THAT WIFE OF MINE.

She met me at the door last night,
All dainty, fresh, and smiling,
And threw her plump arms round me tight
In manner most beguiling.
Then, in her sweet, impulsive way,
She hugged me, as she kissed me,
And told me how the livelong day
She'd thought of me, and missed me.

She helped me off with coat and hat,
And led me, still close clinging,
Into the sitting-room, and sat
Down at the table singing.
The meal was perfect, from cut flowers
The firelight warm and rosy,
Made all seem bright; swift flew the hours,
And we sang on, O so cosy!

Then, after dinner, she and I
Sang the old songs together
We used to sing in days gone by—
My mother's like a father!
Our happiness made earth a Heaven
And now, as I recall it,
I recollect 'twas past eleven
Almost before we knew it.

We sat there on the sofa then,
She nestling close beside me,
Softly she smoothed my hair, and when
I kissed her did not chide me.
Sin-fulness! my chum, I said, and so,
Her dimpled hand upon it,
She whispered: "Darling, do you know
I need a new spring bonnet?"
—Somerville Journal.

SECRET OF MY FOOTSTOOL.

My brother gave his work a final polish and then we viewed the valuable articles approvingly before placing them in their softly-padded case.

"Think they look well, little woman?"

"I think they do, indeed," I answered, in unqualified admiration. for Ted was a capital workman, and had mended the pretty trinkets very skilfully. "I am sure Mr. Bailey will be pleased. The owner herself would be puzzled to detect where she damaged them."

Ted smiled; then, as he did not intend to take them back to the shop until the return of his employer, which would not be till the morrow, he deposited both the jeweled bracelets in his customary "non-burglar proof safe," as he jokingly called a small, strong, square box which he had fitted with lock and key, padded inside and out, and covered with chintz to match our sofa. He made use of this as a footstool, saying that evil-disposed persons would be the less likely to examine it; and many a jest he had about his placing gems under my feet, and about our being small persons with a high mind, for I set my foot upon gold, and the like nonsense. Dear old Ted! He was so clever at his trade, and so trustworthy, that he had always more work than he could get through. He was very fond of me—his poor little crippled sister—would never allow me to sit long upon my needle, and shared with me in every possible way the little duties necessitated by our humble menage; so he and I jogged along very peacefully. We lodged in two rooms in a quiet street on the outskirts of Bridgepool. Our landlady was a kindly old body who had known our parents long before either Ted or I found ourselves on this world's stage.

Having put away the bracelets safely, my brother next packed up three or four watches he had been busy setting to rights, and prepared to go to the shop in Bridgepool which usually employed him. I watched him putting on his overcoat, for the day was very cold; but he seemed slow in his movements, and I thought he was reluctant to leave me alone, for, though I was generally active enough, considering my infirmity, one of my bad spells was now on me, when, as he knew, I found moving about a pain and a difficulty for some days. It happened, too, that Mrs. Brown—our landlady—had gone out for the day—a very rare occurrence.

"Can I do anything else for you before I go?" he asked.

"No, Ted, dear, thank you."

"Make sure; look round, and see if everything is put handy for you," said my brother, placing my crutch a little nearer.

"Everything," I replied, cheerfully. "And I've such a lot of work to get through, I shall find the afternoon short."

"I don't half like your being left alone so long, for I may not be back before five," said Ted, very seriously. Cousin Milly would come round if I asked her."

"Yes, and bring her baby, who would hinder my work sadly. I don't like babies when I am busy. Go away, Ted, you dear old fellow! Don't bother about me—I shall be all right."

"Well, by-by, little woman, he said, stooping to kiss me; "I'll be home as soon as I can. "And, Bessie," he added, pausing in the doorway, "be sure you don't touch the window today. The sash line snapped this morning, I must send a carpenter to see to it. You will remember?"

I promised that I would, and my brother departed. I heard him go down stairs and shut the street door. At first the unusual quiet of the house was rather depressing; but I soon became too much engrossed in some delicate attention to that and stitched away busily at some things I was compiling for a lady who was kind enough to praise my needlework, referring it, as many did, to machine-stitched articles.

Presently I thought I heard a slight noise down stairs, like the opening of a window, but as all remained quiet afterward, I put it down to my imagination, and went on tranquilly with my work.

After some time I was startled to hear a stealthy, but distinctly audible on the landing outside, while under the door appeared the shadow of some one moving.

"Perhaps Mrs. Brown has returned," was the thought in my mind as I sat gazing at the door; but then I turned cold with fear, for the handle turned softly, and a strange man looked in—a young man, with a pallid, greasy, loathsome face, crowned with thievish looking twist of hair on each side, while a limp cap of semi-military cut was stuck rakishly on the side of his head.

I noticed these details mechanically as I sat petrified with surprise and fright, and I also noticed that his long dirty neck was without a tie or a collar, a shabby frock coat being buttoned up to his chin, and that his dirtier hands sported more than one ring.

This individual, after darting a swift glance around the room, slipped in and locked the door, saying:

"Slick! Popsy-wopsy, don't be frightened! I'm not going to hurt you—not a bit of it! But, you see—Stop that!" he growled; for, as he approached me, I recovered myself a little, and gave a good loud scream.

Quick as thought he had his hand over my mouth, holding my chin and nose in such a manner that I was nearly suffocated, then he gave me a shake, saying:

"If you do that again, I'll pay you out, you little fool! There—she is going to be nice and quiet now, ain't she? A picter of good behavior, I calls her!"

Talking thus, he gagged me dexterously with some of my work—which, however, was pleasanter than his hand—ugh, that ugly grimy hand!—on my mouth, and then producing some cord from his pocket, and in a minute or two I was—poor feeble thing—bound hand and foot in my chair.

He grinned at me as he remarked:

"Now, you know, ducky, I wouldn't have served you so if you'd have the sense to keep quiet, but I can't bear to be rough to the ladies—never! But time is short, and you might have been hard to get upstairs, so perhaps it is the best way, after all.

While speaking thus, the flippant rascal kept running his eye around our neat little parlor, as if he had design in his glance, and at that moment a suspicion darted into my mind that he had come with the intent of stealing some of Ned's work—perhaps the jeweled bracelets which then were under my feet. I felt ready to think them came to me a firm resolve to save my brother such a loss, if possibly could; ay, even though I had to endure tortures, I resolved, rather than let my teeth hard and watched the man. His wandering glances soon reverted to me.

"Look here, dear, if I take this cloth a bit, and you take breath, will you speak to me nicely? Only don't scream again. It makes me quite nervous to hear you screech, and I'll do no good." How well I knew that, in a back room in a quiet street! "There, ain't it much more comfortable?—loosening the cloth. "Tell me now, popsy, your brother's got some valuables here, ain't he?"

I shook my head.

"Oh, but he has, so you needn't jog your noodle like that. Better tell me where's he put them. I will not be at home, and be more pleasant for you."

But I only shook my head the more.

"Did you ever see such stubbornness? mutered the fellow, tying up my mouth again. "I am afeerd I shall have to make you speak directly. But I don't like to be hard upon the ladies, unless they drive me to it—oh, never!"

Saying this he began an examination of the apartment, proceeding in this, as I suppose, would be described by a "professional" as the "best style," anyway, his movements were characteristic of a professional thief. Within a few minutes he had gone to the bottom of every drawer and box in the room, and also turned out the cupboard where Ned stepped at night. A pretty litter he made of it all! But he had not yet discovered the secret of my footstool. I am sure he thought me what I endured as I sat there, helpless as a poor little Chinese "joss," the cold perspiration stood out upon my forehead, while I asked myself: "What will the fellow do next?"

He turned round while proceeding with the search and, looking at me, said:

"Hallo, Poppet, how pale you are! Ain't going to faint, are you? Oh, don't faint, for I shall be put to talk to me a bit. I'll open the window and give you a mouthful of fresh air. This room is precious close."

He went to the sash, but the window which dear Ted had cautioned me not to touch that morning—undistened the catch and would not budge. He tried upper part; but he was saved the trouble, for, the cord being broken, down, quick as a shot, came the window, and, as luck would have it, caught his right fingers tight between the upper and middle frames.

The pain and the shock must have been dreadful, the window frame being a wide and very heavy one. Heuttered a howl, then kicked frantically; but still was in vain. There stood, with hands held aloft, caught in as nice a trap as could have been devised for an adroit one.

Then he glanced at me, and, the sight of me, "picter of good behavior" that I was, must have filled his soul with remorse, since, forgetting his own act I was rendered powerless to assist him. He whined, however.

"Can't you help me?"

As it was impossible for me willingly to look on while a fellow-creature suffered such anguish, I felt that I must be enduring. I used every effort to get free, but vainly. He had tied me too firmly for that. He took to kicking again, and began to swear horribly. May I never again hear such language as I was forced to listen to that afternoon!

His hands soon swelled, and I saw some drops of blood trickle slowly down the panes, the rings he wore on the dirty fingers had been forced in to his flesh. The piercing air, which rushed in freely through the wide apartment, must have greatly aggravated his suffering. I know I was nearly frozen. And all this time the American clock on the mantelpiece kept ticking off the moments tranquilly, as though to assure me that time could not be hurried into a quicker pace by any consideration of human distress.

Imagine what two hours in such a situation meant for both of us! I think the poor wretch at the window fainted; but the horrible dragging of his body on his poor maimed hands roused him directly. Shivering with cold and commiseration, I sat watching him, the tears rolling down my cheeks. Oh, why had I refused Ted's proposal to send Cousin Milly to me? Why had I been too captious about her dear little baby? Better a room full of babies, all doing their worst, than—

But here I swooned, and fell, chair and all, on the rug before the cold window, the fire having died out long since.

Just on the hour of three I became conscious of a dull thud below, which I knew to be a knock at the street door. I lay listening, but rather lay wondering vaguely what would happen next than taking any interest in things of this life, from which I seemed in a manner to have floated away.

After a moment I heard steps plodding up stairs, and a loud cheery voice, which I recognized as that of our old friend, Mr. Joy, the carpenter, called out:

"Hillloa! Anybody at home!"

Coming to our room door, he knocked, and turned the handle, but of course found it locked. Being unable to speak, I yet tried to groan, and some inarticulate sound or noise, but I could hardly hope the old man heard them, as he was somewhat deaf. As for my companion in misfortune, one would suppose he was dead, for, have hailed a prison as an escape from such a plight as he was in, and so, no doubt, he would, only he had no choice, at that moment, having gone off again in a heavy swoon.

I heard the carpenter go down stairs, and hoped could shake off the nightmare on my breast. Oh, Joy, Joy, why did you come to mock me thus? Two more hours probably before Ted will be home! Shall I be alive by then? My bound and aching limbs were on the rack of pain; I lay and sobbed miserably, hark! A shout from the back garden!

"What the dickens is all this?"

Again I heard the voice of Joy.

It appeared that the carpenter, on trying our room door and finding it fastened, concluded we were all out, but went around to the back of the house "to have a look at the winder" which my brother had sent him to mend—of course not expecting to find it converted into a man-trap. He had noticed while knocking at the door, that the parlor window was unfastened, and, thinking it was unsafe especially as Mrs. Brown was out, he had taken his garden one old friend and hers to get through and fasten it before coming up stairs. No doubt the thief had entered the house by that way.

It was not long before help came, and the door was broken open, when our man was found, and, I dare say, since prisons were first built, there never was a culprit who walked into jail more meekly than did the one who had intended to rob my brother.

They say the poor fellow's hands will never be right again; amputation may be necessary, as erysipelas is setting in. Well, all I can say is, I freely forgive him for the suffering, mental and bodily, he caused me.

I was in bed for a fortnight, but eventually got all right again. Dear Ted says I am a brick, but that may be his partiality. I have with the footstool proved to be a very effective safe. To this hour no one knows about it but you, Ted and myself.

M. D. Conway on England.

Mr. Moncure D. Conway has begun a series of lectures here on the various aspects of England, the first one of which was delivered a few days ago. Mr. Conway knows England about as well as America, having lived there for a number of years, and lived right in with the people. He has been as much interested in English movements as in American, and has actively started "movements" of his own there. Now he has come back and settled in Brooklyn, where so many popular preachers go, and he is employing his leisure in telling people about his English observations. He is a clever observer, and says a good many shrewd things about England not altogether complimentary. He seems to have a good opinion of the Prince of Wales, and scouts the idea of the Princess of Wales not being perfectly happy. Mr. Conway thinks that the prince is going to be the most popular ruler that England has had in many a long time, and he thinks that the queen is one of the most unpopular. He admits that the prince is not a brilliant man, but he says he is a man of great cultivation at the same time. He says that he speaks a number of languages fluently, and that he is well informed on all subjects that it is necessary for him to be informed, and he quoted one instance of a speech that the prince had made on the fisheries question, after the delivery of which Mr. Huxley turned to Mr. Conway and remarked that it showed as much and as thorough knowledge of the subject, as he should have expected from a scientific man. Mr. Conway said a good many things that I did not agree with, but that is not a fault in a lecturer. It is better to make his audience feel a little combative than to send them away simply pleased because they agreed with all that has been said. He was almost bitter in his remarks upon the diplomatic service, and seemed to think that a man could not be a man and be a diplomatist. He thought it was an unnecessary expense, and a very bad occupation for an American to spend his time at a foreign court, and he furthermore added that the newspapers were the best diplomatists, and that diplomats are unnecessary when we have journalists, which was very complimentary to journalists, but hardly true.—New York Boston Saturday Gazette.

The Russian Prisoner.

Prince Krapotkin in the Nineteenth Century.

"The man is not beaten; he is not knocked down. No, we are civilized people, and the prisoner is merely brought to the cellular quarter, and locked up in a cell. The cell is quite empty; it has neither bed nor bench. For the night a mattress is given, and the prisoner must lay his dress outside the cell, at the door. Bread and water are his food. As soon as the bell rings in the morning he is taken to a small covered yard, and there he must—walk. Nothing more! but our civilization has learned how to make a torture even of this natural exercise. At a formal slow pace, imitating the gait of sick people, the patients must walk all the day long around the building. They walk for twenty minutes; then a rest follows. For ten minutes they must sit down immovable, each of them on his numbered stone, and walk again for twenty minutes, and so on through all the day, as long as the engines of the workshops are running. And the punishment does not last one day, or two, it lasts for whole months. It is so cruel that the prisoner implores but one thing: "Let me return to the workshops." "Well, we shall see that in a fortnight or two," is the usual answer.

But the fortnight goes over, and the next one too, and the patient still continues to walk twelve hours every day. Then he revolts. He begins to cry in his cell, to insult the warders. Then he becomes "a rebel"—a dreadful qualification for any one who is in the hands of the brotherhood of warders—and as such he will die in the cells, and walk throughout his life. If he assaults a warder, he will not be sent to the Caledonian, he will still remain in his cell, and ever walk in the small building. One man a peasant, seeing no issue from this horrible situation, preferred to put an end to himself rather than live such a life—a terrible story which I shall some day tell in full.

Female Affectations.

New York Correspondence Pittsburg Dispatch.

The affectations of women are quite as pronounced as those of men. It is worth noting that each sect deals more harshly with the shortcomings of its fellows than with the sins of people of an opposite gender. Of all the affectations that the women New Yorkers have suffered none has been so pronounced as Anglomania. The average New Yorker thinks it a matter to be considered English than beautiful. Some of them are very apt and clever at mimicking the daughters of Great Britain. A sequestered street, direct and dashing girl whom I happen to know, in speaking of the craze, said, frankly, the other day:

"Of course you imagine that men are more intellectual than women and need higher pastures. It is not true. Man wants his girl a la mode, and he does his trousers or his hat. The proper girl is English now. I think the minister and the congregation a bit too far, and quite a lot of girls are certainly growing yellow, but then they're in the swim, you know, and a cold dip, a raw egg and a hard canter through the park are fascinations hard to resist when one has fallen into their power."

The athletic girl certainly carries everything before her. Dress reform advocates have had a great deal to do with making her what she is. In some respects she meets their ideal, wearing square, sturdy, and low-heeled boots, hose corset and short hair. The doctors are reading her elaborate lectures and her mother throws up her hands in dismay. The strain may be too great for a delicate constitution, but she must and will be athletic—because its English, you know.

Major Greely's Experience.

One of the many wise things done by Major Greely during his three years of hard work in the Arctic regions, was his observance of all festive, religious and national holidays. As soon as the habitation at Fort Conger was finished, he assembled his command of 25 men on Christmas morning, and delivered a short address on their situation, and the duties which it suggested.

He said to them, that, although they were the most forlorn men of the world, it was most proper and right that Sunday should be observed and he informed them that he should on every Sunday morning publicly read a selection from the Psalms. He expected every member of the expedition to be present unless any one had conscientious scruples against listening to the reading of the Bible.

After the service any parties wishing to leave the station for hunting or other recreation should have permission to do so, as such exercise was especially needed to break the monotony of their lives.

He then read the psalms appointed for the twenty-eighth day of December, one verse of which reminded them "how delightful a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." This text was so appropriate to their situation that the commander felt impelled to preach a little sermon upon it.

He dwelt upon the depressing effect of a monotonous life in the darkness of an arctic winter. He hoped that every one would endeavor to avoid discouraging words and irritating conduct, and would endeavor to conciliate and overcome any thought get into a disagreeable controversy.

Every Sunday during their stay, even when the circumstances were most unhealthy and discouraging, they never failed to repeat the brief Sunday service, and to distinguish the day by some little indulgences or extras in the matter of diet.

The birthday of each member of the party was also observed, the man himself being given the choice of the dinner to which the commander always added some unusual luxury as long as luxuries remained.

Such days as the Fourth of July, Washington's birthday, Decoration Day, thanksgiving and Thanksgiving were celebrated by all from the spirit of festivity which their circumstances permitted. Even the last Thanksgiving, when the supply was so low that only for the sunless winter in a miserable little smoky hut, was honored with all the means at their command.

They were living in two quarters, in addition to their usual quarter-rations, of six pounds of rice, five pounds of raisins, two pounds each of coffee and chocolate, a little rum and a few lemons. The psalms of the day were read, and the banquet was enjoyed most keenly.

"It seemed to me, Major Greely says, "that making this a great and happy day would be a great break in our wretchedness and misery as to give us new courage and determination. I am convinced that the idea was a most wise one.

To-day we have been almost happy, and have almost enough to eat."

Long stories and anecdotes in general, kept us all amused and cheerful until midnight."

We are now in a party of forlorn and desperate men commanded more ably or governed more wisely, more tenderly, or with more judicial firmness, than the party which I served under Major Greely in the Arctic regions.

Forces and Losses at Gettysburg.

General Meade, before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, March 5, 1863, said: "Including all arms of the service my strength was a little under 100,000 men—about 95,000. I think General Lee had about 90,000 infantry, from 4,000 to 5,000 artillery and about 10,000 cavalry. I think the returns showed me, when I took command of the army, amounted to about 105,000 men. Subsequently these were the 11,000 of Gen. French, which I did not bring up, which would reduce it down to 94,000. I had 94,000 I was compelled to leave a certain portion in the rear to guard my baggage trains." It is estimated that Meade's strength in the battle was about 84,000 men. According to the testimony of General Meade, the artillery, which was numerous on both sides, was pretty nearly balanced as to numbers. The Union loss was 23,190, of whom 2,881 were killed, 13,713 wounded and 6,696 missing. The Confederate loss, according to the American Cyclopedia, was 5,000 killed, 23,000 wounded and 8,000 unwounded prisoners—a total of 36,000. According to Greeley's "American Conflict" Lee's loss was estimated at 28,000, of whom 3,000 were killed and wounded, and 10,000 were unwounded prisoners. Johnson's Cyclopedia estimates Lee's loss at 4,500—18,000 killed and wounded and 13,000 missing.

Illustrated Sermons.

New York Special.—The Rev. J. Benson Hamilton, the new pastor of the Cornell Memorial Methodist Episcopal church, has preached his first sermon in his pretty church building. The title of his sermon was "How to Fill Empty Churches." The church was full of parishioners who came to hear what he had to say on the subject. Pastor Hamilton comes from Rhode Island. A huge screen, hidden behind folds of crimson cloth, stood behind him as he rose to preach. His text was "He brought him to Jesus," and at two minutes to five the screen be turned about, drew aside the crimson folds and revealed two large pictures in bright colors illustrating the theme. Beneath each picture stood a placard in large black letters inscribed with the different topics of the sermon.

Pastor Hamilton started out with the idea of preaching illustrated sermons on the same basis as the Sunday-school Object lesson. The new experiment certainly took with his parishioners. Pastor Hamilton said that the oft repeated sneer and taunt of the anti-Christian caviller: "The theatre is full and the church is empty," could be answered only by the minister and congregation making a personal effort to fill the church.

Maria Louise, only child of the late Horace F. Clark, granddaughter of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, and widow of Bertram Eustace Mitford, late of the First Royals, was married to Maurice Bischoffsheim, Baron of the Mairie of the Ninth Arrondissement in Paris, France, on the 3d of March, and in London, England, on the 8th of March.

Detroit (Mich.) assessors have raised the valuation of real estate and personal property $17,151,000 over that of last year, and the tax-payers are indignant.

The late John E. Owens found running a farm very expensive. One day some friends drove down to his farm from Baltimore and were entertainedly received. "What will you drink," said John; "you can have milk or champagne, but between you and I, the milk costs me the most."

It is estimated that the loss in wages sustained by the 1,000,000 of men who have been on strike during the past year aggregates $13,000,000, while the employes affected have lost $ 0,000,000, making about $25,000,000 in all. But strikers rarely stop to count the cost.

A five volume series of biographical sketches of famous English and American actors, recently published by Cassel & Co., falls to mention Adelaide Barrett (Lawrence gets a show), William Wa ren, John E. Owens, John Gilbert and Janauschek.

"I am now preparing a poem entitled "The Dandelion." It is a dainty bit of verse, and my hired man thinks it is a gem. I called it "The Umbrella," so that it would not be returned.—Bill Nye.

A man out west rolled a pillow sham up and choked his scolding wife to death with it. We have often wondered if those articles wouldn't some time have a use for them.—New Haven News.

Alarmed wife (to husband who has just come in)—Why, John, dear, you look ill." Husband—"I don't (hic) look ill, m' dear, b-t (hic) I feel firs rate." New York Times.

In a description of a rhinoceros it is stated that he is a powerful beast with a mouth ranging from an open ulsive to a candidate's smile.—Burlington Free Press.

There is a man in Venice who can speak ninety three languages. How invaluable he would have been to superintend the construction of the tower of Babel.

The Bartholdi Goddess of Liberty, with ice on her head in the morning, after being out all night, is not a pleasing spectacle.—New Orleans Times.

A Frenchman, reading a pathetic description of Cassi s death "one ran his body with full force through his sword." Cincinnati Commercial.

Teuton (who has blown out the gas) "Py chimny, dot limpurger schmell too! Dey must be some fellers round dis hotel, I tink, py de bunk, since dat."

We notice in a newspaper some verses headed the "Seven Ages o Woman." After a woman is thirty she abolishes the other six.—Somerville Journal.

There is a Presbyterian in Jersey City so openly opposed to baptism by immersion that he refuses to carry a Methodist on his back.—N. Y. Sun.

Mormonism will never be eradicated until a man is compelled to have as many mothers-in-law as wives livi g with him. Fall River News.

"How many lords have you danced with, Edith?" "Two—Lord Bandenose and Lord Knows Who."—N. Y. Morning Journal.

Her highly gif ered nym roost so much sence Yoost enuff to keep him busy minding his own pinshess.—Carl retzel's Weekly.

When a Scandinavian falls in love no doubt the soft words he murmurs in his native tongue are Swedes to the Swet. —Lynn Union.

Another great discover of diamonds in Kentucky. A man got five of them on the first deal.—Philadelphia Press.

A sample case—almost any case of drunkenness before the police judge.

RHEUMATISM AND CATARRH CAN BE CURED.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., May 28, 1886.

Pardee Medicine Co.

GENTLEMEN:—Nearly all winter I was confined to my room with inflammatory rheumatism. I commenced using Dr. Pardee's Rheumatic Remedy, and in a month it for a time the pain became more intense and I was alarmed and feared the remedy was making me worse, but continued its use and soon the pain left me, and I actually improved, the soreness leaving my arms and shoulders and seeming to pass out at my toes. It has completely cured me. At the time I commenced using the remedy I had a throat difficulty and the catarrh, which I found to be better after taking it, and it occurred to me to use it as a gargle, which I did, and to my great satisfaction I improved rapidly, and to day am free from both rheumatism and catarrh. I consider it indispensable as a family medicine. I take one teaspoonful after breakfast and find it a splendid tonic. I would advise you to recommend it as a gargle for throat troubles and catarrh, for I know it will cure. I have some remarkable cures from the use of this remedy, and it is one I can recommend to all.

I am, very truly yours,

E. R. MCCALL.

Less than One-half the Amount cured Him.

John C. Heron, of 46, 4th street, Rochester, has been troubled for years with rheumatism in the shoulder and about the heart. He gave a physician he called in for an examination, and he merely informed him that he had rheumatism of the heart. He was cured by Dr. Pardee's Rheumatic Remedy, and for less than one half the money paid for examination.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Pardee's Remedy, and take no other. Price, $1 per bottle; six bottles, $5.

Pardee Medicine Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Texas Siftings: "That settles it," as the cook remarked when she put two eggs shells in the coffee pot, and she don't use slang either.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach, and all biliousattacks.

New York Morning Journal: The merry must stop taking a drop, or he shall have to insist on its signing the pledge.

The Housekeeper's Complaint:

"I am discouraged. I have too much to do. I am tired. I am sick. Because I was put into this house to keep it clean, and it is more than I can do, and I will go to sleep. I don't care what become of the house."

The above is an allegorl. The discouraged housekeeper is the liver, which, indeed, is called the "housekeeper of our health." If it does go to sleep and be tired out, the "dirt" and germs are all ready to spring up as a consequence. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, upon the liver and assists it in its work of housekeeping and house-cleaning. It is the great liver remedy and tonic, and cures all the long train of chronic diseases arising from a torpid liver, as dyspepsia, sleepy liver, such as sick headache, "dizziness and nervous feelings, "sores," "white swellings," hip-joint disease, consumption of the lungs (which is a scrofulous disease of the mesenteric or the delicate tissues of the s e organs), also all skin diseases, such as eruptions, eruptions, and all blood taints, however acquired.

Cape Ann Advertiser: The right thing in the right place—A big bustle when a woman falls on the icy sidewalk.

Favoritism

is a bad thing, but Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" deserves its name. It is a certain cure for those painful ailments and weaknesses which embitter the lives of so many women. Of druggi ts.

Tid-Bits: If the war on high hats in the theaters continues the millinery will have to be called out.

A Ghost

is a myth, but solid reality will be known by those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, thereby learning free, valuable work that they can do and live at home, wherever they reside, at a profit of from $5 to $25 per evening. Some have earned over $50 in a day. Capital not needed. Hallett & Co. will prove this. All is new. Delay not. Pay absolutely sure from first hour. Any, whole every worker. Both sexes. All ages.

Pittsburg Chronicle: Telegraph; The German Army Bill—Emperor William.

Weakly Women with Pale Colorless Faces and Sparkle Lack Pillz.

Yonkers Statesman: In the New York hoodle aldermen trials the jurymen are the only persons who appear to be locked up.

Mr. Buchter, a well-known citizen of Lancaster, Pa., has used St. Jacobs Oil, and considers it an excellent remedy in cases of swellings, bruises and burns.

Texas Siftings: An Austin man is trying to build up a business by giving an alarm to the silent watches of the night.

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph: A science that ranges from criminals to executed by electricity. This is shocking.

Yorkers Gazette: A Yonkers gardener calls his spade a "deficit," because it is sometimes needed to make a hole.

The publisher of Baltimore Md., *Every Saturday*, of Philadelphia, says his child aged six months, was suffering from a severe cold in the head. He gave Scott's Emulsion, which acted like a charm. No morphine.

Life: The modern society girl is an accomplished actress, but, as a rule, she is not proof of long engagements.

A Marvelous Escape from the Grave.

I have been in poor health with a diseased stomach and liver, causing a cough which continued for for ten years. I kept about my house until a year ago last April, for fear of exposure to that time I had a severe pain in the region of my heart, at times causing great endurance. It affected my shoulder, took all strength from my arms, could get no relief only by stimulating. My stomach was so diseased, my food caused me great distress. My friends expected I would be the way of recovery and not the least of my sickness. Employed the best medical skill and advice I could get while in Caro, this state, but little encouragement could I get. Was moved to Vassar, Mich., on a bed, giving me every ten minutes a teaspoonful of brandy and live with only a teaspoonful of nourishment at a time. I commenced using Hop Bitters, and before, every appearance of dropsy. We called our Caro physician to come here, and he said my condition was worse than when in Caro. On the 27th day of May I met we called a council of doctors from Vassar, three in number. All of them pronounced my case incurable. I had with the rest inflammation of the bowels, and I lay almost lifeless, and one of the doctors remarked that I was not expected to a sane mind again it would be all in his power to do. My friends said anything that would soothe me was all that would be done. I had taken every other medicine at Johnson & Williamson's, druggists at Vassar, and commenced giving it to me, and to their surprise I began to put me in an easy chair, "for a short time each day for a period. I kept the use of my lower limbs and my back strengthen me, I improved. We tried two months before I could walk without crutches. I am now a well woman, have not a cough, pain or ache, and gain in flesh month, can eat all kinds of food and enjoy it, I have been drawn out in gratitude for the same and in sympathy for other sufferers, for whose sakes we allow our names to be used. Yours truly, Mrs. M. J. Bell.

The Compound is put up in Pill, Lozenge and Liquid form. Price of the Liquid, $1. The Pills and Lozenges sent by mail on receipt of price.

Boston Post: A man may have a great head from other than intellectual causes.

Burlington Free Press: We would respectfully request Gen Hazen not to leave at the drawers of the weather bureau open at the same time again this winter.

The name and fame of Dr. Bulls' Cough Syrup are know throughout the land and every where it is relied upon as the specific for coughs and colds.

Merchant Traveler: The man who takes an ale to brace himself up is pretty likely to be bracing up his trousers with a belt before long.

Binghampton Republican. In mineology class. Teacher—Johnny, give me the name of the largest known diamond. Bright Boy—Ma.

New York Graphic: An exchange publishes the names of 735 women who love work. This is the first time we ever heard that going shopping was work.

Burlington Free Press: Ella Wheeler Wilcox says she can see more light than darkness in the world. So can we. Ella, when the sidewalks are one sheet of ice.

New Haven News: Again we would like to remark that the man who leaves the snow on his sidewalk is he who drops buttons in the church contribution-box.

"We have heard from many of our old friends say that Salvation Oil cured them of rheumatism. Those who have not tried it, should do so. Our druggists sell it for twenty-five cents.

Life: The books that Bacon said should be digested are probably those which have been devoured.

CORNS AND BUNIONS.—The irritation which induces coughing is immediately relieved by Brown's Bronchial Troches. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cts.

Rochester Post-Express: A woman with a high hat is as bad as a man with a big head.

For Weak Women.

Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass: "About the first of September, 1881, my health was so broken with uterine hemorrhage. The best stypics the physician could prescribe did not check it and she got more and more enfeebled. She was troubled with leucorrhœa, bearing-down weakness of the limbs, sickness of the stomach and loss of appetite. I purchased a bottle of your Vegetable Compound. *She said she commenced to improve after using the first dose.* Now she is comparatively free from the Prolapsus, Stomach's sickness, &c. The hemorrhage is very much better and she has not had regular periods. Her appetite is restored, and her general health and strength have improved. We feel that we have been *wonderfully benefited* and our hearts are drawn out in gratitude for the same and in sympathy for other sufferers, for whose sakes we allow our names to be used." Yours truly, Mrs. M. J. Bell.

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For Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Constipation, use Page's Mandrake Pills. Above remedies will be forwarded free by mail for 25 cents by C. W. Show & Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

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