The Tramp's Sacrifice.

Near sunset of an evening of the last July, Wellington Seymour stood by his front gate resting himself after a hard day's labor in the harvest-field, by watching the people who passed on the road. They all bowed or spoke to him; no man in the town was more highly respected or better known. He was its Supervisor, and a deacon of the church over the hill; he owned an hundred acres of valuable land, which he worked himself, and the pretty frame house just behind him. His wife was at this time sitting on the piazza, and their only child, Winnie, was racing up and down it, somewhat boisterous with the high spirits of childhood. The family and the help had eaten supper, and all were enjoying in their own way the beautiful summer hour between sunset and darkness.

Wellington Seymour was forty-six years old. His hands were hard with toil; for, though rich and prosperous, he was one of those who deem manual labor a divinely imposed duty. He was bronzed and sunburned with exposure; and the trials and duties of life, as well as its sorrows, had given a grave and thoughtful aspect to his face. An observer would have added ten years to his real age. The few people in such a rural neighborhood as this who were accustomed to study character by the features had seen that there was something more than gravity in Mr. Seymour's face. There was a restlessness about his eye. Sometimes he started upon hearing an unfamilliar voice. While the fact had not become a subject of remark, it had certainly been noticed by these few that Mr. Seymour did not often appear to be at ease.

As he continued to stand at his gate, a man passed by on foot who neither bowed nor spoke to him. He was a stranger, clothed in tattered and dusty garments. He walked slowly past, using a long staff, and appearing very much fatigued. His hair and beard were long and unkempt; his face bore the unmistakable marks of dissipation and excess. He was, in short, a tramp; one of a class which Mr. Seymour hated—or would have hated had his christian principles allowed such a feeling. He looked coldly at the man as he went by, merely observing that he was a tramp, without taking particular note of his face. He did not see that the man stared hard at him, after he had turned his eyes from the unpleasant object. The man walked a rod past the gate, and then suddenly wheeled and came back. He stood right in front of the farmer and leaned heavily on his staff.

"Sir," he said, "I am very tired and very hungry. Will you feed me and lodge me to-night?"

"You look like a tramp," the farmer replied. "You know the penalties you are liable to suffer."

"Yes, I know," the wayfarer cried. His dark eyes snapped viciously, and there was a ring to his voice that startled Mr. Seymour. "I am an outcast, an Ishmaelite—not because I am vicious, but because I am vicious and poor. The law makes it an offense to be poor, if you are bad. Perhaps it is right; but I am too much exhausted now even to talk about such things. I appeal to you as a man to help a fellow-man in distress. Twenty-five miles have I walked to-day; nothing have I eaten since noon. I have been refused relief at half a dozen farm-houses, and whipped off from wagons where I tried to get a rest for my poor bruised feet. Well—are you heartless, too?"

Those piercing black eyes were fixed on the farmer's face, with an expression that haunts him to this day. A very brief struggle in his breast ended by his throwing open the gate.

"Come in, poor fellow," he said. I'll take care of you till to-morrow."

The tramp entered. A few words from the farmer to his wife explained the matter to her, and she went to the kitchen to provide something for the poor waif to eat. The man went to the pump, washed himself, brushed off the dust, and then went into the kitchen and sat down to the table. The meal that he ate may have its parellel among those of his kind; the Seymour homestead had certainly never witnessed such consumption of provisions by one person. While he was eating, little Winnie came into the kitchen, and, with the confidence that is natural with some children, went up to him and laid her hand on his arm. He looked at her kindly.

"What is your name, little one?" he asked.

"Winifred. They call me Winnie, for short."

He wiped his mouth— and, most unromantic in this connection, but certainly true, there was a tear in his eye, which he dashed away with the back of his hand. Of what could he be thinking? Perhaps, of his own youthful days of innocence; perhaps, of words read long ago, but lately forgotten—"for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"Would you kiss me, Winnie?"

She looked up into his face, bearded face, and found a very tender expression in his eyes, and she kissed him without hesitation.

The mother's heart was also softened by this little episode; so when the man had finished his meal, she said to him:

"I will make you up a bed on the floor, in the room above this."

"You are very kind, ma'am," he replied, "but, really, I don't think I could sleep in a made-up bed. So many years as I've slept in a hammock at sea, and on the ground under the trees in foreign lands, and in the fence-corners and in hay-lofts in my own country, have just about unfitted me for sleeping like a Christian, in a clean bed. Your husband can show me the way to the barn, and I'll warrant that I get a night's rest there."

Mrs. Seymour left him sitting there when she had removed the dishes and gone into the sitting-room. The servant girl and the two hired men looked into the kitchen, and, seeing who was its occupant, withdrew. The brief evening passed; Mr. Seymour, according to his usual custom, had offered up his evening family prayer, and he then sang a hymn, while his wife accompanied him on the organ.

"What is that?" he asked, when he had finished. Both listened, and heard the tramp in the kitchen singing a verse of the same hymn.

"He is a queer fellow," said the wife. "He refused my offer of a bed over the kitchen, and wants you to show him the hay-mow. He said he had been a sailor, and couldn't sleep in a bed. And to hear him singing that hymn after you!"

Mr. Seymour started at her words, and walked the floor. Then, remarking that he would go and show him his bed in the barn, he left the room. His wife was wearied with the household labors of the long summer day, and retired to bed. Before her husband returned she was sleeping soundly.

There was no sleep for Wellington Seymour on that long-remembered night. The face and the voice of the tramp effectually drove slumber from his pillow, wearied as he was. When he showed him to his nest in the barn he had asked his name, but the man shook his head.

"Name!" he cried, "what should I want of a name? Names are for people who can honor them. I suppose I had one, once; but I have pretty near forgotten it."

The farmer walked the floor of the sitting-room for an hour, trying to compose himself, and to drive that face and that voice from his mind. The effort was useless, but it so added to his exhaustion that he hoped he might sleep. The clock struck twelve, and, after that, one; but Mr. Seymour still lay awake.

Exhausted in body and mind, he rose and went out into the open air. There was a brilliant harvest moon in the heavens, and he saw from the side piazza a dark figure moving slowly down the hill-side back of the house and across the fields. He watched the movements of this figure, and was surprised to see it advancing straight toward his outbuildings. When the man was hidden from sight behind the barn, Mr. Seymour cautiously darted out to reconnoiter. He placed his hand on the man's arm just as he was entering the barn. It was the tramp.

"What does this mean, sir?" he sternly demanded.

"Don't be alarmed," said the man. I'm neither house-breaker nor barn-burner, I assure you. But—many years ago I used to know this neighborhood, and I haven't seen it for thirty years. I couldn't sleep a wink to-night, and started to rove around—for that's my disposition. I've been all over your farm, and a fine place it is. And I see you have a cemetery up there on the hill. It's your first wife, I take it, and your two children who are buried there.

"Yes."

"Then you've seen sorrow as well as prosperity?"

"God knows I have!" Seymour answered, with a great sob. "My very heart-strings were torn by the loss of the three who fill those graves."

"Well, well; life is pretty much the same—sorrow everywhere. Good-night and, for that matter, good-by. I shall be out of your hay-mow and on the road long before you are up."

Mr. Seymour's face showed great surprise, and not only surprise, but relief. He eyed the man sharply for a moment, and then thrust his hand into his pocket.

"Here is five dollars," he said. Take it; you are welcome to it."

The tramp took the money. He waited until the farmer was out of sight, and then threw it down and stamped on it, while something like an oath broke from his lips. Presently he grew calmer, picked up the money, and put it in his pocket, and clambered up again to his bed in the hay.

Mr. Seymour was still unable to sleep. About daylight he heard the click of the gate-latch, and, peering through the blinds of the open window, he saw the tramp standing outside. He stood there motionless for at least five minutes, and appeared to be taking a survey of the entire premises. Then he turned and moved off down the road.

A look of intense relief came to the farmer's tired face.

"I was foolish to be so disturbed," he thought; "merely an accidental resemblance." Then he lay down to sleep; and when the breakfast bell rang, an hour later, he was in a sound slumber.

Wellington Seymour awakened, ate his meal, and went out among the harvesters, like one who has escaped from a threatening peril, and who can hardly realize the fact of his escape. All that had happened to him since the previous evening seemed like an unpleasant dream. The men in the field remarked that he was a whole hour late—something before unheard of—and that he did not talk as usual. At ten o'clock Dr. Beard's horse and buggy dashed up the road and halted opposite the field where they were all at work. Mr. Seymour went instantly out to the road, with a premonition that he was urgently wanted. It was even so. The messenger told him that at Oldfield Crossing, an hour before, a tramp had tried to catch a ride on a freight train; that he had fallen under the wheels, and was now dying, with both legs crushed: and that he had begged the doctor to send at once for Wellington Seymour, for he could not die without seeing him.

Mr. Seymour waited not an instant; not even to put on his coat, which he had left back in the field. He took his seat in the buggy, and in thirty minutes the fleet animal had brought him to the station. An excited crowd blocked the entrance to the freight house. Doctor Beard and several others came forward as Mr. Seymour stepped to the ground.

"He can't live half an hour," said the doctor. "I sent for you, because he calls for you all the time—and he seems to be in his right mind, too. Who do you think he is?"

"He is my brother," said Mr. Seymour.

"The crowd fell back as he advanced, and in a moment he and the doctor were alone with the dying tramp. A sheet had been thrown over his mangled limbs. His fading eyes lighted as he saw Mr. Seymour by his side, and he held out his hand to him.

"You didn't know me last night, Wellington?" he said.

"No, Winfield—not surely; but I suspected. Why didn't you tell me—why not speak out?

"And make you miserable?—you, and your wife, and that dear child, whose face is so like our mother's! Is she not like her, Wellington?"

"She is, indeed; but—

"Wait; hear me. These are my last moments, brother; let me talk. Do you remember those old days, when father and mother and you and I were so happy there at the old nomestead? Of course you do. You were ten years younger than I, and a little wild, be cause you were a boy; and father made his will, leaving everything to me, but charging me to be kind to you. And how things have changed! I became the wanderer, the sea-farer, and at last the tramp; you stayed at home, and when father died—when did he die, Wellington?"

"Three months after you went away. He died suddenly, and never altered the will."

"Yes, yes; I remember. All this I learned at Lennox, yesterday; I saw the record of the will, and learned that you had all the property, because I was held to be dead, and you were my sole heir. Last evening I came to you with my heart full of bitterness. I meant to turn you out, and take possession of my property. You softened me, Wellington, by the way that you received me; you, and your wife, and that blessed child. Still, I was irresolute. Unable to sleep, I went out in the moonlight, and visited all the dear old familiar places on the farm; and I saw the graves of your dead. Then I was decided; my heart was not hard enough to disturb you, I meant to go in peace, and leave you unmolested."

Wellington Seymour was completely unmanned. The tears flowed freely down his face as he held his brother's hands.

"You might have come back and lived with us," he said.

"You don't know me, brother" said the dying man. "I ran away from you this morning because I did not wish to injure you. I am a vicious being, dissolute past all hope of reformation; and do you think I could come and cloud the happiness of such a home as yours? God will be merciful to me, brother. He is calling me to a better home."

For a moment he lay silent, with his eyes closed. Wellington still held his hands, and sat by him, too full for words.

You know the chestnut tree, Welly?" said the tramp, opening his eyes. "Yes, of course; we've clubbed it many a time. Last night I saw it, and I thought that some time I should like to rest under it. The time has come sooner than I expected. I'm not fit to sleep beside your dead. Bury me under the chestnut tree—will you, Welly?"

"But, Winnie——"

"My last request, brother!"

"Yes, Winnie—I will."

"Kiss me, Welly."

"The strong man stooped his head; the tears fell from his eyes; the arm of the poor tramp was thrown around his neck; and thus, even as in the years long gone, he had fallen to sleep in the embrace of his brother, did Winfield Seymour enter into his final rest.—*Chicago Ledger.*

His Splendid Memory.

They were an impecunious crowd hanging around a street corner in Austin, hoping that some friend would come along and offer to treat, for they were very dry. And you will notice that a man is never so horribly thirsty as when he is broke.

A friend did come along after a while, but he was no better fixed than the rest of them in a pecuniary way; but he had resources in wit and invention that made him wealthy that day. It was Tom Anjerry, recently suspended from the University of Texas for playing pranks on the faculty.

"What's up?" asked Tom, observing the anxious countenances of his friends.

"We are hard up," replied one of the fellows. "We have been waiting here, hoping some friend would come along and invite us to beer. Can you go it, Tom?"

"I'm broke, too," said Tom; "but I will see what I can do. Follow me."

Then Tom led the way to a neighboring beer saloon and ordered the beer for the party. "I tell you," said Tom, as they were absorbing the beverage, "memory is one of the greatest gifts to man. Without it we would be deprived of recalling the past, which is half the pleasure of living. All men of intelligence have good memories. Here is our friend, the barkeeper. You have only to look at him to see that his memory is first-class."

The barkeeper blushed a little at the implied tribute to his intellect.

"You have a good memory, have you not?" said Tom.

"I have, indeed," promptly replied the man behind the bar.

"It is no trouble to you to remember things."

"Not at all."

"Then," said Tom, "will you please remember these drinks? They are on me."

"They are on me, this time," said the barkeeper, realizing the situatation at a glance, "but don't play that game again."—*Texas Siftings.*

Table Land of Tennessee.

There are peculiarites of climate that are not easily accounted for. Perhaps were any of them to be left out, the charm would be gone, but altogether make it a remarkable place. The altitude is but a little over 2,000 feet, but there is such a delightful breeze sweeping over the pleateau, uninterrupted by surrounding heights, that no vestige of malaria could possibly lurk there. Then the water, while limpid and pure as spring water can possibly be, is strongly impregnated with the minerals that underlie the mountains. If there is disease of any kind in the system, these waters will bring it to the surface, either in the form of boils or a fine eruption, which is not agreeable at the time, but which leaves the patient well at last. It must be the climate and water combined that do this, for until a few years past the diet was certainly adverse to health, being confined to bacon and corn bread. With the new civilization, all of the comforts and manners of the outer world have crept in, and as wild game abounds, the table need never be limited. Indeed, I think the menu of a supper given there a few weeks ago would compare favorbly with any one in our larger towns, beginning with oysters and ending with Neapolitan cream.—*Cor. New York Sun.*

Hints for the Household.

Ink stains on mahogany furniture will disappear if treated as follows: Procure a carpenter's chisel and gouge out the spots thus soiled. The holes may be filled up with putty. To remove stains from the character; inherit a fortune of $1,000,000.—*Norristown Herald.*

LIFE IN WILD SIBERIA.

How People Exist in One of the Coldest Countries in the World.

"In each cabin is the large fireplace, which is used for both heating and cooking," said Lieut. W. H. Scheutze, who has traveled in northwest Siberia. "There is seldom more than one room in these cabins, and usually the owner's cattle, if he has any, occupy one end of the room in which he lives, being tied or prevented from trampling on the babies by a bar. The houses are commonly very comfortable, but are awfully dirty, and smell—there is no word to describe it. Often, until I got used to it, I would rather lay down in the snow outside, with the thermometer 50 degrees below zero, than sleep in one of the huts. But you've no idea what a man can stand when he has to."

"Have they windows in their houses?"

"Yes, ice windows. They use ice as we use glass. A clear piece is selected about five or six inches thick, mortised in the window-opening in blocks two feet and sometimes as large as four feet square, and with water is made solid. The water is as good as putty. When the window becomes dirty they scrape it off with a knife, and when it has been scraped thin they substitute a new pane."

"Doesn't the window ever melt?"

"Bless you, no; it is freezing cold that far from the fire. If the room ever got warm enough to melt the ice the Yakut couldn't live in it, and would have to go out doors to cool off. At night the fire is allowed to go out, as they have to economise in fuel. All they have is driftwood, gathered on the banks of the Lena river in the summer time."

"How do they sleep? Do they undress when they go to bed?"

"Always. They strip to their shirts, which are made of a thick sort of Russian cloth, as heavy as our canvas. The men and women wear the same kind of garments, and never have more than one at a time. I took up a lot of thick flannel for them, enough to last the rest of their lives, and it will be a great deal more comfortable than the native suit, although they don't like it at first. When they undress they get into bunks built in the side of the house, sometimes a man, his wife, and all his children in the same bunk. They have reindeer skins under and over them, and curtains of the same hanging before the bunks."

"Do they ever bathe?"

"Never in their lives. They haven't any word for bathing in their language, and the impossibility of keeping clean is one of the greatest hardships of Arctic life."

"What do they eat?"

"Reindeer meat, beef,—they have cows, queer looking animals about half as large as ours, with a hummock on their backs like a camel,—fish, bread made of black rye flour, tea, and an imported food made of chopped beef rolled into balls about the size of a marble and covered with a dough. These they pound up and make into a soup. There is a wood that is very nutritious when it is ground up and boiled. Mixed with reindeer meat it makes a good soup. They often eat their fish raw. Of course they freeze solid as soon as they are taken out of the water, and the native, particularly if he is on the road, cuts them off in shavings as thin as our chipped beef, and eats them raw. They are palatable, and I have lived for days at a time on them, with a cup of coffee, made over an alcohol-lamp, by way of variety. The greatest luxury they have is butter, and they will eat it by the pound as our people eat confectionery. A poor sort of butter is made from the milk of a native cow, that looks and tastes more like cheese, and they prize it above all other classes of food.

"The amount of butter a native will eat when he can get it," continued Lieut. Scheutze, "is astonishing. A friend of mine in Siberia told me of a man who ate thirty-six pounds in one day, and then didn't get all he wanted. They have a way of pounding up a red berry and mixing it with butter, which gives it a beautiful pink tint and improves the flavor. Their drink is the Russian vodka, almost pure alcohol, and they will trade their shirts for it. The liquor is scarce but expensive, so they are necessarily a temperate people."—*Cincinnati Sun.*

The Tall Hat Reform.

Boston attacked the tall hat nuisance with that stinging sarcasm which her high-toned culture knows so well how to apply. Result: The Yankee girl disdainfully turned her Plymouth Rock nose skyward and added a mansard to her already towering edifice. New York tried it on with her airy tra-la-la ridicule. Feminiuty smiled contemptuously at that waddle, and tossed her monumental pile in prouder disdain. Washington just appealed to the kindly instincts of the fair sex, and simply asked them to come to the aid of a lot of poor suffering wretches whose miseries they alone could assuage. That settled it, our charming women pitcher their monstrosities into the corner, and proceeded to make themselves—each in her own tasteful way—"a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Moral: Never abuse a woman. If you do she'll settle into an obstinacy fixed as the stars. Appeal to her kindness of heart, and she'll give her head away—tall hat and all.—*Washington Capital.*

The Opossum.

The name of this animal is plainly of Celtic origin, and would indicate either that it was originally brought from Ireland, or else that the early inhabitants of America were Irish. (Do not miss this chance of showing what a blessing etymology is, and how much may be learned from a careful study of words.)

He is remarkable as being the only animal that is five-handed. He possesses a prehensile tail, which he is always ready to unfold, and with which he can pick up his living or climb up the tallest tree. His moral nature is rather low. He is of a grasping disposition, and might justly be called a professional mendicant, for he always carries his pouch with him, but he never goes begging when there is a darky around. This is strange, because in habits he is carnivorous, and his food consists chiefly of negroes. He belong to the family Didelphides.—*Journal of Education.*

A man who commits suicide by hanging dies of his own free will and a cord.—*Boston Transcript.*

"ONLY AFTER DEATH."

WHAT WONDERS THE MICROSCOPE HAS DONE FOR US.

No Longer Obliged to Die, to Find Out "What's Killing Us."

One of the leading scientific publications states that many people are now using the microscope to discover the real cause of disease in the system, and to detect adulterations of food and medicines. This wonderful instrument has saved many a life. A microscopical test shows, for instance, the presence of albumen, or the life of the blood, in certain derangements of the kidneys, but medicine does not tell us how far advanced the derangement is, or whether it shall prove fatal. The microscope, however, gives us this knowledge:

Bright's disease, which so many people dread, was not fully known until the microscope revealed its characteristics. It greatly aids the physician skilled in its use in determining how far disease has advenced, and gives a fuller idea of the true structure of the kidney.

A noted German scholar recently discovered that by the aid of the microscope the physician can tell if there is a tumor forming in the system, and if certain appearances are seen in the fluids passed it is proof positive that the tumor is to be a malignant one.

If any derangement of the kidneys is detected by the microscope the physician looks for the developement of almost any disease the system is heir to, and any indication of Bright's disease, which has no symptoms of its own and cannot be fully recognized except by the microscope, he looks upon with alarm.

This disease has existed for more than 2,000 years. It is only until recently that the microscope has revealed to us its universal prevalence and fatal character. Persons who formerly died of what was called general debility, nervous breakdown, dropsy, paralysis, heart disease, rheumatism, apoplexy, etc., are now known to have really died of kidney disease, because, had there been no disorder of the kidneys, the chances are that the effects from which they died would never have existed.

As the world becomes better acquainted with the importance of the kidneys in the human economy by the aid of the microscope, there is greater alarm spread through the communities concerning it, and this accounts for the erroneous belief that it is on the increase.

As yet neither homeopathist nor allopathist is prepared with a cure for deranged kidneys, but the world has long since recognized, and many medical gentlemen also recognize and prescribed Warner's safe cure for these derangements, and admit that it is the only specific for the common and advanced forms of kidney disorders.

Formerly the true cause of death was discovered only after death. To day the microscope shows us, in the water we pass, the dangerous condition of any organ in the body, thus enabling us to treat it promptly and escape premature death.

As the microscope in the hands of laymen has revealed many diseases that the medical men were not aware of so that preparation, like many other discoveries in medicine and science, was found out by laymen, outside the medical code; consequently it comes very hard for medical men to indorse and prescribe it. Nevertheless, Warner's safe cure continues to grow in popularity and the evidences of its effectiveness are seen on every hand.

Some persons claim that the proprietors should give the medical profession the formula of this remedy, if it is such a "God-send to humanity," and let the physicians and public judge whether or not it be so recognized.

We, however, do not blame them for not publishing the formula, even to get the recognition of the medical profession. The standing of the men who manufacture this great remedy is equal to that of the majority of physicians, and the reason that some doctors give for not adopting and prescribing it—viz.: that they do not know what its ingredients are—is absurd.

Mr. Warner's statement that many of the ingredients are expensive, and that the desire of the unscrupulous dealer or prescriber to realize a large profit from its manufacture by using cheap or injurious substances for those ingredients would jeopardize its quality and reputation; and that Warner's safe cure cannot be made in small quantities on account of the expensive apparatus necessary in compounding these ingredients seems to us to be a reasonable and sufficient one.

The universal testimony of our friends and neighbors, and the indisputable evidence that it and it alone, has complete mastery over all diseases of the kidneys, is sufficient explanation of its extraordinary reputation, and conclusive proof that it is, perhaps the most beneficent discovery known to scientific medicine since the microscope revealed to us the all important nature of the organs it is designed to reach and benefit.

Light in the East

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

He had slept quietly all the long, silent night, while the family took turns in watching beside him, but as daylight approached, and the first faint rays of the coming sunlight dispelled the dim night shadows, he stirred uneasily.

His patient loving wife sat by the bed holding in hers one of the cold, pale hands that lay nerveless and almost pulseless beside him. He felt rather than saw that she was there.

"Mother" he asked presently, "is it light in the east?"

"Yes, David," she answered, with tearful voice, "the light is breaking."

"Then it is time to be up," he said, and so fell asleep.

And soon the red, rosy sun flooded the whole eastern sky with a radiance that reflected itself in the snow, and lit up that winter scene with an indescribable glory. But the old farm house looked sad and lonely. The cattle in the barn waiting to be fed, lowed mournfully to each other. The old house dog sat on the stoop and looked into the distance with pathetic eyes, and shivered with dumb instinct. And the early morning train coming around the curve slackened its speed as the men leaned forward to ask in patomine for their old friend. And they saw the bit of fluttering black that was to signal them, and instantly every head was bared and bowed.

So! he was gone, who for so many years had waved them a cheery "good morning" that had lasted them all the day.

Yes, when it was "light in the east" he was "up" and away. God having provided some better thing for him in the Morning Land.

There was a missionary concert at Rockland church the other evening, and among other things was a paper on missionary work read by a young lady. When she had finished, the leader of the meeting said: "We will now sing 'Hallelujah 'Tis Done.'" Whereat everybody smiled.—Rockland Courier-Gazette.

"I think" said the demure Miss Vitalittle "that a Christmas present from pa and ma would be very nice, you know, but what I really would like—" "Would be a Christmas present from some one out of the family" "And perhaps willing to come in," she responded, quietly. Hartford Post.

Miss Flank (to her cousin, who has inadvertently admired her foot)—Yes, papa thinks so much of my foot that while we were in Italy he tried his best to persuade me to have a bust made of it.—Harper's Bazar.

Landlady (examining a fugitive boarder's trunk)—"Why, Bridget, his trunk is full of bricks! How could they have got there?" "Sure, ma am, he brought one home in his hat ivery night."—Life.

The Crow Indians in Montana have made about $15,000 during the past year by charging cattlemen for the privilege of driving stock across their reservat on.

"Fortune hunter—Now, darling, say yes or no I've only fifteen minutes in which to catch the train." Heiress—"Better catch your train then. You are not going to catch me." Boston Courier.

Recipes for "Kyphl" and "Tasi," the perfumes used by the Egyptian priests and women of pleasure 3,000 years ago, have recently been printed in France.

The highest fountain in Europe is that in the gardens of Chatsworth, the seat of the duke of Devonshire. The hight of this famous jet is 267 feet.

Fir trees are the favorites with the ladies for Christmas trees fur trees that bear sealskin sacques.—Boston Bulletin.

Bold color combinations such as sky blue and mauve, scarlet and pale blue, heliotrope and orange, are made to fraternize in late French evening toilets.

The Russian bang, nearly straight, and only slightly curled under at the ends, is the accepted arrangement of the front hair of little people and young girls.

The magical effects of St. Jacobs Oil in removing soreness and stiffness makes it invaluable at all times. Rheumatism and Neuralgia promptly yield to it.

Some bonnets have the trimming so high and with so pronounced outlines that they resemble the helmets worn by the Hessians who surrendered at Yorktown.

Some young ladies in a western town have organized a "hugging club." No honorary membership for us. We want to be an active member of that club or nothing.

Pale blue and rose pink cashmere, trimmed with moss green plush, make pretty party frocks for young girls.

The poetess who can make "roast beef" rhyme with vegetables is the kind of a poetess the world is waiting to crown as queen.

Large plaids in vanishing effects of blue and brown are combined with golden brown plush for young girls and little children's frocks.

A bolero hat of dark blue astrakhan is trimmed with a cluster of loops of faille ribbon of the same tint, among which are two yellow wings.

The appropriations made by congress from 1818 to date for the erection and remodeling of the United States capitol, amount to $15,000,000.

Girdles of jet, ruby, pearl, crystal and cashmere beads, corresponding to the trimming of the gowns, are worn with tea gowns and reception toilets.

The rare manuscripts in the great Paris library are to be photographed so that they may be re-produced if destroyed.

Two watermelons, fresh from the vine, were shipped from Laurinburg, N. C., last week to a congressman at Washington.

Glossy beaver hats are worn by young ladies with dressy afternoon toilets as well as with tailor made suits in the morning.

In England glace kid gloves are superseding those of peau de Suede for full dress. It is even announced that white kid gloves are to be restored to favor.

Dr. Gross, physician at St. Vincent's Hospital, Baltimore Md., considers Red Star Cough Cure perfectly harmless, being purely vegetable and entirely free from opiates, poisons, and other narcotics. Other professionals also endorse it as prompt, safe and sure. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle.

Plush and velvet, with dots of contrasting color, are much used for millinery purposes.

A PITIABLE SIGHT.

A Little Child Scarcely Three Years Old Drawn out of Shape by Inflammatory Rheumatism.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 18, 1886.

Pardee Medicine Co.,

GENTLEMEN:—We desire to express our feelings of gratitude for the great blessing received at your hands in restoring to us in perfect health, our little three-year-old son, who for weeks has been a very great sufferer with inflammatory rheumatism. His little hands and arms were badly inflamed and so drawn out of shape that we feared he would never again have the use of them; but thanks to Dr. Pardee's excellent remedy, he is now entirely free from pain and has free use of his hands and arms; in fact is in better health than ever before. We feel that your remedy has performed almost a miracle, and believe it to be the best on earth, and recommend it to any afflicted with rheumatism.

We are very truly yours,

Mr. & Mrs. H. KLEEHIMER.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

ROME, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:—I willingly give the following testimonial: I have used Dr. Pardee's Rheumatic Remedy and I can truthfully say it is the best medicine that I have ever taken. I tried doctors and many preparations, but they did me no good. This is the remedy that has cured me of inflammatory rheumatism. I would like to tell those who are troubled with it, that this is the sure and cheapest cure for them to buy. Yours respectfully,

BENJ. J. BASENFELDER.

John Adams of Engine House No. 3, Rochester, N. Y., was confined to his bed with inflammatory rheumatism. He used three bottles of Dr. Pardee's Remedy and is now able to be about. Can walk without crutch or cane. He says: "it is the best remedy on earth. I am recommending it to every one I see that is afflicted with rheumatism."

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

Pardee Medicine, Co., Rochester, N. Y.

There are as many ways of using fur as a dress accessory for warmth or ornament as there are different kinds of furs.

A Remarkable Cure of a Diseased Stomach which the Doctors had Pronounced Incurable. Read This.

JACKSON, MICH., Dec. 29, 1886.

Rheumatic Syrup Co.:

Gentlemen—For over twenty years I have been a great sufferer from the effects of a diseased stomach. For months at a time I have been unable to work and for three years past have most of the time been unable to do any business, hardly able to move about. Two years ago my case was pronounced by the best medical skill incurable. With all the rest of my troubles rheumatism in its worst form set in, and for two years past I have not been able to lay on my back. I visited different water cures and tried different climates, but all to no good. Last June I began using Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters, and at once began to feel better. I have used thirteen bottles and am a well man, to the utter surprise of all who knew me and of my long continued sickness.

To those who may be suffering from sickness of the nature of my disease I want to say to them get this remedy and take it and they will never regret it.

Very truly yours,

EDWARD BAKER,

Master Mechanic and Blacksmith, 202 Jackson Street, Jackson, Mich.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Statement by Dr. J. T. Main.

Rheumatic Syrup Co:

Gentlemen.—I have prescribed Hibbard's Rheumatic Plasters quite largely in my practice, and am much pleased with them. I do not hesitate to recommend them as a superior article containing the virtues of the old belladonna plasters, with other valuable and important properties.

Very truly yours,

J. T. MAIN, M. D.

Jackson, Mich., Dec. 22, 1886.

At Paterson a woman swallowed her artificial teeth last week; but her mouth is said to be so big that she could swallow her own head if the paint on her face wouldn't gag her.

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

The wearing of wool materials on all occasions by children has greatly diminished the use of silken stuffs for their best frocks.

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

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

Jerseys are still worn, but they have scarcely any resemblance to those formerly in vogue. They are now made to fit the figure perfectly, and have all the seams arranged with whalebones like a dress bodice. Many of them are elaborately trimmed.

Pleasant to the taste and surprisingly quick in relieving Coughs and Colds, it is not at all strange that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has displaced so many other Cough remedies.

Tailors are making costumes exceedingly plain. Vests of velvet, cloth or plush, or plastrons braided in military style, are the embellishments permitted in the severe style at present in vogue.

"Do you know, Featherwaite, Maud Smythe plays poker very well, indeed; says it is her favorite game." "Judging from her wealth of bustle, I should say her favorite game was backgammon."

"Mr. Lighthead," said Johnny, "my sister treats you better'n she does me." "Does she, Johnny?" asked Lighthead with a laugh. "Why do you think so?" "Well, I heard her tell ma she gave you lots of taffy, but she never gives me any."

Vests of fur are novel adjuncts to walking jackets. They fit smoothly and convey no idea of clumsiness, as would be imagined. Short sealskin mantles with sling sleeves have vests of fur. Astrakhan is used this season as a trimming for sealskin.

"For those that fly may fight again," tho' really if the cause of the trouble is headache or neuralgia, there'll be no more fuss after using a bottle of Salvation Oil. The druggists sell it for 25 cents.

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

Health Marks.

A bright eye, clear skin, glowing features, animated expression, and a quick, firm step. These are all secured by using Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic.

Polonaises trimmed with fur are coming in vogue.

No More Sick Headache if You Use

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. No purging. 25 cents.

Mrs. Abba Gould Woolson is passing the winter in Boston.

Important To All

who are willing to work for the reward of success. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will mail you, free, full particulars about work that either sex, young or old, can do, at a profit of from $5 to $25 per day, and upwards, and live at home, wherever they are located. All can do the work. Capital not required; Hallett & Co., will start you. Grand success absolutely sure. Write at once and see.

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

COUGHS. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are used to advantage to alleviate Coughs, Sore Throat, and Bronchial Affections.

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

PURE COD-LIVER OIL made from selected livers, on the sea-shore, by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in the market.

Silver threaded crepe worn over satin combined with plush for the bodice, is the favorite ball gown of the season.

Every Nervous Person Should

USE CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. 25 cents.

For Good Purposes.

Mrs. M. A. Dauphin of Philadelphia, is well known to the ladies of that city from the great good she has done by means of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She writes Mrs. Pinkham of a recent interesting case. "A young married lady came to me suffering with a severe case of Prolapsus and Ulceration. She commenced taking the Compound and in two months was *fully restored.* In proof of this she soon found herself in an interesting condition. Influenced by foolish friends she attempted to evade the responsibilities of maturity. After ten or twelve days she came to me again and she was indeed in a most alarming state and suffering terribly. I gave her a table-spoonful of the compound every hour for eight hours until she fell asleep, she awoke much relieved and evidently better. She continued taking the Compound, and in due season she became the mother of a fine healthy boy. But for the timely use of the medicine she believes her life would have been lost.

Your druggist has the compound, $1 per bottle.

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

DRUG CLERKS For information send to 40 Dearborn St., Chicago. Illinois College of Pharmacy.

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

$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.

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

TELEGRAPHY Learn here and earn good pay. Situations furnished. Write Valentine Bros., Janesville, Wis.

OPIUM and Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 30 days. Refer to 1000 patients cured in all parts. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

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

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

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, Business forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc., thoroughly taught by mail. Circulars free. BRYANT'S COLLEGE, Buffalo, N. Y.

RUPTURE If you want relief and cure at your home, send for Dr. J. A. Sherman's circular of instructions. 294 Broadway, New York.

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

PREPARED PRESCRIPTIONS! A sure cure for Nervous Debility, &c. Trial Package and 64 page book of instructions, free on receipt of 25 cents postage. Address, THE PERU CHEMICAL CO., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Phoebe Tupper. Information Wanted

Of the whereabouts of Phoebe Tupper, wife of James Tupper, by the executors of Alpheus J. Woodward deceased, who have something important to communicate. Address CHAS. E. FULLER, Attorney, Belvidere, Illinois.

DETECTIVES

Wanted in every County. Shrewd men to act under our instructions in our Secret Service. Experience not necessary. Send stamp for particulars. GRANNAN DETECTIVE BUREAU, 44 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

WARREN'S FEATHERBONE For Dressmaking!

Ladies who wear *Featherbone* in *Dresses, Waists or Corsets* are delighted with it. Soft and pliable. *Absolutely unbreakable.* For sale everywhere. Try it.

SOLDIERS' MANUAL 16 PAGE PAMPHLET of important information. Send for it. MILO B. STEVENS & CO., PENSION ATTORNEYS, CHICAGO, ILL.

FACE, HANDS, FEET, and all their imperfections, including Facial Development, Hair and Scalp, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Black Heads, Scars, Pitting and their treatment. Send 10c. for book of 50 pages, 4th edition. Dr. J. H. Woodbury, 37 N. Pearl St., Albany, N.Y., Est'd 1870.

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.

LYMAN'S Patent Gun Sights make Hunting and Target Rifles perfect. Send for circulars. WM. LYMAN, Middlefield, Conn.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878. THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS

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.

CATARRH, HEADACHE, ASTHMA, NEURALGIA, Quickly relieved by using Cushman's Menthol Inhaler and by continued use effect a cure. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. It lasts from six months to one year. Price 50 cents; by mail or at druggist. Circulars mailed on application. H. D. CUSHMAN, Three Rivers, Mich.

JONES HE PAYS the FREIGHT 5 Ton Wagon Scales, Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box for **$60.** Every size Scale. For free price list mention this paper and address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

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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.

BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER *Highest Awards of Medals in Europe and America.* The neatest, quickest, safest and most powerful remedy known for Rheumatism, Pluersy, 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.

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Have been enjoyed by the citizens of nearly every town and city in the U. S., and thousands of people can testify to the wonderful healing power of **Hamlin's Wizard Oil.** It Cures Neuralgia, Toothache, Headache, Catarrh, Croup, Sore Throat, **RHEUMATISM,** Lame Back, Stiff Joints, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Wounds, Old Sores and **All Aches and Pains.** The many testimonials received by us more than prove all we claim for this valuable remedy. It not only relieves the most severe pains, but **It Cures You. That's the Idea!** For sale by all Druggists. Price, 50 cents per bottle. Our Song Book mailed free to everybody. Address WIZARD OIL COMPANY, CHICAGO.

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HAY-FEVER

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into nostrils is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head. Allays inflammation. Heals the sores. Restores the senses of taste and smell. 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, NY.

IMPERIAL EGG FOOD will largely increase Egg production, strengthen weak and drooping fowls, promote the healthy growth and developement of all varieties of poultry and ensure fine condition and smooth plumage. This is no forcing process; you simply give them the chemicals to make eggs, at a cost of less than one cent a week for each fowl. We mail packages for 50c and $1. 6 lb. 10 lb and 25 lb packages delivered to freight or express Co. for $2.00, $3.00 and $6.25 respectively. Ask your local tradesman or write to F. C. STURTEVANT, Hartford, Ct.

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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.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH **PENNYROYAL PILLS** The Original and Only Genuine. Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless imitations. Ladies, ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or inclose 4c. (stamps) to us for particulars in letter by return mail. NAME PAPER. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 2818 Madison Square, Philada. Pa. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

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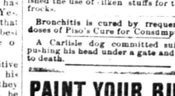

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Buy a cake of Lenox and you will soon understand why.