## WHAT CAME OF IT.

Stuart Willard was a kind hearted boy, frank, generous, honest, and truthful, but so lazy that his mother despaired of ever seeing him amount to anything. She was a widow, with no one to help her train her son, and neither advice, expostulation, nor argument had any effect upon him. He studied no more than was absolutely necessary to enable him to keep up with his classes, had no ambition to be at the head of any of them, and worked as little as possible about the house, though love and consideration for his mother prevented him from ever shirking his regular duties, such as milking the cow, cutting wood, and bringing water. But he stared at her aghast when she proposed that he should take entire charge of the garden, devoting to it his time before and after school-hours thus saving the expense of hiring help.

"O, mother, I never could," he said; "the weeds would be higher than my head in a month's time. I'm no hand at a rake or a hoe."

"You'er no hand at anything as far as I can see," said his mother. "There will have to be a radical change in you Stuart, if you expect ever to win money or position."

"I don't know that I care for either," answered Stuart. "I'm not one of the pushing kind. A quiet life suits me best."

"And you'll be content to see your friends get ahead of you, I suppose."

"Now, mother, don't worry"—and Stuart looked really distressed. "I'll come out all right, never fear."

"There'll have to be a miracle worked, then," said Mrs. Willard, sighing. "Laziness is the one fault of your character, Stuart, and it will keep you down all your life."

Though averse to exertion of any kind, Stuart was a fun-loving boy, always ready for a frolic, and not apt to think, until repentance was too late to be of any avail, of the right or wrong of the good time. And he had three particular friends who, in boy parlance, "never stuck at anything" when there was fun ahead.

They all considered old Simon Pieffer, the richest man in Westville, fair game, for it was well known that he hated anything in the shape of a boy, and never spoke to or looked at one, little or big, without growling like the rough old bear he was believed to be.

He was an old bachelor and lived with a housekeeper and half a dozen servants in a handsome house in the suburbs of the town, and he might have thoroughly enjoyed his large grounds, fine orchards, and well-bred live-stock but for the boys of the town, who mischievously milked his cows, stole his fruit, fished in his trout pond, broke down his fences, left his gates open, and made themselves generally obnoxious.

The culprits always managed in some way to escape detection. Well did they know the terrible example that would be made of the first boy old Simon caught. He openly declared that he would show no mercy and would know how to deal with the offender.

We never know how our most trifling impulses, if acted upon, may effect the lives of others. When Ben Hopper stopped one May evening at the gate of the little cottage in which Stuart lived and asked if he didn't want to go out to the old mill on the Creek road to hunt squirrels no intuition told him that he was doing something which was to lead to an event that would influence all the rest of Stuart's life.

Stuart accepted the invitation, of course, and on their way out of town the boys were joined by Tom Halpine and Luke Wright, who were quite as fond of squirrel hunting as were Stuart and Ben.

For at least half a mile after leaving the town the Creek road was bounded on one side by a pasture belonging to Mr. Pieffer, and so generously did it abound with chestnut, persimmon, and crab-apple trees that the boys of the town were familiar with every rod of it.

But it was not the season now for chestnuts, persimmons or crab apples and the squirrel-hunting party would have gone whistling and shouting by had not a handsome brown horse, quietly grazing the short grass, raised his head at sight of them and whinnied softly.

"I know something we can do a sight better'n squirrel hunting," said Luke Wright, stopping short. "What do you say to a ride?"

"I'm in for it," answered Tom Halpine. "I don't believe we'd find any squirrels, anyhow. They're gettin' so shy they don't come round the mill like they used to."

The brown horse had probably been feeling lonely and was glad of company, tor he had no objection whatever when Stuart let down a pair of bars, and, going up to him, took hold of his forelock and led him into the road.

But he objected very vigorously to having four boys on his back at one time, and kicked and careered around until he succeeded in ridding himself of all four of them.

"We'll have to take turns riding," said Ben Hopper. "Each fellow can go as far as the bridge and then turn back."

They had made a bridle out of a rope Stuart had in his pocket and a piece of wood they picked up in the road, and the horse allowed himself to be guided very easily. He seemed spirited but very gentle and had evidently been trained to trot.

The boys acted on Ben's suggestion and took turns at trying the animal's paces, enjoying themselves so much that they were loath to end the sport when it began to grow dark.

"I must have one more ride, and then I will be even with the rest of you and we can go home," said Stuart, as Luke came trotting up and swung himself from the horse's back.

"Wouldn't old Simon be in a rage if he should happen along now," said Tom, as he helped Stuart to mount.

"This is about the best fun he ever furnished us," laughed Stuart as he rode away, "and he'll never be any the wiser either."

He went clattering up the road at a good pace and the bridge—a rough log structure—was reached all too soon.

"I guess I'll go a little further," he thought. "There's no telling when I'll get another ride and I'd better make the most of this."

But he went even a shorter distance further that he intended, for half way across the bridge the horse suddenly stopped, gave a wild snort of terror, and began to back. Stuart saw that the animal was frightened by an old tree which, blasted by lightning and deprived of its bark, stood at the other end of the bridge like a ghostly sentinel, looking almost snow-white in the uncertain light; but, unaccustomed to horses, he did not know what to do, and in his alarm and excitement pulled too hard on one rein. The horse reared, gave a wild whirl, and the next instant went plunging over the side of the bridge into the gulch, nearly thirty feet below.

Strange to say, Stuart escaped serious injury, being only stunned and bruised by the fall, and at the expiration of a few minutes was able to get up from the bed of mud into which he had fallen. But the handsome brown horse did not move; he lay among the weeds and stones with a broken neck.

Stuart could not believe at first that the animal was dead; it seemed too horrible to be true. But all his efforts to rouse the poor creature proving futile, he sat down, sick and white, upon the nearest stone and shouted to his companions for help.

But his shouts were so faint that it was a long time before they were answered. Then the boys came running up, frightened at his long absence, but utterly unprepared for the dreadful news Stuart had to tell them. They were terribly shocked, and gathered about the dead horse, uttering many expressions of dismay and sorrow.

"I don't know how I shall ever tell old Simon," groaned Stuart. "Boys, he'll just about kill me."

"Tell him!" exclaimed Tom Halpine. "You're surely not going to be such a fool! What's the use of telling him? We'll take away the bridle, and the old fellow will never know but that the horse jumped the fence and tell over here by himself."

"It wouldn't be right to let him think that," returned Stuart. "No, I've got to tell."

"And bring all the rest of us into the muss, too, I suppose," said Ben Hopper.

"No, I'll promise not to mention any of you. There's no need of it that I can see."

"And I can't see there is anything to be gained by telling Pieffer," said Luke. "It won't bring the horse to life again. What's the use of being such a saint, Stuart?"

"I don't pretend to be a saint," answered Stuart, "but I'm not a coward. I shall tell Pieffer if he kills me the next minute. It's all I can do."

"O, you'll think better of it," said Luke, as he removed the rope bridle from the neck of the dead horse. "A night's sleep will cool you off."

But the night brought no sleep to Stuart, so tormented was he by thoughts of the beautiful brown horse lying dead among the weeds and stones below the bridge, and when morning came it found his resolution unchanged. He was, as he had said, no coward, and he intended to confess what he had done irrespective of the consequences.

Then Mr. Pieffer would be very severe, he did not doubt for a moment. Perhaps the old man would give him a terrible thrashing or put him in jail. He was sure to mete out a punishment equal to the offense, and Stuart knew the offense was very great.

He looked so white and haggard when he came down-stairs at 6 o'clock that his mother uttered an exclamation of alarm.

"You're sick, Stuart," she said; "you can go straight back to bed. I'll attend to the cow."

But Stuart shook his head and went out to the stable to attend to the cow himself. He had not told his mother about his misfortune, for he did not want to worry her. It would be time enough to tell her when he had seen Mr Pieffer.

That she might not suspect that something had occurred to trouble him he tried to eat his usual allowance of griddle-cakes at breakfast, but every mouthful seemed to choke him, and he had to give up the attempt in despair.

As soon as he rose from the table he put on his hat and went out, despite his mother's prophecy that the sun would make him feel worse, and turned his steps at once in the direction of Mr. Pieffer's beautiful suburban residence.

He had prepared a little speech with which he intended to begin his confession, but every word of it fled from his mind when he entered Mr. Pieffer's grounds and saw the old gentleman standing only half a dozen yards away, an angry look on his face, and his eyes glaring at a young negro who stood before him, looking sullen and defiant.

"You needn't deny it, sir," were the first words Stuart heard. "I wouldn't believe you on oath. You're the dullest fellow I ever had about my stables, but I did think you had sense enough to put the bars up when you turned a valuable horse like that out to pasture! You're discharged; and you needn't ask for a recommendation, for I won't give it."

With a [illegible] that seemed like a lump of lead in his breast, and hesitating footsteps, Stuart approached the angry pair.

"Mr. Pieffer," he said, in a low, shaken voice, "I want to speak to you, sir."

"Well, speak, and be quick about it," was the rough rejoinder. "You want work, I suppose, and big wages. You may as well leave, I havn't any work for you."

"No, sir; I don't want work," stammered poor Stuart. "I want to tell you that I took your horse out of the pasture—and—it got frightened and fell over the bridge."

For a moment, it seemed much longer to Stuart in his agony of suspense, the gentleman stared at him in utter silence, his face fairly purple with rage.

"You—you young reprobate!" he exclaimed at last. "You ought to be shot!"

"Yes, sir, I know it," answered Stuart. "I was never so sorry for anything in all my life as I am for this. But we only wanted to have a little fun and never thought of hurting the horse."

"You were not alone then?" said Mr. Pieffer.

"No, sir."

"Who were the others?"

"There's no use in telling that, sir," answered Staurt, true to the promise of secrecy he made. "I was the one who was on the horse when he fell over the bridge, and it was all my fault. I ought not to have tried to cross the bridge. I might have known he would be frightened at that old tree."

The angry flush left Mr. Pieffer's face and a very peculiar look came into his keen gray eyes.

"Nevertheless, you had better tell me the names of the boys who were with you," he said. "It will be wise for you to do so."

But the covert threat contained in these last words did not cause Stuart to waver an instant. He was very generous, as well as brave.

"I told the boys I wouldn't, sir," he answered, respectfully.

"They didn't offer to come with you, I suppose?"

"There was no need of it."

"Well, I am to look only to you to pay me for my horse?"

Pay him! Stuart stared at the old gentleman aghast. The thought of paying for the horse had never entered his mind.

He knew payment was out of the question. He had not a dollar of his own in the world, and it was only by the strictest economy that his mother managed to make her small income cover their necessary expenses—they did not indulge in luxuries of any sort.

"That horse was a thoroughbred," continued Mr. Pieffer, his keen eyes still fixed on the boy's white, distressed face. "I paid $600 for him the day before you broke his neck."

"Six hundred dollars!" gasped poor Stuart, his face growing whiter still. "O, Mr. Pieffer!"

"I can show you the receipt for the money, if you want to see it. I have it here," tapping his breast pocket. "Costly fun you had, eh?"

Stuart tried to speak, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

"You haven't any money, I suppose?" said Mr Pieffer.

"No, sir; not a dollar."

"You must work it out, then. Are you willing to do that?"

"O, yes, sir" cried Stuart, the color coming back to his face. "I'd be glad to do anything to pay you."

"Very well; report to me to-morrow morning at my factory. I'll see what I can do for you."

Mr. Pieffer turned way, and without another word went into the house and closed the door.

With a feeling of profound relief Stuart went home and told his mother all about that piece of costly fun, its tragic ending, and the bargain he had made.

"Mr. Pieffer is a man to get the worth of the horse out of you before he lets you go," was Mrs. Willard's first comment, "but you did only what was right in going straight to him with the whole story, my son. It must have required a great deal of courage, and I am proud of you."

Stuart was deeply touched by his mother's praise, and the consciousness that he deserved it made him almost happy again, in spite of the load on his heart.

It was a load that grew less with every day, for he soon became very useful in the factory, and as he wrote a good hand and was quick at figures he was put into the office and taught how to keep books and invoice goods. In this way he learned every detail of the business.

It was very hard at first, of course, for Stuart's great fault stood in the way of his progress. But no one could be very lazy where Mr. Pieffer was, he was such an energetic, industrious man himself, and he seemed to take a peculiar pleasure in pushing Stuart along.

Stuart ascribed this at first to malice and a desire for revenge. But he thought different when he know Mr. Pieffer better. He found out that a kind heart beat under that rough exterior and that the old gentleman appreciated at their full value the virtues of truth, sincerity, and manliness.

It was two years before the subject of the debt Stuart owed his employer was mentioned between them. Then one day Mr. Pieffer called the young man into his private office.

"I've been expecting for some time that you would speak to me about that $600 you owe me, Williard," said he, "but you have not mentioned it."

"I felt sure you would tell me when I had worked it out, sir," replied Williard.

"If I say I consider the debt paid now you will be wanting to leave me, I suppose," said Mr. Pieffer.

"Not if you want me to stay, sir. I shall not go to school again. I am 18 years old and it is time I began to help my mother. I'll stay here if you want me to do so, sir."

Mr. Pieffer gave a short laugh.

"That's modest, Willard, when you know as well as I do that I couldn't get along without you now. The day you came to me like the brave, honest boy you are, and confessed that you had killed my horse, I made up my mind that you were the boy I needed here. It was worth more than $600 to me to find some one on whose truth and honesty I could rely implicity. If you will stay with me, Willard, I'll allow you a good salary from this day forward and there'll be an excellent chance of promotion to something a good deal better."

Of course Willard staid, and the "something a good deal better" proved to be a junior partnership at the end of eight years' service.

So you see Stuart had reason to be thankful that the principles of honesty and truth instilled into him by his widowed mother led him to make the confession which resulted in curing him forever of his great fault, and placing him in a position of honor and trust.

## Career of an English Girl.

Several years ago Miss Beiby, a young English woman who had studied medicine to fit herself for usefulness as a missionary at Lucknow in India, was sent for by the wife of the native prince of Punna, who was ill. Punna was a long distance from Lucknow, and the journey was a dangerous one. If Miss Beiby went, she would be separated by more than a hundred miles from any white man. Her friends urged her to refuse. The Englishwoman was young and timid, but she knew her duty; she went, remained two months, and cured the patient. When she was about to return, the Ranee sent to her and begged her to go in person to Queen Victoria, with the message that Indian women, not being allowed the attendance of men physicians, died in great numbers every year for want of care. The Ranee brought paper, pen and ink, and with tears besought Miss Beiby to write her petition to the Queen to send to them women doctors. "Write it small, Saheba," she begged, "for I shall put it in a locket and hang it about your neck, and you must wear it until you put it in the hands of the great Ranee herself." Miss Beiby returned to England the next year, obtained an interview with Queen Victoria, and placed the locket in her hands with the message. The Queen was deeply touched, and empowered Lady Dufferin, the wife of the viceroy of India, to form an association for sending out female medical aid to the women of India. Many women doctors have been sent out by the association, and Indian women are now being educated as physicians and nurses. An estate of 50 acres, with large buildings, has been given by a native prince as a hospital for Hindoo female patients. Had the timid missionary refused to undertake the perilous duty to one woman these great blessings—which are but the beginning of help and hope for all the women of India—probably never would have come to them. Sow the seeds, however small it be, of good deeds. Only God knows what the fruit will be.

## Why the Dude Was Created.

From the Chicago News.

Master Stuart Robson Crane, the five-year-old son of the popular comedian, is evidently a precocious youth. At a matinee in St. Louis recently he was very much interested in the appearance of a fashionably dressed beau who lolled lazily into the theater and meandered with a mincing goose tread down the aisle of the parquet.

"Oh, mamma—look—see quick! What's dat?" eagerly asked Master Crane, poking violently at his mother and pointing the other chubby hand at the noble stranger.

Mrs. Crane answered: "What's that? Why, that's a dude, my dear."

"A dude! What's a dude mamma? Who made a dude, mamma?" inquired the child, his big blue eyes wide open and his little mouth agape.

"Why, God, of course—God made the dude, Robby," said Mrs. Crane, quietly.

The little fellow remained silent a few moments, looking intently all the while at the dude. Then he turned to his mother and said in a confidential tone: "Say, mamma, Dod likes to have fun sometimes, doesn't he?"

## Afflictions of Nabby Powers.

People who complain from a mere habit of complaining are a source of discomfort to their friends, and afford no little amusement to others. Invalidism demands the tenderest sympathy. In such cases, "Put yourself in his place" should be constantly in mind. But peevishness is a habit, and it is a fact that the greatest sufferers are the most uncomplaining.

Aunt Nabby Powers was one of those afflicted and afflictive women who, while exhibiting wonderful activity when carrying out her own plans, yet "never see a well day," but who are just able to be "up and around." There were no fair and happy days for her. They were all sombre with the touch of evil past, present or to come. Pessimistic to the last degree, she saw no brightness or beauty in anything. Her usual aspect was one o deep dejection, and her voice was lugubrious in the extreme.

When asked how she felt, her invariable reply was,—

"Porely, porely: jest so's to be up and around."

"What seems to be the matter today?"

"Oh la me, I don't know. They don't nobody know. I reckon I've got to be a mizzable, suff'rin, woman all the days of my life."

"It's a lovely day, isn't it?"

"Oh, purty enough; but it's going to storm. I feel it in my bones. La me!"

That "La me!" was always uttered in comical solemnity. It was drawled mournfully out and ended with a sigh that was almost a moan.

Aunt Nabby had one of the finest gardens in the county. Nature had gifted it most lavishly. But when asked how her garden was doing she alway said,—

"Bad enough, bad enough; fust too dry and then too wet. I aint expectin' to get the seeds back I put into it."

"Your fruit-trees are hanging full; you will have a splendid fruit-harvest this year."

"La me! mebbe so. It's a long time till harvest. I'm daily expectin' half the fruit to drop off. It's a world of disapp'intments. La me! la me!"

"Well, Aunt Nabby, I don't think any one in this neighborhood will have such a grain-harvest as you."

"I aint buildin' no hopes on gettin' more'n my bread-stuff out of all I've got in. I'm callatin' on buyin' feed 'forespring. We can't expect anything to happen as we think it will in this world; la me!"

"Well, changing the subject, Aunt Nabby, how did you enjoy the new minister's sermon last Sabbath? Every one was so delighted with it!"

"Well, I do'no, I do'no. I'm feered it's only a case of a new broom sweeping clean for the fust time. I don't think he'll wear. I aint expectin' him to; la me!"

"Well, didn't you enjoy the festival in the village the other night? Everybody seemed so happy."

"I wa'n't happy, not I. Happiness aint fur me with all my trials and afflictions. The best of ev'rything was eat up 'fore we got to the table. There was a draught on my back the hull time. The coffee was cold, and I lost my handkerchief. I do'no as I ever put in a more mizzable evenin'. But then I was as happy as I reckoned I'd be."

"I'm sorry you did not enjoy yourself."

"La me! you needen't be. Enjoyment here below aint for me. I'm one o' them that's of few days and full of trouble, as the Good Book says. It's a world of tribbylation for the best of us, anyhow. La me! la me!"

## Supersensitive Persons and How They Get Worked up to the Pitch of Woe.

From the London Standard.

There was much kindly wisdom in Sir Walter Scott's advice to his daughters to beware of proneness to take, as well as to give, offense. Touchy folks are trying companions. Over sensitiveness (this is the charitable description of a disposition to be offended at trifles) is, perhaps, rather a modern than an ancient weakness, though history presents a fair list of people who were as fallible in this respect as any of their later descendants. Could any touchiness exceed that of Robert, duke of Normandy? According to Holinshed, the king trying on a new cloak, with a hood, and finding it too tight for him, directed that the garment should be taken to his brother (the duke), who was a smaller man. A light rent, however, had been made in the garment, and the duke perceiving it and hearing that the cloak had been tried on by the king, indignantly exclaimed: "Now I perceive I have lived too long, since my brother clothes me like an almsman in his cast, rent garments," and refusing all food starved himself to death. Touchy must have been the mediæval German baron who directed that his body should be buried upright in a pillar that no base person should walk over his stomach. Still, instances like these were rather the exception than the rule in days of yore.

There is a story of a Scotch minister preaching against the evils of falsehood, being interrupted by the parish idiot, who exclaimed in an aggrieved tone, "I dinna see why ye suld be sae hard on me, Mr. ——. I'm sure there's mair liars in the parish than me." The worthy divine had intended no personal allusions, but the idiot belonged to the ranks of the touchy ones. What social agonies are often undergone by hosts and hostesses in shielding a touchy guest from the attacks of a good natured but hopeless blunderer. They know too well how the former is appropriating as studied insults all the airy remarks which the blunderer is making in happy ignorance of the feeling of his listeners. For the blunderer is the exact opposite of the touchy person; the latter is too sensitive, the former too obtuse. The touchy one reads hidden meanings where none are intended; the blunderer is deaf and blind to the plainest hints.

Few people possess the kindly sense of the French abbe mentioned in the memoirs of Madame Vigee de Brun, the celebrated portrait painter of the last century. This gentleman was, unfortunately, extremely deformed, and, playing at cards with him, Madame de Brun was so struck by his strange figure that she inadvertently hummed a few bars of a tune called "The Hunchback." Immediately recollecting herself she stopped in confusion, whereupon the abbe turned to her with a kindly smile, "My dear madame, continue your tune. I assure you it does not offend me in the least; the association is so natural a one that I believe it would have occurred to me in your place."

A little post-bellum incident happened in New Orleans illustrating the brotherhood of once contending foes. On the battlefield of Shiloh twenty-five years ago a Union soldier found a Confederate wounded and gave him in charge of the surgeons. The acquaintance was supposed to be at an end, but the Northern man recently visiting the Southerner, and over a quiet little dinner they discussed the battle in fraternal interest.

## INJUSTICE CORRECTED.

### Convincing Verification of Widecast Public Statements.

To the Readers of this Paper.

In common with many publishers and editors, we have been accustomed to look upon certain statements which we have seen in our columns as merely adroit advertising.

Consequently we feel justified in taking the liberty of printing a few points from a private letter recently received from one of our largest patrons, as a sort of confession of faith to our readers. We quote:

"We have convinced ourselves that by telling what we know to be true, we have produced at last a *permanent conviction* in the public mind. Seven years ago we stated what the national disease of this country was, and that it was rapidly *increasing*. Three years ago we stated that a *market check* had been given it.

"The statistics of one of the largest life insurance companies of this country shows that in 1883 and 1884, the mortality from kidney disorders *did not increase* over the previous years: other companies stated the same thing. It is not presumptuous for us to claim *credit for checking* these ravages.

"Seven years ago we stated that the condition of the kidneys was the key to the condition of health; within the past five years *all careful life insurance* companies have conceded the truth of this statement, for, whereas, ten years ago, chemical analysis to determine the condition of the kidneys was not required, to-day *millions of dollars in risks are refused*, because chemical examination discovers *unsuspected* diseases of the kidneys.

"Seven years ago we stated that the ravages of Bright's Disease were insignificant compared with other unsuspected disorders of the kidneys of many misleading names; that ninety three per cent. of human ailments are attributed to deranged kidneys, which fills the blood with uric acid, or kidney poison; which causes these many fatal diseases.

"The uric acid, or kidney poison, is the real cause of the majority of cases of paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, convulsions, pneumonia, consumption, and insanity; over *half* the victims of consumption are first the victim of diseased kidneys.

"When the recent death of an honored ex-official of the United States was announced, his physician said that although he was suffering from Bright's Disease, that was *not the cause* of death. He was not frank enough to admit that the apoplexy which overtook him in his bed, was the fatal effect of the kidney poison in the blood, which had eaten away the substance of the arteries and brain; nor was Logan's physician honest enough to state that his fatal rheumatism was caused by kidney acid in the blood.

"If the doctors would state in official reports the *original* cause of death, the people of this country would be alarmed, yea, nearly *panic stricken*, at the fearful mortality from kidney disorders."

The writers of the above letter give these facts to the public simply to *justify the claims that they have made*, that "if the kidneys and the liver are kept in a healthy condition by the use of Warner's safe cure, which hundreds of thousands have proved to be a specific, when all other remedies failed, and that has received the endorsement of the highest medical talent in Europe, Australasia and America, many a life would be prolonged and the happiness of the people preserved. It is successful with so many *different* diseases because it and it *alone*, can remove uric acid from the blood through the kidneys."

Our readers are familiar with the preparation named.

Commendation thereof has often appeared in our columns.

We believe it to be one of the best, if not the best ever manufactured. We know the proprietors are men of character and influence.

We are certain they have awakened a wide-spread interest in the public mind concerning the importance of the kidneys. We believe with them that they are the key to health, and that for their restoration from disease and maintainance in health, there is nothing equal to this great remedy.

The proprietors say they "do not glory in this universal prevalence of disease, but having started out with the purpose of spreading the merits of Warner's safe cure before the world, because *it cured our senior proprietor, who was given up by doctors as incurable*, we feel it our duty to state the facts and leave the public to its own inferences. We point to our *claims*, and to their *public and universal verification* with pride, and if the public does not believe what we say, we tell them to ask their friends and neighbors what they think about our preparations."

As stated above, we most cordially commend the persual of this correspondence by our readers, believing that in so doing, we are fulfilling a simple public obligation.

### The Reason Why.

It is said "there's nothing new under the sun," and it may be a true saying. But when the light of reason is thrown on some of the every day occurrences in life, it is astonishing how little we actually know as to the whys and wherefores of matters which attract our attention. In the hurly-burly of this world we are apt to take for granted facts as they appear, because we have not time to thoroughly investigate them. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company has endeavored to save the enquiring mind the trouble of much research, and has published in a little book entitled "Why and Wherefore," many reasons why various facts exist. The language is plain and simple, and the volume might be used with profit as a reliable class book in public and private schools. As a household reference it is invaluable, and children as well as grown people can read and understand it.

While this publication is in a measure an advertising medium for the Railway Company, that fact does not detract from its value, and a copy of "Why and Wherefore" will be sent free to any address by enclosing *ten cents* in postage to A. V. H. Carpenter, General Passenger Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.

There is a bill before the Illinois legislature to appropriate $50,000 for a Logan monument at Chicago.

Jay Gould promises to build St. Louis a $1,000,000 depot. It will probably be used for a cow stable.

A natural color, that defies detection, is produced by Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

Leading physicians testify to the value of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral as a specific for colds.

Susan B. Anthony is quoted as saying that Abraham Lincoln was the only man she could have loved.

Gen. Stone, the engineer of the Bartholdi statue pedestal, will spend the rest of the winter in Louisiana.

Polonaises trimmed with fur are coming into vogue.

Those complaining of Sore Throat or Hoarseness should use Bronchial Troches. The effect is extraordinary, particularly when used by singers and speakers for clearing the voice. Price 25 cts.

Edison's recovery from his severe illness is now practically certain.

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

W. W. Corcoran of Washington, pays taxes on $9,100,000.

Photographer—Wear a pleasant expression, if you can: just imagine that the object of your affections has given you a sealskin sacque. Lady (with a sigh)—He has given me the sack, but it's not sealskin.—Siftings.

Countryman (loose in a bookstore): "Have you got prayer books, Mister?" Clerk: "Yes. The book of common prayer, I suppose?" Countryman: "No, it's for a young school-marm down my way, an' I want a book of the best prayers you've got in the buildin'—New York Sun.

"I feel like thunder this morning," complained a New Jersey citizen. "That's because you fooled with lightning last night," reverberated his wife quicker than a flash.

Young housekeeper.—Bridget, take these eggs right back to the store. They are much to old. Bridget—Yes, mum. "Tell the man if he hasn't any spring chickens we don't want any. He thinks because I'm inexperienced he can cheat me; but I'll show him."—Tid-Bits.

Tom—I hear that you struck for six hours Bill? Bill—Yes, Tom we did Tom—Boss give in? Bill—No. Tom—Then you are still working ten hours? Bill—No, ain't working any hours at all. Lost my job.—Boston Courier.

Chicago hotel clerk—"From St. Louis, I see?" Newly arrived guest—"Yes, I live there." "Our dinner hours are from 12 to 3, an' supper from 5 to half past eleven. We have no gong." "I suppose not." "Oh, no! And, by the way, you will find wash water on tap in your room. Don't go around looking for the pump."—Omaha World.

Gotham matron—Why, Lydia, didn't you go to the cooking school, as you intended? Yes, ma, but there was no session; the lecturess is sick." "I am very sorry. What is the matter?" "Dyspepsia."—Tid Bits.

He: "You really went too far in your conduct with Capt. Fitzhenry at the ball last night. Don't you know you are a married woman?" She: "Yes, but he didn't."—New York Life.

"How does the 'literary fire' burn this morning?" asked a visitor at the sanctum. "First rate," replied the Snake Editor. "I have just thrown a dozen manuscript poems into the stove."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Grammar class. Boy, parsing—"Wagon, common noun, feminine gender——" Teacher—"What gender?" Boy—"Oh! neuter gender. The tongue, ma'am, kinder throwed me off'n my guard."

Actors, in general, are very generous, as they are generally ready to take each other's parts. And they know considerable about astronomy, too, as they frequently study the stars.—St. Louis Magazine.

Scotch girls knit while they are listening to the declarations of their lovers. The more enterprising American daughters have the mitten ready made.

Invalid wife (to husband)—The doctor tells me that I ought to have a change of climate. Husband (hopefully) All right, my dear, I see by the "probabilities" that we are to have colder weather with snow, followed by warmer weather with rain.—Harper's Bazar.

Customer—Are you sure this bread is fresh, baker? Fresh baker—Well, I should say so—it's to-morrow's.

Baby falls and bumps its head
Baby bawls, they think it's dead,
Mamma gets St. Jacobs Oil,
Rubs the baby; stops turmoil.

Children's coats and frocks are as often made with full gathered as pleated skirts.

Open embroidery is used by some dressmakers on wool frocks that are trimmed with bands of fur.

The newest fur collars are in the square sailor shape, with strings to tie or clasps fasten them in front.

Col. H. M. Duffield of Detroit, will be the orator at the unveiling of the Garfield equestrian statue at Washington next May.

Whittier has just finished a long historical poem. Whittier is one of the poets whose muse has not deserted him in age.

A prominent farmer of Bowling Green, Howard County, Md., Mr. J. T. Ridgely, said his four children were sick with sore throats and coughs at the same time. Red Star Cough Cure cured them in a week. No opiates.

The attempt to revive the old-time boa is only partially successful.

Evening mantles are appropriately trimmed with feather bands.

### Many Forms of Nervous Debility

In men yield to Carter's Iron Pills.

Sealskin is never used for trimming, but for whole garments, caps and bonnets.

### A Miraculous Escape from the Grave.

I have been in poor health with a diseased stomach and liver, causing a cankered mouth continually for ten years. I kept about my house until a year ago last June. For three years prior to that time I had a severe pain in the region of my heart, at times seeming past endurance. It affected my shoulder, took all strength from my arm; could get no relief only by poulticing. My stomach being so diseased, my food caused me great distress. My age also seemed to be in the way of my recovery, and not the least of my sickness. I employed the very best medical assistance I could get while in Caro, this state, but little encouragement could I get. Was moved to Vassar Oct. 1, 1885, on a bed, giving me every ten minutes a teaspoonful of brandy and ice with only a teaspoonful of nourishment at a time. I commenced bloating soon after arriving here, 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 last 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 leading physicians said if I could be restored to a sane mind again it would be all my husband might expect, and anything that would soothe me was all that could be done. My husband got me some medicine at Johnson & Williamson's, druggists at Vassar, and commenced giving it to me, and in three weeks' time they began to put me in an easy chair, "for a short time each day," at which time I had no use of my lower limbs and my back was numb; it was a little more than two months before I could walk without crutches. I am now a well woman, have walked one and a half miles within a month, can eat all kinds of food and enjoy it, have gained from 82 pounds, since last May, to 116 now, could say more of sickness, put delicacy prevents. I want to say to my friends that Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters are the medicines that cured me. I used four plasters with the first five bottles; have used ten bottles in all and am well. If any one who reads this has any doubt as to the authenticity of my statement, it will afford me pleasure to refer them to my neighbors all about here, as they are all astonished at my recovery. It is a great family remedy.

Very truly,
Mrs. Chester Gage.

Vassar, Mich., Oct. 11, 1886.

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

Very truly,
Geo. E. Williamson,
Of the firm of Johnson & Williamson, druggists, Vassar, Mich.

### J. K. Delbridge, Conductor on the Chicago & West Michigan Railroad, Becomes Heir to a Large Fortune.

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

Yours truly,
J. K. Delbridge,
23 Pleasant street,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Berlin *Borsen-Zeitung* urges the German government to allay the war scares which are alarming the commercial world.

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

Princess Dolgorouki, widow of the late Czar, was once a Spanish actress.

Why go limping around with your boots run over, when Lyon's Heel Stiffeners will keep them straight?

The Peruvian Government is doing its best to suppress gambling in Lima.

PATENTS obtained by Louis Bagger & Co., Attorneys, Washington, D.C. Est'd 1864. Advice free.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* thinks that Mrs. Cleveland could be re-elected without difficulty.

Archdeacon Farrar says that "in India the English have made 100 drunkards for one Christian."

I suffered for two weeks with "neuralgia" of the face, and procured immediate relief by using Salvation Oil.

Mrs. WM. C. BALD.
433 N. Carey St., Balto., Md.

Dr. Bliss says that Rep. Cox has so far recovered as to be out of danger.

Lotta, who upon the stage looks about 20 years old, was 40 the other day.

Bishop Hurst of the Methodist church, is in Vera Cruz looking after missions.

C. Butts of Sorrento, Fla., has packed 8,000 oranges in sand, for experiment.

Mrs. Sol Smith Russell has induced her husband to retire permanently from the stage.

It is said that Mormon lobby in Washington has already cost the church $250,000.

J. T. Trowbridge, writer of boys' stories, will live at Kennebunkport, Me., in future summers.

Uncertainity may attend business ventures and enterprises but it never attends the prompt administration of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

Rev. Dr. McGlynn of New York, says his friends will soon go to Rome.

### Faceache Cured by Carter's

Smart Weed and Belladona Back Ache plaster.

Dr. Mary Walker is beginning to show the effects of age.

### You Can't Read This

without wishing to investigate, if you are wise. Send your address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and you will receive, free, full information about work that you can do and live at home, wherever you are located, at which you can earn from $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over $50 in a day. Capital not required; you are started free. All is new. Both sexes all ages. Snug little fortunes await all workers.

A Saginaw lumber baron sports a steel toboggan with a chime of bells.

Mensman's Peptonized Beef Tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties*. It contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork, or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard, & Co., Proprietors, New-York. Sold by Druggists.

The hat of the fashionable young woman is of glossy beaver.

The removal of Prof Sanborn of N. H., after being pronounced incurable by a score of physicians, from Los Vegas, N. M., to his home, was effected by administering Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic, which has restored him to his former good health.

The investments in cattle in Colorado amount to over $50,000,000.

### Johnny's Composition on Medicine.

"There is two kinds of medicine besides the kind you Rub On and the first kind is the Soft Kind which you take with a spoon while A man holds your Head and you kick and Riggle some because it tastes so and the other kind is the Hard kind which is called Pills and it is the Hardest of the whole because it is so Hard to go Down but it does not make any Difference which kind you Take when you get it Took you wish you Had not for It makes quite a Row in your Stomach and Riots Around."

Evidently Johnny's experience in medicine does not include Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are easy to take and do their work quietly and calmly. Neither does it include in the way of "Soft Medicine" Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," which though powerful to cure all chronic derangements of the liver and blood, is pleasant to the taste and agreeable in its effects. Unequaled as a remedy for all scrofulous diseases, pimples, blotches, eruptions, ulcers, swelled glands, goitre or thick neck, fever-sores and hip-joint disease.

Detroit papers puts Michigan's wealth at $2,000,000,000.

"Golden Medical Discovery" will not cure a person whose lungs are almost wasted, but it is an unfailing remedy for consumption if taken in time. All druggists.

Don't hawk, hawk, and blow, blow, disgusting everybody, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Mrs. Jas. Brown-Potter has signed a contract with Mr. Henry E. Abbey, and will appear professionally in a short time.

WOMEN

Needing renewed strength, or who suffer from infirmities peculiar to their sex, should try

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS THE BEST TONIC.

Trade Mark. QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

This medicine combines Iron with pure vegetable tonics, and is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It Enriches and Purifies the Blood, Stimulates the Appetite, Strengthens the Muscles and Nerves—in fact, thoroughly Invigorates. Clears the complexion, and makes the skin smooth. It does not blacken the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*all other Iron medicines do.*

Mrs. J. W. Holt, St. Charles, Mich., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for female weakness with great benefit, and cheerfully recommend it to like sufferers." Mrs. S. A. Corey, Lansing, Mich., says: "I have been troubled with weaknesses peculiar to females for years, but found no permanent relief until I used Brown's Iron Bitters, which has completely cured me."

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

### Quaker Testimony.

Mrs. A. M. Dauphin, Philadelphia, has done a great deal to make known to ladies there the great value of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as a cure for their troubles and diseases. She writes as follows: "A young lady of this city while bathing some years ago was thrown violently against the life line and the injuries received resulted in an ovarian tumor which grew and enlarged until *death seemed certain*. Her physician finally advised her to try Mrs. Pinkham's Compound. She did so and in a short time the tumor was dissolved and *she is now in perfect health*. I also know of many cases where the medicine has been of great value in preventing miscarriage and alleviating the pains and dangers of childbirth. Philadelphia ladies appreciate the worth of this medicine and its great value."

Sent by mail in Pill and Lozenge form on receipt of price, $1. Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. Also in liquid form, all at Druggists.

SEEDS Fresh, Reliable; Wholesale at Retail. Free by mail at 2 and 3 cts. per large package. Mammoth Seed Farms. One Acre of Glass! Beautiful Illustrated Catalogue FREE. H. W. BUCKBEE, Rockford Seed Farm, Rockford, Ill

Don't Buy SEEDS, ROSES, PLANTS FRUIT OR ORNAMENTAL TREES, GRAPE VINES OR ANYTHING IN THE NURSERY LINE, without first writing for our valuable FREE Catalogue, the BEST we ever issued, containing the Rarest New and Choicest Old. 21 LARGE GREENHOUSES 33d YEAR. 700 ACRES. THE STORRS & HARRISON CO. PAINESVILLE, OHIO.

[illegible] the Choicest Flowers, Vegetables and Crops, [illegible] ALL VARIETIES. NEW OATS, WHEAT, POTATOES, BARLEY AND VEGETABLES. SEEDS WARRANTED. 100,000 7 CENT Plants. Don't buy till you see catalog With Prize Offer. JOHN A. SALZER, LaCrosse, Wis. BUY NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS

Why did the Women of this country use over *thirteen million* cakes of Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap in 1886? Buy a cake of Lenox and you will soon understand why.

WIZARD OIL CONCERTS

Have been enjoyed by citizens of every town and city in the U. S. Marvelous Cures have been witnessed by thousands of people, who can testify to THE WONDERFUL HEALING POWER OF Hamlin's Wizard Oil. Neuralgia, Toothache, Headache, Earache, Catarrh, Croup, Sore Throat, Lame Back, Stiff Joints, Contracted Cords, RHEUMATISM, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Fever Sores, Wounds, Old Sores, Chilblains, Frost Bites, Sore Nipples, Caked Breasts, and All Aches and Pains, are quickly relieved by this magical remedy. Try it once and you will never be without it. For sale by Druggists. Price, 50c. Our SONG BOOK free to all. Address WIZARD OIL COMPANY, CHICAGO.

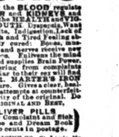
BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER

Highest Awards of Medals in Europe and America. The neatest, quickest, safest and most powerful remedy known for Rheumatism, Pleurisy, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Backache, Weakness, colds in the chest and all aches and pains. Endorsed by 5,000 Physicians and Druggists of the highest repute. Benson's Plasters promptly relieve and cure where other plasters and greasy salves, liniments and lotions, are absolutely useless. Beware of imitations under similar sounding names, such as "Capsicum," "Capucin," "Capsicine," as they are utterly worthless and intended to deceive. Ask for Benson's and take no others. All druggists. SEABURY & JOHNSON, Proprietors, New York.

HARTER'S THE ONLY TRUE IRON TONIC Will purify the BLOOD, regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS and Restore the HEALTH and VIGOR of YOUTH. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength and Tired Feeling absolutely cured: Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power. LADIES Suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC a safe and speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. Frequent attempts at counterfeiting only add to the popularity of the original. Do not experiment—get the ORIGINAL AND BEST. Dr. HARTER'S LIVER PILLS Cure Constipation, Liver Complaint and Sick Headache. Sample Dose and Dream Book mailed on receipt of two cents in postage. Address DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH

*I was cured before the second bottle of Ely's Cream Balm was exhausted. I was troubled with chronic catarrh, gathering in the head, difficulty in breathing and discharges from my ears.—C. J. Corbin, 923 Chestnut St., Phila.*



HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable to use. Price 50 cts. by mail or at druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

$400.00 FREE!

We offer the above amount of money FREE to the 106 persons answering the following Bible question: Where in the Bible does it say, "If a man eateth eggs he shall die?" The first person answering this question correctly, will receive $100 cash. If we receive more than one correct answer the second will receive $100; the third $50; the fourth $25; the fifth $15; the sixth $10; and $1 each to the next one hundred people answering it correctly. If you are not the first remember that you may be the second or third; so you stand a good chance for a large prize. Each competitor must, in every case, send 50cts. with their answer for one year's trial subscription to THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPER, a large 16-page illustrated family paper. If you will send $1 we will send the paper one year, and "HOW TO COOK AND KEEP HOUSE," a book of nearly 500 pages for housekeepers, the regular retail price is $1.50, beautifully bound in extra cloth. It embodies the ripe experience of a veteran housekeeper, and its recipes (of which there are great numbers on all branches of cookery) can be relied upon as accurate and trustworthy. Send your answer at once. Postage stamps taken. Address THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPER, 79 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

WEAK, NERVOUS PEOPLE

And others suffering from nervous debility, exhausting chronic diseases, premature decline of young or old are positively cured by Dr. Horne's famous Electro-Magnetic Belt. Thousands in every State in the Union have been cured. Electricity instantly felt. Patented and sold 10 years. Whole family can wear same belt. Electric Suspensories free with male belts. Avoid worthless imitations and bogus companies. Electric Trusses for Rupture. 700 cured in '85. Send stamp for pamphlet. DR. W. J. HORNE, INVENTOR, 191 WABASH AV., CHICAGO.

ESTERBROOK STEEL PENS

Leading Nos.: 14, 048, 130, 135, 333, 161. For Sale by all Stationers. THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO., Works: Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

Pages Arnica Oil

The best salve in the world for Burns, Wounds and sores of all kinds. Boils, Felons, Chilblains, Frozen Feet, Piles, Barber's Itch, Sore Eyes, Chapped Hands, Sore Throat, Scald Head, Pimples on the Face, and all skin diseases.

For Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Constipation use Page's Mandrake Pills. Above remedies sold by Druggists or sent by mail for 25 cents by C. W. Snow & Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. CATARRH Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, &c. 50 cents.

PATENTS 15 years' experience; 4 years' examiner in U.S. Patent Office. Send model or sketch for free opinion whether patent can be secured. New book on patents free. References: Commissioner of Patents or any other official of the U. S. Patent Office. E. B. STOCKING, Attorney, 611 F St., Washington, D. C.

HOME TREATMENT Any of our readers suffering from Organic Weakness, Nervous or Chronic Ailments, should write to DR. WILLIAMS, 189 Wis. St., Milwaukee, Wis., for a 64-page book, giving the proper treatment in full, and thus avoid quackery.

RUPTURE Relieved and cured by Dr. J. A. Sherman's method. Those who cannot avail themselves of personal attendance can have home treatment appliance and curative sent for $10 only. Send stamp for circulars, 294 Broadway, N. Y.

WE WANT YOU! a live energetic man or woman needing profitable employment to represent us in every county. Salary $75 per month and expenses, or a large commission on sales if preferred. Goods staple. Every one buys. Outfit and particulars Free. STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., BOSTON, MASS.

MORPHINE-OPIUM Habit Painlessly Cured at Home. Treatment sent on trial and NO PAY asked until you are benefited. Terms Low. Humane Remedy Co., La Fayette, Ind.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES Sure relief ASTHMA. Price 35cts. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

WORK for all. $30 a week and expenses paid. Outfit worth $5 and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

FARMS on James River, Va., in Claremont colony. Illustrated Circular Free. J. F. MANCHA, Claremont, Va.

SEE HERE! Why not save one-half on 1000 useful articles? Send for Catalogue. Big pay to Agents. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS F. A. LEHMANN, Solicitor of Patents, WASHINGTON, D. C. Send for Circular.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster's Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

VIRGINIA FARMS! Mild Climate! Cheap Homes! Northern Colony! Illustrated circular free. A. O. BLISS, Centralia, Va.

W. N. U. D.--5--7

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.