I had no faith in them. He explained to me the nature of the remedy and how it would operate upon my Liver and Kidneys, assuring me that there were no poisons or opiates used in its compounding, and telling me the ingredients that composed the remedy. I commenced using it, have taken three bottles, and I want to say to you it has done wonders for me. It has cured me. *I am well.* As an evidence of my gratitude, I send these facts unsolicited, and I am ready to verify the authenticity of this cure by personal correspondence with anyone who doubts it.

MYRTLE WATTLES,
Briton Market, 310 West Main Street, Kalamazoo, Mich.

It has come at last. A Missouri paper hangs out the ticket, "for president, Sam Jones; for vice president, Sam Small."

Bronchitis is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

A Carlisle dog committed suicide by pushing his head under a gate and choking to death.

"BURNS AND SCALDS."—If you are so unfortunate as to injure yourself in this way we can suggest a remedy that will soon relieve you of all pain and quickly heal the wound; it costs but twenty-five cents and is sold by all druggists. Ask for PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER.

PATENTS obtained by Louis Bagger & Co., Attorneys, Washington, D.C. ...

Chicago Tribune: "If the plural of goose is geese, the plural of moose must be meese," says an exchange. Not at all; for the rule doesn't work both ways in the first instance. Two natives of Portugal would be Portuguese, but one native would not be Portugoose in philology, however he or she might be fitly so described in fact

The wide spread fame of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is justly won by its own merits, and the reputation it has gained has been secured by its universal use.

Senator Stanford usually gives away the money won by his racing stud.

Ex-Attorney General H. Williams is now practicing law in Portland, Oregon.

John W Bookwalter of Ohio, is in Europe hunting up rare tapestries and works of art.

A. B Steinberger, the former "king of the Samoan island," is living quietly in Philadelphia.

Schuyler Colfax's cousin, Harriet, has been lighthouse keeper at Michigan City for twenty five years.

"The water flowed like champaigne" wittily said Mr. Evarts, when speaking of one of President Hayes' dinner parties in the white house

Congressman William Preston Taulbee, who hails from the "Blue Grass district," is now preaching at a camp meeting in northern Kentucky.

In mining districts where men have been burned or bruised by carelessness, Salvation Oil has been used to great advantage. It is now sold by all druggists at twenty-five cents.

General Miles, the Indian fighter, is taking a holiday in New York.

For preventing dandruff and falling of the hair, Hall's Hair Renewer is unequaled.

Every family should be provided with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Cures Colds and Coughs.

Jerome Increase Case, the owner of Jay-Eye-See is worth $5,000,000 and began life as a blacksmith.

"The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll reach the conscience of the king."

And equally true is it that Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" (the original Little Liver Pills) are the most effectual means that can be used to reach the seat of disease, cleansing the bowels and system, and assisting nature in her recuperative work. By druggists.

John C. Calhoun's $14,000 bronze statue has just reached Charleston by steamer.

Any Small Boy, with a Stick,

can kill a tiger,—if the tiger happens to be found when only a little cub. So consumption, that deadliest and most feared of diseases, in this country, can assuredly be conquered and destroyed if Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" be employed early.

Gentlemen's clothes nowadays must be cut and made in "highest style of art."—*Mrs. Grundy.*

"The "Favorite Prescription" of Dr Pierce cures "female weakness" and kindred affections. By druggists.

A majority of modern prominent people have no recollection of any ancestors.—*New York Mail and Express.*

I wish I could tell all sufferers from rheumatism to use Athlophoros, it has done so much for me by saving my child's life. All I used was one bottle which cured her in three days. Mrs. C. W Brown, 143 Sixth street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

The oldest inhabitant of Cape Cod is Mrs. Donsilla Laba, who is familiarly known as "Aunt Laba." She recently passed her 99th birthday.

An Awful Doom

of any nature is usually avoided by those who have foresight. Those who read this who have foresight will lose no time in writing to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine to learn about work which they can do at a profit of from $5 to $25 and upwards per day and live at home, wherever they are located. Some have earned over $50 in a day. All is new. Capital not required You are started free. Both sexes. All ages. Particulars free. A great reward awaits every worker.

Dairre, the housekeeper of M. Chevreul. has been in his service forty years, and Isoline, the cook, thirty year.

You hardly realize that it is medicine, when taking Carter's Little Liver Pills they are very small; no bad effects; all troubles from torpid liver are relieved by their use.

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A seal weighing nearly 100 pounds has been captured at Longport, N. J.

SCRATCHES.—J. H. Shaffer, Madison, Wis., says: "I cured a horse of the worst case of scratches that I ever saw, with Veterinary Carbolisalve. 25 and 50c. at Druggists.

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Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.
Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness, and hay fever are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 315 King street West, Toronto, Canada.—*Christian Standard.*

Cases of Weak Stomach, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, relieved by CARTER'S LITTLE NERVE PILLS.

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If you have that extreme tired feeling, weakness, loss of appetite, indigestion, heartburn, headache, or other symptoms of dyspepsia, why don't you try Hood's Sarsaparilla?

It will overcome the tired feeling, create an appetite, tone up the digestive organs and cure dyspepsia. It is the only medicine of which can truly be said, "100 Doses One Dollar," which is an unanswerable argument as to strength and economy.

If you suffer from scrofula, salt rheum, sores, boils, pimples, humors of any kind, why don't you try Hood's Sarsaparilla?

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Cure patients pronounced hopeless by the best of physicians.
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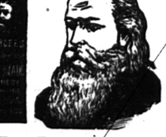

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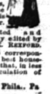

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