Physical Culture.

Superintendent Murphy, of the Cincinnati Gymnasium, has had more experience with regard to physical culture than any man in the West, and combining as he does great intelligence with this great practical knowledge, the following remarks by him must be of general interest and value:—

Do you know a man or woman who has not an honest admiration for a fine physique?

I have never met one who would confess bad taste enough to admit it. Show me a man or woman with a fine figure who does not take at least a secret pleasure in the same and I will show you a paragon of stupidity.

Just as we admire a well cultivated brain do we (though in a much less degree I grant you) admire a finely developed human figure. And why not? Is not the body the home of the brain? Aye, 'tis the support, the nurse, the very life, so to speak. Some of us get along comfortably with a rather short allowance of brains, but brains must have physical support.

If a fine physique is so much admired, why should not not every one strive to improve in this direction? And the susceptibility of the human form to improvement is simply amazing!

Young man and young woman, exercise regularly and judiciously. To improve a homely face is a difficult task; to improve an imperfectly developed form is only a matter of perseverance.

A second reason why we should exercise is because physical work, when carefully and understandingly done, brings physical power to the worker.

No young man knows at what moment he may be called upon to save a fellow being from a burning building, or any other one of the many dangers that are constantly assailing us. At such a time physical power gives confidence, and confidence in one's ability is half the battle.

Now, understand me: by confidence I do not mean courage. The physique of a Muldoon does not give a coward one grain of true courage. On the other hand, a weak little ninty-pounder might have the courage of a lion, and still find it very didicult to snatch a one hundred and thirty-pound woman from under a carriage wheel.

Let me draw your attention to the great possibilities within the scope of physical improvement.

Our measurement books show that increases of three inches in chest, one inch in arms, legs, &c., inside of from four to six months are common; and Prof. Griffiths lately drew my attention to the measurements of a young man sent to the gymnasium by a physician who made the remarkable gains of five and one-quarter inches in chest, two inches in arms, and a like increase over the whole body; and this after only eighteen lessons.

It seems almost a waste of time to more than make the bare assertion that strong minds are in strong bodies.

History, from the earliest date, rarely speaks of a truly great man, without in some way alluding to his physical ability, great powers of endurance, etc.

During the year 1884-5 I made it a point to notice the effect upon the students attending our medical colleges.

Who among you does not know that exercise is essential to the good health of your dog, horse, or any other animal in your possession?

Man is an animal; why should he be exempt from exercise?

The Alwise-Creator has not put a single muscle in the construction of a human being that is not absolutely and essentially necessary for its welfare.

In the eastern states the subject is receiving more attention each year with good results. Heaven speed the day when we follow suit.

A sound mind in a sound body is what we all desire to possess; let us work for both, remembering that after all the power to improve either one or the other lies within ourselves alone. —Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

A Walk with a Tiger.

From the London Court Journal.

Only a few months ago, in India, in a certain planting district there was a notorious maneater. Two gentlemen, A and B residing together on an estate, had lost, besides other employees, two chowkebars, or native watchmen, within a few days, and the unfortunate men had been actually carried off out of the veranda of the bungalow. A and B therefore determined to clothe themselves like natives, and sit during the night, armed, in the veranda, in the hopes they might be able to get a shot at the man-eater, who, they thought, might probably return to the spot which had already provided him with two victims. They proceeded to carry out this intention, and sat up till about 2 or 3 o'clock a. m., but nothing appeared. A retired, and after entering his room had just closed the window, and was gazing out for an instant, when he saw a dark mass land in the veranda, right on his friend, then heard sounds of a scuffle, and a cry for help. Seizing his rifle, to which a sword bayonet was attached, and flinging up the window, he rushed out, in time to see B walking down the steps that lead up to the veranda alongside of the tiger, with his hand in the latter's mouth. A was afraid to fire lest he should hit his friend, so, running after him, he, with admirable presence of mind, went up to the tiger, and, plunging his bayonet into the animal's body, at the same instant fired. There was a roar and a scuffle, and B took advantage of the moment to release his hand, and the tiger, after tumbling, died. B's hand was terribly mauled.

Literary Eminence.

The Boston Transcript.

Hawthorne used to ride up and down, in his later years, he tells us, with plenty of people who knew him well as the ex-surveyor of the port of Salem, but who never knew he had written anything, and had never heard of the "Scarlet Letter." In Samuel Longfellow's memoirs of his brother, there is an entry from the poet's diary in which he tells how a "society woman," at whose table he was dining one day, asked him, "Oh, Mr. Longfellow, have you ever published a book?" This was after two-thirds of his life work was done. Literary eminence does not effect much lodgment in the minds of people of a certain grade. The other day, the Listener is told, a gentleman came into the barber shop just as Dr. Holmes was going out, and occupied the chair that the autocrat had vacated.

"Do you know who that was that just went out?" said the barber.

The visitor was curious to see what account of Dr. Holmes the barber would give, and shook his head.

"Why, said the barber, "that's old Dr. Holmes."

"And who is Dr. Holmes?"

"Oh, he's been a doctor here a great many years. I believe he ain't practicin' any more, but he's thought a great deal of!"

THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

Fair is the flush of summer dawn,
When the gate of pearl uncloses,
As it glimmers along the dewy lawn
And shimmers among the roses,
As it wakes the little drops of dew
To quiverings of delight,
And threads the aisles of the forest through,
On the trail of the flying night.

Soft is the gleam of the summer stars
When the feverish day is over,
When the lays are afloat in silver cars
And the dusky moth is a rover,
When over the couch of the dreaming flowers
The mists of the fountains creep,
And the languid ears of the drowsy hours
Are wooed by the song of the deep.

But the dazzling hues of the morning fall,
And dull are its golden lances,
And all the light of the stars pale
In my darling's tender glances;
For the stars may shine and dyes,
And a myriad sunbeams
But the light of love in a w
Is the purest light of all.

A Story of the French Revolution.

From the Boston Times.

One lovely day in August a year or two before the frantic uprising of the long oppressed and down trodden people of France, there sat in an exquisite boudoir in the palace at Versailles, two ladies engaged in lively conversation. The room was a charming little retreat with painted ceilings and walls hung with Gobelin tapestry of magnificent workmanship; there were rosewood floors, curtains of silk and lace, furniture of gray and gold, chefs-d' amore of carving and enamel, glass, lustres, gothic clocks, embroidered screens, paintings by Vernet and a thousand other trifles and luxurious appointments of which the fair queen was so fond. The elder lady, who was between thirty-three and thirty-four years of age was remarkably beautiful, although at first sight, a great air of hauteur detracted slightly from the charm of her expression. Her carriage was so proud and her whole appearance so distinguished one could tell at a glance that the lady was the Queen Marie Antoinette. Her companion who was ten or twelve years younger was hardly less beautiful than her majesty. Her complexion was charming; her brown hair drawn back from the temples showed to advantage the perfect oval of her face, two large blue eyes calm and serene, a well-formed mouth and pearly teeth, such was the appearance of the favorite maid of honor to the queen.

"Jeanne," said the queen, as she bent over her embroidery frame, "I have often heard of the great and wonderful power of the Socerer Count Cagliostro, ma belle; we will visit him this afternoon in disguise and beg him to cast our horoscope and favor us with a glimpse into the future."

"But, your majesty," replied the lady called Jeanne, "What will the king say? I fear he will not approve."

"We will not inform him where we are going, and on my return, if the future is to be a bright one, then the king shall hear of our adventure."

It was toward the close of the day when two sisters of charity in black robes and close black bonnets might have been seen hurrying along through obscure streets trying to elude observation, and the taller one held a handkerchief to her face whenever a passer-by glanced toward them. At length hailing a public carriage, they were driven rapidly through the well lighted thoroughfares, until they came to a large house with an aristocratic air; it was dark and sombre looking outside and was surrounded by a courtyard. The coachman opened the gate for his passengers, and gave a long loud knock on the oaken door and left, after being told to return in an hour's time. A servant answered the summons and the taller lady asked for Count Cagliostro; he bowed, and silently and noiselessly as a shadow he glided over the thick carpet. A bronze lamp dimly lighted up the large and lofty hallway. Ushering the strangers into a magnificent apartment, all lighted with dozens of perfumed wax lights in glittering candelabras and gorgeous with velvet furniture, the man announced in a loud voice:

"Two ladies to see the Count Cagliostro."

Seated at a table in the center of the room was a gentleman near forty years of age, short, fair haired, blue eyed, with a pensive expression on his fine looking countenance, and nobility stamped on his open and manly forehead. This was the then famous necromancer. The maid of honor trembled and clung nervously to the arm of her royal mistress, but the queen advanced with a proud step.

"Your majesty honors my humble abode," said the gentleman as he arose and kneeling kissed the hand of the queen.

"Ah! so you penetrated my disguise?" laughed the lady, but blushing a little as she met the clear blue eyes of the count fixed upon her lovely countenance.

"Who could ever forget the face of Marie Antoinette, the most beautiful queen who ever sat upon a throne?" replied Cogliostro, as he placed chairs for the ladies, bowing to the ground as he did so. Marie Antoinette removed her heavy hood and cloak and her beauty was dazzling. Robed in a soft grey silk with costly laces at the neck and short elbow sleeves, her fair hair of which she was so proud dressed high on her head in the fashion of the day, and her eyes blue as woodland violets, her throat, around which glittered a circle of diamonds, was long and slender, her hands, also flashing with gems, were perfect, the expression of her face severe but noble. Jeanne also laid aside her disguise and then the queen turning to the count said, while a sweet smile lighted up her countenance.

"We have intruded on your valuable time I fear, but we wish you to favor us with our horoscope."

Jeanne turned pale as the strange being glanced toward her, for she thought of the many rumors she had heard in regard to him; how he was said to have the art of renewing his youth, that he had lived for thousands of years and yet was young, that he could read as from a book the destiny of all he met.

At this request of the queen Count Cogliostro looked at her with a melancholy air full of pity and kindness, and Jeanne felt a thrill of superstitious horror pervade her frame; but the queen smiling and calm awaited quietly until the mysterious man should speak.

"Madame, my honored mistress, I cannot refuse a request of yours, if you insist," and the count bowed humbly before his royal mistress.

"But I do insist, and if that will not answer then I command," the queen smilingly replied; but at the same time, Jeanne who knew Marie Antoinette well, felt that she meant to be obeyed in spite of entreaties.

No more being said the count sat in silence for a moment, then there seemed to beam from his blue orbs an inspired light.

"Your past has been pleasant, you have had youth, health, beauty and adoration. Your future is clouded. I cannot see clearly, but—" and hesitating he stopped.

"Go on, the queen commands," said a calm voice and Marie Antoinette sat smiling and undismayed.

"I see a great crowd," continued Cogliostro in a low tone, "and a scaffold—a lady ascends the steps, the executioner is there, the lady's long hair is snowy white; she turns—it is the queen, it is Marie Antoinette."

He ceased and a cry of horror broke from the pale lips of Jeanne.

"This is horrible! tell me you are jesting," said the maid of honor looking at him with a supplicating air.

"I never jest," the strange being answered coldly.

"You are not very gallant, Count; you frighten my little Jeanne by your ghastly prophecies," calmly spoke the queen, although truth to tell, her own cheek was slightly pale. "If you can see anything bright in her life tell her of it and drive away these shadows."

Cogliostro looked at the brave, beautiful lady with respect and admiration; then turning to Jeanne he smiled as he gazed on her sweet and blushing face.

"You will ere many years pass over your head be a happy wife and mother; but before sunshine comes there will be sorrow, darkness and grief. You will marry a man of the people, who will save you in the of your greatest danger."

"Happy girl," sighed Antoinette as they resumed their disguises and prepared to leave, "I envy you—even I a queen, envy one who can pass the evening of her days in quiet and seclusion. To me is desired love and trust. I often wish I had been born an humble peasant, and had one heart among the many that I could call all my own; but if I am to die on the scaffold I will die as befits the queen of France."

The king never knew of the dark fate predicted to his royal spouse. The Count de Choisseul, father of Jeanne, was very wealthy, and had vast possessions in the south of France. He was very haughty, looking down on the common people, and treating them as mere servants fit to do his will.

He was a staunch royalist adoring the king and his beautiful queen. The count's palace, or hotel as it was called, was almost as magnificent as the royal residence. Among the nobleman's household was a young gentleman holding the office of private secretary to Count de Choisseul. Francois Varney was a man of the people. He and his brother Claude were orphans. Francois was a fine looking man, with interest beaming from the large dark eyes, and in spite of his hum ble birth his air was distinguished, his manner perfect, and a warm and loving heart beat within his bosom. He had presumed to lift his eyes and thoughts towards the daughter of his employer; and dared in his secret moments to even think that some day he might earn the love of the peerless Jeanne de Choisseul. Claude Varney, elder brother of Francois, was an extreme republican, hating the aristocracy and hating his brother, as the wicked and unprincipled ever hate the honorable and the noble. They had one relative, an uncle, Jacques Varney, who resided in Paris. He kept a public house there, was a good honest citizen, but a true man of the people, hating the king and his lovely queen. The months passed swiftly. At court and among the nobles all was gaiety and balls, masquerades, water parties and other festivities followed each in their season. The rich rolled in luxury, the poor were starving. The queen so charming, so beautiful, was called a coquette, a butterfly.

Marie Antoinette was a true woman, and gloried in being loved. It was an innocent coquetry, but alas! the time was soon coming when every little act of the poor lady would be brought up in dark array against her. The king, Louis XVI., was vulgar, coarse and sensual; and in spite of his elegant costumes covered with embroidery, and his hands sparkling with diamonds, and his breast blazing jewelled orders and crosses his majesty had nothing digified or kinglike in his demeanor.

The dark storm came, and at last it broke with fury over the heads of royalty and nobility, but even when the Bastile was taken and its captives liberated, the nobles would not believe that anything could menace their holy order. Who has not read of the Reign of Terror? Three men of the people were the leaders in those terrible times, Marat, Danten and Robespierre. They had power of the convention and the mob which none dared resist. The guillotine was the awful instrument used for cutting off heads quickly. For a long time the haughty aristocrats stood around their king and queen, but at last they began to flee, for the streets of Paris resounded with the sound of oppression and the cries of the wounded, and Coblentz was filled with refugees. The young secretary, Francois Varney, urged the father of Jeanne to flee while yet there was time, but like a brave and courtly gentleman he cast in his lot with his royal master and mistress and heeded not the advice of his friends.

The king and queen were still at the Tuileries and with them a few of their staunch friends. The count was in the cabinet of Louis, Jeanne in the boudoir of her royal mistress. Suddenly the air resounded with oaths and insulting cries. The mob had reached Versailles and surrounded the palace. They shouted and yelled for the "baker, his wife and little boy," and for the "Austrian," as they termed the queen. Among the mob was Claude Varney, covered with dust, his hands dripping blood. This monster who had killed innocent women and children now thirsted for the lives of the hated count and his daughter.

"They are in there, the haughty Count de Choiseul and his dainty daughter," cried the ruffian to his comrades. "It was this aristocrat who had me horsewhipped a year ago for some slight offence. He hates the common people and is a tyrant to all. Out with him! kill him and his white-faced brat!"

Francois S. Varney had donned the red cap of liberty, and shouted as he with the mob surrounded the palace: "Down with the king! Down with the Austrian! Away with aristocracy."

At length he managed to slip away from the sight of his cruel brother, and without ceremony he hastened to the little boudoir where he hoped to find Jeanne. By this time the royal couple with their children had managed, by the help of friends, to escape from the palace and were fleeing as fast as fleet horses could carry them from the scene of bloodshed.

When the lover of Jeanne entered the luxurious room of the fugitive queen, he found the daughter of the count alone, for her father had bade her remain there until he came for her. He was assisting his master and mistress in their efforts to leave the palace.

"Jeanne, my love, my life!" cried Francois, forgetting all etiquette, all concealment of his feelings in this hour of peril. "I have come to save you. The mob are crying for your father's and your blood. Come with me before it is too late!"

The half fainting girl, even when a thousand dangers surrounded her, felt a thrill of delight as she realized she was beloved by this noble youth, and though pale and trembling, she murmured in low tones:

"Dear Francois, you are brave and devoted to risk your life for my sake, but if it is any reward to you for the peril you are in, hear me confess that I love you, have loved you since the first hour we met."

"My darling, believe me when I say you shall be happy, you shall escape from here and——"

"But my father," interrupted Jeanne.

"Alas! my darling. The count has been arrested, and is to be tried before the dreaded convention, but we have no time to waste. Let me save you. I will then see what I can do for your father. See, I have brought you a disguise," and he showed her a simple peasant dress. "Put this on quickly, for in ten minutes the mob will be here."

In the gray dusk Jeanne made her escape disguised at a grisette, in short dress, laced bodice, high capote.

When the brother of Francois entered the palace his intended victims were beyond his reach. The young secretary took Jeanne to the house of his uncle, the good Jacques. Fortunately for the daughter of the Count de Coisseul, the blood-thirsty villian, Claude Varney, had been wounded and therefore could not visit his uncle.

Every one was charmed with the new barmaid who appeared at the inn of Jacques. It was true her skin was a little brown, her hair coarse, and the glasses she wore not very becoming, but then she was so pleasant, so willing and so nimble of foot! No one ever waited on the rude crowd as this girl did. Poor delicate little aristocrat! many a bitter hour did she pass, many a blush bathed her cheek as she listened to the vulgar jest, the loud laugh and coarse remarks of the ruffians who came to the Royal Arms to drink.

"My father—where is he?" said Jeanne to her lover, as they were for a brief moment alone together.

What could Francois say? How could he tell her of the tale of her beloved parent who had met his death the day before by the guillotine?

"You hesitate, you turn pale! Alas! my father, my poor father! I am alone in the world!" said the grief-stricken girl, bursting into tears.

"Not alone, dear Jeanne," murmured Francois. "You have me. I am poor and humble, but I will love and protect you, and try to make you happy."

At length it became dangerous for Jeanne to remain longer under the roof of the Royal Arms. Claude was expected there every day, and in spite of her disguise would recognize the royal fugitive. So the kind hearted uncle of Francois gave the young couple money, they were secretly married by a priest, and then fled to Coblentz, where Jeanne met many of her former friends.

Years passed. The unfortunate queen had long since met the sad fate predicted by the Count Cagliostro; and Jeanne de Choisseul, now Madame Varney, was happy and beloved. And although her noble friends often spoke of the uneaqual match, she never gave a thought to the difference in rank between her and her husband.

"Mon Ami, you are almost as charming as when you became my bride, now fifteen years ago," said Francois to Jeanne one day, as she stood smiling by his side, while at their feet played two lovely children, and their eldest, a girl just in her teens and the image of her fair mother gazed on the blue-eyed lady.

"Have you ever repented marrying so much beneath you, ma belle?" asked her husband, as the setting sun enveloped the group in a midst of golden splendor.

"Never, dear Francois. I am happy with you and our children, and the past seems like a fearful dream."

Pilate's Sentence Upon Christ.

From Notes and Queries.

A correspondent sends the following as a correct translation of the sentence of Pontius Pilate. He says this curious document was discovered in A. D. 1280, in the city of Aquill, in the kingdom of Naples, in the course of a search made for the discovery of Roman antiquities, and it remained there until it was found by the Commissionaries of Art in the French army of Italy. Up to the time of the campaign in southern Italy it was preserved in the sacristy of the Carthusians, near Naples, where it was kept in a box of ebony. Since then the relic has been kept in the Chapelo Caserta. The Carthusians obtained, by petition, leave that the plate might be kept by them as an acknowledgment of the sacrifices which they had made for the French army. The French translation was made literally by members of the Commission of Art. Denon had a fac-simile of the plate engraved, which, on the sale of his cabinet was bought by Lord Howard for 2,890 francs: "Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, Intendant of Lower Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross. In the seventeenth year of the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, and on the 25th of March, in the most holy city of Jerusalem, during the Pontificate of Annas and Caiaphas. Pontius Pilate, Intendant of the Province of Lower Galilee, sitting in judgment in the presidential chair of the praetor, sentences Jesus of Nazareth to death on the cross between two robbers, as the numerous testimonies of the people prove that—1. Jesus is a misleader. 2. He has excited the people to sedition. 3. He is an enemy to the laws. 4. He calls Himself the Son of God. 5. He calls Himself falsely the King of Israel. He went to the Temple, followed by a multitude carrying palms in their hands. It likewise orders the first Centurion, Quirilius Cornelius, to bring him to the place of execution, and forbids all persons, rich or poor, to prevent the execution of Jesus. The witnesses who have signed the execution against Jesus are: 1. Daniel Robani, a Pharisee; 2. John Zorobabel; 3. Raphael Robani; 4. Capet. Finally it orders that the said Jesus be taken out of Jerusalem through the gate of Tournea."

How to Boil Water.

I must tell you the old story of how the late Charles Delmonico used to talk about the new hot water cure. He said the Delmonicos were the first to recommend it to guests who complained of having no appetite. "Take a cup of hot water and lemon and you will feel better," was the formula adopted; and the cup of hot water and lemon was simply a little hot water with a drop of lemon juice in it to take away the insipidity. For this antibilious remedy, the caterers charged the price of their best liquors—twenty-five cents or more—and it certainly was a wiser way to spend small change than for alcohol. "Few people know how to cook water," Charles used to affirm. "The secret is in putting good, fresh water into a clean kettle, already quite warm, and setting the water to boiling quickly, and then taking it right off for use in tea, coffee, or other drinks, before it is spoiled. To let it steam and simmer and evaporate until the good water is in the atmosphere, and the lime and iron and dregs only left in the kettle—bah! that is what makes a great many people sick, and is worse than no water at all." Every lady who reads this valuable recipe of a great and careful cook, should never forget how to cook water

Concerning Consumption.

A Southern California practitioner, Dr. John . Davis of Los Angeles, describes the earlier symptoms of consumption which precede any active inflammatory or destructive changes in the lungs themselves. The earlier symptoms, are he says, for the main part, dependent upon the imperfect assimilation of food and the consequent mal-nutrition. First, he mentions indigestion or dyspepsia, the stomach difficlty being characterized as a rule by a distaste for certain foods, particularly fatty substances, which in such cases are likely to be difficult of digestion. Sugar fat, and alcohol rise acid, causing sour eructations heartburn and flatulence. Dr. Davis found in hospital and private practice that some 80 per cent. of consumptive patients had dysyepsia, and in the majority of cases it came as the first symptom complained of by the patient. Often the distate for fat has existed through life, but it is not to be understood of course that every person who dislikes fat will have consumption

Another early symptom is the steady loss of weight. It has been proved in the experience of life nsurance companies that applicants whose weight is 15 per cent. below the standard are undesirable risks. The third symptom is the increased rate of respiration or rapid breathing and when he patient is in a state of rest and habitual respiration as high as twenty or twenty-one to the minute, would cause a physician to suspect lung disease, especially if tested by the spirohmeter show a diminished or insufficient lung capacity This can also be tested by a tape about the chest. and or a man of ordinary size in health from two and a half to three inches represents the difference between full expirat on and inspiration.—Dr. Foote's Health Motnhly

FACT AND FANCY.

A one thousand foot artesian well is being sunk at Tacoma, Washington.

It cost the city of Los Angeles, Cal., $9800 to rid itself of the small-pox scare.

Sadie Moyer, of Lansford, Pa., although but 10 years old, weighs 195 pounds.

Citizens of Fryeburg, Me., report the appearance there of a pure white robin.

Over one hundred barrels of petroleum a day are used for fuel in Los Angeles, Cal.

Paul Bauer, the noted Coney Island hotel-keeper, is said to be on the verge of insanity.

In Philadelphia there is a young man aged 24 years who enjoys the income of $70,000 a year.

The army-worm is doing a great deal of damage in the wheat-fields near Palestine, Tenn.

Corkwood canes made to look like daintly-rolled umbrellas are carried by Gotham men of fashion.

New York is talking about an angry son who wears mourning because his mother has remarried.

Sixty thousand cart loads of dust were collected by the street sweepers in New York a few days ago.

The Baltimore park commissioners have just prohibited kissing in the public park under penalty of $10

A $100,000 cotton mill is about to be built at Louisville, Ky. The capital stock has already been sold.

Opera, opuses, and onl are terms used by some western musical critics with slight shades of meaning.

Charley Tong Sing, a survivor of the Jeannette expedition, has established a restaurant in San Francisco, Cal.

The kick of a horse started a fire in Newton Village, N. H., the other night that burned twenty-one buildings.

The iron guards of Youngstown, O., have changed their name to Logan guards in honor of the late Gen. Logan.

An English prisoner, who is 38 years old, confessed recently that he had spent over twenty years in prison.

Augustin Daly says the interstate commerce bill has increased the railroad fares of his company fully 20 per cent.

In Buffalo, N. Y., natural gas is furnished for housekeeping and other purposes at 20 cents per thousand feet net.

At a New England dairy show there is said to be on exhibition a machine which produces butter in two minutes.

The cremation of the remains of the late Chief Pascual of the Yuma Indians took place at Yuma, Arizona, a few days ago.

A Miraculous Escape from the Grave.

I have been in poor health with a diseased stomach and liver, causing a cankered mouth continually for ten years. I kept about my house until a year ago last June. For three years prior to that time I had a severe pain in the region of my heart at times seeming past endurance. It affected my shoulder, took all strength from my arm; could get no relief only by poulticing. My stomach being so diseased, my food caused me great distress. My age also seemed to be in the way of my recovery, and not the least of my sickness I employed the very best 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 teaspoon full of brandy and ice with only a teaspoonful of nourishment at a time. I commenced bloating soon after arriving here had every appearance of dropsy. We called our Caro physician here, and he said my condition was worse than when in Caro. On the 5th 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 115 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 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 and Williamson, druggists, Vassar, Mich.

The Rev. William Carlile, a young London curate, was the founder of the "Church Arm," the Anglican rival of the salvation army.

What will the Patent Medicines do!

Two years ago Lieut. Moxie accidentally discovered that a common fodder plant grown near the equator would remove nervousness and nervous exhaustion from either sex like a food at once. Now, an eminent physician has ascertained it will remove the appetite for liquors and break up an intoxication in an hour. It has been flavored into a luscious beverage, and is sold in bottles and through the soda fountains by the druggists. It is said the rush for it by nervous women, who say they can do double work while taking it, is something immense. It called Moxie Nerve Food.

A New York woman made 1,500 button-holes for 65 cents a hundred for a cloak manufacturer, and was then obliged to sue him for her pay.

"A Lovely Picture."

We have just received from the Rheumatic Syrup Company, of Jackson, Michigan, a very handsome picture, thirteen by twenty-eight inches in size called "The Egyptian Girl." It is an Oriental figure, lovely in design and truly a work of art, and it cannot fail to be appreciated by all who see it. We are requested to say that they can be procured by calling on your druggists. In case the druggists do not have them, inclose six cents in postage stamps to the Rheumatic Syrup Co., of Jackson Mich., and they will send you one by return mail.

Ninety six thousand men is the strength of the force that makes Postmaster-General Vilas the greatest general of civil employe in the whole world.

Mr. Arthur Shurtleff, Parker, Dakota, writes: "St. Jacobs Oil will cure one thing not advertised. It cured a wart on my finger which I had for years." Price Fifty cents.

The new bridge across the Ohio at Cincinnati will be 1,5 0 feet in length and 104 feet above high water. The center span will be 55 feet long, one of the largest in the country.

Count Tolstoi, the famous Russian novelist, is said to believe that he is an expert shoemaker. Fennan, who visited him says he wouldn't care to wear the shoes made by the novelist.

At Terre Haute, Champaign County Ohio, Mr. Charles F. Powell was postmaster and he writes: "I have a fine lot of Polish Chickens. I gave them St Jacobs Oil on a pill of bread for the croup. It cured them. The next morning I could not tell which of the chickens had been sick."

It is reported that the sales of the five leading American magazines that are reissued in England are greater in that country than the aggregate sales of the twenty-five magazines published in the United Kingdom.

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

Public Opinion

Of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

It is one of the grandest preparations ever offered to the trade.
L. O. GALE, druggist,
Mitchell, Dakota.

Two doses cured me of a severe attack of colic, after camphor and hot drops had failed.
GEO. W. CRAGG, druggist,
Eagle Grove, Iowa.

It is an especial favorite in this town and community.
ARMSTRONG & KETTERING, druggists,
Lisbon, Iowa.

It is the best preparation we ever handled. It gives universal satisfaction. MCELWAIN BROS., druggists,
Yorktown, Dakota.

We recommend it because it is good and always gives satisfaction.
BAYLESS & HAGENSICK, druggists,
Elkader, Iowa.

I have handled it for several years, it gives universal satisfaction.
NORMAN BENNETT, druggist,
Mechanicsville, Iowa.

My customers have used it and will have no other. It is quick in its action and perfectly safe.
DR. H. L. ST. JOHN,
Howland, Mo.

Last August a drayman came in the store suffering terribly with griping pains in the stomach. We gave him a dose of it, and in fifteen minutes he resumed his work, feeling as well as ever.
OSBORNE & FRANKLIN, druggists,
Dakota City, Iowa.

While very sick with diarrhoea last summer, I procured a bottle of it and was cured with two or three doses. I pronounce it an excellent remedy.
N. BRADY,
Craig, Mo.

I consider it the best medicine in the market for summer complaint.
JOHN MCECHRON, druggist,
Marne, Iowa.

It is the best selling medicine, and gives the best satisfaction of any we can get.
F. A KILBORNE, merchant,
Fredrica, Bremer Co., Iowa.

I regard it as one of the safest and best medicines before the public.
W. A. WORK, Secy.,
Iowa Traveling Men's Association.

I have used it and know from experience, that it is far superior to any other preparation in use.
J. C. TATE, Insurance Agent,
Des Moines, Iowa.

I think it the best thing of the kind on the market.
L. J. SIFFORD, druggist,
Wall Lake, Iowa.

TRY THE REMEDY, and like myself you will never be without it in your home. I was troubled for years with chronic diarrhoea and used many kinds of medicines, but nothing with permanent effect for good until I tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.
JOSEPH MCGUFFIN,
Spaulding, Union Co., Iowa.

It is doing good work and the demand for it is increasing.
G. T. MCCLURE,
Chancy, Clinton Co., Iowa.

It is "A No. 1." I have tried it and speak from experience.
JOHN HERRIOTT, druggist,
Stuart, Iowa.

We have handled it for several years and cheerfully recommend it to be as good as the best.
HYATT & DRYDEN, druggists,
Lynnville, Iowa.

It is one of the best selling preparations I handle.
B. M. HOPPER, druggist,
Springville, Iowa.

It gives the best satisfaction of any patent medicine I have had anything to do with. C. T. BOWEN, druggist,
New Sharon, Iowa.

My customers all speak highly of it.
JOHN B. PLAYTER, druggist,
Bristow, Iowa.

I can recommend it to all as being just what they claim for it. It gives the best satisfaction of any medicine I ever sold. W. H. SMITH, druggist,
Brewster, Blaine Co., Neb.

I have a good trade on it and never have to urge people to take it who have once used it.
J. G. FOX, druggist,
Waubeek, Iowa.

I consider it the best in the market.
G. C. LANTERMAN, druggist,
Fremont, Nebraska.

It has no superior.
C. F. HUCKLEBERRY, druggist,
Tracy, Iowa.

I regard it as an article of great merit. F. N. CHASE, Director,
Iowa State Board of Agriculture,
Cedar Falls, Iowa.

I have used it many times during the past five years, and have invariably found it a complete cure for diarrhœa, dysentery, pain in the stomach, or bowel complaint in any form. I always keep a bottle of this medicine in the house for immediate use, and would not be without it for fifty times its cost.
F. J. YOUNG, liveryman,
Denison, Iowa.

We never handled any preparation for bowel complaints that gave better satisfaction than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. The blackberry preparations are no where as compared with it.
GEIWITZ & CO.,
N. E. Cor. 10th & Olive Sts.
St. Joseph, Mo.

I have handled it ever since I have been in business, and sold it under a guarantee and never have had reported a single complaint.
F. CHANDLER, druggist,
Omaha, Neb.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy gives the best satisfaction of any medicine for the purpose, that I ever become acquainted with. It is a first class preparation.
J. S. MILLER,
1323, Nicollett Ave.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

At home or abroad no person can afford to be without Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

Obstinate Constipation Readily Yields To the regular use of Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Statistics show that of the blind less than one-fifth are under 10 years of age, showing that blindness is not so much a misfortune of childhood as of later years.

Carter's Little Liver Pills will be found an excellent remedy for sick headache. Thousands of letters from people who have used them prove this fact. Ask your druggist for them.

Jubilee Juggins, an English turfite, having recently come into a fortune of $2,500,000, is now the heaviest "plunger" on the British race track.

Congested Liver is Frequent in the Spring, And is relieved by Carter's Little Liver Pills.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

FOR Sick Headache, Biliousness, Constipation,

The sore Dyspeps a people feel,
However light may be their meal,
Should ne'er be suffered to repose
And breed a train of graver woes.
When perfect health they may secure
Through TARRANT'S SELTZER safe and sure.

PUBLIC OPINION

Of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

It is a perfectly reliable remedy in all cases of bowel complaint.
N. HALDEMAN, druggist,
Thornburg, Iowa.

I am positive that it has saved the lives of several persons in this vicinity.
CHAS. J. NEWCOMB, blacksmith,
Lytle City, Iowa.

I take pleasure in recommending it.
GEO. BENEDICT, druggist,
Maxwell, Iowa.

I find it infalible. A personal trial is sufficient to convince anyone of its superior excellence.
J. M. ARMSTRONG, traveling man,
Rock Falls, Ill.

It is a good medicine.
M. C. GALLAGHER,
Cedar Rapids, Ia.

It is our favorite family medicine.
SAM'L P. STEWART, blacksmith,
Terra Haute, Mo.

I am subject to cramping pains in the stomach, but can always depend upon Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, one or two doses always cures.
W. A. BALDWIN, hardware merchant,
Boonville, Iowa.

We have sold hundreds of bottles and never known it to fail.
J. B. BRENTON & CO., druggists,
Adel, Iowa.

All who use it recommend it very highly.
GEO. H. DEWATERS, druggist,
Garden City, Kan.

It is the best I ever used in my family and I can recommend it to any one.
MRS. GEO. M. LUDINGTON,
Cedar Falls, Iowa.

I think it is splendid. Have used it two years. MRS. ALICE BEEBE,
Central City, Linn Co., Iowa.

I can recommend it with pleasure, no family should be without it.
B. B. BURLEY, Propr. Burley House,
Belle Plaine, Iowa.

I know of no preparation which so completely does the work.
AL. A. BEBOUT,
Eastport, Fremont Co., Ia.

It is worth its weight in gold.
MRS. J. S. LAWSON,
Carbondale, Osage Co., Kan.

We are satisfied that it is the best medicine we handle for diseases of the bowels.
T. NEELY & SON, merchants,
Neely's store (P. O., Bay City,) Ill.

We can heartily recommend it.
MR. & MRS. JAS. R. HUFFMAN,
Publishers of THE BLADE, Spearville, Kansas.

It gives excellent satisfaction.
A. E. VAN ARSDALE & CO., druggists,
Little River, Rice Co., Kan.

It is a certain cure for alkali poison, cramping pains and diarrhœa. I would not do without it for any consideration.
O. S. MC CLAIN, real estate dealer,
301—16th st., Denver, Colorado

It is the best medicine we ever had in the house. AMY DICKS,
Pierson, Woodbury Co., Ia.

It cured me of chronic diarrhœa after years standing, when it seemed I could live no longer.
MRS. E. GLEASON,
Salem, Dent Co., Mo.

While traveling in Dakota, I was taken with cholera morbus, it cured me. No one can afford to travel without it.
J. A. HANSELL, traveling man,
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

It is the "boss". I do not want to be without it.
A. S. THOMPSON, druggist,
Kenesaw, Neb.

My mother was taken with a severe diarrhœa and I could find no remedy to stop it, until I got Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.
JOSEPH CARTER,
Savannah, Mo.

It is the best medicine I ever got for diarrhoea. I believe it saved my life.
C. BOWERS,
Toddville, Linn Co., Iowa.

With a single dose I cured a very severe attack of diarrhoea of several weeks standing, after all other medicines and treatment had failed.
S. STIGER, druggist,
Toledo, Iowa.

It has saved me many doctor bills.
JOSEPH DUNSMORE, farmer,
Near Strawberry Point, Iowa.

It is one of the greatest medicines of the age. I have used it since it was first offered to the public and would not do without it.
J. A. STARBUCK, merchant,
Yorktown, Page Co., Iowa.

It sells well and gives good satisfaction. T. H. BOWMAN, physician and druggist, Valparaiso, Neb.

It is the best remedy I have ever used. I have no doubt but it saved my eldest son's life.
GEO. B. BROADBERE, Editor of The Mirror, Tonganoxie, Kansas.

I have handled it for ten years and always found it very good, and think no family should be without it.
H. C. HANSEN, druggist,
Des Moines, Iowa.

I have known cases of diarrhoea to be cured with a single bottle of it, that had resisted all other treatment for years. S. F. MATHER, physician and druggist, Wyandotte, Kansas.

I take pleasure in recommending it as it is the best in the market.
MRS. F. E. MCOMBER,
Rockford, Iowa.

I have used it with satisfactory results, after all other remedies had failed. WM. TOOPS,
Defiance, Worth Co., Mo.

It has proved itself very good and I highly recommend it.
MRS. EMMA KUNCE,
Ivyville, Adams Co., Iowa.

I consider it the best preparation in use for bowel complaints and diarrhoea. W. J. MCAHREN,
Denison, Iowa.

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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.)
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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!
Sold by Druggists. 50 cts. SONG BOOK mailed free.
Address WIZARD OIL COMPANY CHICAGO.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," house-keepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Large bottles (100 doses) **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address,

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