San Francisco Call. Fame, after all, to the well-balanced mind, consists in the knowledge of having so lived as to deserve the praise of neighbors.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup gives by far the best satisfaction and takes the lead of all cough preparations on our shelves.—Carpenter & Palmeter, Jamestown, N. Y.

Danville Breeze: What is the difference between a dude and his boots? One is calf skin and the other is calf's kin.

St. Paul Herald: The toboggan shows its inclination to fastness early. It gets on a bender even before it is finished.

Texas Siftings: The new governor of Pennsylvania can never be a lazy man. He must always work like a Beaver.

Macon Telegraph: The man who wrecks a train is a murderer. The man who wrecks a whole railroad is a financier.

New Haven News: An English woman has left Europe for a canine hospital. This looks like throwing money to the dogs.

Anybody troubled with rheumatism, neuralgia, stiff neck, or any pain or ache should procure a bottle of Salvation Oil at once. Price 25 cents.

Puck: The star of hope—the histrionic debutante.

SOUTHWARD.

Hammond, Louisiana, and Jackson, Mississippi.

The tide of emigration has already turned southward, and thousands of people are asking the question, "Where can I locate South to best advantage." Every state has its peculiar attractions, but it is generally conceded that no locality in the South possesses so many advantages as HAMMOND, LOUISIANA. Here over 60 Northern families have located within the past year. The climate cannot be excelled. Water, clear and pure, only 52 miles north of New Orleans on the main line of the Illinois Central Railroad with direct market facilities to every important Northern market. Fruits and vegetables are grown with ease and great profit. Stock does well. A good school, beautiful church, public library, and is in every sense a Northern town. An Inter-State Dairymens' and Fruit Growers Convention will be held at Jackson, Mississippi, February 16, 17 and 18. Northern and Southern lecturers and instructors of national reputation are upon the program. Mardi Gras Festival at New Orleans will take place Feb. 22. To accommodate all who desire to attend the Jackson Convention, visit Hammond and the New Orleans Mardi Gras the Illinois Central railroad will run a low rate excursion from all points on its Illinois and Iowa lines arrive at Jackson at 4 10 p. m. Feb. 16. Tickets will be sold to New Orleans and return with stop over privilige at Jackson and Hammond. Parties residing at point off the line of the Illinois Central should ask their local ticket agents for round trip tickets to New Orleans and return and be sure they are routed via. the Illinois Central in order to visit Jackson and Hammond. For excursion circulars, programs of Jackson convention and printed matter concerning Hammond, apply to the undersigned at Manchester, Iowa.

J. F. MERRY,
Genl. West. Pass. Agt.

Newman Independent: Motto of a woodsawyer—Saw wood. I saw I wounded.

GET Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners applied to the new boots and they will never run over.

Tea trees in Florida are being ruined by aphides, which eat the buds.

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

Sign in a New York restaurant: "No excuse if found with another man's hat."

Don't Pay a $10 Price.

65 Cents Pays for a *Year's* subscription for the **Weekly *Boston Herald on Rural Home*,** Rochester, N. Y., *without premium*. "Unsurpassed Best Weekly in the World." 8 pages, 48 columns, 16 pages. Only *One Dollar* and a Half. Its choice from over 150 different Cloth Bound *Dollar Volumes*, 300 to 900 pp., and paper one Dollar and upward. Book postage, 15c. Extra. 50,000 books given away. Among them are: Law Without Lawyers; Family Cyclopedia; Farm Cyclopedia; Farmers' and Mechanics' Guide; Common Sense in Poultry Yard; World Cyclopedia; Dansloson's (Medical) Counselor; Boys Useful Pastimes; Five Years Before the Mast; Peoples' History of United States; Universal History of all Nations; Popular History Civil War (both sides).

Any one of the *dollar* papers, one year, all post-paid, for 1.15 only. Paper alone, 65c. Satisfaction guaranteed on Weekly and Weekly, or money refunded. Reference, Hon. E. R. Pasnoxa, Mayor Rochester. Sample papers, 3c. ROYAL HOME CO., Ltd., *Without Premium*, 65c. a year! Rochester, N. Y.

Rochester Post-Express: Many of the people—sin-type.

Biliousness, Dizziness Nausea, Etc.—Are relieved by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

"He who is false to present duty," says Henry Ward Beecher, "may impair his work the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten it, and spoil the point yours to us. Mr. Wm. Ryder, of 97 Jefferson street, Buffalo, N. Y., recently told a reporter that, "I had a large abscess on each leg, that it kept continually discharging for twenty years. Nothing did me any good except Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery.' It cured me. Here is a volume expressed in a few words. Mr. Ryder's experience is entitled to our readers' careful consideration.—*The Sun.*

Puck: When it rains hardest—when it hails.

A Sudden Death

from heart disease is now quite common. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a certain remedy. Chronic irritation, palpitation, shortness of breath, weak spells of the heart, shortness of breath, and pain are removed by it in a short period. It also cures all the diseases relating to the liver, stomach, bowels, blood and skin.

The Wolf: Taken aback—a boy playing leap-frog.

No lengthy advertisement is necessary to bolster up Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

ELY'S CREAM BALM Gives Relief. Price 50 cents. Ely's Cream Balm is a remedy of extraordinary merit. Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in Head. Sample 10 cents. Ely Brothers, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH CURES COLD IN HEAD HAY-FEVER

WIZARD OIL CONCERTS

Have been enjoyed by citizens of every town and village in the U. S. Testimonials have been received by thousands of people, who can testify to the wonderful relief WIZARD OIL has given.

Hamlin's Wizard Oil.

Neuralgia, Toothache, Headache, Earache, Catarrh, Croup, Sore Throat, Lame Back, Stiff Joints, Contracted Cords,

RHEUMATISM

Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, Sore Nipples, Caked Breasts, Wounds, Old Sores, Chilblains, Frost Sores, Sore Nipples, Caked Breasts, and

All Aches and Pains,

are speedily relieved by the use of WIZARD OIL. Price 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. Beware of worthless imitations. Ask for WIZARD OIL and take no other. Address WIZARD OIL COMPANY, CHICAGO.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

"Help one another," the snow-flakes said,
As they cuddled down in their downy bed;
"One of us here would not be felt,
One of us here would not be felt,
But I'll help you, and you help me,
And then what a big white drift we'll see!"

"Help one another," the maple spray
Said to his fellow-leaves one day;
"The sun would wither me here alone,
Long enough ere the day is gone;
But I'll help you, and you help me,
And then what a splendid shade there'll be!"

"Help one another," the dew-drop cried,
Seeing another drop close by its side;
"This warm south breeze would drive me away,
And I should be gone ere noon to-day;
But I'll help you, and you help me,
And we'll make a brook and run to the sea!"

"Help one another," a grain of sand
Said to another grain just at hand;
"The wind may carry me over the sea,
And then, oh, what will become of me!
But come, my brother, give me your hand,
We'll build a mountain and there we'll stand."

* * * * * *

And so the snow-flakes grew to drifts
And grains of sand to mountains rose,
And leaves became a pleasant shade,
And dew-drops fed the fountains.

—*Rev. Geo. F. Hunting.*

UNCLE ZENAS AND CICELY

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall."

Strong and cheery was the voice that sang these words to the rough accompaniment of an old cart, drawn by a raven rable horse, which rattled along over a frozen country road. The cart had a canvas cover, on one side of which was printed in somewhat shaky and uncertain red letters:

Mr. Zenas Kerr,
Dealer in Fish, Fruit, Crackers,
And Other Things.

Day after day, summer and winter, in rainbow and storm, the cart rattled rolling over ten miles of country roads along which Mr. Zenas Keer's customers lived. The owner, a jolly old man, with a kindly, honest face, sat on a low seat in front, and his melodious voice could often be heard before the cart could be seen, or before he rang the large brass bell that gave warning to his house-keepers of his approach.

Sometimes they heard it late at night, for he was often belated, and when the night was darkest he seemed to sing louder. His songs were generally "gospel hymns," and the sleeping farmers and their families were awakened to the words of "Coronation," or "Glory, Glory for my Soul," ringing out on the night air.

"Uncle Zenas is late again to-night," was their drowsy thought. "I hope he'll get home all right."

For everybody knew Uncle Zenas, and everybody loved him. He was always electric, old, gnarled and kind, especially to the children, and thoroughly good and honest. He whole life had been spent on the little farm he owned, and on the road he had traveled daily for full fifty years.

On Sundays Uncle Zenas and Aunt Serelda his wife, came down the road to the little "meetinghouse" to hear the "preachin'," and often they would stay for the Sunday school, and sometimes to the "experience meeting" which followed it. It was Deacon Zenas Kerr's pride that he had not failed a single Sunday in his attendance at church for fifty-four years, and he humbl and gracefully said that "the Lord had been awfully good to him in the way of health, or he couldn't have done it."

Uncle Zenas and Aunt Serelda lived alone in a snug little brown house, neat as a pin and comfortable in an old-fashioned way by Aunt Serelda, that Uncle Zenas of en said he wouldn't exchange it for the finest house in the country.

"If we only had children now," Uncle Zenas would sometimes say regretfully; and Aunt Serelda would add, quaintly and tenderly, enough—

"Or if we only had *grandchildren*, Zenas. Somehow or other I've kind of yearned for them! It so much that we aint never had children, but it does go hard not to have any grandchildren."

"That's so, Serelda; that's so, 'speshly on Thanksgivin' and Christmas times. Nothin' would suit me better, Serelda, than to see half-a-dozen boys and girls sittin' round our table Thanksgivin' day a-stuffin themselves with roast turkey and pies and sweet cakes. 'Twould be cheerin', wouldn't it?"

"Yes!" Aunt Serelda would say, "I've often and often thought so. An' sometimes when I'm makin' the Christmas doughnuts and gingersnaps I can't help mak n' an extra big doughnut, all twisted and braided, or a big gingersnap horse, frosted all over, and then I think how happy some child would be if I could slip 'em and some other pretty things in the stockin' of a Christmas night."

"I wish you could, Serelda; I wish you could." Uncle Zenas would say, in a tone of regret.

With these feelings, who can wonder that even the children Zenas and Aunt Serelda were seventy-two years old they adopted a girl of twelve years.

Uncle Zenas was driving homeward one stormy evening, late in the Autumn, the tire of one of the wheels of his cart had loosened when he was four miles from home, and the accident had delayed him that it was nine o'clock when he reached a point within a mile of home. He was singing "Coronation" with unwanton vigor—although his garments were soaked with the rain that poured in through the storm, and blew in at the front of his cart. Suddenly a sharp, clear voice rang out from the roadside—

"Stay, mister!"

Uncle Zenas reined up his horse with a jerk.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Me," was the immediate reply.

"Well, who's me?"

"Cic'ly White; I'm lost, and haven't any place to go to."

While talking, the lost girl came to the side of the wagon, and began climbing up over one of the muddy wheels. She seemed to Uncle Zenas to be small and slight, and without shawl or bonnet. Mounting slowly to the seat by his side she said coolly—

"Now, you can drive on."

"Ho! ho! You don't say so! Much 'bliged, I'm sure!" exclaimed Uncle Zenas, with a smile.

Sitting by his side, with the cold rain driving into both their faces, the girl told all that she was ever able to tell about herself, and all that Uncle Zenas ever knew. There had evidently been more storm than sunshine in her young life, and Uncle Zenas's old cart was as peaceful and comfortable a little haven as she had ever found.

"My name's Cic'ly White," she said, bluntly. "I don't know where I came from, nor where I'm going. I don't b'long to nobody, and nobody b'longs to me. I'm 'leven years old, going on twelve. Once I lived in a big 'sylum, or something in a big city. One day a big ugly man and woman come to the 'sylum, and took me to the country, and the most they did was to scold, and sometimes beat me. Their names was Smith, and they said that my name was that, too. But my name was White to the 'sylum and that's my name now.

"I didn't have as much to eat as I had at the 'sylum, and the man was always saying I didn't earn my victuals. One day he said he was going West to take a new start, and then a little while after they sold most of the things in the house, and said they were too poor to take me, and they could leave me somewhere on the road. So they took me with them, and after I had rode in the wagon for two days or so, they made me climb out, and then they drove off and left me in the woods all alone by myself.

"Smith said if I offered 'em he'd horse whip me. He needn't been afeerd. I was jest as glad to get shet of them, as they was to get shet of me. I walked the road till towards night and went to a house, just a big dog got after me, and licky-cut I run back to the woods. Then the storm came up, and I got soppin' wet in the bushes I'd crawled into—and here I am, half-starved, and as wet as can be."

The poor waif's half humorous, half-pathetic story touched the tender heart of Uncle Zenas.

"You poor little soul," he said. "We're most to my house now, and my Serelda'll have something nice and hot for both of us, and we'll see if we can't get you a better bed than the one the rain drove you out of."

Aunt Serelda took the forlorn, bedraggled child right into her motherly heart. "Them Smiths must have been unfeelin' brutes," she said.

It was evident that Cicely was a homeless and friendless child. In her memory there was no recollection of father, mother, sister or brother. Beyond the "sylum" she knew nothing—not even the name of the city in which the "sylum" was; and with only the common name of White for a clue, it was useless to try to trace the identity of the girl.

"So we'll keep her," said Uncle Zenas.

"So we will," said Aunt Serelda.

The "neighbors" said it was a "foolish thing to do, because," they said, "there was no telling who or what she was."

"She's one of the Lord's unfortunit little ones," said Uncle Zenas.

But still the neighbors said it was "risky business," and hinted about "bad blood" and natural-born wickedness."

"I'm not afraid," said Aunt Serelda, shaking her head decisively. "There's natural born wickedness in the best of us for the matter of that. Only some of us has better chances to overcome it than others. That's all. The child hasn't had her chance, like other folk, and people that's so awfully good themselves oughn't to throw stones at a child like her."

Cicely was neatly dressed and sent to the village school, where some of her actions tended to strengthen the surmise that there was "bad blood" in her veins. She was certainly "full of mischief," both at home and at school.

"But it's innocent fun, full of mischief," said Uncle Zenas. "She aint a bit tricky or mean or dishonest, and I don't believe she ever told a story in her life. The child means just fun before, and she has to have a good deal now to make up for what she's lost."

This kindly view of the matter was very comforting to Cicely, and was not calculated to lay her under any great restraint. The neighborhood was entirely respectable, and most decorous in its conduct. Most of the families could produce "documents" in proof of their respectability, and Cicely was—"goodness only knows what or who."

The opinion was gaining ground that she would one day burn the house over their heads, and Uncle Zenas and Uncle Zenas and decamp with their silver spoons and candlesticks.

Uncle Zenas, hearing this, said to Cicely, "I'd trust you with my old pocket-book, and all that's in it, any day."

"And I wouldn't touch a nickel of it," said Cicely, stoutly and truthfully; then she added, very earnestly. "Because *I* know that you know, and I feel that you feel that I wouldn't."

"That was the best def'nition of the word 'confidence' I ever heard," said Uncle Zenas.

Thanksgiving day came, and there was some one to be supremely happy over the ginger-snap horses and the "double-and-twisted" doughnuts Aunt Serelda made, and to "stuff herself" on Uncle Zenas' finest goose. Cicely was very, very happy. She was very grateful, too, and often said to herself—

"I only wish I could *do* something to show how much 'bliged I am. Just washing dishes and sweeping up and carrying wood and kindling and sewing and running of arrands a'n't anything at all."

The fierce New England winter came early that year, and lingered long. The "oldest inhabitant" had never known a colder one. Snow fell almost every day after the first of November; the strong, cold winds blew day and night the snow drifted, and for days there was no sunshine.

But Uncle Zenas went his hard round day after day, his cheery voice rang out in song through the dark and dreary woods; he urged his old horse on through drifts of snow; his bell rang its notes of merry warning before doors closed and bolted against the winter's storms. He burly figure, muffled to the chin, clambered out of the cart, and appeared in snug kitchens even on these blustering stormy days.

"It's a great 'commodation to have you come round with so many things we need and can't go to the store for in this weather," said his patrons. But, really, Uncle Zenas, you *ought not* to expose yourself so, at your age."

"Oh, I guess I'll stand it!" Uncle Zenas would reply. "You know I'm a poor man, with my living to make in all kinds of weather, and the only way to make anything in my business is to keep at it. I sell more this kind of weather, for folks would rather buy of I me than go to town over these awful roads."

Aunt Serelda worried a great deal about Uncle Zenas that winter, and her anxiety was shared by Cicely. She would follow Uncle Zenas to the cart, and hold the reins while he "snuggled himself up" in blankets and robes and drew on his great mittens. And when he came home, after dark, Cicely would be first to hear him singing—

"I'm a-coming home, I'm a-coming home,
I'm a-coming home,
I'm a-coming home, I'm a-coming home,
Oh, tiddle I dum, I dum, I do!"

It was a great secret in the Keer family that Uncle Zenas had "made that song up" himself, although the neighborhood had a half defined suspicion of the fact, and were quite sure that it could not be traced to Watts.

Uncle Zenas had made Aunt Serelda and Cicely a promise that gave them great satisfaction. He said that he would not go out peddling once between Christmas and New Year, and his patrons were notified of this promise, and most of them heartily approved of it.

Christmas and New Year's day came on Saturday that year, and on the Friday before Christmas Uncle Zenas started on the last trip for nine whole, happy days.

The day was exceedingly cold and stormy. The wind was blowing fiercely, the snow had since filled the air. But Uncle Zenas had in his cart a great many things previously ordered by his patrons, and he felt that he must deliver them, or, some Christmas dinners would be spoiled.

"Good," he said, "I'll be home early, for I've got such an early start, and I shan't stop at any place where I aint obliged to, or order. I'll be home by sundown, *sure*."

The long, cold day wore wearily away The storm did not abate as the daylight waned. The sun went down, the night came quickly, and Uncle Zenas did not return.

Aunt Serelda peered out often and anxiously from the little white-curtained window, and Cicely listened intently for the first note of the cheery song.

But six, seven, nine o'clock came, and the looked and hoped-for face did not appear; the song was not heard, and the night grew wilder.

Where was Uncle Zenas?

A mile from home, lying by the roadside, with the snow drifting over him and his hands lying helplessly by his side.

He had been hurrying homeward, belated by the dreadful condition of the roads. While descending a steep hill the front wheel of his wagon had suddenly fallen off, and the floor cart man had fallen heavily forward, striking his head on a great stone by the road.

He tried to rise, but could not, and in a moment he was insensible. The horse, unable to move the disabled cart, stood quietly in the road with drooping head. It was a little after nine o'clock, and if help did not come soon it would come too late.

The storm was at its height. A faint light could be seen far down the road, but it came slowly, and was a long time coming up the steep hill. Once it stood still for several minutes. That was because of the exhaustion of the brave little girl who carried the old tin lantern in her chilled hand.

"Grandfather."

There was no reply to the shrill, childish cry.

"O grandfather!"

The voice wavered and trembled, and died away in a little quiver that told of tears. "I'll go a little farther," it said.

A little farther, and Cicely was kneeling by her Uncle Zenas, calling him by endearing names, kissing his cold cheeks and chafing his freezing hands.

He moved once, turned his head from side to side in the snow, but did not speak. Cicely forgot her weakness, her terror gave place to great courage and strength. What people called her "assurance," but what was really her self-possession, was of great value at that moment.

"I must have help," she said decisively.

She covered Uncle Zenas with the thick winter robe hanging from the seat of the cart, mounted the old horse, and started for the nearest house, half a mile distant. It was nearly midnight when she reached it, and the wind roared so that she had to pound on the door with her lantern to make herself heard.

"Good land of liberty!" was all old farmer Johnson could say, as he opened the door and looked down on Cicely, bundled to the eyes with her snow-covered wraps.

"O, Mr. Johnson, grandfather is over on Chestnut Hill in the snow! He fell from the wagon, and don't know anything! Will you come at once?"

In a very few moments farmer Johnson and his three stalwart sons were hurrying toward Chestnut Hill in a great sled with two horses hitched to it. Cicely would go, too, in spite of Mrs. Johnson's protest, that she had better stay where she was, and go to bed.

The first hours of the Christmas day had come before Uncle Zenas, safe in his own little home, with Aunt Serelda bathing his bleeding head, and Cicely asking again and again if he did not know her, came to consciousness again.

"It was most an awful narrer escape," said Uncle Zenas, as he and Serelda and Cicely sat at dinner for the next three or four Christmases that followed. "I was just about tuckered when they got me home, and didn't know anything till next day. And then I was really frald I wouldn't get a chance to eat Aunt Serelda's turkey or the mince turn-over Cicely had made for me.

Oh, You Darling!

A San Francisco paper records the following interesting incident connected with the recent trotting event of Harry Wilkes there. An enthusiastic young woman, a blonde and beautiful, signified her approval of the driver, Van Ness by hugging and kissing him on the track in the presence of the fashionable throng, and exclaiming, "Oh, you darling!"

Self-Amazement.

No genius is so great a marvel to anybody as himself. Oliver Wendell Holmes for the life of him can't understand how he ever wrote the "Nautilus." Men, at times, rise so far above their ordinary mood and capacity that they may be said to be inspired. They are lifted and their do

OUR EXCHANGES.

HUNTING IN PERSIA.

The Shah After Big Game, Such as Wild Asses, Tigers, and Antelope.

The Shah is a mighty hunter, a good shot, and an enthusiastic sportsman. Big game is his delight. The King, like all the sportsmen of his country, uses a small bore and a bullet. Of course, royal hunts are to a certain extent battues.

A strange incident of Eastern life, but a true one, occurred some twelve years ago at one of these royal huntings. As usual, a couple of regiments accompanied the Shah on his hunting party. The men acted as bearers. A tiger was wounded, and was making off under the King's seat. The old second barrel was discharged, but did not kill the wounded animal. Fearful of losing his quarry, the King was reloading (muzzle-loaders are still preferred by Persians), when a private soldier shot the tiger by the tail and detained him long enough for the Shah to dispatch the animal. His Majesty made the soldier a captain on the spot.

Wild asses—the favorite chase of the old Persians, who shoot them from the saddle with arrows—are hunted with relays of dogs. The only time to shoot them is when the young are at the mother's heel. So swift and timid are they that it is impossible to get any but a chance shot at them under any other circumstances. The young asses are caught alive with greyhounds, the mother's are shot from the saddle: for a Persian sportsman, though he never shoots flying for fear of wasting his charge, is a very good shot from the saddle, and will often kill antelope and sitting game from going at full speed. The secret of success in shooting from the saddle is that the marksman's horse should be going *ventre a terre*. The flesh of the young ass is food for kings. Antelope, save when with young at their heel, are seldom secured by a single shot, but are easily run down by relays of greyhounds, or shot from the saddle by posted horsemen, the antelope being driven toward them by greyhounds.

Hawking is a favorite pastime in Persia. Every great personage has his falconer and his falconry; every little squireen his partridge, hawks and pair of greyhounds. A Persian turns out at early dawn and lies in ambush behind a rock for partridges which come to drink in the morning at some spring. At the right moment he fires both barrels into them, and kills or wounds many; six or eight brace is not uncommon bag for the two shots of the *shikari*. He then runs up and cuts their throats to make them lawful, (though many are already dead), and goes home, having done a good day's work. For six brace of birds he will get about two shillings.

Water fowl are a bone in some unsportsman-like manner. The villager, hidden behind a low wall built for the purpose, fires into a pack of them. Quail—which give splendid sport, flying high wheat, litterally rising in hundreds—are usually netted; a bamboo call being used to attract them. This call imitates accurately enough the challenge of the male bird, and the cock quail, jealous of possession of birds, never refuses a challenge. The doral is shot in the mountains, and, as it only runs, is an easy victim. It weighs often four pounds, is gray in color, and exquisite eating. It is, however, rarely obtained, as it affects high and inaccessible rocks.

Wild geese are shot either in the flock at night or in the daytime by stalking; for wild geese, if they do not see the gun, may be approached with ease. The double snipe is well known, though not often seen in Europe; it is distinguished by size of our bird, and makes a most delicate dish. Woodcock are numerous. Hares and antelope, patridges, quail, and pigeons are hawked; while the two former are also coursed, and so is the hubara (bustard), a bird of course or *bagh-a-ghalia*, which word fairly represents the way in an easy prey. The flock of from six to a dozen birds is seen in the open plain. The sportsman approaches very leisurely (if on horseback he may get to w thin thirty yards); he then blazes into the middle of the flock, while on the ground, with both barrels, and often makes a good bag. Food is what he wants, not sport.—*St. James Gazette.*

Ball or Drown.

A supervisor of Westchester county New York, proposed this novel tramp pen: a building on the county farm, "to be so constructed that it can be flooded with water to the depth of 6 feet, and so arranged with apartments that persons committed as tramps can be placed therein and when the water is turned on be compelled to bail or be submerged thereby." The author of the resolutions is Joseph B. See of the town of New Castle. A *Sun* reporter called on him for an explanation of the resolutions.

"I claim to be a kind-hearted man," said Mr. See, "but I think that the 'tramp' question is getting to be a very grave one for the people of Westchester. We get all the vagrants who are driven out of New York city, and it seems as though we get all the tramps in the State of Connecticut since the severe laws against them went into operation there. We pay about $100,000 a year on account of tramps. You see, all our non-vagrants are sent to the county jail, and tramps—that is, non-resident vagrants—are sent to the penitentiary. Whenever one of these chaps is arrested he says that he lives in the county, naming a distant town. We have to send him to the county jail, he has nothing to do there but eat and play cards all winter. We have tried to stop the nuisance, but in vain. It costs more to make a tramp work than it's worth. Every effort that we make to stop it meets the determined resistance of the Sheriff's office, of the Justices of the Peace, and of the constables. The Sheriff gets $3½ week for the board of each tramp, and his profit must be large. The fees of the other officials are of course increased by the arrest and committal of a large number of tramps each year.

"My resolutions were adopted by a vote of 14 to 8. A motion to reconsider this vote was lost, and so the matter is settled as far as we are concerned. We will have to get the Legislature to sanction it, of course, and we have asked our representatives to urge the passage of such an act. We don't want to drown any tramps, but if this plan goes into operation there won't be any tramps round here to drown. They are not going to hang around a place where they know they will have to bail water ten hours a day.

Minister—"Do you bet on horse races, deacon?" **Deacon**—"No, parson, I bet on horses."—*Lowell Citizen.*

A Cincinnati man shot his wife in the jaw. He couldn't have done it again if he had tried for a week.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A poem recently printed is entitled, "Sin Whenever You Can." It was not written by a temperance prohibitionist, we believe.—*New York Graphic.*

More pointed than polite. Wife—"You haven't been inside a church since we were married—there!" Husband—"No; a burnt child dreads the fire."—*Judge.*

Women who have a habit of turning round in the street to inspect other women's dresses will learn with envy that a fish has been found which has eyes in the back of its head.—*New Haven News.*

"Indeed, it happened in less time than I take to tell it," said the lady, who was considered somewhat of a bore. "Oh, I haven't the least doubt of that," replied her patient and truthful listener.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

No wonder new papers are springing up all over the South. Just look at the inducements held out! Only a week ago a Georgia editor announced that he had been presented with a 'possum and a half peck of dried apples.—*Norristown Herald.*

A terrible threat. Mother—"Now, Bertie it's very wrong in you to disobey me as you do." Bertie—"Yes'm." Mother—"I'm afraid I shall have to adopt strict measures with you. The next time you don't mind, you will have to go to bed barefoot."—*Judge.*

"Speaking of the intelligence of dogs," observed Zebedee Jones, "I have one which can detect counterfeit money." "Oh, now you're joking," replied Ebenezer Smith. "No, I'm not. If he gets on a bad scent, he immediately abandons it and looks for a good one."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

Champoreau was dining a few friends. When dessert was placed on the table all his guests joined in complimenting him on the excellence of his wine. "And yet," cried Mme. Champoreau, intent on maintaining the family reputation for blundering, "do you know we have by no means given you the best we have?"—*From the French.*

"Hello! Where have you been this long time? Haven't seen you much lately," was the greeting of one gentleman to another. "No. You see the fact is, I've been so busy I've hardly had time to stir about at all. "That's clever. What have you been up to?" "Dodging my creditors, of course. There comes one of 'em now."—*Hartford Post.*

"James," said a grocer to a new boy, "what have you been doing in the back room so long?" "I was a-pickin' the dead flies out of the dried currants, sir," replied James. "You were," replied the grocer, with much disgust. "An' your father told me that he thought you were born for the grocery business. You had better study for the ministry, James."—*New York Sun.*

A Transformation.

It is curious how proceedings in court will transform a wild, howling anarchist into a peacable citizen. He yells through the streets for pillage and blood, until the iron hand of the law grabs him by the shoulder and he is conducted to a cell. He may even harangue his fellow-prisoners on the oppressions, of society and the necessity of killing off property-owners and dividing their effects, but as soon as he is brought before a judge and jury he immediately endeavors to prove that he is one of the most peaceful and law-abiding of men. If he happened to be in the mob, it was only out of curiosity to see what was going on. And he summons all the witnesses possible to testify to him in that position.—*Texas Siftings.*

Of all things which may result
In conscience lean and lax,
Beware how you let frauds occult
To shun the income tax.
The fellows who will make display
When the occasion comes
Like Sam-on, many thousands slay
With a jawbone of the ass.

Mr. Jacob Froehlich, a well known tailor of Cincinnati, O., after suffering for years with Kidney Disease and the doctors gave him up. By the advice of the doctor's wife, he took a few use of Warner's Safe Cure, and after taking seven bottles he was PERFECTLY WELL and has had no relapse.

Bread men by their lives leave foot prints
In the sands of time, we know:
But their marks are slight compared to
Those they leave in Celluloid.
—Merchant Traveler.

Boston Herald: Sarah Bernhardt has reached Panama. She must feel at home in that narrow isthmus.

New Haven News: What is my opinion of misfortune? It is a man without an umbrella on a rainy day.

Philadelphia Herald: Although very fashionable as an article of dress, the stiletto is rather a back number.

Mrs. C Kellogg, Edgewood, Cal., says: Red Star Cough Cure is the best medicine she has ever used for colds for the children.

Merchant Traveler: High and dry—a tall Kentuckian.

War Ahead.

There is great danger of war with Mexico in the near future, but at present we can pursue the arts of happiness, prosperity and health. Wherever you live, you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and they will send full information about work that you can do, and live at your home, wherever you live, you may upwards daily. Some have earned over $50 a day. Capital not required; you are started free. Both sexes, all ages. Pay, as above guaranteed, from the start.

Puck: A board bill—the carpenter's statement.

THE COMBINATION OF INGREDIENTS used in making BOWKER'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES is such as to give the best possible effect with safety. They are the best remedy in use for Coughs, Colds, and Throat Diseases. Sold only in boxes, Price 25 cents.

Life: An electric experiment—repeating the shock.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, Depression of Spirits and General Debility, in their various forms, also as a preventive against Fever and Ague, and other Intermittent Fevers, the "FERRO-PHOSPHORATED ELIXIR OF CALISAYA," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from Fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

Boston Courier. Man wants but little here below—zero.

For the Blood, Nerves and Complexion, use CARTER'S IRON PILLS.

New Haven News: It's a wise child that knows when he has down a problem.

PATENTS Obtained by Louis Bagger & Co., Attorneys, Washington, D.C. Best Advertising.

That tired languid feeling and dull headache is very disagreeable. Take two of Carter's Little Liver Pills for a dose, and you will find relief. They never fail to do good.

26,587,335

BOTTLES OF

Warner's SAFE Cure

Sold, to December 27, 1886.

No Other Remedy in the World Can Produce Such a Record.

This wonderful success of "Warner's SAFE CURE" is due wholly to the real merit of the Remedy. For a long time it has been REGARDED BY THE HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES AS THE ONLY SPECIFIC FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND URINARY DISEASES AND FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

Thousands have testified to their health to "Warner's SAFE CURE," and we can produce **100,000 TESTIMONIALS** to that effect.

Read the following and note the large number of bottles distributed. We guarantee these figures to be correct, as our sale books will prove.

Boston, - - 1,149,122.

CAPT. W. D. ROBINSON (U. S. Marine Hosp., Buffalo, N. Y.) is relieved with THREE BOTTLES of WARNER'S SAFE CURE, COMPLETELY CURED MR. and he thinks I am strong and well."

Providence, - 171,929.

EX-GOV. T. G. ALVORD (Syracuse, N. Y.), in 1884 began RUNNING DOWN with GENERAL DEBILITY, accompanied with a sense of weight in the lower part of the body, with a feverish sensation and a general giving out of the whole system. He was in a HOPELESS CONDITION, confined to his bed much of the time. After a thorough treatment with Warner's SAFE Cure he says: "I am COMPLETELY RESTORED TO HEALTH by its USE."

Portland, Me., 441,105.

MAJOR S. B. ABBOTT (Springfield, Mo.), in 1871 was afflicted with LAME BACK, BRIGHT'S DISEASE AND KIDNEY TROUBLE. Consulted the best local physicians in San Francisco, and visited all the springs in the West. Took a health trip to the New England States, but found no relief. He says: "I CONTINUALLY GREW WORSE, which had resulted in BRIGHT'S DISEASE. After using a couple of zen bottles of Warner's SAFE CURE and two of SAFE PILLS he wrote: "My back and kidneys are WITHOUT PAIN, and, thank God, I owe it all to Warner's SAFE Remedies."

Bal. of New Eng, 441,753.

MRS. J. T. RITCHEY (562 4th Ave., Louisville, Ky.) says: "I suffered with PAIN IN MY ELEVEN YEARS, just living, and hourly EXPECTING DEATH. Was confined to bed two months each year. Was cured by the BEST PHYSICIANS. Her left side was PARALYZED. Could not walk, eat, see, nor enjoy life. The doctors said she was troubled with FEMALE COMPLAINTS, but she was satisfied her kidneys were affected. Under the operation of Warner's SAFE Cure she passed A LARGE STONE or CALCULUS, and for Nov., 1885, reported: "Am to-day as WELL AS WHEN A GIRL."

Cleveland, 682,632.

EX-GOV. R. T. JACOB (West port, Ky.) was prostrated with severe KIDNEY TROUBLE and lost all power of his limbs. After a thorough treatment with Warner's SAFE Cure he reports: "I have NEVER ENJOYED BETTER HEALTH."

Cincinnati, 873,667.

GEN. H. D. WALLEN (144 Madison Ave., New York) SCARCELY ABLE TO WALK TWO blocks without exhaustion, and having lost flesh—reduced to 130 lbs.—after use of Warner's SAFE Cure and says: "I WAS MUCH BENEFITED by it."

Bal. Ohio State, 633,158.

COL. JOSEPH H. THORNTON (Cincinnati, Ohio) for SEVERAL YEARS was afflicted with DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, BAD PALPITATION OF THE HEART, PAIN IN THE HEAD, nervous disorder and CATARRH OF THE BLADDER. Six bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure, SAFE PILLS and SAFE NEURALGIA CURE, with the use of Warner's SAFE Cure, SAFE PILLS and SAFE NEURALGIA CURE, with the use of Warner's SAFE Cure, and reports: "I gained fifty pounds in weight—it was recommended to good health. Was troubled years ago, and she is still in as good health as ever in her life." Col. Thornton, himself, was CONFIRMED AS A CONSIRMED HEALTH (fifteen years standing, in 1881, by Warner's SAFE Cure.

Southern States, 3,534,017.

C. H. ALLEN (Lebanon, Kan.) son of E. S. ALLEN, was CONFINED with RHEUMATISM, CATARRH OF BLADDER, DISEASE, and the doctors GAVE HIM UP. By the advice of the doctor's wife, he took a few use of Warner's SAFE Cure, and after taking seven bottles he was PERFECTLY WELL and has had no relapse.

Canada, - 1,467,824.

Pennsylvania, 1,448,218.

F. MAYER (1030 N. 12th St., St. Louis, Mo.) was afflicted with CHRONIC PERITONITIS, DIZZINESS and pain across the back, and lost appetite. Was unable to take care of all the time. The doctors failing to make him well, he tried Warner's SAFE Cure, and reports: "I FEEL LIKE A CHILD IN HEALTH."

Chillicothe, 2,828,693.

MR. R. BROWN (2221 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.) injured his KIDNEYS in a fall. Was confined to his bed six weeks. The fall injured his KIDNEYS, producing intense suffering. Warner's SAFE Cure completely restored his KIDNEYS to the natural condition, and he now feels like a man of eighty years of age, SMART AND ACTIVE."

Detroit, - 846,946.

MRS. THOS. SCHMIDT (Wife of the Vice Consul of Denmark 69 Wall St., New York) reported that her little son, after an attack of Diphtheria, which SORE THROAT eight years ago, was afflicted with Bright's Disease in advanced form; the albumen was detected by Christeusen, of Drexel, Morgan & Co., bankers, New York, who prescribed Warner's SAFE Cure, with the consent of the physicians, and reports, "the physicians say that he will be PERFECTLY WELL."

Milwaukee, - 458,894.

MISS Z. L. BOARDMAN (Quechee, Vt.) in May, 1885, was BEDRIDDEN, three came STOMACH TROUBLE, LOST HER HEADACHES, and finally the doctor's opinion that it was BRIGHT'S DISEASE, and INCURABLE. Eventually she became nearly BLIND, pronounced by the doctors to be the LAST STAGE of Bright's disease. After lay on bed under treatment by Warner's SAFE Cure for one YEAR,