PERSONS AND EVENTS.

It is suggested by The St. Louis Post-Dispatch that Gen. Tom Brady's book will be entitled "Lapsus Pennæ; or, How I Escaped the Pen."

AT last accounts Minister S. S. Cox was registered at the Continental hotel in Paris, and was enjoying himself like a big boy just out of school.

SENOR DON ALBERTO BIANCHI, father of Senor Don Alberto G. Bianchi, the noted Mexican journalist, died in the City of Mexico on the 22d of last month.

Two cousins of ex-premier Gladstone reside in this country. They are Wilfred and David Gladstone, and live at White Springs, O., where they pursue the occupation of millers.

AN autograph letter of George Washington was sold at administrator's sale in the city of Washington a day or two ago for $17. The purchaser was a dealer in relics and autograph manuscripts.

SENATOR MITCHELL, of Pennsylvania, is almost blind from rheumatism. His term expires on March 3 next, and as he can no longer see any attraction in political life he will not be a candidate for re-election.

MR. WILLIAM WARREN, the veteran actor, who made his first appearance in Boston forty years ago, is frequently seen on the streets of that city, exhibiting unabated vitality, and is full of bright remarks. He exercises much in the open air, and practices with the health lift in addition. He visits the theaters frequently.

A WASHINGTON correspondent recalls the fact that when Mr. F. E. Spinner was treasurer he used to hand some of the prettiest young lady clerks in his office by having their features given to some of the goddesses that grace the currency. But, it is said, the head of Martha Washington, which adorns the new $1 certificates, and an idealized head of Dolly Madison are the only accredited portraits of distinguished women that can be discovered.

DR. ANDRADE DOURIEA, the president of the Brazilian chamber of deputies, intends to leave for New York in the first packet after the closing of the chambers, for the amelioration of his state of health, and to see how a country can be other than a despotism without monarchy and slavery institutions which he, as an ardent conservative and slave-owner, considers providential institutions. Like Lincoln, the noble deputy of the province of Rio Janeiro is anything but a dude in physiognomy.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, the founder of the Standard Oil company, moves in and out of Wall street so quietly that few people know of his identity, and are surprised when he is pointed out by his friends. He is below medium height, dresses modestly, but with excellent taste, and his only two hobbies are fine paintings and Sunday schools. His brother Frank, who was a bookkeeper twenty years ago, is now worth many millions some portion of which he annually squanders on fast horses and a fine private residence at Greenwich, Conn.

His majesty Don Luis of Portugal, according to the Paris *Gaulois*, has returned from his continental tour to London only for the purpose of arranging with Queen Victoria for the projected marriage of his eldest son, Alfonso, duke of Combra, with the Princess Louise, daughter of the Prince of Wales. It is a subject of talk in European aristocratic circles that the princess of Wales and her daughters hastened their departure from Copenhagen the other day and returned to London in order to meet his majesty Don Luis on his arrival in the city.

MRS. KATE SPRAGUE has left the capital and is now living quietly in New York. Mr. Conkling said she rarely met, and when they do it is as friends only—all they ever were. The gunshot incident of Canonchet has passed almost entirely out of her mind, and occasions no other emotions when then referred to than would the frenzied act of any other man crazed with drink and unreasonable rage. When her father's remains have been transferred to the Spring Grove cemetery at Cincinnati, which will be in a very short time, she will return to Fontainebleau, where her children now are, and devote the rest of her life to them. She is not rich as reported, but has enought to supply her necessary wants, and when she sails again will leave this country a long if not eternal farewell.

JUDGE JAMES R. LUDLOW, a noted Pennsylvania judge, who died some time ago, left a singularly short will. It covered but half a page of foolscap, and is in the handwriting of the decedent. He wrote: "I request my executors to incur at my funeral no expense not absolutely required. My estate is small, and my wife and children ought to have every dollar for their support. Let no false pride dictate ostentatious display, for after the soul departs what does the body it matters little what becomes of that body, as that it is decently buried. God will protect the dust, and on the resurrection day gather all together and reconstruct it according to his sovereign rule." He then bequeathed the rest of his wife, Henrietta E. Ludlow, and appoints her guardian of their children and executrix.

Two prominent German musicians died recently within a few days of each other—the violinist Hubert Ries, and the composer Julius Melchert. Ries, who attained the age of 85, received his first musical instruction from his father and became subsequently a pupil of Spohr and Hauptmann. In 1824 he was appointed orchestral leader of the Konigstadtisches theater of Berlin, and in the following year he was promoted to a position in the Royal opera-house, where he later became concertmeister." Ries was in great demand as a musical instructor, and his quartet evenings were in former years one of the musical features of Berlin. His three sons, two of whom live in London, are likewise well-known musicians. Julius Melchert, who died on the 12th of September in Hamburg, at the age of 76, was very popular as a composer of songs and orchestral leader.

TRIPLETS.

If he should ask a little kiss,
Oh, I should be so chary;
For it would waken such a sweet bliss
If he should ask a little kiss.
That I should never wish to miss
The blush preliminary.
If he should ask a little kiss,
Oh, I should be so chary!

If he should dare to squeeze my hand,
Or touch my little finger,
No blush on nicket could withstand,
If he should dare to squeeze my hand,
The chance to warn my heart unmanned
By blood that he would linger.
If he should dare to kiss my hand,
Or touch my little finger.

If he should ever come to woo,
And should to wed therein be,
What should a happy maiden do,
If he should ever come to woo,
And meet the bliss with great adoo
O darling spid teach me!
If he should that bliss give me,
And should to wed beseech me!
—Earl Marble in the Current.

A POOR MAN'S WIFE

"My choice is made at last, Sister Belle. Now I am ready for blame or praise from others but I want your approval."

The elder sister looked at a couple of open letters lying on the writing desk before which the speaker sat, her cold gray eyes softening a little as she replied.

"If you tell me which of the two you have chosen I can answer you."

"You ought to know without being told," Stella laughed. "Clarence, of course!"

Belle Lawson looked serious.

"Stella, I am sorry. Not that I bear Clarence Henshaw any ill-will, but, child, you are not fit to be a poor man's wife. Remember you are proud and I have been reared in ease and comfort. Follow my advice and marry Henry Lakeman."

Stella shook her head.

"No, Belle; I wouldn't marry Henry Lakeman if he was a hundred times richer than he is."

She slipped a picture into its envelope after a long view.

"It is a lovely place," she sighed, "and I would like to live there."

The sister was watching, and, stooping, kissed the smooth, white brow, while she said:

"Don't be too hasty, Stella. If you covet this pretty home of Henry Lakeman's, accept it."

"But I love Clarence. I prefer a cottage with him to a mansion with Henry."

Miss Lawson turned to the window with a sorry look. Sometimes dream of her childhood was in her memory, perhaps, but she held it worse than folly to indulge them. Love, in her estimation, was no balance in the scale for wealth.

"Stella," she continued, very gravely, "I have acted the part of a mother for many years; my wish has ever been that you should be happy and prosper. I know you love luxury, you enjoy display, and I am not saying too much when I add that you worship beautiful things. Look at this picture, dear, and surprised when he is pointed out to my friends. He is below medium height, dresses modestly, but with excellent taste, and his only two hobbies are fine paintings and Sunday schools. His brother Frank, who was a bookkeeper twenty years ago, is now worth many millions some portion of which he annually squanders on fast horses and a fine private residence at Greenwich, Conn.

"If I favored his suit I was to keep it, sister Belle," she continued, touching the edge of the envelope with her lips, and sealing it with a heavy slap of the hand. "I do not, you see. I won't be sorry," murmured she, turning the envelope to look at its superscription.

"Your happiness is within your own grasp, Stella. Take it, and hopeful some day," and with a stately gait Belle Lawson left her.

Stella ran lightly up the stairs to her own room and touched the bell in great haste.

"You will change me by mailing this at once," she said to the servant who answered her call, handing him this very envelope, "and," she said, smiling and blushing, "be careful not to drop it putting an ther letter into his hand. Leave it with no one but the person to whom it is addressed."

"There'll be no mistake, miss." And that night a perfumed note lay on Clarence Henshaw's pillow, and he, poor fellow, was transported to the upper heaven of delight.

Three months later they were married. They were a happy and hopeful couple. This life upon which they had entered was like a new and unexplored country, said Clarence meant to work hard and felt little or no doubt in regard to their future. He had been a head bookkeeper for many years and had had the promise of something better yet the coming season. They rented a house in the pleasant part of the city, kept a servant and Stella wore the handsome clothes which had been provided at the time of her marriage. But towards the end of the first year of their wedded life his firm failed and to be under heavy liabilities, and the anniversary of their marriage found their home bankrupt and Clarence out of a situation. They moved out of their house and took a cheaper place. Another month of the year, by this time their funds began to run low, and Stella wanted something new for her window.

"I shall find something by-and-by," the husband said bravely.

It was at this trying time that a little speck of humanity was ushered into Stella's arms, and its feeble cry told that the responsibility of motherhood was here.

"I'm the happiest man alive," Clarence exclaimed, caressing wife and baby boy. "Let poor folks be the dogs, Stella," he added, remembering now that his responsibility was greater than before. "They are in want of workmen on the new city hall. I'll take my hammer—it will give us bread."

She ought to have been contented—ought to have thought with pride of the man who would thus brave the world's opinion. He went out in the early morning and came home late at night, his handsome face glowing with love. But the very thought that her husband was brought down to the level of a common laborer hurt her.

Sister Belle had said that her tastes were luxurious, and she wanted a pretty home now and fine apparel for herself and baby. The people of the world in which she lived had to learn to count their money to know if they could buy a new dress. She had never had to make the best of circumstances, and why should she now? The little privations she endured worried her, and in a little while the sweet-tempered woman became moody and down-hearted.

"Stella is homesick," the husband would say; "the care of the baby is too much for her. I must make some money," and his hammer rang with redoubled energy; but Stella continued to sulk.

"How can you expect me to live among such surroundings?" was her appeal, when he begged her to cheer up. "It is cruel in you, I want to go home to my own friends."

The warm glow came to his face, and he drew her tenderly toward him without a word, but there was a look piteous to see in his handsome eyes. Then came a day a little later when it did seem that matters had come to a crisis. The city hall was finished and Clarence must look for something new. Jennie, who had been Freddy's nurse, had to go, and all the household cares fell upon Stella. They had moved about a great deal, hoping to find a place in which the fretful girl wife would be contented.

"These people are all alike, you know, and I may as well be in one place as another," was her reply to Clarence when he suggested that they move.

It was unwomanly in her to say this, she knew, and she thought to herself, after her husband had gone his forgiveness, but just then Freddy caught her by the dress, causing her to spill the soup he was pouring into the kettle, which only increased her vexation.

"You cross little thing!" she exclaimed impatiently. "Take hold!" laying her hand heavily on the little bare shoulders. Then she sat down and fell into hysterical weeping. Freddy, with the prints of her fingers still on his neck, tried to climb into her lap, but she pushed him away roughly.

"Don't do anything you'll be sorry for, Stella," her husband said, coming into the room just then.

"I thought you'd gone to town," she replied, sharply. "O, dear! If I had taken good advice I would not have married a poor man."

"You are not yourself this morning, Stella," and his eyes were full of surprised fear, as he saw the red marks on the baby's neck.

"Do you think I can endure every thing?" she cried spitefully.

"You are nervous and tired, dear, come here," and he put out his hands to clasp her, but she turned away from him and left the room.

Something wet fell on the baby's head, and he pressed him closer to his bosom as he caught the sound of her sobbing.

"I have heard of something new this morning, Stella. I'm going to New York by the next train."

"You are always hearing of something new," washer quick reply; "but what does it matter to me?"

"I am hoping for something better, and think I've found it now."

He rocked Freddy to sleep, put him into his crib, then went to the door of his wife's room.

"I'm going to kiss me good-bye, Stella?" he asked. "I may be gone a day or two."

"No," she replied coldly; "you'll be back soon enough."

"But, I might never return, you know."

"Pooh, if you are not back in a day or two with the same old story."

Clarence turned quickly and left the room. Then he heard him cross the room, and knew he had gone to his wife's side and kissed the little sleeper again and again.

"He'll come back before he's really gone," whispered she to herself, going toward the door, but a turn in the street hid him from sight. He had gone, without kissing her good-bye.

"Well, we've been married long enough to be done with such nonsense," with a cry of anguish she ran across the hall to the unoccupied room over with.

"Please come, Mrs. Wilson. My baby is dying."

Mrs. Wilson came, for though rough in manners she was kind in heart.

"He is in a fit," she said, the moment she saw the child. "Bring me some water and help get off his clothes."

Stella obeyed.

"Hold him so, till I run home and get some medicine," she said, putting him in the bath. "Such womenas you aren't fit to be mothers," she continued, returning with her hands full of bottles.

"I have so many trials to bear," moaned Stella.

"Nonsense," replied Mrs. Wilson. "You have a pretty home if it was put in order."

"I am used to a better."

"Young people can't begin where old ones left off. They must make their own homes."

"I never understood it so. My sister advised me never to marry a poor man."

"And so you keep finding fault and complaining when your husband is trying in every way to make a home living. It is a wonder you haven't driven him to drink long ago."

"But my husband is a good man," replied Stella, warmly, resenting the last part of the speech.

"He has shown himself to be a good man."

The woman said it in good faith, wrapping Freddy in soft flannels and administering a quieting potion. She had been watching the movements of the people ever since they came to live in the house.

"My baby will get well, won't he?" was said pleadingly, and the poor thing sobbed again as if her heart would break.

"Yes, indeed."

"And you will stay with me through the night?" forgetting that she was one of "those people."

"I'd stay with you a whole blessed week," promised the poor old Mrs. Wilson, "if I could make you worthy of your husband."

"Tell me what I shall do and I'll do it willingly and without complaining."

All through the long night, while Freddy lay between life and death, Mrs. Wilson worked over Stella's baby, and told the girl-mother chapters in her own life experiences. There were passages over which Stella wept bitterly, and when morning dawned, giving back the child from danger, in place of the fickle, nervous woman, an, there was one ready to meet life's work with firm purpose and patience.

She tidied up each apartment, and instead of going about in a dowdy wrapper put on a fresh dress, arranged her hair becomingly, and changed the packer about her mouth for her own rosy lips.

"You're a pretty little thing," Mrs. Wilson told her when she had fastened a knot of blue ribbon in her hair. "Your husband will be in to see you every now and then through the day and tonight I will come back to you. Your husband will be here tomorrow morning."

"Yes," Stella replied, with a bright look in her eyes. "He'll be here by 10 o'clock."

After all, it was a long time to wait she thought. She was so impatient to tell him—and she would kiss him as many times as he wished.

"Yes, indeed!" she exclaimed, joyfully, bending over Freddy's cot; "I'll kiss papa a hundred thousand times, won't we dear?"

"I do wish Clarence would come," she kept saying next morning. "What detains him?" she continued, when the clock was on the stroke of 12. "What if—and her heart lay like lead in her bosom as she recalled the look she last saw on his face—"what if he never comes back," she murmured, going into her own room. "Mrs. Wilson, she called, "where is my husband?"

In an instant the dear, good soul was beside her, resting a hand tenderly on the aching head. True-hearted woman! She shrank from saying it had been a dreadful night on the second, and that a stranger had come in with the New York boat. "Her husband traveled by boat," had been her conclusion.

Stella caught at her arm, the sound of her voice awaking Freddy, and with a cry she fell. Poor, tired, inexperienced wife and mother! Was the ordeal so ordered? With the help of a neighbor Mrs. Wilson laid her on the bed.

"Run for the doctor," she said to Miss Williams.

"But you don't know——"

"I don't, you interrupted. "Mrs. Henshaw will have a run of nervous fever, and whether her husband is living or dead, I can't say."

When Stella opened her eyes again it was nearly night. She knew no one about the bed, but calling for Clarence and Freddy and sister Belle. She was going to help her husband now. She could earn money by teaching music or painting, for might have a few pupils in dancing," she added. "But forgive me for striking——and her voice grew so low that I clasp something, when she dozed again.

Late that evening Clarence came in sight of home. Contrary to Mrs. Wilson's conjecture, he came by a different route. He had thought to telegraph, but "Stella won't worry," he said, "if I am late." The light faded from his eyes and his face turned ghastly white when he looked into the room.

"Both gone!" he groaned, walking from the bed to the couch.

"No, no," Mrs. Wilson said comfortingly. "Baby's better, and your wife will come out of this. All she needs is good nursing, and that she will have," turning aside her head and drying her eyes with the corner of her apron.

"What could we do if such as she were not stationed all along the walks in life?

It was painful to listen to the wild talk. "If I might endure it," Clarence said so many times. When at last Stella awoke from the horrible dreams her husband was bending over her.

"Clarence," she said very softly at first; "Clarence," she repeated, putting her arms around his neck. "I'm you'll forgive me for striking Freddy I'll kiss you O so many times!"

Foolish fellow! he cried like a baby.

"Listen, Stella," he said, as soon as he could command his voice; "Listen! I did get the situation and have everything that you need, and you want," touching his lips to cheek and forehead, "and you are going to have a home in the country at Brooklyn."

"All I want is your love," clasping him close, "and that Freddy get well. I'm ready to be a poor man's wife"

—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Twins of Locana.

A Vienna correspondent writes: John and Jacob Tocci, the twins of Locana, who have been shown in almost every Europe and Asiatic watering-places of the famous Siamese twins, are dying in the Prater. The boys resemble each other exactly, and are now in their twenty-first year. John and Jacob are separate as far as the sixth rib, and have one abdomen and one pair of legs between them. Jacob moves the right leg, John the left. The twins cannot walk, and keep their balance by facing each other and leaning each other's neck. Jacob eats often and heartily, and is the healthier of the two, and to all appearance it is he who keeps his brother alive. One day the twins quarrelled over a toy, and John grew so excited that his heart blood suddenly ceased to flow, and he changed to a condition of complete lethargy, from which he had not awoke on the following morning. The boy suffered from the same complaint a year ago in Berlin, and Prof. Virchow then declared that a recurrence of the lethargy would certainly be an end to the twins' life. A number of Vienna physicians are observing the malady, but they report certain little hope of John's life, and if John dies, Jacob must follow him to the grave. The twins are lying in their bed offer a strange contrast; Jacob with feverish eyes and a red face seems to harbor all the blood that has ceased from John's lifeless body. The conscious boy cries incessantly, because he has often heard Prof. Virchow's remark repeated, and knows that his brother's death is but the harbinger of his own. The great creatures are meeting with the same fate that some time ago put an end to the life of the Siamese twins; the second of whom died of poisoned blood yesterday after lying in the terrible hours with the corpse of his brother. The advisability of an operation separating the living twin from the dead or was discussed at the time; but before a resolution could be taken death had done its work. The twins of Locana, who for the last eight years have travelled to all the world's shows, were to have left for New York, where Barnum was said to have engaged them for a year at a salary of 50,000 fr. In the event of their death the parents have offered their body to a London anatomical museum for the price of 48,000—St. James' Gazette, August 25.

A Goodly Old Kitchen.

A correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune, who has been visiting in Canterbury, writes: "Just outside the gate and across the way from the shop I saw the potato patch of Mrs. Wilson, there stands, as it has stood for a couple of centuries, the old Falstaff Inn. We went in under the sign through a low doorway, overgrown with ivy. At the end of the hall was a lovely old kitchen with a floor of red tiles and a great fireplace, service of purple, red, blue and gold displayed in wide racks against the wall. A bright fire was burning, the brass kettle glowing between the bars of the grate, and a vast deal of cooking was going on. The kettle was boiling, and the effusion like that of a comfortable, home-keeping, good-hearted, motherly woman, bustling about to get things ready for her good man and the children. A leg of lamb was roasting before the fire. A string or thin iron chain, I believe is fastened to the lamb's shank, and from the other end hung the roast, dangling directly before the grate bars. A plate was set underneath it to catch the drippings. I had a bit of that lamb, and I'll look in every now and then through the day and tonight I will come back to you. Your husband will be here tomorrow morning."

"Yes," Stella replied, with a bright look in her eyes. "He'll be here by 10 o'clock."

After all, it was a long time to wait she thought. She was so impatient to tell him—and she would kiss him as many times as he wished.

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In an instant the dear, good soul

For 14 years Thomas Holsden, an old Englishman lived in a little shanty in Portland, Oregon, apparently very poor. The other day he was found dead, evidently having starved to death. In a box in a corner, carefully concealed, were $1,400.

The gradually increasing scarcity of game is one of the most striking evidences of the settling of western land. Fifteen years ago buffalo meat was no great catch in New York, while in St. Louis it was often a drag in the market.

The drug business is beginning to attract young women. One, Miss Sarah A. Troy of New Haven, has just passed a civil service examination before the Connecticut pharmaceutical commission, and is now looking for a clerkship.

Talking recently to a St. Paul newspaper man, Phil Armour said speaking of his habits: "I go to bed about 9 o'clock in the evening. Then I get up at 3 o'clock in the morning and take a bath, that's what you ought to do."

A little exhibited in Boston the other day, said to have belonged to John Hancock, had on the fly leaf a contract providing for the safe return of the book on the occasion of its loan to a clergyman.

Samuel Bowles, of Cherry Camp, Va., has a 36-year old horse that is as active as any young horse, and has just cut a brand new set of teeth.

Will not soil the clothing nor stain the skin. Hall's Hair Renewer. Try it.

"Ayer's Pills cured me of stomach and liver troubles."—D. W. Baine, New Berne, N. C.

Silk and cut feather pompons are mounted upon silver wire or pins.

A Father's Protection.

Father, it is as essential for you to provide a safeguard against that night fiend to your children, croup, as to shield them. Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein will cure croup, coughs and colds.

There are lots of young men who have long purses who also have long ears.

Business Men.

The business man, practical in all things does not care to loose sleep at night that would unfit him for business the following day, so keeps Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein, which will prevent croup and cure coughs, colds and consumption.

When a young man is paying attention to a young lady he is a sort of court plaster.

A Neighbor's Experience.

Be charitable to your neighbor, and tell him of your experience in curing your children of coughs and croup by the use of that simple remedy. Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein.

Flax and Irish guipure collars of medium and very large size are worn by children.

A Thief in the Night.

A thief in the night is alarming. How much more so is that night fiend, croup, threatening the little ones? Provide a safeguard and keep Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein, which will not only prevent but cure Croup.

There is talk of establishing in London a club-house on the model of the university clubs.

A Fearful Leap

into the abyss of poverty, over the precipice of shortsightedness is taken by thousands, who might become wealthy, if they would avail themselves of their opportunities. Those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will be informed, free, how they can make from $5 to $20 a day and upwards. Some have made over $50 in a day. You can do the work and live at home wherever you are located. All are doing well who start. Now is the time. Better not delay. Every worker can secure a snug little fortune.

You cannot expect a girl of the period to stand fire because she is accustomed to face powder.

"I, H. Worthington, editor of the 'Patrons of Husbandry,' published at Colum, Ala. Mass., writes under date of Feb. 25, 1882: "Your great remedy, Allen's Lung Balsam, I have used in my family for about 3 years. For cough and cold, I know it to be the best." 25c., 50c., and $1 at druggists.

An American lady's idea of a ballet girl is an open muslin umbrella with two pink handles.

A Miraculous Escape from the Grave.

I have been in poor health with a diseased stomach and liver, causing a canker mouth continually for ten years. I kept about my business until a year ago last June. For three years prior to that time I was very poorly. My appetite was poor, heart, at times seeming past endurance. Pain affected my shoulder, took all strength from my arms, could get no relief only by vomiting. My stomach being so diseased, my food caused me great distress. My age also seemed to be in the way of my recovery, and notwithstanding the care I employed, the very best medical assistance I could get while in Carolina, still, but little encouragement could I get. Was advised to Vassar for a change, and, leaving my every ten minutes a teaspoonful of brandy and ice with only a teaspoonful of nourishment at a time, I commenced bloating soon after arriving here, and my appearance of dropsy. Was called our Carp physician to come here, and he said my condition was worse than when in Caro. On the 27th day of May last we called a council of doctors from Vassar, three in number. All of them pronounced my case incurable. I had chronic inflammation of the bowels, and I lay almost lifeless, and one of the physicians said I could not hope to be restored to a sane mind again it would be months before I might expect, and anything that would soothe me was all that could be done. My husband got me some medicine at Johnson & Williamson's, druggists at Vassar, and commenced giving it to me, and in three weeks time they began to put me in an easy chair, "for a short time each day," at which time I had no use of my lower limbs and my back was weak, but I was able to sit up quite a month, can eat all kinds of food and enjoy it, have gained from 42 pounds, since last May, to 116 now, could say more of sickness, but delicacy prevents. I owe my life to my friends that Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters are the medicines that cured me. I used four plasters with the first five bottles; have used ten bottles in all and am well. If any one who reads this has any doubt as to the authenticity of my statement, it will afford me pleasure to refer them to my neighbors all about Vassar, as they are all astonished at my recovery. It is a great family remedy.

Very truly,
MRS. CARESTIA TUCKER.

VASSAR, Mich., Oct. 11, 1886.

This is to certify that I have known Mrs. Carestia Tucker ever since she came to Vassar, and know the facts set forth in her statement above to be true.

Very truly,
GEO. F. WILLIAMSON,
Of the firm of Johnson & Williamson Druggists, Vassar, Mich.

J. K. Delbridge, Conductor on the Chicago & West Michigan Railroad, Becomes Hair is a Large Fortune.

I have suffered more than language can express with chronic rheumatism for twelve years and have expended hundreds of dollars for medicines. I have never found anything that has done me as much good as Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters. They are truly a rheumatic specific, and I take great pleasure in recommending them to my friends.

Yours truly,
J. K. DELBRIDGE,
21 Pleasant street,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Butyl' State Legislatures.

Legislation should be effected in every State regulating the sale and use of the many poisonous articles now in vogue in their desperation to obtain beautiful complexions, while there exists in Dr. Harter's fine Toilet Array every requisite necessary to accomplish the object without injuring the health or endangering life.

Swandown in all the evening colors is now used for trimming ball and evening dresses.

Nervous and Dyspeptic Sufferers find relief in Carter's Little Nerve Pills. 25c.

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

Fur beads and edging are features of the newest tailor-made costumes.

BARBED WIRE.
If you have barbed wire fences, keep Vetsinger's Liquid Blackening in your house. It will whitewash a scar and remove the hair in original color in 24 hours. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, 50c. Cole & Co., Rock River, Ills. 25c.

George Gould and wife live at the Windsor hotel, having five rooms on the second floor, for which he pays $250 per week, at this way the shrewd young man saves probably a thousand dollars in a week in the expenses of keeping house and entertaining.

The editor of the Corsicana, Tex., *Observer*, Mr. C. B. Mitler had a severe attack of rheumatism in his left knee, which became so swollen that he could not walk or even walk up the stairs. He writes that after using Salvation Oil a few days the pain entirely disappeared, and the knee assumed its normal proportions.

A dark red velvet bonnet has a soft crown of velvet and a brim of fine felt and with a cluster of red plumes and pompons mounted on silver pins.

Crepe de chine scarfs, with tiny embroidered figures, in all the light colors, are still worn, and may be arranged according to individual fancy.

A lady, for a little girl is of Burgundy felt, with a rolling brim. It is trimmed with folds of velvet about the base of the crown and dropping with outline.

Two California tramps who took possession of John Doyle's granary, near Chanler, helped themselves to some poisoned wheat which had been prepared for squirrels. Doyle had been to the granary, near Chanler to fill the doctor came and gave them antidotes.

Summer coughs and colds generally come to stay, but the use of the Red Star Cough Cure invariably drives them away. Safe, prompt, sure.

During the past year Danville, Va., has led over every other tobacco market, and its warehouse nearly 50,000,000 pounds. The most of it was raised in the country contiguous to her cities. The aggregate value was about $5,000,000.

I have been selling your Athlophoros for a few months and have never seen one and two doses. It gives better satisfaction than any other remedy, any other preparation of the kind. I have ever sold. —M. Trevis druggist, Adrian, Mich.

If you once try Carter's Little Liver Pills for sick headache, billiousness or constipation you will never be without them. They are purely vegetable, small and easy to take all druggists sell them.

Brussels net for draping evening dresses, and lace for trimmings, and to be had in all the evening colors.

3 months treatment for 50c. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. Sold by druggists.

Princess Dolgorouki, author of "Russian Cookery," is simply "Princess Bronchial Cooker." A simple Princess.

Dainty breakfast caps are made of full frills of lace, with loops of narrow ribbon arranged on the crown.

The Blood is Enriched

and improved by the use of CARTER'S IRON PILLS.

A girl who habitually tangs her hair won't be very likely to pull her husband's hair to crinkle and frizz and festoon.

Catarrh Can be Cured

Thousands who have been troubled with that disagreeable Disease, Catarrh, have invariably recovered and between the eyes, ringing and buzzing noises in the ears, and other disagreeable symptoms, have been entirely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifying medicine. It expels the last of impurity from the blood, vitalizes and enriches it, and also improves the general health. If you suffer from catarrh, try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

I have been troubled with catarrh about 4 years. Hood's Sarsaparilla has done me more good than all other medicines I have taken. I feel as well as any man. My throat is entirely well, and my catarrh is all gone. —E. S. GIBSON, Hamilton, Butler Co., O.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has helped me more for catarrh and impure blood than anything else I ever used. —A. BALL, Syracuse, N.Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

100 Doses One Dollar

A whole Night

for over a year has suffering from Neuralgia. Was so great, that she was almost a maniac. Nothing could relieve her, was always in great agony. Cured by ATHLOPHOROS in one week. Mrs. Ellen Ryan, Ontario, Wis., writes: "Athlophoros has done me more good than all the medicine I have taken for my neuralgia, and I have not had a single attack since I commenced taking your Athlophoros." Sold by druggists, or sent by express, $1.00 per bottle. ATHLOPHOROS CO., 112 Wall St., New York.

A labor of love—dressing to call on one's best girl.

It is the slight cold frequently contracted that finally undermines the system. Use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in the beginning stages of any cold and be cured. Price 25 cents.

Combs for millinery purposes are shown in every sort of design in metal and tortoise shell. Some of them are also varied in pattern, and are made of metal, jet, wood and beads.

A hat of brown silk jersey cloth has the brim turned up on one side and faced with gold brown satin. A cluster of ribbon loops in the two tones of brown forms the trimming.

When a young man starts to visit a young lady who has a couple of pet pugs it may be strictly true to say that he is going to the dogs, but yet it isn't good form.

Young man, it is well enough to be neat and tasteful in your dress but it is better to be more concerned as to the social set in which you move than about the set of your coat or pantaloons.

Strains and external injuries are the chief causes of weak ankles and joints. At the first use of Salvation Oil a cure will be effected in a short time.

An illinois girl who had received a declaration of love in a type writer letter, replied that she was "not to be wooed by machinery." Girls prefer the old style.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER

Is The Best Waterproof Coat Ever Made.

Don't waste your money on a gum or rubber coat. The FISH BRAND SLICKER lasts ten times longer than any other coat. Ask for the "FISH BRAND" SLICKER and take no other. If your storekeeper does not have the right goods, send for descriptive catalogue to A. J. TOWER, 20 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.

There are Women

who have none of those ailments known as Female Complaints, yet who still need Zoa-Phora.

When a woman has been working about the home, or sewing, teaching, taking care of children, or of sick ones, until her nerves are all unstrung, and she feels as though she would fly to pieces, and everything irritates and annoys her, a dose of

ZOA-PHORA

will strengthen and soothe her nerves and rest her.

Sleeplessness is cured by Zoa-Phora.

For Sick Headache there is not a more reliable preventive and cure than Zoa-Phora; it works like a charm, in many cases where everything else has failed.

And any woman who does suffer from *any of those complaints peculiar to her sex*, should not delay a day to use Zoa-Phora. Our book on diseases of women and children, should be read by every woman, especially by mothers of daughters. Sent in sealed envelope on receipt of five 2ct. stamps. Address, *Zoa-Phora Medicine Co.*

H. G. COLMAN, Sec.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

(Mention this paper.)

N. B.—If your druggist does not keep Zoa-Phora write to the Zoa-Phora Medicine Co. Kalamazoo, Mich.

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THE BLOOD

Combining IRON with PURE VEGETABLE TONICS, quickly and completely CLEANSES and ENRICHES THE BLOOD, quickens the action of the Liver and Kidneys. Cures the complexion, makes the skin smooth. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or cause constipation—ALL OTHER IRON MEDICINES DO.

Physicians and Druggists recommend Brown's Iron Bitters. Miss Inez Sampson, St. Charles, Mich., says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters, for a long time, for diseases with most satisfactory results. I recommend it on all occasions."

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Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Sold by druggists. Price $1.

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THE ONLY TRUE

Will purify the BLOOD, Will give NEW LIFE, Will cure DYSPEPSIA, Will cure INDIGESTION, Will cure LOSS OF APPETITE, Will cure LOSS OF MEMORY, Will cure LOSS OF SLEEP, Will cure LOSS OF FLESH, Will cure LOSS OF STRENGTH, Will cure LOSS OF ENERGY, Will cure LOSS OF VITALITY, Will cure LOSS OF MANHOOD, Will cure LOSS OF PROFIT, Will cure LOSS OF PLEASURE, Will cure LOSS OF LIFE.

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The Greatest Blood Purifier in the World.

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Cures Indigestion and all diseases arising from an enfeebled condition of the system.

Send to any address and read of those who have been permanently cured by its use.

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with medicines you know nothing about. Nearly every so-called remedy for Rheumatism and Neuralgia now offered to the public contains powerful and poisonous medicines that injure the stomach and leave the patient worse off than before.

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For cold in the head Ely's Cream Balm works like magic. By continued use of catarrh and restored the sense of smell.—E. H. Sherwood, Bank, Elizabeth, N. J.

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