Thrashed into Manhood.

B ——

New England Farmer.

Constable John Frick. That's me. A matter rough to look at, but sound inside.

Lots of folks affect to sneer at a constable; look down on him in a way as if he was naturally mean and no account.

But Constable John Frick has a soul in him, and a heart as soft as a woman's. Indeed, he has been called chicken-hearted just because he wouldn't kick a stray dog nor tramp on a sick kitten.

But this is neither here nor there.

Constable John Frick is going to tell some of his experience on duty.

I mind the day well when I received the paper to warn a certain family that they must "get out," that is, leave the house of Landlord Craigly, because it was an awful stinging cold day in March, when the wind seemed to be tearing things to flinders round the corners of the old frame buildings, and whistled and howled in a way to make a base burner head boss of the ranch.

Rooms 6 and 7, in a great rambling barn of a place, one of a dingy block down the river; a grimy-looking brick building that had once been a warehouse. Now, the long, narrow wilderness of storerooms were cut into little cubby holes to live in at both ends, with just one window for light, and dark passageways to pass in and out.

I remember I thought they were miserable places for God's creatures to live in, and awful weather to put a family out onto the sidewalk in.

I may as well own up that Constable John Frick had "no heart" for this part of the business. Of course the landlord had a right to his rent. That's evident. If the tenants didn't pay they must go out.

All the same Constable John Frick felt mean and uncomfortable.

To save his neck he couldn't account for it but it seemed as if something would keep on suggesting: "Suppose there's a delicate woman and a lot of little children!"

For answer the soul of Constable John Frick kept on respouding: "Putting 'em out into the cold roadway such stinging weather will be miserable, make the best of it" and his heart "kicked" strong against it.

But this was borrowing trouble. And it wasn't business.

It might be that the man—Carl Sevholm was his name on the writ—would go out peaceful. I know I prayed strong it might be so, though it would be fees out of Constable John Frick's pocket if he did.

Room 6 in the rear on the ground floor. I had to reach it through a saloon. Curious how saloons seem to be everlastingly mixed up with poor families who have to be put out into the street.

Who kept the saloon I never knew. There was a greasy-faced, fat-bellied bulk of a man, in a brown knit woolen jacket behind the bar, and a slim young fellow crouched against the wall to one side, boozy, stupid from the effects of liquor or beer.

It pretty nigh make me sick to look at this young chap; he was so frowsy and rumpled and filthy, as if he had been rolled in a dust heap and then raked through the gutter.

Mr. Sevholm. As I looked at him I involuntarily said to myself: "God help your wife and children!"

The greasy-faced man jerked his thumb over his shoulder to indicate room 6, and I rapped for admittance.

Never was so surprised in my life. Expected to find a slatternly, frowsy woman to match the sodden husband, and a mess of dirty, squalling brats tumbling about the floor in confusion.

Nothing of the kind. If you'll believe it, I found a slim-built, pale-faced little woman, sitting in a low rocking chair with a wee baby on her lap, trying to coo it out of the fretful pain it was in.

One day—and not far away, either,—she had been as "pretty as a picture." But this was past. Trouble of mind had got in its awful wearing work, making her delicate face thin and pinched and death-like, and the big eyes unnaturally bright.

There was a pretty fair show of tidyish furniture, only it looked as if discouragement had fallen like a mildew on it and the mistress had lost all heart in trying to keep it trim and shapely.

I could see that as plain as a big sign-board. Trouble has its own stamp and if you've seen it once you know it again the minute you set your eyes on it.

I swear, I felt bad, looking at the discouragement and troubled look on the woman's face, and the wee sick baby in her lap—remembering the sodden brute of a husband outside. It made my voice tremble so when I went in to explain my business, that I don't believe I made myself understood. But she was expecting what I came for, because the landlord had handed in his notice to leave. She tried to smile, poor thing, faltering out the word that she supposed I was the constable.

It was an awful sick smile though. It made my heart ache to see it. It was a sight more pitiful than a frown.

It may seem a strange admission to make, but Constable John Frick apologized for doing his duty. Actually said he was sorry for having to do it. Then he touched the weeny cheek of the baby with his rough fingers and said he hoped it would soon be well, and otherwise talked in a way some folks might have thought was ridiculous in a constable.

But then if a man has a soft, tender heart, being a constable won't change it, you know.

When the landlord came to the 'squire's office, four days later, and peremptorily ordered the things put out of rooms six and seven, Constable John Frick felt about as blue as he ever did in all his life. He hadn't been able to get that delicate little woman's face out of his mind, nor the sick baby, nor the drunken wretch of a husband.

To tell the plain truth, he and his good wife had talked the matter over frequently. You see she was a mother and had a mother's big and tender heart in her bosom, quick as a flash to feel where children were concerned. Only that morning when I was starting away on duty, she said, promiscuous like:

"Recollect, John Frick, if you put that poor woman and her baby out into the street such a day as this—snowing and blowing fit to kill—you needn't never look me in the face again."

"Jane," I said in my most dignified voice "I must do my duty."

"But, Lord, what a heap of mean, cruel things we sometimes do in that same name of duty.

When the writ of expulsion was put into my hands, and the landlord said he wouldn't give another day, I felt meaner than a skunk. The weather was just fearful. It was not only biting cold, but damp and foggy, and enough gloomy to make folks in trouble bend their ideas to getting relief by self murder.

I found the same sodden young man in the saloon, as tipsy and slouchy and dirty as before. No, come to think, not exactly the same. Now he was noisy drunk, swaggering about the place, swearing and bragging, thick-tongued and maudlin, and looking still more disgusting than when he was doubled up on the chair.

"What the—do you want in here?" he yelled, as I was passing on to room six.

"You dry up, Sevholm!" snapped the greasy faced man, grabbing him by the arm and swinging him back from following after me. "He's got business with your wife. Keep still—you're not fit for business."

But the tipsy loafer broke away and burst into the presence of his wife, and when I had explained the nature of my errand, he ranted out:

"It's all right, Elsie. I,ve got a place ready. I'll fetch a wagon and have the things moved right away." And out he started on the run.

"I am glad of that," I said to his wife, as she held up her white, troubled face toward me. How in the world did so nice a woman become tied to a brute like this?

"Oh, if he only will!" was the pitiful exclamation of the heart-stricken woman.

I now learned that another suite of rooms had been secured, only waiting payment of the first month's rent in advance, and that by the sale of a portion of his wite's best wearing apparel, the needed money had been secured. I also learned that the man was a first-class workman in a business which paid exceptionally high wages, and that until he had fallen into habits of intoxication they had lived as happ ly and respectably as hearts could desire.

would he return with the team and gain the new home for his family? or would he continue his drunken spree and spend the money his wife's clothing had been sacrificed to secure? I asked these questions a score of times, as I stole furtive glances at the troubled look in the woman's eyes, and noted the terrible strain her mind was in while he was gone.

The furniture was nearly all packed in readiness for removel, and I knew, though she did not tell me that the frail wife had spent her strength in the arduous preparation.

I had told the landlord that they were ready to move and would be surely gone that day. He was not half satisfied. He came tearing to the office in a great stew of anger and impatience to have them thrust out forthwith. He would not grant another hour's delay, so there was no help for it, if Sevholm did not speedily appear I should be compelled to place their effects on the sidewalk.

So stating to Mrs. Sevholm, I added that I would a heap rather take a licking than do it. With tears of thankfulness in her eyes she responded:

"You shall not be put to the pain of it. God bless you for your kindly sympathy. You are like the dear old father that I once had."

Then after she had turned away her head a minute to brush away the tears that blinded her, she drew from the bosom of her dress, and as she held it up for me to look at, went on:

"It cuts me to the heart to sell this. It was a present from my mother the day I was married. I can sell it for enough to pay the rent and have the things moved in a little while, if you will be so good as to watch the baby until my return.

Of course I understood well enough that she had given up all hopes of her man's return, or of ever seeing the money she had trusted him with to pay for the rooms. And it was curious, as I could see as plain as plain could be, that she was ten times over more pained and worried about me finding out what a miserable scamp her husband was showing himself to be, than for the trouble and misery he had heaped upon herself.

That was womanlike.

I wouldn't listen to what she had proposed by no manner of means. As good luck would have it, I had ten dollars in my pocket. Said I:

"If this will be enough I will lend it on the chain, and you can buy it back whenever you are able. That way you need not lose your mother's present nor pay any interest."

She couldn't speak for thanks. Her heart was too full.

At this very instant her husband came tearing into the room before his wife could get the jewelry out of sight.

"Give that to me!" he screamed. "I knew you had it all along. But you lied! You lied!

With this he struck at her in his drunken rage and poured forth a torrent of cursing vituperation.

Then I grabbed him and yanked him backwards with a pretty rough jerk, but before I could secure him he gave me a clip under the ear that knocked me over a stool, and made another savage lunge at the defenseless woman as she strove to get out of his way.

The blood of Constable John Frick was now up to fever heat. Generally he is a mild tempered man with a constitutional tendency to peace. He never could stand quiet and see a woman or child abused though, and he tackled that brute with, as little compunction as he would have trampled the life out of a snake or rat.

I knocked him down, kicked him a time or two in the ribs, and mopped up the floor with him in a way that sobered him so he fairly roared for mercy. Never gave a man such an unmerciful thrashing in my life before.

And all this time his wife, her face as white as death and holding out her arms imploringly, begged for mercy on his cowardly hide.

That was womanlike, too.

"Now you get a team and move this stuff lively!" I said, as I let him crawl up off the floor.

Turning to his wife, as she stood all in a tremble, I assured her he had never had anything do him so much good as that beating would do.

And I was right, as I am able to show.

I did not see or hear anything of them, except once, about three months after, when Sevholm, called at the office and redeemed the chain, till as much as two years had gone by. I chanced to be walking one evening on a street I had not seen before, when I came in front of a mighty little cottage, with a trim garden and grass lawn in front and stood admiring it a bit, as I have a fashion of stopping to enjoy the sight of a nice place, when a hand was laid on my shoulder real hearty, and a cheery voice cried:

"Constable John Frick! Give me your hand!"

If you'll believe me, it was that identical loafer, Carl Sevholm!

But not the first bit of a loafer now. Not much. You wouldn't meet a smarter looking man nor more rspectable gentleman in a long day's march. It was a solid pleasure to look at him and remember what a God forsaken scamp he had been not three years ago.

"Come right in and see Mrs. Sevholm!" he said, pulling me up to the side porch, all covered with pretty vines. "She'll be mighty glad to see you."

Pleased? You'd believe it. Pleased wasn't half a name for it. The light of new-born happiness and thankful gratitude was just dancing in her bright eyes.

Ah, wasn't she a picture! Health and rosy gladness of heart had all come back to her. Soul-numbing trouble had all gone. She was just as sweet and nice looking a lady as I ever set eyes on; and the baby, as plump and fresh as a spring robin, was toddling around like a house a-fire.

House was furnished handsome, I can tell you. Everything in top apple-pie order. It was easy to see that the old miserable saloon tippling was played out for good. When I stood up to leave, after enjoying a real pleasant chat and promisng to call again, Sevholm clasped my hand as he said:

"Constable John Frick, that was an awful thrashing you gave me. My bones ached for a month. But it did me more good than anything I ever had. And I thank you for it to-day. It made a man of me. God bless you!"

A WAR REMINISCENCE.

How the Tennessee river was Bridged in Twelve Hours.

Cincinnati Times-Star.

"A man could go through twenty battles on a quarter the cold nerve that Andy Hickenlooper had to use in one little episode with McPherson down on the Tennessee river, when there wasn't an enemy is sight," said Capt. Jim Harper to a reporter one day recently. "One evening about an hour before sundown Col. Hickenlooper was called to McPherson's tent and informed that it was necessary for the entire army of 30,000 men to be across the river and after the Johnnies by daylight next morning.

"'But, General,' said Andy, 'there isn't a stick of timber within forty miles big enough to carry an empty caisson, and the wagons with the pontons are ten miles back.

"'Can't help that,' replied McPherson curtly. 'The bridge must be built and the army on the move before 4 o'clock to-morrow morning. Good afternoon, Gen. Hickenlooper.'

"'I left the tent and went down to the river,' said Gen. Hickenlooper, in telling this experience not long ago, 'and I don't suppose a man could be in greater misery, mentally, than I was. I walked up and down the bank for an honr sizing up the situation. I knew that, as chief of the Engineer Corps, I was expected to solve the problem some way; and that to fail then was to lose all standing professionally not only for the war, but probably for all the future. I think I must have sweat blood, if such a thing were possible. Finally I wandered nearly half a mile up the bank, and there, half a mile back, I came across an old gin piled full of cotton. I guess there must have been 2,000 or 3,000 bales. My sharpened wits caught on right away. Why not make a bridge of the cotton, using the boards for a roadway?

"'In thirty minutes I had a large detail of men on the ground, and the night's work commenced. We sunk the bales with big stones, laying two tiers of four bales each clear across the river, holding them in place by two big cables stretched across on the lower side. The boards of the gin made a tolerable roadway, but at its best it was an awful scaly job. The top bales were only about three inches out of the water, and I wasn't at all sure the cables would stand the strain. But at 3 o'clock I walked up to McPherson's tent and routed him out of bed. How well I remember him lying there on his elbow, holding up a match to see my face as I approached his bunk. "General, the bridge is ready." "Very well, Colonel,"had passed before the match went out, and before I had walked three rods from headquarters "boots and saddles" had been sounded and the camp was a bedlam.

"'I crossed the bridge and stood at the edge of the water, expecting and dreading to see the cables part under the terrific strain. Why, those cotton bales settled under the weight of the heavy guns until the water ran into the mouth of the cannon, but she stood the test, and at 11:30 the last wagon had made safe passage, and we signaled ahead to McPherson: "All over." In a little while an orderly came galloping back to summon me to McPherson, who was five miles ahead by this time. When I rode up to my autocratic superior he saluted and said: "That was well done, Colonel. Now you go back and cut the bridge loose and I'll telegraph the gunboats down on the Mississippi to pick up the cotton for you and your assistant engineer." I thought that was a first-class reward and of course performed my part of work,'concluded Hickenlooper."

"What did the cotton bring him. Mr. Harper?"

"Not a red cent. The gunboat picked up the cotton all right, but Andy never saw any of the money for it. It looks hard to tell a man to make something out of nothing, but that's war. It's only in active field service that a fellow learns the full meaning of the proverb, 'Necessity knows no law.' As an engineer and an ex-soldier, I tell you I'd rather be twenty times under fire than pass through one such snap as that which induced Gen. Hickenlooper to plan and construct a bridge strong enough to carry six-mule wagons, loaded with subsistence and ammunion, out of cotton bales, over a swift stream, *in* less than twelve hours."

A Touching Incident.

The Springfield Republican relates one of the most touching incidents of a recent railroad disaster in Vermont:

Frank Winch, a traveling salesman for a New York house, arrived in Boston. He was in the Boston sleeper, and when he recovered consciousness after having been rendered insensible by the crash of the falling cars, made his escape through the window to the ice. In a few minutes, he says, flames appeared in the debris, and those who were pinned in by seats and timbers, began to realize the danger of being burned to death. Until the flames had made considerable progress there was not much screaming, but when the situation was fully realized, the crys of distress are awful to hear. Winch set about with other survivors to release unfortunates. One was a young woman, whose attire indicated wealth, whose face was strikingly beautiful. She was pinned down by heavy timbers which had fallen across her breast. Her position was near the point where the flames first appeared, and as she realized the approach of her awful doom, she uttered the most frightful cries, pleading for help with every breath. As the flames gathered fury and drew nearer, she suddenly became strangely calm, and calling upon Winch, who was struggling with others to free her, to come nearer, she calmy admitted she realized the nearness of her end. She asked Winch to pray with her, and he knelt on the ice and prayed, while she meanwhile in a low tone followed his supplication. It was a fearful scene, the groans and shrieks of the wounded; the mass of ruins in the midst of snow and ice, with the light from the burning, crackling timbers throwing a lurid glare over the scene. When the fire had come so near that the lady had to be left to her fate, Winch withdrew to save himself, and turned his head away to avoid the horrible sight. The woman was burned to an unrecognizable mass.

HOW TO LIVE.

Verily, One Man's Meat is Another Man's Poison, From the Brooklyn Sunday Eagle.

The difference in the views even of physicians as to the best means of keeping the clock-work of life going are almost as great as the original differences in the time pieces themselves. Some people think it necessary to eat three or four meals a day in order to keep their lives agoing, while others declare that the chief destroyer of life and health is food itself. When a sleek, well-fed man called on Abernethy and complained of a general breakup in health, the quaint old Esculapius said: "Give up your dinners; live on sixpence a day and earn it." The ancients were generally content with two square meals a day, the prandium and the cœna, and many modern philosophers have found that they feel much lighter and more confortable when they eat only twice in twenty-four hours. Others, on the contrary, both physicians and laymen, whenever they see a person in weak health recommend more food, and when the dyspeptic answers that tough Chicago beef, such as Brooklyn is now rejoicing in, does not "sit easy on his bosom's lord,"—the stomach—entreat him or her to take more nourishment, such as jelly every five minutes, beef tea every hour, oysters before going to bed, and port wine whenever a faint feeling comes upon them. Sir Robert Peel, before he made any great effort in the English house of commons, used to eat a big, rare, rump steak with a bottle of port. Pitt and Fox used to take two bottles of the same seductive fluid, and so did Lord Chancellor Elden every night of his life for fifty years. One man thinks boxing will keep him strong; anotner, rowing; a third, walking so many miles every day without any object; a fourth, going to bed at a particular hour every night; a fifth, oatmeal every morning; a sixth, bathing every day, and so forth. Physical exertion is no doubt, one of the greatest preservatives of life and health, but when overdone it has killed thousands of strong men by heart disease, consumption, apoplexy or paralysis. Mr. Gladstone has recruited his strength for many years felling trees, and his diet is very simple, a little fish, some bread and cheese and half a pint bitter ale often serving him for a dinner at his club after a hard day's work. Other brain workers, like Archbishop Whately, have had enormous appetites and been equal to three ordinary men at a dinner table. Pure air and water have a great deal to do with longevity, so much so that in the lake districts of Westmoreland, England, the average age of those who died during a recent very severe winter was above eighty-five years.

Some sanitarians are always saying, "Take a rest; let your mind lie fallow; don't work so much," and seem to think that brain work especially is a constant drain upon one's vital capital. Others, I believe more truly, look upon idleness as the real "thief of time," and point to the great workers who have lived to a grand old age. Mathematicians claim that even the absorbing mental process of working out difficult problems is conductive to longevity. Liebnitz, they tell us, lived his seventy years, Euhle his seventy-six, Lagrange his seventy-seven, Laplace his seventy-eight years, while Sir Isaac Newton died at eighty-five, Plato at eighty-two, Archemedes at seventy-five, and the somewhat mythical Pythagoras at ninety. Some of these ancients, however, were not eminent mathematicians, but may be classed as general philosophers, natural or metaphysical. Poets do not always die before their time, as Keats and Byron and Arthur Hugh Clough did. On the contrary, the much-abused Tennyson, whom I have seen drinking "hearty" at the crystal palace, Syndenham, of that great natural English institution, bitter pale ale, will survive. I prophesy, all the terrible criticisms on his conservatism, which have been made about his last poem, and perhaps most severely by the ex-Prime Minister Gladstone, who conferred his earldom upon him.

AUBREY'S RIDE.

Eight Hundred Miles on Horseback in Five Days and Thirteen Hours.

From the St. Louis Republican.

M. Alexander Majors, the pioneer freighter and stager of the great West, recounted the story of Aubery's famous ride from Santa Fe. N. M., to Independence, Mo., the latter place at that time being the point from which freighting was done throught the West and South to the Pacific slope.

"Aubrey was a French Canadian, small of stature, but compactly built, and at that time was not over 35 years. He made the ride on horseback between Santa Fe and Independence on two different occasions. The first time, 1849 on a wager of $1,000 that he could make the ride in eight days. The distance was 800 miles. He accomplished it at the expense of the lives of a couple of horses and won his wager. The second time he wagered that he could make the ride in six days. This was in the summer of 1850. He left Santa Fe early in July. In order to win his wager it was necessary to ride an average of over 130 miles per day—that is every twenty-four hours. The wager this time was $2,000. Aubrey made arrangements with the semi-monthly stage that was then running between Independance and Santa Fe to bring him several horses from Independence. There were only two or three stations on the road between the two places at that time, and his arrangements were such as to allow him to change horses about once every twenty-four hours This was Aubrey's famous ride, and it was the talk of the whole Western country for years. He made it in five days and thirteen hours, and I have always belived that he was the only man in the world that could have accomplished it. His endurance was wonderful. Think of being steadily in the saddle and riding at the speed he did for almost six days.

Aubrey's death was tragic. He had a very good friend in Santa Fe named Waitman—Major Waitman—who was publishing a paper at Santa Fe. Aubrey used to buy sheep and drive them to California. Once when he made one of those trips Waitman published a small paragraph in regard to Aubrey that the latter did not like. When Aubrey returned they met, and stepped into a saloon to take a drink together. Aubrey referred to the item, and when Waitman replied Aubrey called him a— —liar Waitman replied by dashing the contents of his glass in Aubreys face. Aubrey reached for his revolver but Waitman was too quick for him, and plunged a knife into his heart. Aubrey dropped dead on the spot, and Waitman was cleared on plea of self-defence.

Mr. Beecher has "no sympathy with eight-hour men who have fourteen-hour wives."

NEWS FROM AUSTRALIA.

United States Ahead—The Famous "Buckeye" Wins a Great Victory.

All patriotic citizens will join with Messrs. Aultman, Miller & Co., of Akron, Ohio, in general congratulations over the big victory which their "Light Draft Buckeye Folding Binder" gained at Shepparton, Victoria, Dec. 14, 1886, over various competitors, by which the great national gold medal was won. The following article taken from the Melbourne Argus of Dec. 16 last, tells how it was done:

The Argus says: "The field trial reapers and binders in cennection with the National Show at Shepparton was held on Tuesday, the 14th instant, on Mr. Guthrie's farm, about two miles from Shepparton. Owing to the pressure of harvest work, crops in all directions being ripe, the attendance of farmers did not exceed 150, but great interest was taken in the proceedings. As at the late show, the judges placed the Hornsby machine first, McCormick second and the Woods third; the "Buckeye" representative disliked being left out in the cold, and demanded a field trial as provided by the rules, the McCormick also sharing in the protest, so the prizes were held over pending the field trial. The crop was ripe wheat, and the land was so rough that none of the machines could show very low cutting, and the jolting over the hard clods was tolerably severe on horses, machines and drivers. Two o'clock was the hour fixed for the trial, but as the "Buckeye" was the only machine then ready, a delay was caused by the Hornsby and McCormick experts giving their machines a preliminary run in the adjoining block of crop, and a start was not made until a quarter past three. The five judges gave great attention to their duties, and were ably seconded by the sub-committee appointed by the society and the secretary, Mr. Harold B. Turnley. About two acres were allotted to each machine, and they finished in the following order: "Buckeye," 1h 10 min.; Hornsby, 1h. 19 min.; McCormick, 1h. 26 min. The two latter machines were drawn by three horses each, while two lighter horses worked the "Buckeye" binder with equal ease. The decision of the judges was based on the following scale of points:

	Clean Cutting.	Best Binding.	Simplicity of construction and light draft.	Fewest Stoppages.	Low Cut.	Total.
Maximum points……	15	15	10	5	5	50
"Buckeye"…………	15	15	10	5	5	50
Hornsby…………	15	15	5	3	5	43
McCormick…………	10	15	5	2	5	37

The judges (Messrs. A. Kinkaid, H. Wilkinson, J. Grieve, J. M'Intyre and J. M'Guinness) thus awarded the "Buckeye" the first prize, with the maximum number of points; Hornsby second, with 43, and McCormick third, with 37, adding that the work performed was the best they had ever seen, and their decision was cheered by the farmers present.

"It must be awful provoking to the men," said one of two ladies tripping along Fourth street, "I mean when they pass a window mirror on one side of the street and a handsome woman on the other They want to look at themselves in the mirror and see the lady at the same time."

"I get up regularly at 5 o'clock now to do my practicing before school time," said Tommy, who is learning the violin. "Ah indeed? Well, I suppose that getting up at 5 o'clock now means that you really got up at that hour this morning, doesn't it?" "N-no, not exactly," I said to-morrow morning!"—Boston Record.

The call to arms—"John, take the baby." "Jane, do you like fish?" "No." "What are you going to fast on then?" "Pie and pickles."

Jewelled hoop earrings have returned to favor. Bangles are sold of corresponding designs.

A news item states that a New York man recently eloped with his mother in law. Well, he deserved it.

A sentimental writer thinks that lips don't ripen nowadays. That may be, but green lips are pretty good.

A Rockland, Ill., man advertised for a wife recently and got so many answers that he took to the woods in alarm.

An Ohio man and his wife have not exchanged a word for twenty-five years. The woman has done all the talking.

The skirts of almost all walking dresses are made quite plain, or with a very narrow pleating set underneath the edge.

"Man proposes, but"—upon thinking it over we don't believe he proposes half so often as the girls would like him to.

Christian at Work: "The wedding was strictly private, owing to the bridegroom being still in mourning for his first wife."

The woman whose favorite hymn is "I would not live always," has spent $230 for patent medicines during the past ten years.

No matter how good natured a young lady may be her gentlemen friends can look for a tie raid when she determines to make a silk quilt.

It is said that during the recent earthquake in Nice the beds in the hotels the e for the first time in many years received a thorough shaking.

The fresh importation of French white toilets, embroidered and lace trimmed, are marvels of Parisian skill, art and matchless elicacy.

A horrid eastern paper sarcastically observe that the Chicago woman's wea on is her mouth, but you never hear of her being arrested for carrying a concealed weapon. It can't be concealed.

Jennie Gray has a farm of 100 acres in Bathinea county Dak. She works it successfully, and says she could work another if the magazine men would stop bothering her with proposals of marriage.

The stitching on the backs of the fashionable four button English gloves grow broader and broader and the buttons constantly increase in size. The favorite is a reddish mahogany shade, with the stitchings of black.

"My daughter," exclaimed a fashionable mother, "is innocence itself. You can't say anything in her presence that will make her blush."

"Well, but if you can't bear her what made you promise?" "Well, we had danced three dances and I couldn't think of anything else to say."

The judge says that "a valentine means a great deal to a widow." It will in six month mean a mighty sight more to the man who sends it.

"There is a pleasure in reaching after higher things," said Jonnie, as he put a box on a chair to reach the top shelf where best preserves were kept.

Mason Bey is now the only American in the service of the khedive of Egypt. He was formerly an officer in the confederate navy.

A lot of immigrants arrived at Butte, M. T., the other day, having been 30 hours without food in a Northern Pacific snow bank.

1,000 $2 WASHING MACHINES FREE—To introduce them. If you want one send at once to Monarch Laundry Works, 82 Warren st., N. Y.

The burgiar doesn't generally prowl around in a toboggan suit, but when he departs hastily through a window he sometimes wears a sash for a couple of blocks.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD

The Leader Cash Word Contest.

To the persons sending to us the largest number of words composed of letters in the sentence,

"Subscribe for the Leader,"

together with one dollar for one year's subscription to THE WEEKLY LEADER, before April 25th, 1887, we will give FIFTY DOLLARS; to the one sending us the next largest list a prize of THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given; to the next largest, a sum of FIFTEEN DOLLARS. Understand, this competition costs you really nothing, as the price of THE LEADER is $1.00 per year, and this is all we ask you. You get value received for your money and stand an even chance for winning one of the three prizes at no additional outlay.

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THE DES MOINES LEADER,
Des Moines, Iowa.

LIVER, BLOOD AND LUNG DISEASES.

LIVER DISEASE AND HEART TROUBLE. Mrs. MARY A. MCCLURE, *Columbus, Kans.*, writes: "I addressed you in November, 1884, in regard to my health, being afflicted with liver disease, heart trouble, and female weakness. I was advised to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Favorite Prescription and Pellets. I used one bottle of the 'Prescription,' five of the 'Discovery,' and four of the 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' My health began to improve under the use of your medicine, and my strength came back. My difficulties have all disappeared. I can work hard all day, or walk four or five miles a day, and stand it well; and when I began using the medicine I could scarcely walk across the room, most of the time, and I did not think I could ever feel well again. I have a little baby girl eight months old. Although she is a little delicate in size and appearance, she is healthy. I give your remedies all the credit for curing me, as I took no other treatment after beginning their use. I am very grateful for your kindness, and thank God and thank you that I am as well as I am after years of suffering."

LIVER DISEASE. Mrs. I. V. WEBBER, of *Yorkshire, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.*, writes: "I wish to say a few words in praise of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' For five years previous to taking them I was a great sufferer; I had a severe pain in my right side continually; was unable to do my own work. I am happy to say I am now well and strong, thanks to your medicines."

Chronic Diarrhea Cured.—D. LAZARRE, Esq., *275 and 277 Decatur Street, New Orleans, La.*, writes: "I used three bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and it has cured me of chronic diarrhea. My bowels are now regular."

GENERAL DEBILITY. Mrs. PARMELIA BRUNDAGE, of *161 Lock Street, Lockport, N. Y.* writes: "I was troubled with chills, nervous and general debility, with frequent sore throat, and my mouth was badly cankered. My liver was inactive, and I suffered much from dyspepsia. I am pleased to say that your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets' have cured me of all these ailments and I cannot say enough in their praise. I must also say a word in reference to your 'Favorite Prescription,' as it has proven itself a most excellent medicine for weak females. It has been used in my family with excellent results."

Dyspepsia.—JAMES L. COLBY, Esq., of *Yucatan, Houston Co., Minn.*, writes: "I was troubled with indigestion, and would eat heartily and grow poor at the same time. I experienced heartburn, sour stomach, and many other disagreeable symptoms common to that disorder. I commenced taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' and I am now entirely free from the dyspepsia, and am, in fact, healthier than I have been for five years. I weigh one hundred and seventy-one and one-half pounds, and have done as much work the past summer as I have ever done in the same length of time in my life. I never took a medicine that seemed to tone up the muscles and invigorate the whole system equal to your 'Discovery' and 'Pellets.'" **INVIGORATES THE SYSTEM.**

Dyspepsia.—THERESA A. CASS, of *Springfield, Mo.*, writes: "I was troubled one year with liver complaint, dyspepsia, and sleeplessness, but your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me."

Chills and Fever.—Rev. H. E. MOSLEY, *Montmorenci, S. C.*, writes: "Last August I thought I would die with chills and fever. I took your 'Discovery' and it stopped them in a very short time."

"THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

INDIGESTION BOILS, BLOTCHES. Rev. F. ASBURY HOWELL, *Pastor of the M. E. Church, of Silverton, N. J.*, says: "I was afflicted with catarrh and indigestion. Boils and blotches began to arise on the surface of the skin, and I experienced a tired feeling and dullness. I began the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as directed by him for such complaints, and in one week's time I began to feel like a new man, and am now sound and well. The 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' are the best remedy for bilious or sick headache, or tightness about the chest, and bad taste in the mouth, that I have ever used. My wife could not walk across the floor when she began to take your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' Now she can walk quite a little ways, and do some light work."

HIP-JOINT DISEASE. Mrs. IDA M. STRONG, of *Ainsworth, Ind.*, writes: "My little boy had been troubled with hip-joint disease for two years. When he commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' he was confined to his bed, and could not be moved without suffering great pain. But now, thanks to your 'Discovery,' he is able to be up all the time, and can walk with the help of crutches. He does not suffer any pain, and can eat and sleep as well as any one. It has only been about three months since he commenced using your medicine. I cannot find words with which to express my gratitude for the benefit he has received through you."

A TERRIBLE AFFLICTION. **Skin Disease.**—The "Democrat and News," of *Cambridge, Maryland*, says: "Mrs. ELIZA ANN POOLE, wife of Leonard Poole, of *Williamsburg, Dorchester Co., Md.*, has been cured of a bad case of Eczema by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The disease appeared first in her feet, extended to the knees, covering the whole of the lower limbs from feet to knees, then attacked the elbows and became so severe as to prostrate her. After being treated by several physicians for a year or two she commenced the use of the medicine named above. She soon began to mend and is now well and hearty. Mrs. Poole thinks the medicine has saved her life and prolonged her days."

Mr. T. A. AYRES, of *East New Market, Dorchester County, Md.*, vouches for the above facts.

CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest Coughs it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

It rapidly builds up the system, and increases the flesh and weight of those reduced below the usual standard of health by "wasting diseases."

GIVEN UP TO DIE. **Consumption.**—Mrs. EDWARD NEWTON, of *Harrowsmith, Ont.*, writes: "You will ever be praised by me for the remarkable cure in my case. I was so reduced that my friends had all given me up, and I had also been given up by two doctors. I then went to the best doctor in these parts. He told me that medicine was only a punishment in my case, and would not undertake to treat me. He said I might try Cod liver oil if I liked, as that was the only thing that could possibly have any curative power over consumption so far advanced. I tried the Cod liver oil as a last treatment, but I was so weak I could not keep it on my stomach. My husband, not feeling satisfied to give me up yet, though he had bought for me everything he saw advertised for my complaint, procured a quantity of your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I took only four bottles, and, to the surprise of everybody, am to-day doing my own work, and am entirely free from that terrible cough which harrassed me night and day. I have been afflicted with rheumatism for a number of years, and now feel so much better that I believe, with a continuation of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' I will be restored to perfect health. I would say to those who are falling a prey to that terrible disease consumption, do not do as I did, take everything else first; but take the 'Golden Medical Discovery' in the early stages of the disease, and thereby save a great deal of suffering and be restored to health at once. Any person who is still in doubt, need but write me, inclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply, when the foregoing statement will be fully substantiated by me."

Ulcer Cured.—ISAAC E. DOWNS, Esq., of *Spring Valley, Rockland Co., N. Y.* (P. O. Box 28), writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' has cured my daughter of a very bad ulcer located on the thigh. After trying almost everything without success, we procured three bottles of your 'Discovery,' which healed it up perfectly." Mr. Downs continues:

WASTED TO A SKELETON. **Consumption and Heart Disease.**—"I also wish to thank you for the remarkable cure you have effected in my case. For three years I had suffered from that terrible disease, consumption, and heart disease. Before consulting you I had wasted away to a skeleton; could not sleep nor rest, and many times wished to die to be out of my misery. I then consulted you, and you told me you had hopes of curing me, but it would take time. I took five months' treatment in all. The first two months I was almost discouraged; could not perceive any favorable symptoms, but the third month I began to pick up in flesh and strength. I cannot now recite how, step by step, the signs and realities of returning health gradually but surely developed themselves. To-day I tip the scales at one hundred and sixty, and am well and strong."

Our principal reliance in curing Mr. Downs' terrible disease was the "Golden Medical Discovery."

BLEEDING FROM LUNGS. JOSEPH F. MCFARLAND, Esq., *Athens, La.*, writes: "My wife had frequent bleeding from the lungs before she commenced using your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' She has not had any since its use. For some six months she has been feeling so well that she has discontinued it."

Golden Medical Discovery is Sold by Druggists. Price $1.00 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for $5.00.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors,
No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Toy anacronism: Little Bob—"Mamma, Sister Jean has picked leaves off my toy tree." Mamma—"Jean, why did you do that?" Jean—"'Cause they isn't wight." Mamma—"Why were they not right?" Jean—"'Cause its winter."—Tid-Bits

Edith—"Seems to me every one of these ancient sculptures is from the nude." "Yes; how wise those old artists were!" "Wise?" "Why, yes; they had sense enough to know that the dresses of the period would go out of fashion, so they ommitted them."—Omaha World.

The name of a Connecticut salvationist is "Little Johnny Bull, the devil-killer, man slayer, devil-hunter, and son of a king, fresh from the old country.

Vitality of Great Men

is not always innate or born with them, but many instances are known where it has been acquired by the persistent and judicious use of Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic

An eastern woman is lecturing on the subject "What Tires Us." She talks and talks, and the audience guesses what it is before she gets through talking.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

The most fashionable fabrics for spring wear will be of cotton.

She—Your little wife made that cake with her own dear little hands!

He—Well, now, if my little wife will eat that cake with her own dear little mouth, I will be satisfied.

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 got 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 so seemed to be in the way of my recovery, and not the least of my sickness. I employed the very best of 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 tea-spoonful of brandy and ice with only a teaspoonful of nourishment at a time. I commenced to tire soon after arriving here had every appearance of dropsy. We called our family physician here, and he said my condition was worse than when in Caro. In the 5th 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 my sickness, but 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 anyone 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.

The little brother who persists in hanging around the parlor when his big sister is entertaining her best young man is committing a heinous offense. It is defiance of the court.

MANCE, Galls, Scratches, Cracked Heel, Thrush, and all diseases of the feet and irritations of the skin of horses and cattle quickly and permanently cured by the use of **Veterinary Carbolisalve.** 50c. and $1 at Druggists.

There is everything to discourage men who sell medicines. His best article is to be a drug on the market.—Merchant Traveler.

Mrs. Parvenu says her new house has all the modern conveniences, even to electric pronunciamentos and rheumatic tubes.—Boston Transcript.

No order: Sadie—"Mamma, did you notice how many orders Count Von Schwatz has?" Mrs. Porcine—"Hush my love. You speak of the Count as if he were a traveling salesman. The nobility never take orders from anybody."—Chicago Rambler.

RHEUMATISM AND CATARRH CAN BE CURED.

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

Pardee Medicine Co.,

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

I am, very truly yours,
E. R. MCCALL.

Less than one-half the Amount cured him.

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

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

Pardee Medicine Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Angels of midnight may be horrible looking things in curl papers in the morning.

WIZARD OIL CONCERTS

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.

293 COLUMBUS Combined MANURE SPREADERS & FARM WAGONS sold the first year

The cheapest Spreader out, and the only kind that can be attached to old wagons. All are warranted. Prices mailed free. NEWARK MACHINE CO., COLUMBUS, OHIO.

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.

Charley—"Your nose and chin are coming awfully close together, grand papa; they'll get to fighting before long." Grandpapa—"I am afraid so myself, dear. A great many words have passed between them already."

Impecunious lover—"Be mine, Amanda, and you will be treated like an angel." Wealthy maiden—"Yes, I suppose so. Nothing to eat and less to wear. No, I thank you."—Texas Siftings.

"Mamma, am I really so naughty as you constantly say I am?" "Yes, you are a bad boy." "Well, then you ought to thank Heaven that I am not twins."

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.

ELY'S CREAM BALM IS WORTH $1000 TO ANY MAN Woman or Child suffering from CATARRH. *Not a Liquid or Snuff.*

CATARRH

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.

DROPSY TREATED FREE.

Have treated Dropsy and its complications with the most wonderful success; use vegetable remedies entirely harmless. Remove all symptoms of dropsy in eight to twenty days. Cure patients pronounced hopeless by the best of physicians. From the first dose the symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two thirds of all symptoms are removed.

Some may cry humbug without knowing anything about it. Remember it does not cost you anything to realize the merit of our treatment for yourself. We are constantly curing cases of long standing—cases that have been tapped a number of times and the patient declared unable to live a week. Give a full history of case, name, age, sex, how long afflicted, &c. Send for free pamphlet, containing testimonials. Ten days treatment furnished FREE by mail. If you order trial send 10 cents in stamps to pay postage. Epilepsy (Fits) positively cured.

(Mention this paper.)

H. H. GREEN & SONS, M. D's.,
250½ Marietta Street, ATLANTA, GA.

One Agent (Merchant Only) wanted in every town for

TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢

We can honestly say that your "Tansill's Punch" are the best cigars for the money that we ever bought.

D. F. WEBSTER & CO., Hamburg, Iowa.

Your "Tansill's Punch" 5c cigars are undoubtedly better than you represent them.

M. P. DAVIS, Mt. Gilead, Ohio.

Address R. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago.

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