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THE CONVICT DEAD.

There's a plot of ground in Wetherfield,
Where the grass grows rank and tall;
A place of dread to children's hearts
When evening meadows fall;
The voice is hushed—the laugh is mute,
'Tis passed with quickened frost—
This little plot of God's green earth,
Where sleep the convict dead.

How many sons that promised fair
In boyhood's earthly time,
Lie stranded here—poor battered hulks—
On the wreck-strewn shores of crime!
But the little mounds that dot the field,
And the grass that o'er them grows,
May speak heavenly words more eloquent than
Than sinning, ah! who knows?

God help the many anxious ones,
In near and far off homes,
Who wait with eager wistfulness
For him who never comes!
O may they be in charitableness lives
Have done some deed of love,
That has balanced all their errors
In the "Book of Life" above.

An Ex-Convict in the Hartford Times.

STOLEN FROM THE FORT.

The sun shone as brilliantly on the parade-ground at Fort Fletcher as though it was an earthly paradise instead of a bleak and ugly bit of Montana prairie, cut off from its parent wilderness only by some rough defenses and two rows of sufficiently ill built quarters.

Mabel Heriot, sitting in a small porch in front of her husband's quarters, her fingers busy with some large dams in a pair of scarlet stockings, turned her pretty, discontented eyes, more often than was good for the progress of her work, to another pair of scarlet stockings which flashed in and out among the group of children with an activity which promised her more darning in the near future, for they belonged to her small son and heir. Trottie was only 3 years old, he had early manifested a positive genius for wear and tear, holding his own in that, as in other boyish attributes, among the elder children with a cheerful self-confidence which filled his mother with mingled admiration and regret.

Life had been very easy—no cares, no responsibilities, no anxieties—while everything a girl could desire of luxury, amusement and admiration had been showered upon her as the adopted daughter of a wealthy and generous, though rather tyrannical uncle. It had all been quite perfect until she had danced with Tom Heriot at a West Point ball, read something in his blue eyes, heard something in his pleasant voice, that stirred her heart with the conviction that, charming as her life had seemed, it would henceforward be very empty and desolate if she must banish those eyes and that voice from it—a conviction strong enough to support her through all the stormy scenes which followed her uncle's bitter opposition to her engagement to a penniless lieutenant, strong enough to make her reply to his final declaration that she must choose between her lover and him by putting her hand in Tom Heriot's, with the passionate protest that where he went there she must follow, even though it were to the world's little end.

Her thoughts came back suddenly to the present at a more uproarious shout than usual from the children, and she saw Trottie cantering toward her astride of a stick, while half the pleats of his kilted skirt trailed behind him. "Oh, what a boy!" she cried, rising to catch him as he passed.

An old Indian woman, with a basketful of beadwork strapped to her back, stood gazing at the mother and child, with a look of yearning sorrow in her eyes which half touched, half frightened Mabel. "What do you want?" she asked, quickly.

"Me want nothing white mother can give," the squaw answered, quietly, laying one brown hand on Trottie's bright hair. "Him pretty boy," she said, slowly, a hard tinge in her speech sent sentence. "Me have pretty boy so big. White mother very happy. She keep her boy. Great spirit take my boy." Then with a gesture of despair which all her wonderful savage endurance could not subdue, she clasped both hands behind her face and sank on her knees, shaking with sobs which she still struggled to silence.

The team killed Mabel's eyes, but she stood hesitating what to do, her sympathies in Indian, which was the natural result of four years spent in their near neighborhood, striving with pity compassion for the grief which most appeals to a woman's sympathy.

But no doubts troubled Trottie. Grief was evident in every line of the bent, trembling figure, and for every grief in his experience there was one remedy sure and unfailing. He applied it at once.

"Not cry any more!" he said in his cheerful little voice, and laid one only bit of brown cheek which her clasped hands left visible.

She turned as though she would have flung her arms about him, but Mabel had clasped her boy fast, with a sudden terror, sharp though indefinable.

The Indian rose slowly, her face recovering its usual calm as she did so.

"Pretty boy not good to mother, mother not afraid me hurt him," she said, and walked away with a grave dignity which brought a shamed color to Mabel's face.

She stepped forward with an impulse to say something kind, but paused with a smile at herself half shy, half amused. What could she say of consolation that an Indian woman would understand, whose religious faith was probably as much vague than her knowledge of English. And she shrank from offering a grief that was real and sacred from any usual very substantial cure of squaw troubles. No, Trottie has done all that could be done to show their sympathy. Poor soul! whatever else she might fail to comprehend, she had understood the touch of those baby lips.

With a kiss that was even more tender than usual, Marion Heriot took her boy on her knees, and told him fairy stories until dinner time, to the utter neglect of the undarned stockings and the torn skirt.

All that day Mabel felt strangely anxious and restless whenever Trottie was out of her sight. But by the next morning common sense had gotten the better of imagination, and, absorbed in her everyday duties, she allowed him to play with the only children on the parade ground. At 2 o'clock the maid was sent to bring him into dinner, he having failed to appear as hungry hunger is. And when, in a quarter of an hour she returned, full of mingled excitement and fright, and said Mabel, not finding Trottie on the parade she had gone to the houses of the other officers' children, only to be told that Trottie was not with any of them. Nor had he been seen for some time. Then Mabel, a terrible certainty stabbing her heart with a pang that made her pale face look suddenly gray and aged, cried, sharply, "That Indian woman has taken him! My baby! my baby!"

In vain Tom Heriot assured her that their naughty boy, who was a great pet in the regiment, would surely be found in one of the soldiers' quarters, feasting his eyes and ears with strange sights and sounds.

"Go and see," she said hoarsely; "but you will not find him unless you will find her."

When he came back presently, very white and quiet, from his useless search, the alarm had spread, and there were kind faces and anxious suggestions and offers of assistance from the pretty little drawing-room, which suddenly looked so desolate.

Nobody but Mabel gave the Indian woman more than a passing thought, for they were all used to daily visits from Indians, who had long been perfectly peaceable and tractable, quite incapable of a bolder crime than petty dishonesty. Besides, what motive could tempt anyone to steal a child whose discovery in their hands would be most certainly severely punished, while even his undiscovered possession could not benefit anyone in any way? It was not long before a soldier was sent, after a whispered consultation, to climb down the bluff behind the barracks of the parade, toward which the mothers in the garrison had been glancing shudderingly ever since the news of Trottie's disappearance. In a terribly short time he returned, the tears filling his kindly little eyes, and in his hand Trottie's little fez, which he had found half-way down the bluff, just whereat rock overhung the well-known Yellowstone. A great silence fell upon the fort, which had been so full of excitement, and the voices which had spoken of hope and courage in Mabel's ears, while, when Tom Heriot, sinking down beside his wife's chair, laid his head on her knees and sobbed.

It was Mabel who spoke, almost at once, in a strange strained voice that was yet instinct with energy, and something which, if it were not hope, yet was resolved that it would not be despair.

"Tom, darling, do not give him up. Our boy never went near the bluff. He promised me again this morning that he would not, and he would no more break a promise than—than you would, Tom. That Indian woman has him. Find her—find her quickly, darling! cannot wait more than an hour."

More to soothe her than from any hope of finding her belief true, Tom, with another officer and a few soldiers, rode to the little Indian encampment a mile from the fort, only to find that nothing was left of it but some burned fires. Something of his wife's strong conviction seemed to pass into Tom Heriot's heart at the sight of that suddenly deserted camp.

"We must make up several parties and search for them," he said, briefly, to the officer with him, as they rode back to the fort, but there was the light of new hope in his eyes.

There is this much of resemblance to a family in every military community as the garrison at Fort Fletcher, that, however much they may quarrel among themselves in prosperity, the tie of a common sorrow on one of its members effaces all asperities for the time in the remembrance of the days when it followed that mutual dependence on each other. From the colonel down to the latest-arrived recruit there was no heart in the regiment that did not beat high at the thought of the blue fearless eyes and straight baby figure which whether carried away by the Indians of the Yellowstone or across the prairie to some Indian hiding-place, they had little hope of seeing again. There was more volunteering than were needed for the searching parties as soon as Tom asked for them, and with the last one to set out, Tom went himself, after a sharp struggle between his restless desire to do something toward finding his boy and his duty as a husband, which he had to bear the heaviest burden of suspense alone. It was she who sent him away in the end.

Before midnight they were all gone, and she was left to wear through the long hours of waiting in the room where all Trottie's little belongings spoke, and where every chair and table grew precious to her in that long watching, because they seemed to assure her, with the dumb fidelity of inanimate association with him, that it was impossible he could be really gone forever.

All that night and the next day she lived through her suspense as women live through such agonies. Sometimes on her knees, sometimes walking up and down, answering when she was spoken to, and eating and drinking when told to do so by the faithful Ann, she took it in turn not to leave her alone. But whatever she did, her whole heart, her whole soul, was one wild prayer—such a prayer as most of us make in our bitterest needs, and whose passionate rebellion against what may be life or death, for the human love so strong must surely forgive, even when he does not heed it.

It was nearly sunset on the following day when Mabel rose suddenly from her knees "Listen!" she said, sharply.

There were hurried steps coming across the parade, and it flashed through her heart that no one hurries to tell bad news. The door was thrown open by a soldier, for once too eager to remember ceremony. "The squaw has brought him back," he cried.

Yes she had brought him back; for there she stood in the doorway, hollow-eyed, and dust-stained with her long journey, the little figure, cut from her blanket, where she had carried him pappoose fashion, looked Trottie's tired little face and anxious blue eyes.

For a while there was a breathless, blissful confusion of kisses and sobs and hasty questions, which left Mabel with eyes and lips and fingers assured herself that her boy was safe and sound as when he had been taken from her. Ah! surely there are moments of this sad world whose joy is too great to not surpass, and no angel's song will ever ring in the heart with more perfect rapture than did the weary content in Trottie's little voice as he nestled in his mother's close under her cheek and murmured:

"Trottie does love his owo mamma more dan tongues can tell."

"Pretty boy happy now," said the Indian woman abruptly, yet with a certain grave satisfaction in her harsh tones. They were the first words she had uttered, as she stood silent and dry-eyed among all those happy, tearful women, and as she spoke she turned as if to go, but Mabel's voice stopped her.

"Why did you bring him back to me?" she asked, hol ing her boy tightly to her breast—a passionate wonder that any woman having once possessed such a child give him again and overcoming all her shrinking horror.

"Him pretty boy, but squaw not white. Squaw not have one child, big enough to make her sorry. Squaw not want white mother to feel ache here, as squaw feel; so me bring her boy back to her."

"But why did you take him, then?" cried one of the ladies, eagerly.

"Me not take him," she replied; and very briefly, in her imperfect English, she told them what had happened.

On her return to their camp the day that she had first seen Trottie, she had told her husband that he must hinder her of their dead boy, and her husband, knowing how childish would comfort her, had gone to the fort the next morning, without saying anything to her of his purpose, and had managed to get Trottie under his blanket when he was playing quite alone on the parade, and had persuaded the child, who was as little afraid of an Indian as of a white man, that if he would keep quite quiet he would take him to see a very wonderful sight. In this way, after having thrown Trottie's fez down the bluff to avert suspicion, they had passed the sentry without difficulty. When he brought the boy to her, and she tried to thank him, he stopped her saying that she nor Trottie would be happy together, he had ordered her to be silent, and finding her to return to the chill to the fort. The camp had been broken up at once, and through all their march that night he had kept such strict watch over them that they could not find out her plan of escape. But when, having reached a hiding-place the thought of her distress, of her child's loss, some game, she seized her opportunity, and taking Trottie on her back, set out across the prairie."

Short as she made her story, Trottie, tired out with so many griefs and joys, was fast asleep on his mother's breast, but when the Indian paused and turned again in her swift, silent fashion to leave the room, Mabel rose and came toward her with him in her arms.

"God bless you, you good woman," she said, softly. Then with all her heart she added, with a sudden grave in the manner of one who would fain share it if she could, with this other mother, whose loss, whose grief no one would ever bring her child again on this side heaven: "See how happy he looks. You kiss him; he will not wake."

"They kept me a few hours; they most have feared I would go back. But when Tom Heriot, in the first joy of his return, would have bestowed upon her all sorts of kind rewards, she would take nothing.

"Me want nothing white mother can give," she answered, gravely, as she had answered Mabel on the day that had first seen her. And then waving her hand toward the prairie—"Me go back to him out there. Him very good man to me."

And so she left them—Nellie Mackubin in Harper's Weekly.

Private Retreats in Demand.

New York Mail and Express.

The alarming increase in nervous and mental disorders, consequent upon the habitual use of stimulants and narcotics, has resulted in a corresponding increase of private retreats within the past year. Though given the less offensive titles of "retreats", and "homes," the places are really nothing more or less than asylums, where patients are placed under medical surveillance. They flourish in the rural districts, but quite recently some metropolis New Jersey has many of these homes, where the unfortunate victims of New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland find refuge. Connecticut and Rhode Island offer like accommodations to the victims of drink, while Nebraska is the favored state for victims in the west. The south is as yet comparatively free from them, in particular, though it is a noticeable fact that this section of the country sends as many patients to the New Jersey retreats as any other. But though all classes are admitted to these "reformatories," the majority of them are filled with wealthy patrons. Opium and morphine eaters come next on the list, while the "hopelessly insane" receive no treatment at all. The young men about town, who has indulged his appetite to excess, "goes to Europe for his health." Europe is not the place, however, is suitable treatment where he remains with his tongue hanging out of his mouth in anxiety for one drop of whisky until it is time for him to return, from his trip abroad. This usually takes about six weeks.

"There are as many ways of treating confirmed drunkards and opium eaters as there are physicians to treat them," said a physician to a reporter. "If a little judgment is used they can be cured and kept from relapsing, easily. They imagine they must have their favorite stimulant and if possible, they will get it. Some physicians use the padded cell. The poor inebriate is brought in suffering with the delirium tremens. After large doses of bromide of potassium have been forced down the poor fellow's throat he is thrown into the padded cell, where he must remain sometimes for days sometimes in despair. Often times the poor wretch beats his head against his cell walls in his misery. Such treatment is positively cruel, and the patients many times are seriously injured. The theory of 'stop a man in whisky and he won't get drunk,' maybe very good as a theory, but it does not stand a practical test. To suddenly stop anything to which the system has long been accustomed is a serious thing. The most judicious and humane plan is to gradually decrease the amount of the patient's stimulant until he can do without it altogether. This accomplished the treatment begins. The drinkers are cured when he finds he can exist comfortably without his glass. Neither is he ready to be discharged. Unless his improvement has been built up six months after he leaves the institution he will be as bad as before he entered the institution. It requires tonics, until his system rallies from the shock caused by the poison of the alcohol. Morphine patients should be fed on the drug regularly. The doses should be decreased daily. This can be done by substituting some other drug in small quantities so as to keep up the size of the dose in appearance, until finally the patient instead of taking morphine, takes the regular doses of some effective tonic and he is soon in a condition to leave the institution.

"Women addicted to the opium habit are the hardest class of patients to treat. They are naturally more delicately organized than men, and it requires a much longer time to cure them. Unlike the men, however, a woman once cured seldom has a relapse."

Washington's Modesty.

There is a story told of Washington's first appearance in the house of burgesses. He was something more than a new member, he was the commander-in-chief of the Virginia army, the foremost man in a military way, in the colonies. He had just returned from the successful expedition against Fort Duquesne. So the house resolved to welcome him in a manner becoming so gallant a Virginian, and it passed a vote of thanks for the distinguished military services he had rendered his country. The speaker, Mr. Robinson, rose when Washington came in to take his seat, and made a little speech of praise and welcome, presenting the thanks of the house. Everyone applauded and waited for the tall colonel to respond. There he stood blushing, stammering, confused. He could give his orders to his men easily enough, and he could even say what was necessary to Governor Dinwiddie; but to address the house of burgesses in answer to a vote of thanks—that was another matter. Of a plain word could he get out. It was a capital answer, and the speaker interpreted it to the house.

"Sit down, Mr. Washington," said he. "Your modesty equals your valor and surpasses the power of language."—St. Nicholas.

The Tobacco Habit.

Two of our medical exchanges have contained a letter from a physician telling his experience with tobacco. I had been in the habit of using it, "in every form, perhaps not in excessive quantities," for thirty years, and during at least twenty years my bodily health and vigor were remarkably good. But during five years past he has been subject to attacks of diarrhœa, followed by long periods of obstinate constipation; one occasion when away from home and using more tobacco than usual he fell in a fainting fit, and on another such occasion he was suddenly attacked with terrific chest pains. He naturally concluded that tobacco was injuring him, and ceased the habit at once, "without inconvenience." This Case paves the way for a few remarks. Are there any so conceited as to that they may go on using tobacco ten or twenty years without apparent ill effect, and the daily papers are constantly informing us of very aged persons who seem to thrive on the pipe, but the fact remains that in the long run almost every user of tobacco has cause to regret the habit—unless he is too soon. The young men of twenty years may find his hands trembling like those of a palsied old man; the man of thirty may find his mind increasingly irritable and fretful, and his whole nervous system undermined; the man of forty may find his muscular fibre so relaxed that he is troubled with falling rectum, or impotency; the man of fifty or more years may find himself suffering in mind and body on the verge of a premature grave; the man and boy of any age is likely to find his heart's action deranged, his stomach disordered, his intellect clouded and his physical endurance impaired by the use of tobacco.

It is only a question of time, if the man lives long enough, when almost every victim of the tobacco habit shall find reason to regret it. It is hard to make him believe that the time will come, and many a one is really suffering long before he can be convinced that tobacco is the cause, while some actually die from the effects of it without knowing what kills them.

A letter from Springfield, Ohio, to the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*, describes the five-year old child of a saloon keeper, a prodigy named Petey, who is renowned throughout the city for his ability to smoke fifteen cigars daily. Petey has a three-year-old brother that shares the "glory" of this fortunate relationship. The account says that a physician was called to examine them, and finding no evidence of evil effects from the use of tobacco, sanctioned a continuance of it without stint. Except for the scriptural injunction against calling any thing a common food, we should add something to say of that professional brother. It is reported that both children began to smoke soon after they were one year old, and that their natural craving for it was tremendous. Possibly they should be kept up to quite a great amount of "tolerance" for the weed, and they may be slow to show the ill effects of it, but we take some consolation in the firm conviction that they will not live to pass along their abominable habit to another generation. "Their father is immensely proud of their accomplishment, and supplies them with all the cigars and tobacco they want; it is worth a great deal to him in a business way." It is indescribably amusing to see the little fellows toddle into the saloon, and call for cigars." The subsequent history of these much abused infants will be interesting, but it will not be "indescribably amusing."—*From Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

John Burroughs' "Health Habits."

In answer to an inquiry concerning his habits of living, Mr. John Burroughs, widely known as a man of letters, writes:

"I gave up the use of meat on the advice of my physician two years ago and my health has been much better ever since. I find I need less physical exercise, that my nerves are much steadier, and that I have less of the blank, depressing days; in fact, all the functions of my body are much better performed by abstaining from meat. In summer I make very free use of milk. I eat eggs, oysters, fish and fowl, oatmeal, hominy, beans and a great deal of fruit of all kinds. When I can get good buttermilk I want no better drink. There is great virtue in buttermilk. One year ago I gave up the use of coffee, and I find I am greatly the gainer by it. I have experienced headaches with which I was afflicted I attribute to coffee. It seems that the only part of my organization that needs stimulating is the secretive; meat and coffee clog and hinder these functions, while a meat and vegetable diet favor them. One must study his own peculiarities of omy and adapt his habits of eating and drinking and of work to it. What suits me will not suit all.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

"LOVERS FOUR AND MAIDENS FIVE: A Story of the Allegheny Mountains," is a charming little volume that will capture the novel-reading public this season. The fact that twenty-five thousand copies have been printed in the first edition more are in magnitude of the advance orders. Not only will the story be enjoyed for its own sake, but it assuredly will direct new attention to the prettiest and most accessible mountain resort in America, Cresson Springs. The splendid time of the great trunk line of the Pennsylvania Railroad pass within full view of the broad verandas of the Mountain House. Into a pretty love story the writer, Julius Chambers, has woven all the lost tales of the Allegheny, and descriptions, of the beautiful walks and drives of the mountains. Nothing that can interest the visitor or the historian has been overlooked, and the pretty romance therefore acquires a permanent value that will cause it to be preserved for re-reading. We noted many epigrams and clever sayings by the young women who conduct the campaign against the Alleghany club. Many of them we would like to reproduce here, but the serious fault that we have to find with the story is that it is not longer! It can be read at a sitting. Published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia. Price 25 cents.

"Speaking of Switzerland, its scenery is remarkably fine, but its climb-it is very rough.—Columbus Dispatch.

HERE AND THERE.

The latest Atlanta prohibition drink is "milk shake."

"Mud will the water squeezed out," was a Lynn small boy's definition of dust.

Large numbers of salmon have been caught in the Penobscot river this season.

A white buzzard is a recent acquisition made by an Albany, Ga., ornithologist.

Gold is often picked up from the streets of Shasta, Cal., after a hard rain-storm.

A special police force will be required to enforce the new prohibition law in Rhode Island.

Half a dozen ears of oranges have been shipped from Sacramento to the east this season.

A large-sized alligator was killed recently at Mobile, Ala. The saurian was 10 feet 6 inches long.

A Portland, Oregon, paper-mill gets paper stock—jute butts—from Calcutta for the manufacture of manilla paper.

A New York caterer has just received a set of molds for producing all the "Mikado" characters in ice-cream.

A monstrosity in the way of a medium-sized dog, with the head of a hog, is the property of a Shoshone in Eureka, Nev.

A Victoria, British Columbia, woman soundly thrashed a Chinaman last week for improper conduct before her two children.

Brattleboro, Vt., pedestrians have considerable trouble with rattlesnakes. They are more numerous this year than ever before.

In Pennsylvania, this year, there is not a single recognized democratic candidate for the state offices or for congressman-at-large.

Athens, Ga., authorities have refused an offer of $4,000 a year from a brewer for the exclusive privilege of selling liquor in that city.

A Los Angeles street-car company advertises that it has lost two cars somewhere between New York and their point of destination.

A fish of unknown species that is fifteen feet long, and weighs two thousand pounds was recently captured at Long Point, Canada.

Mrs. Grundy intimates that New York people think it is the proper thing now to have a friend who has been "presented at court."

The various cheap stores throughout the country are now selling "goods slightly damaged by the recent fire." The cargo appears to have been multiplied.

James Hill, of Warren county, Georgia, says that he has been struck by lightning three times, twice in the leg and shot once, and still lives, a very robust fellow.

The editor of *The Tombstone Epitaph* has deposited $25 and offers to wager that he can find any boycotter in the city with hard or soft glove, hard gloves preferred.

The man who struck Billy Patterson has been committed to Galveston, Tex., and held on a charge of assault with intent to kill. His name is Norris, and he used a poker.

Of the 77 persons now in the Utah penitentiary for polygamy, one is English, 25 American, 10 Scotch, 2 Swedish, 2 Irish, and 1 each from Norway, Denmark and South Wales.

The town of Leon, N. Y., claims the honor of having furnished the youngest volunteer in the late war. His name is Orton B. Kelsey. He enlisted, with six brothers, at the age of 13.

A farmer in Washington county, Pennsylvania, built a fence along a line where a number of holes had been dug for telephone poles. He appropriated the holes and now a suit is talked of.

In the school report of the Cat-skills a blind man carries the mail over a rough road twenty-one miles in length. He travels the circuit three times a week, and has never missed a day or met with an accident.

Mrs. Tubbs, of Red Bluff, Cal., was vaccinated fourteen years ago, but it never took until a week ago, when the arm became sore and swelled to twice its natural size, from the effects of the vaccine matter.

A novel summer tour along the Erie canal is advertised as possessing some of the romantic features and none of the risks of an ocean voyage, free from cinders of a train, and less annoyance than a balloon trip.

A White-Cat club is an organization that recently came in Atlanta, Ga. It is made up of white boys from 7 to 16 years old, and its object is to cause as much annoyance and inconvenience to people as possible.

Quiet diversions, such as sketching, amateur photography, fishing, and botanizing, will, it is said, be the predominating features of life at the summer resorts this season. The racquet and other exciting games will be left to be slighted.

A timber raft that will measure 410 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 35 feet deep, and contain 2,225,000 feet, and weigh about 6,000 tons, is being constructed at Halifax, N. S., to be sent to New York. It is bound together by chains.

A statesman who has a well-developed propensity for sitting, has defined standing as a combination of "the staggers, the fidgets, the fatigue of exercise," and considers it a very bad thing to stand continuously at any pursuit.

Buffalo has twelve German musical organizations, which will send four hundred singers to the Saengerfest, at Milwaukee, in July. This is the third largest contingent contributed by any city in the country, Chicago and St. Louis leading.

Great difficulty was experienced by the undertaker at the funeral of Catherine Dowd, a fat woman weighing four hundred pounds, who died recently in New York. Her coffin was over six feet long, and was seven feet six inches around.

The people of Boston are taxed to support the city hospital, and wherefore, asks *The Journal*, should the trustees establish a privileged class to enjoy the benefit of its advantages? Open the door wide to all who apple with a proper motive. There can be no other way to do justice.

A farmer named Frank Lambert has owned a ranch on Russian river, California, for many years, and some years ago the river began to steal away a part of his soil. A third of the ranch was taken by these encroachments, but subsequently the river changed its course and began to add soil to Lambert's farm. It has now restored all that it took, with quite an addition.

A Cheyenne buck came into the post-trader's store at Fort Keogh five years ago holding in his hand a long, icicle shaped pendant of the purest kind of virgin gold, which he said he had broken off from beneath an overhanging ledge in the Big Horn mountains. He would, however, tell nothing of the exact spot he got it from. How it came to be in the shape described, it is hard to say.

The Golden Rule.

At the Lafayette Avenue Baptist church in Detroit, Rev. Dr. C. R. Henderson made the religious basis of social well-being the subject of his sermon on a recent Sunday, taking for his text Christ's decree to his disciples, "Feed My Lambs."

"The decisive test of genuine piety," said the speaker, "is our regard for the well-being of our fellow men. We can propitiate and please God only through His love for His creatures. We are in harmony with Him as we promote that condition of culture and blessedness which makes men in His image. Our life is in thought and joy and mutual helpfulness. In the ages of superstition and wickedness the worshipers of gods made their idols in the images of their deities, actually thinking that they could please and hopefully to gain their favor by this means. In ages of corruption, the priests at the altar slaughtered the fairest, fairest hypocrites who used the fears of others for their own advantage. In ages of knowledge of reality—the offerings to deity are given to these men, as blood for the body, mind, fancy or soul.

"The one instinct or sentiment of fraternal love which pours into human life from Christ's heart takes two general forms in modern, practical, active and benevolence. Justice is the sentiment which reveals to every man his duty to conduct, gives to each man what belongs to him and his ow deeds. It is our form of love. It is not based on sentiment, it is honesty in word and thought. Justice is practical, it is the sum of all our duty; now I come to the fact. Suppose we find a man who does his duty justly and solely in all his transactions from philanthropy, the love of humanity. How, with a sentiment of love of human life, would you feel constrained to judge him? Would you not say that he either does not know his own heart or that he is a knave or a hypocrite? Is it a mistake made in mistake in putting inside every sentiment being the instinct of self preservation. The same sentiment that lays bodies in other men's matters be excluded from the church and that all right to do good in our own business. We are not investigating the origin of human sentiment, of sympathy, has attended if it has not greatly caused the possibility of free contract."

The grained woodwork should be washed with cold tea.

The audacious English sparrow apparently fears nothing. A pair of these birds have actually committed suicide by pushing his head under a gate and choking to death.

Smoky places on the kitchen ceiling should be covered with gum shellac; then they will not strike through the new coat of kalsomine.

A good rule for baking potatoes is to wash and boil them in the skin, peel after they are done and then finish by baking. They are much better and more meally than when baked the old way.

Before beginning to iron sprinkle the table beautifully with water and lay on the ironing blanket. This will hold it firmly in place and prevent it from wrinking and shoving about. Never try to iron on a blanket having wrinkles and bunches.

In 1850 one superior farm hand thirteen or fourteen hours a day, turned off 9,600 yards of standard sheeting a year; in 1880 an operative in the same mill turns off nearly or quite 30,000 yards per annum. In 1850 the wages were $75 per year; in 1880 they were $250 per year.

A brick being porous, as a lump of sugar and having six sides, needs careful filling for water-tightness. Place a layer of mortar a thin grout of porridge of cement is commonly used. Then lay the brick in a soaking into before hand in thick coal tar has been recommended. A man may lay common brick all his life without knowing how to make brick water-tight.

A Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, blacksmith the other day performed the marvelous feat of knocking himself down. He was at work at his forge, the using a sledge hammer, were welding a piece of iron, when, by a miscalculation, he struck the helper's hammer, which flew up and hit him in the face, knocking him senseless. He recovered consciousness in two hours, but his beauty is spoiled.

"Hall's Hair Renewer keeps my hair in good condition."—Mrs. S. H. Scott, Stoddard, N. H.

Ayer's Ague Cure is a purely vegetable compound, and is free from dangerous drugs.

The death rate in Colorado is eight per thousand.

"That Miss Jones is a nice-looking girl isn't she?" "Yes, and she'd be the belle of the town if it wasn't for one thing." "What's that?" "She has catarrh so bad that it is unpleasant for people near her. She has tried a dozen things and nothing helps her. I am sorry, for I like her, but that doesn't make her any pleasanter for one to be around her."

"I wish I had used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, there would have been nothing to be sick about, for it will cure every time.

We are willing to pay more for folly than for comfort.

Bartholdi's Statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World."

will be a reminder of personal liberty for ages to come. On just as sure a foundation has Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" been placed, and it will stand through the cycles of time as a monument to the skill of the inventor. Dyspeptics, who by its use have been relieved from suffering, commendatory testimony. For bronchitis, coughs, spitting of blood, weak lungs, and other throat and lung affections.

When there is room in the heart there is room in the house.

* * * Nervous debility, premature decay, and all weakness of the sexes, speedily and permanently cured. Large book, 10 cents in stamps. Worlds Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

That ideas generate ideas as a potato generates potatoes resembles itself in a multiplied form.

IN THE COUNTRY ALL SUMMER.

The man who takes his family into the country for the summer should remember that he will save his children a great deal of pain and himself a large amount of money by having a bottle of Pain Killer handy enough to carry a supply of Perry Davis' Pain Killer. For cramps, it is a standard specific for all cases of cramps, colic, cholera morbus, diarrhœa, or dysentery.

Where you cannot climb over, you must creep under.

"ROUGH ON COUGH."

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for coughs, colds, hoarseness, sore throat. Lozenges, 25 c.

"ROUGH ON PAIN."—(quid pro quo) "Rough on Pain" Liquid. Sc. Quick cure. Neuralgia, rheumatism, toothache, headache, cramps, sprains, bruises, burns, scalds.

"ROUGH ON CATARRH"

corrects offensive odors at once. Complete cure of catarrh, cold in the head, hoarseness, sc gargle for diphtheria, sore throat, foul breath. 50c.

All Run Down

From the weakening effects of warm weather, by have been tired all the time, feel no ambition, need a good tonic and blood purifier like Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you have never tried this peculiar medicine, do so now. It is a most reliable blood purifier.

"I was completely run down, and was for several years under medical treatment, being given up to die by physicians. My mother urged me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. At last I consented, and I have never taken anything which helped me as much as Hood's Sarsaparilla, which restored me to health. I have been able to do nearly it about four months, and am now a different being. I can work all day with very little fatigue or serious inconvenience, and my appetite is greatly improved."—NELLIE NOBLE, Peoria, Ill.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Dog Saves.

Talk about instinct in a dog—it often deserves to be called common sense, especially if it prevents a sheep-herd's dogs. Recently a sheepman in Idaho loaned his dog to a band of sheep. The dog was used to herding a band of sheep. The drive was thirty miles long, and at its end the buyer found the dog so useful that instead of sending him home, he locked him up in a shed. The dog did his way out and escaped, and concluding the buyer had no more right to keep his property than he had his own, set out and collected all that had belonged to his master. The sheep drove them home again that night, so that the man who tried to steal him had to do his own driving over thirty miles of road, and all of the disguised dog.—*Hopper (Or.) Gazette.*

A Boston paper recently printed a spelling bee signed with these strange initials, M. U. D.

Missionaries are sadly needed in Georgia if it be true, as recently stated in a local paper that a 13-year-old girl died there who had never heard of death and did not know there was such a change in store for all humanity.

An apparatus has been invented which, when placed in electric communication with a phonograph and a musical instrument, prints the music as it is being played. The machine is driven by clockwork.

It is said that shingles can be made fireproof by allowing the latter to soak in water in which half a bushel of each of lime and salt and six pounds of potash have been dissolved.

Im ortant

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage, expressage, and $3 carriage hire by registering your baggage to Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Old rooms, fitted up at the cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator, dining rooms, supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

A Provident Bird.

In California the woodpecker stows acorns away, although he never eats them. He bores some 50 holes, differing only in size, at the fall of the year, invariably in a tree that has a good crop of acorns, which he adjusts to one of the holes prepared for its reception. But he does not eat the acorn for as a rule, he is not a vegetarian. His object in storing away the acorns exhibits foresight and knowledge of results more akin to reason than to instinct. The acorns remain the worm within infect, but, becoming saturated, is predisposed to decay, when it is attacked by the identical insect which is delight in the special food. It is then that the woodpecker comes to the harvest his wisdom has provided, at the time when, the ground being covered with snow, he would experience a difficulty otherwise in obtaining suitable or palatable food.—*Examiner.*

When putting down a new carpet be sure you are not being robbed by the man furnish just the darning thread you will need when the carpet "begins to go."

The time is coming when you will have a telephone that transmits a written message in the identical handwriting and no hello about it. A company has been organized to operate the new marvel of electricity.

The proper preparation of carbolate of lime ment that is said to be a good one for the purpose is indicated: Take a pint of alcohol and one ounce of each of the following: Oil of origanum, gum camphor, hemlock bitumen, oil of cloves, oil of cedar, pepper. For internal pain take eight or ten drops of opium in a tea-spoon water. For rheumatic pain put on full strength over the affected parts. For sore throat wet a flannel cloth well with the liniment and bind about the neck.

A Carlisle man in the sick room, cut a piece of flannel about nine inches square, and secure it by ligature about the mouth of an ordinary tumbler so as to have the cup shape depression of flannel within the tumbler to receive the bit of ice. In the flannel cup so formed pieces of ice may be placed many times in a day, and the finger if a piece of flannel from four to five inches square is placed in a tea-spoon to the ice cup. Cheap flannel with comparatively open meshes is preferable, as the water readily drains through it and the ice is kept quite dry.

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

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

GET Piso's Heel Stiffeners applied to your boots and shoes before you run down over.

The cultivation of bamboo has proved quite successful in California.

Green Bridgeport, Conn., men have hired 1,500 acres of wild land near that city, and liberated 200 quail upon it, as the foundation for future sporting operations.

A MOST LIBERAL OFFER!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., offer to send their Celebrated VOLTAIC BELTS and Electric Appliances on thirty days' trial to any man afflicted with Nervous Debility, Loss of Vitality, Manhood, &c. Illustrated pamphlet *in sealed envelope* with full particulars, mailed free. Write them at once.

A Lockhaven, Pennsylvania man, asserts that he owns a locket containing a lock of hair from Washington's head. He never heard the cherry tree story or he would possess the hatchet also.

TIRED OUT!

At this season nearly every one needs to use some sort of a tonic. We would recommend Brown's Iron Bitters as a physician's prescription for those who need building up.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Trade Mark

QUALITY PURITY NEVER CLOUDS

—THE BEST TONIC

For Weakness, Loss of Appetite, Lack of Energy, etc., it HAS NO EQUAL, and is PLEASANT to take. It does not blacken the teeth, Enriches the blood, Invigorates the system, and is the best preparation of Iron. It does not blacken or injure the teeth, cause headache, or constipate, as other Iron preparations do. It is a delicious tonic, and is recommended by all who use it. Physicians and others who have used it, prefer Brown's Iron Bitters with great benefit, in fact never took anything that so quickly gave strength.

MRS. J. E. CHEVALIER, 47 East Montcalm St., Detroit, Mich., says: "I was suffering from the effects of a cold, which left me in a state of weakness and gubernal debility. I used Brown's Iron Bitters and found it strengthening and invigorating, enriches the blood, and gives new life and strength to the whole system."

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

DR. JOHN BULL'S

Smith's Tonic Syrup

FOR THE CURE OF

FEVER and AGUE

Or CHILLS and FEVER,

AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for 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 testimony to the truth of the above 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 the use of a single bottle, and a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, important, if a cure is