THE BLUE HEN'S CHICKENS.

An Old Fellow Who Was Much Taken With Something New in the Chicken Line.

"Wall, fur mercy's sake, look thar, pap," Said a woman, dressed in faded calico and dim gingham. The old fellow stopped and the woman pointed at a a lot of colored eggs wh ch had been left over from Easter, and which the grocer had temptingly arranged in front of his store. "Look thar," the woman repeated, pointing at the eggs.

"They air a new wrinkle on my ho'n," said the old fellow, taking up one of the eggs and examining it. "These here," he added, addressing the grocer who approached, "muster been laid by one uv the ole blue hen's chickens."

"They are descendants from the old blue hen, sure enough," the grocer replied, who showed an accomdating quickness to tell a lie, either through courtesy or with an eye to business.

"You don't say so."

"Yes, sir, and I bought them for Mr. Garland, who sent me word some time ago to get him a few if I possibly could."

"Wall. Gus ought to know whut good chickens air."

"He undoubtedly does."

"Wall, I've heard about the old blue hen's chickens all my life, but this is the fust time I ever seed any uv the aigs."

"They are not very plentiful now," said the grocer. "In fact, they are bought up by the agents of monopolies and sent north for the use of rich railroad men."

"The chickens, I reckon, lay over the common run of fowls."

"As much, sir, as day lays over night."

"Whut speoial advantage have they got?"

"Well, they lay three times a day, for one thing."

"Now, look here, you don't mean that."

"I reckon he do, pap," the woman declared. "I know in reason that he do, fur Aunt Caroline Welsh that had some in No'th Kliny, told me jest befo' she died that they wuz the outlayenist things she ever seed' an' says she, 'Everline, I do b'leve that the aigs is fresher than the aigs uv these here common chickens.'"

"She was right," said the grocer. "Mr. Garland tells me that the eggs will keep for years without spoiling, but," he added, laughingly, "if he don't mind he will find that they don't keep so well after all, for if he doesn't come after them pretty soon I'll sell them. A business man can't afford to let his money lie idle, you know."

"That's a fact," the farmer replied. "Now whut mout they be wuth?"

"Well, I hardly know. Where do you live?"

"On Saline river, about two days ride from here."

"Do you come to town very often?"

"Fust t me I wuz ever here."

"I thought that if you came to town very often I might engage you to bring me a lot of the chickens when they hatch. Tell you what I'll do. I'll let you have all six of them them for sixty cents."

"Ain't that a putty heavy price?"

"Oh, no, pap," said the woman. "Jest think uv chickens that lay aigs—fresh ones at that—three times a day.

"All right," said the old fellow, hauling out the toe of an old sock and shaking a few dimes from it; "I'll take 'em. Shore they'll hatch?"

"Hatch! Why you can cover them up with an old straw hat and they'll hatch. Much oblige. Well, call again."

When the grocer went back into the store, he slapped himself, laughed uproarously and then said:

"It may be wrong to cheat th s way, but I don't believe we are called upon to have sympathy for such ignorant people; and, besides, honest old farmer as he looks, he'd cheat me in a minute if he could."

Several weeks later an old fellow drove up to the grocery store and asked a man who came out to the curbstone if he wanted to buy any guinea ch ckens. "Fresh as they ken be an' already cleaned," said the old fellow.

"What do you ask for them?"

"Wall, I don't know whut they air wuth. You see they air mighty big ones."

"Yes, I see. How many have you got?"

"Fifteen."

"There is not much sale for guineas."

"They ought to be worth ten cents a piece, oughtent they?"

The grocer, with shrewd hesitancy, replied; "I don't know. Well drive round to the back door and put them out."

Immediately after receiving his money the old fellow drove down town, and, with a woman who seemed to be h's wife, was standing on a street corner, when the grocer who had bought the guineas rushed up and exclaimed:

"Your are a lying wolf, that's what you are!"

"Whut's the matter?"

"You sold me a lot of buzzards, you old wretch, and I am going to have you arrested if you don't give me back my money. One of my best customers bought one and then, discovering what it was, struck me over the head with it and then left the store."

"W'y, pap, that was too bad, wan't it?" said the woman.

"I recognize you, now," said the grocer, stepping back.

"Yas," said the old fellow, "an'—but don't be in a hurry. Didn't know the blue hen's chickens when you seed 'em, eh? W'y, I thought you knowd all about the breed. Say, whenever you want any more, jest let me know. They lay three times a day, you know, but I'm sorry that the chickens ain't as fresh as the aigs. When you come out my way, drap in to see me."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Too Honorable for That.

De Garmo—"What does your sister say about me, Bertie?"

Bertie—"She said to-day that she didn't think you'd ever set the river on fire."

De Garmo—"What confidence she has in me! Of course she knows I'm too honorable to do anything of that kind."—*Tid-Bits.*

A town in Calhoun county, Alabama, has been named Lincoln in honor of the war president.

ON THE SAME ROAD.

Nature does not shed her beauties alone in those parts of our universe where tourists and sight-seers most frequently visit, the world in some of its obscurest places is filled with beauties that have escaped the eyes of its fever.

Who would have thought of traveling in a stage twenty miles from the nearest railroad station, or footing it at a necessarily slow pace over the hills and rocks of Cheshire county, to see how aptly nature had done her work in this particular place? As for the inhabitants of the little hamlet nestled up among the hills, very few of them had time to think of such matters as feasting their eyes on natural loveliness, or even giving a thought to their surroundings. Their only object in life seemed to be to get up at five, eat the required number of meals, attend to the duties of the day, and go to bed again when night came. There was very little variety in the lives of these people, yet they seemed to be well enough contented with their lot, except that now and then some ambitious spirit would overleap the bounds and make a journey out into the world, to see what people were doing there, and those who did become so bold, very rarely returned to the old way of living.

One of these discontented spirits, who refused to believe that everything the world contained was found up here among the hills of Cheshire county, was a young and rather good-looking girl. It seemed to Janet Gray as if this dull, monotonous, unvarying routine would never end, and every day she longed more and more to leave it.

It was on a bright morning early in May, that, returning from an errand, she threw herself down by the brook, to rest and to think. Her face was flushed with fast walking, and with her dark hair and eyes showing to quite an advantage with her new gingham dress, Janet presented quite a pretty picture to William Thomas Toy, as he observed her from the cornfield some yards away. But Thomas was a man who did not consider a wish long ere he strived to fulfil it, and was soon at her side. She looked up with a surprised air when she heard his; "Good-morning," and said, "Oh! it is you, is it?" then lapsed again into her thoughtful mood. He watched her a while in silence, being too well accustomed to Janet's way to disturb her without reason; but finally he mustered up courage to make a remark—

"Janie, what makes you so thoughtful this morning?"

"Tom," she answered after a pause, "I want you to help me. I am so confused this morning that I can hardly see my way to do what I am determined to do. I am going away." The young man gave a start. "This place is positively unbearable longer. Some folks may be content to drag out their lives in such a place as this, but I am going where I can be and do something. It does seem to me such positive nonsense for people to be willing to live along in a hand-to-mouth sort of way up here among these hills, and never do anything of note in the world except what every mortal does to preserve life, namely, eat, drink and sleep. It is like being buried alive!"

Having delivered herself of this unmaidenly speech, Tom sat waiting for more, but more di ln't come. At last he ventured to say,—

"Janie, I am sorry you are so tired of all of us; but if you want to go over yonder hills and do something honest and honorable in the world, you'll go, and I know better than to say one word of hinderance."

"Yes, Thomas Troy, that is the first right down sensible thing I ever heard you say," she answered with half a smile. "Of course you know better than to hinder me, if you could. I will remember you for your kind intentions. I am not so tired of you, Thomas; nor any of the rest of the folks. I don't want to go out of your lives altogether; but it is these lonely, rocky hills, and this birdcage life that tires me. Just think, Tom, if I should stay here all the days of my life, what a record I would have, and when I die how it would sound to read on my grave-stone,—

> Here rests the body of Janet Gray;
> Where she's gone, she's gone to stay.

By the way, Tom, what kind of a poetess do you think I'd make?"

"Janie," said Tom, "your ambitions are all right. As for poetry, never try that, whatever you do. It isn't every poor rhymer that wins fame, nor every aspirant attains glory. It is time and chance with everybody. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

"Look here, Mr. William Thomas Toy, I am well convinced you'd discourage me if you could; but all the Scripture you can quote and all the arguments you can use won't better your cause one iota. I do not intend to make rhyming a profession. But say, Thomas, don't you think I am rather a fair scribe?"

"Why, Janie," said Tom, who would deny that fact? I wish to goodness I could write as fair a hand; but these clumsy laborers' hands of mine were never meant to hold a pen daintily. But, Janie, what prompted you to ask me such a question? Give us something more closely related to the subject. How is it you wish me to help you? I am ready to do all I can."

"That I'll tell you. Of course I'll break this news to Lizzie first; but however much I try to soften the astounding revelation, no doubt it will be worse than if a cyclone had dipped down and borne that false topknot of hers to the four winds. I mean no harm to Lizzie by that remark, so don't stare so; I think my stepmother just as nice as you do. She means well at any rate, though she can't 'for the life of her' see why folks don't like this outlandish region as well as she does. Now for your part, Tom. Lizzie will tell the boys, of course, and they will do all they can to keep me at home, and will ask you to use your influence; but I want you, as you are a friend of Janie Gray, to persuade them that my course is the right one; hat I know what I am doing; for you know, Tom, they have unlimited faith in that to which you lend countenance."

"Jane it I could only feel convinced that your course is just right. I am a man of few words, little education, but some experience, and I know enough to warn even you, Janie Gray, that the path of the world's favor is a dangerous and difficult one. There are pitfalls in cities for inexperienced girls that you know not of, and it requires a faithful and steady nature to overcome these dangers. If it were only in my power to protect you through the world! It is a strong right arm that would keep danger from your door; it is an honest loving heart that would prompt Thomas Toy to advise nothing in which he could not altogether believe."

"Tom," answered Janie. "I've told you many times that you must not talk to me of such things. Our paths lie in different directions. Your lot is cast among people with whom I have nothing in common. They look up to you for commendation and counsel. You are the Adam Bede' of this little community. You rejoice in being a giant among dwarfs. I will never be content until I can mingle with a people of whom I can learn something to my advantage. Tom, if you would only cut loose from these old associations; go to some place, see the world. Get an education; be a man; then join a woman who can appreciate the nobility within you, but so deeply laid that it isn't for Janet Gray to make it shine with brightest lustre; and, having done this, you will be a man with a man's interests, and not the plodding, life-sick drudge you will speedily become in trying to earn a subsistence by upturning those hill-side rocks.

"But, Tom," she continued and as she noticed the downcast look in his eyes, she rose and laid her hand upon his dark, curly locks and brushed them back from a brow broad and intellectual; "I didn't mean to hurt you by what I said. Remember always that Janet Gray has a sister's interest in you, and though you may wear away all your days in rough labor, you are a true man for all that, and no one knows it better than myself. I'll always remember you whether in poverty or comfort, sickness or health; and though it isn't for one like me to fill the place of wife to Thomas Toy, yet try to reward my sisterly interest with a brother's love."

"Janie," said he, as he drew her hand reverently to his lips, "you are as far above me as the heavens are above the earth. This hand (you are right, Janie) was never meant to do the toil of a farmer's wife. Go, my sister, do your work, win your laurels of honesty, and a good name. Go, Janie, where the world will appreciate your worth, but no better than I do. Go to the success you will undoubtedly win, and my good wishes, blessing, and love be with you!"

So saying, he rose from his place at her feet, and the two walked up the woodland path to where only the little orchard separated Janet from her home. There he left her to return to sterner duties.

* * * * * * *

During the ten years that followed this conversation up in the wilds of Cheshire county, many changes have been made in progress. Janet Gray, after successefully turning aside the many objections which were raised to her plans for the future, started off to the nearest station, which we have said was twenty miles distant. She felt that she was taking the first step in an undertaking which would prove satisfactory by whole counsel it had been better to abide. Long after she had left the woods, the little brook, the hills, and the honest-hearted friends behind her she remembered the peculiar light in the eyes of William Thomas Toy which she had never seen there before, as he bade her go on to honor and success, and he said, as he lifted her from the road wagon at the station, "Perhaps we'll travel the road together yet." That statement was an enigma to her of which she could not guess the meaning. Tom has something in view. "Still waters run deep."

Janie spent the first three years that followed in doing a great deal of copying in offices, and the time between workhours was well improved by giving much attention to the reading of the best authors. She made the home of an ancient relative the basis of operations, from which place every morning she went to her usual work. During this time she had gained some attention from the best people of the city, by the great literary ability she began to display, and when, six years after bidding adieu to the associations of childhood, Janet Gray timidly gave her first book to the public for its approval, her success for the future was assured. In all the important movements which followed, in which the services of a ready talker or able writer required, it was her pen and tongue which did active part. Her strong individuality, sprightly manner in conversation, her information on all subjects, drew about her many admirers. In the ten years that had changed her from an ambitious girl of eighteen to the noble womanhood of twenty-eight, her face was not marked with one whit less of its vivacity and interesting expression. She had kept herself informed of the family up in Cheshire county, by scrawling letters written her at semi-annually intervals, which usually referred to the state of crops, mowing of meadows, and additions to the stock community. Her step mother was dead. No mention was ever made of William Thomas Troy, and Janet lived her life in total ignorance thus far of his doings.

She thought of him many times, and wondered if he still plodded along in the same humdrum way, or was he perchance doing something to unravel the mistery of the statement he had made at parting. No doubt she thought he had married some farm rs buxom lass, who could milk cows and and tend to the duties of a farmer's wife in real earnest. Then with a sigh the subject was dismissed.

* * * * * * *

It was about this time that a leading literary institution was to be addressed by one of the world's greatest lecturers. All the elite of the city were there assembled. Every one, professing any interest at all in literary movements, was there to listen to the gems of thought which would be woven into such a beautiful harmony by this man's wonderful power.

Janet Gray with a few friends occupied a conspicuous place. The speaker delivered his address, fulfilling the expectations of his assembled hearers. When almost through, he said,—

"Ladies and Gentlmen: I confess myself highly honored in the attention you have bestowed upon my effort this evening. The subject assigned me I have treated with a profound conviction of its wonderful importance. The advice I have given you is that which, if followed, will make men and women of you all. Young man, young woman, don't let it be said that you leave this place where you are educated, with only a sheepskin to take you through the world. Too many of you not only take your sheepskin, but you leave entirely enveloped in sheepskin.

"A few years since," he continued, "I was returning home from an extended lecture tour. Once as the train stopped, my attention was attracted by two gentlemen conversing in the back part of the car, and the words of one made an impression on me that was an exemplification of the very will force of which I have been talking. 'Yes,' said one of the gentlemen, 'I feel it a great pity that I have never been able to enjoy a good college education; but, God helping me, I will attain mental power and so something in the world even yet.'

"Good thought young man, said I to myself. That resolution is a noble one, and you'll keep it, too. I see it written in your face; I see it in the manliness with which you spoke. I'll remember that. So I jotted down what he said in the little notebook I always carry with me.

"About four years after this, in company with a friend, I went to visit a large library belonging to the city of C——, in which I then had an engagement. My attention was very much taken with something familiar looking in the face of the librarian, with whom I conversed for some time about books and authors. An hour's conversation with him proved that it was no ordinary mind that lay behind the wonderful conversational ability there displayed.

"Finally I said to him, 'Young man, you have within you the making of a fine lecturer. Is this your office of city librarian the highest you ever expect to attain?'

"He replied that his highest aim was to be received by the world as a lecturer, and that he was already doing something in that field, but hoped to continue to improve himself as time went on.

"Friends, I have told you enough of this gentleman's history; it was only to show you what a benefit to a person a strong will may be. However, allow me to add that this young man has filled a number of engagements for me in the West, and he is so well received that I sometimes fear that he may displace me altogether from the minds of the people. He is with me to-night, and it gives me great pleasure to introduce to your consideration for a short time. Mr. William Thomas Toy."

It is needless to state the effect of the mention of this name on Janet Gray. It brought back a surge of overwhelming recollections. The scene at the little station, and the parting words. "She remembered the sun burned, beardless face of the youth of twenty. Here stood the bearded man ten years his senior. She thought of the rude plowman's dress he had worn that morning by the brook. Instead she saw a man graceful, well-formed and dressed neatly. She remembered the brawny, clumsy hands of whose inability to handle a pen well he had complained. All these were drowned in reality, the same Tom standing in all the glory of his manhood before her. She was so overcome that she hardly knew what he was saying. She only realized that his speech was greeted with a storm of applause. Once it seemed to her his eyes were directed towards her, and immediately after he made use of something, in which he carried his audience far beyond.

When the short speech was ended, and as he passed the seat where his elderly friend was glorying in his honor, the latter said,—

"Thomas, my friend, you've outdone yourself. One would think this place nad inspired you."

"Not the place exactly, Mr. Newman," he answered, "but something has given me a lift, I will confess."

The next day a card was sent up to the room of Miss Gray, with no name, but the words,—"We are on the same road now, Janie."

Her heart beat for a moment like that of a maiden of eighteen as sh entered the parlor to greet the friend of her childhood.

"Janie," said he, when they had talked enough about the old days, and what had happened to both in the ten years of separation; "I am a man now, with a manhood to offer you. I have waited all these years for something to offer you, though I had always imagined I would come when my prize was taken. Have you nothing but a brother's love for me now?"

"Dear Tom," said she, "I've been waiting for you. We have started on the same road, let us travel it together till we die."—[Kate Nowell, in New Moon.

Duel With Sabres.

There was formerly in the French service in Algeria a general of Arab origin, Yusuf by name. One day all Algeria was moved to laughter by a satirical sketch of Gen. Yusuf in the local papers under the title of "Monsieur Joujou." The writer, it was said, was M. Arthur de Fronvielle, the editor of the paper, who took the responsibility. Soon after, one fine morning, the journalist heard a terrible knocking at the door. "Come in!" It was Gen. Yusuf who showed his Arab visage at the threshold. He was followed by an ordnance officer. M. de Fronvielle was still lying tranquilly in bed. "Are you Monsieur de Fronvielle?" asked the General. "Yes." "Was it you that called me 'Monsieur Joujou?' We must fight." "At your command, General. I will have a couple of my friends—" "No! no! none of that nonsence," thundered Yusuf. "We will fight immediately. Understand? I want to kill you." "Ah! in that case permit me to rise. And where shall we fight, if you please, General?" "Right here!" "In my bedroom?" "Yes." "All right. And this gentleman will serve as a witness?" "Yes." "Very well. I'm ready for you now."

Yusuf drew his sabre, and at a sign his ordnance officer did the same. The bedroom was very small—nothing cheerful about this strange duel. "Take your choice, Monsieur," said the General, holding out both swords. Fronvielle took the officer's sabre. Yusuf threw off his tunic, rolled up his sleeves, and held his sabre in his bare arm, which was corded with the muscles of an athelete. His white teeth shone from his swarthy face. Uttering yells like a jackel, and bounding like a tiger, savage and frightful, he was making ready to transfix his adversary with his first stroke. This stroke the nawspaper man fended, but it cut him terribly on his right arm. Yusuf stuck the point of his sabre in the floor and said: "You can't use your arm; to continue the combat would be murder. We will finish this affair after you are cured." M. de Fronvielle saluted.

The second day after the fight the General presented himself at the wounded man's lodging, and regularly every morning thereafter. "I hope you will forgive me for getting well so slowly, General; a little patience and I am with you," said Fronvielle. "I am very patient," answered Yusuf. When the wounded man was able to go out at last, Gen. Yusuf was the first to meet him. But it was to offer him his arm, and ask him to lean on it. All his anger had slowly changed to esteem.—Manchester Courier.

Every Girl Can Do It.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

She was a tender, passionate thing, full of all those sweet, emotional charms that lead to engagements which calmer reason throws a different light upon. She sang. She did not only try to sing as most young women do. She could sing, and she sang. She liked pretty, sentimental ballads, and once forgot the point and drove a fellow away by giving him, with fine expression and forgetful enthusiasm, that beautiful musical advice, "Bid Me Good-bye and Go!" He bade her "Good-bye" and went.

She could not understand what he meant until through the tear-filled eyes she read accidentally the legend on the page of music. It is needless to say he returned. It is no use asking how she did it. It wouldn't do you any good to know. Every girl has her own patented way of bringing a fellow back. It is the only thing they are distinctly original in except making pie.

Centenarians.

Prof. Humphreys of Cambridge, England, has been investigating reputed centenarians. He found two males and nine females who were surely over 100 years of age. He remarks: "The centenarian generally comes from a long-lived family and is a person of active habits both of body and mind, a good sleeper, endowed with a good appetite and a cheerful disposition. They are usually moderate in the indulgence in liquors or total abstainers. A considerable number of instances were met with where severe illness had been recovered from in advance age, some seeming to take a new lease of life and throwing off the effects of chronic maladies from which they had previously suffered." After making every allowance for the comparative immunity from accident, exposure and anxiety of women, Prof. Humphreys thinks there still appears to be reason to believe that they possess a greater inherent vitality than man. [D]r. Foote's Health Monthly.

A hen, half black Spanish and half game, has been doing a land office business at Rolla, Mo. She laid her first egg on the 10th day of May, 1886, and has continued to lay an egg every day since. She went to setting as soon as she laid her first egg, and is still on her nest. She comes off every morning to get water and food and then goes back. She has hatched one egg a day except the first three weeks of her career. She has now been laying one year and is the mother and hatcher of of 314 chickens, one half pullets and the other half roosters—and she still looks well.

The sons of the late "Extra Billy" Smith of Virginia, were fond of adventure. His oldest son, William Smith, was a midshipman in the navy and was lost in the Indian ocean. Austin Smith, the great bowie-knife fighter, was killed at the battle of Seven Pines. Peter Bell Smith was accidentally killed by a pistol soon after the war. James Caleb Smith and Col. Thomas Smith figured prominently as duelists. Of "Extra Billy's" children but three survive him, a daughter, Col. Thomas Smith and Capt. Frederick Smith of New Mexico.

The largest dam in the world is to be built across the upper end of the San Mateo canon, about four miles west of the village of San Mateo. The dam will consist of a solid wall of concrete from hillside to hillside. It will be 700 feet long, 170 feet high, 175 feet thick at the base, and 20 feet thick at the top. The reservoir which will be formed by this dam will have a capacity of 32,000,000 gallons, and some time in the future will be connected with the San Francisco water-shed by a tunnel five miles long.

During the recent visit of Mr. Chamberlain and Jesse Collings to Scotland two Skye crofters were discussing the political situation. Quoth one: "Weel, Angus, and what do you think of this Master Chamberlain that's to be here the morn?" To which the other replied: "Weel, Donald, he maun be a very bad man, traveling about wi' a woman wi' a different name." "Wi' a woman! Eh, mon, some one has been foolin' ye." "Na, na! It's true. They telled me she's one Jesse Collings."

Joe Welch, 11 years old, has arrived at Helena, M. T., from county Armagh, Ireland, after traveling all the way alone. He had a tag pinned on his coat, labeled: "Send this boy to Helena, Montana, and be good to him. He is an orphan." Although the boy talks little but Irish Gaelic he understands English, and at times on his long trip he would go astray while in transit from the steamer to the railroad and coach to vessel, but his label got him through all right.

All Associations of Base Ball Players use St Jacobs Oil for sprains, bruises, pains and aches. Indeed all athletic clubs and individual members use it for the same."

Of boy twins lately born in Boston, one has been named Simul and the other Taneous.

The new national liberal club of London has 6,000 members and the finest club house in the world. It cost $750,000.

Miss Hawthorne the "Fair Maid of Kent," finished her 104th year a few days ago. She is in health and fin is a gest in life.

A young lady killed by lightning at Blue Springs, Neb., recently, was sitting on a spring lounge with her lover. The lover escaped uninjured.

Mme. Antoinette, the oratorio singer, is a descendant of Prebendary John Bradford of St. Paul's, London, who was burned at the stake in 1555.

Mr. John Rolf, Champion Bicyclist of the world, living at Sydney, Australia says: "After riding 1000 miles again this time. St. Jacobs Oil removed all fatigue and pains."

Editor Charles A. Dana of the New York Sun, sailed for England a few days ago. He will remain abroad until September.

A bonnet has been invented made entirely of ribbon, which at the theater may be taken off and put in the pocket without injuring it.

M Wilson, the son in law of President Grevy of France denies the report that he recently suffered heavy losses by bourse speculations.

Governor Larrabee has a herd of Swiss cattle at his farm in Fayette county, Iowa that are greatly admired by all that see them.

AN EPIDEMIC

A Violent Form of Cholera Morbus at Belknap, Iowa, Prostrates the Whole Community.

Its Ravages Finally Checked by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy.

A Plain Statement of the Facts by a Leading Merchant of the Town

BELKNAP, IOWA, March 30, 1887.

MESSRS. CHEBERLAIN & CO., DES MOINES, IOWA. Gentlemen: Last summer we had an epidemic in this community in the form of cholera morbus. Nearly every man, woman and child was prostrated by it, and it seemed to be a very violent form. We tried every medicine we had or could find without relief. I then went to Ottumwa and Blake, Bruce & Co., wholesale druggists, advised me to take home Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. I done so and distributed it, and it gave relief immediately; it worked like magic. I ordered more of the remedy at once, and sold it during the day at my store, and at night at my home. I sold as much during the night as I did during the day. The people here cannot say enough in praise of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy.

J. H. HELLWIG, Merchant,
Belknap, Iowa.

No family can afford to do without this great remedy during the summer months. It is only 25 cents per bottle. Ask your druggist to order it for you.

Senor Manuel L. Olavarria, the new consul general from Venezuela to the United States, is a handsome man 25 years of age, who speaks English fluently.

A New Crusade

The constant increase of intemperance and fancy drinking is fast disintegrating society, and good people were getting discouraged. Now, there is a great excitement over a new tasteless plant just discovered, that makes a man strong and vigorous removes nervous exhaustion and nervousness from women at once leaving no reaction. The old drinkers like it better than liquors, and the liquor dealers make the most money on it. This is the first time the liquor dealer's pocket has had a higher bid on it by a harmless substitute. They call it Moxie. The drug stores say its sale is stupendous. It makes no morbid appetites, and all classes take it.

The Warsaw, Ark., Sun is authority for the statement that "An Arkansas man recently drank three quarts of whisky at a single sitting and then expired."

THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL is "*The Niagara Falls Route*" to Buffalo, New York, Boston and New England, as well as to the St. Lawrence, Thousand Islands, Montreal, Catskill and White Mountains, Paul Smith's Fabyan's, Saratoga, and other springs and watering-places of the East. It is also the direct route to Mackinac island, the lakes and trout and grayling streams of Northern Michigan, Toronto and Ottawa, Sister Lakes, St. Clair, and other resorts. These are described in a little book, "In Summer Days," profusely illustrated, which will be sent to any address, on receipt of two stamps for postage, by O. W. Ruggles, G. P. Agent, Chicago, Ill.

INVALIDS' HOTEL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE

No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Not a Hospital, but a pleasant Remedial Home, organized with

A FULL STAFF OF EIGHTEEN PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,

And exclusively devoted to the treatment of all Chronic Diseases.

This imposing Establishment was designed and erected to accommodate the large number of invalids who visit Buffalo from every State and Territory, as well as from many foreign lands, that they may avail themselves of the professional services of the Staff of skilled specialists in medicine and surgery that compose the Faculty of this widely-celebrated institution.

A FAIR AND BUSINESS-LIKE OFFER TO INVALIDS.

We earnestly invite you to come, see and examine for yourself, our institutions, appliances, advantages and success in curing chronic diseases. Have a mind of your own. Do not listen to or heed the counsel of skeptical friends or jealous physicians, who know nothing of us, our system of treatment, or means of cure, yet who never lose an opportunity to misrepresent and endeavor to prejudice people against us. We are responsible to *you* for what we represent, and if you come and visit us, and find that we have misrepresented, *in any particular*, our institutions, advantages or success, **we will promptly refund to you all expenses of your trip.** We court honest, sincere investigation, have no secrets, and are only too glad to show all interested and candid people what we are doing for suffering humanity.

NOT ALWAYS NECESSARY TO SEE PATIENTS.

By our original system of diagnosis, we can treat many chronic diseases just as successfully without as with a personal consultation. While we are always glad to see our patients, and become acquainted with them, show them our institutions, and familiarize them with our system of treatment, yet we have not seen one person in five hundred whom we have cured. The perfect *accuracy* with which scientists are enabled to deduce the most minute particulars in their several departments, appears almost miraculous, if we view it in the light of the early ages. Take, for example, the electro-magnetic telegraph, the greatest invention of the age. Is it not a marvelous degree of accuracy which enables an operator to *exactly* locate a fracture in a submarine cable nearly three thousand miles long? Our venerable "clerk of the weather" has become so thoroughly familiar with the most wayward elements of nature that he can accurately predict their movements. He can sit in Washington and foretell what the weather will be in Florida or New York as well as if several hundred miles did not intervene between him and the places named. And so in all departments of modern science,

SIGNS OF DISEASE. what is required is the knowledge of certain *signs*. From these scientists deduce accurate conclusions regardless of distance. So, also, in medical science, diseases have certain unmistakable signs, or symptoms, and by reason of this fact, we have been enabled to originate and perfect a system of determining, with the greatest accuracy, the nature of chronic diseases, without seeing and personally examining our patients. In recognizing diseases without a personal examination of the patient, we claim to possess no miraculous powers. We obtain our knowledge of the patient's disease by the practical application, to the practice of medicine, of well-established principles of modern science. And it is to the accuracy with which this system has endowed us that we owe our almost world-wide reputation of skillfully treating lingering or chronic affections. This system of practice, and

MARVELOUS SUCCESS. the marvelous success which has been attained through it, demonstrate the fact that diseases display certain phenomena, which, being subjected to scientific analysis, furnish abundant and unmistakable data, to guide the judgment of the skillful practitioner aright in determining the nature of diseased conditions. The most ample resources for treating lingering or chronic diseases, and the greatest skill, are thus placed within the easy reach of every invalid, however distant he or she may reside from the physicians making the treatment of such affections a specialty. Full particulars of our original, scientific system of examining and treating patients at a distance are contained in **"The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser."** By R. V. Pierce, M. D. 1000 pages and over 300 colored and other illustrations. Sent, post-paid, for $1.50. Or write and describe your symptoms, inclosing ten cents in stamps, and a complete treatise, on your particular disease, will be sent you, with our terms for treatment and all particulars.

COMMON SENSE AS APPLIED TO MEDICINE.

It is a well-known fact, and one that appeals to the judgment of every thinking person, that the physician who devotes his whole time to the study and investigation of a certain class of diseases, must become better qualified to treat such diseases than he who attempts to treat every ill to which flesh is heir, without giving special attention to any class of diseases. Men, in all ages of the world, who have become famous, have devoted their lives to some special branch of science, art, or literature.

By thorough organization, and subdividing the practice of medicine and surgery in this institution, every invalid is treated by a specialist—one who devotes his undivided attention to the particular class of diseases to which the case belongs. The advantage of this arrangement must be obvious. Medical science offers a vast field for investigation, and no physician can, within the brief limits of a life-time, achieve the highest degree of success in the treatment of *every* malady incident to humanity.

OUR FIELD OF SUCCESS.

NASAL, THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES. **The treatment of Diseases of the Air Passages and Lungs,** such as **Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Asthma,** and **Consumption,** both through correspondence and at our institutions, constitutes an important specialty.

We publish three separate books on Nasal, Throat and Lung Diseases, which give much valuable information, viz.: (1) A Treatise on Consumption, Laryngitis and Bronchitis; price, post-paid, ten cents. (2) A Treatise on Asthma, or Phthisic, giving new and successful treatment; price, post-paid, ten cents. (3) A Treatise on Chronic Nasal Catarrh; price, post-paid, two cents.

DISEASES OF DIGESTION. **Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," Obstinate Constipation, Chronic Diarrhea, Tape-worms,** and kindred affections are among those chronic diseases in the successful treatment of which our specialists have attained great success. Many of the diseases affecting the liver and other organs contributing in their functions to the process of digestion, are very obscure, and are not infrequently mistaken by both laymen and physicians for other maladies, and treatment is employed directed to the removal of a disease which does not exist. Our Complete Treatise on Diseases of the Digestive Organs will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps.

KIDNEY DISEASES. **BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES,** and kindred maladies, have been very largely treated, and cures effected in thousands of cases which had been pronounced beyond hope. These diseases are readily diagnosticated, or determined, by chemical analysis of the urine, without a personal examination of patients, **who can, therefore, generally be successfully treated at their homes.** The study and practice of chemical analysis and microscopical examination of the urine in our consideration of cases, with reference to correct diagnosis, in which our institution long ago became famous, has naturally led to a very extensive practice in diseases of the urinary organs. Probably no other institution in the world has been so largely patronized by suffers from this class of maladies as the old and world-famed World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel. Our specialists have acquired, through a vast and varied experience, great expertness in determining the *exact* nature of each case, and, hence, have been successful in *nicely* adapting their remedies for the cure of each individual case.

CAUTION. These delicate diseases should be carefully treated by a specialist thoroughly familiar with them, and who is competent to ascertain the exact condition and stage of advancement which the disease has made (which can only be ascertained by a careful chemical and microscopical examination of the urine), for medicines which are curative in one stage or condition are known to do *positive injury* in others. We have never, therefore, attempted to put up anything for general sale through druggists, recommending to cure these diseases, although possessing very superior remedies, knowing full well from an extensive experience that the only safe and successful course is to carefully determine the disease and its progress in each case by a chemical and microscopical examination of the urine, and then adapt our medicines to the exact stage of the disease and condition of our patient.

WONDERFUL SUCCESS. To this wise course of action we attribute the marvelous success attained by our specialists in that important and extensive Department of our institutions devoted exclusively to the treatment of diseases of the kidneys and bladder. The treatment of diseases of the urinary organs having constituted a leading branch of our practice at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, and, being in constant receipt of numerous inquiries for a complete work on the nature and curability of these maladies, written in a style to be easily understood, we have published a large Illustrated Treatise on these diseases, which will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps.

BLADDER DISEASES. **INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER, STONE IN THE BLADDER, Gravel, Enlarged Prostate Gland, Retention of Urine,** and kindred affections, may be included among those in the cure of which our specialists have achieved extraordinary success. These are fully treated of in our illustrated pamphlet on Urinary Diseases. Sent by mail for ten cents in stamps.

STRICTURE. **STRICTURES AND URINARY FISTULÆ.**—Hundreds of cases of the worst form of strictures, many of them greatly aggravated by the careless use of instruments in the hands of inexperienced physicians and surgeons, causing false passages, urinary fistulæ, and other complications, annually consult us for relief and cure. That no case of this class is too difficult for the skill of our specialists is proved by cures reported in our illustrated treaties on these maladies, to which we refer with pride. To intrust this class of cases to physicians of small experience is a dangerous proceeding. Many a man has been ruined for life by so doing, while thousands annually lose their lives through unskillful treatment. Send particulars of your case and ten cents in stamps for a large, illustrated treaties containing many testimonials.

NERVOUS DISEASES. **Epileptic Convulsions, or Fits, Paralysis, or Palsy, Locomotor Ataxia, St. Vitus's Dance, Insomnia,** or inability to sleep, and threatened insanity, **Nervous Debility,** arising from overstudy, excesses, and other causes, and every variety of nervous affection, are treated by our specialists for these diseases with unusual success. See numerous cases reported in our different illustrated pamphlets on nervous diseases, any one of which will be sent for ten cents in postage stamps, when request for them is accompanied with a statement of a case for consultation, so that we may know which one of our Treatises to send.

DISEASES OF WOMEN. We have a special Department, thoroughly organized, and devoted *exclusively* to the treatment of Diseases of Women. Every case consulting our specialists, whether by letter or in person, is given the most careful and considerate attention. Important cases (and we get few which have not already baffled the skill of all the home physicians) has the benefit of a full Council, of skilled specialists. Rooms for ladies in the Invalids' Hotel are very private. Send ten cents in stamps for our large Complete Treatise on Diseases of Women, illustrated with numerous wood-cuts and colored plates (160 pages).

RADICAL CURE OF RUPTURE. **HERNIA** (Breach), or **RUPTURE,** no matter of how long standing, or of what size, is promptly and **permanently cured** by our specialists, **without the knife and without dependence upon trusses.** Abundant references. Send ten cents for Illustrated Treatise.

PILES, FISTULÆ, and other diseases affecting the lower bowels, are treated with wonderful success. The worst cases of pile tumors are permanently cured in fifteen to twenty days. Send ten cents for Illustrated Treatise.

DELICATE DISEASES. Organic weakness, nervous debility, premature decline of the manly powers, involuntary vital losses, impaired memory, mental anxiety, absence of will-power, melancholy, weak back, and kindred affections, are speedily, thoroughly and permanently cured.

To those acquainted with our institutions, it is hardly necessary to say that the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, with the branch establishment located at No. 3 New Oxford Street, London, England, have, for many years, enjoyed the distinction of being the most largely patronized and widely celebrated institutions in the world for the treatment and cure of those affections which arise from youthful indiscretions and pernicious, solitary practices.

We, many years ago, established a special Department for the treatment of these diseases, under the management of some of the most skillful physicians and surgeons on our Staff, in order that all who apply to us might receive all the advantages of a full Council of the most experienced specialists.

WE OFFER NO APOLOGY. We offer no apology for devoting so much attention to this neglected class of diseases, believing no condition of humanity is too wretched to merit the sympathy and best services of the noble profession to which we belong. Many who suffer from these terrible diseases contract them innocently. Why any medical man, intent on doing good and alleviating suffering, should shun such cases, we cannot imagine. Why any one should consider it otherwise than most honorable to cure the worst cases of these diseases, we cannot understand; and yet of all the other maladies which afflict mankind there is probably none about which physicians in general practice know so little. We shall, therefore, continue, as heretofore, to treat with our best consideration, sympathy, and skill, all applicants who are suffering from any of these delicate diseases.

CURED AT HOME. Most of these cases can be treated when at a distance just as well as if here in person.

A Complete Treatise (136 pages) on these diseases sent *sealed, in plain envelope, secure from observation,* on receipt of only ten cents, in stamps, for postage.

SURGICAL PRACTICE. Hundreds of the most difficult operations known to modern surgery are annually performed in the most skillful manner, by our Surgeon-specialists. Large Stones are safely removed from the Bladder, by crushing, washing and pumping them out, thus avoiding the great danger of cutting. Our specialists remove cataract from the eye, thereby curing blindness. They also straighten cross-eyes and insert artificial ones when needed. Many Ovarian and also Fibroid Tumors of the Uterus are arrested in growth and cured by electrolysis, coupled with other means of our invention, whereby the great danger of cutting operations in these cases is avoided.

Especially has the success of our improved operations for Varicocele, Hydrocele, Fistulæ, Ruptured Cervix Uteri, and for Ruptured Perineum, been alike gratifying both to ourselves and our patients. Not less so have been the results of numerous operations for Stricture of the Cervical Canal, a condition in the female generally resulting in Barrenness, or Sterility, and the cure of which, by a safe and painless operation, removes this commonest of impediments to the bearing of offspring.

A Complete Treatise on any one of the above maladies will be sent on receipt of ten cents in stamps.

ALL CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY. Although we have in the preceding paragraphs, made mention of some of the special ailments to which particular attention is given by the specialists at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, yet the institution abounds in skill, facilities, and apparatus for the successful treatment of every form of chronic ailment, whether requiring for its cure medical or surgical means.

All letters of inquiry, or of consultation, should be addressed to

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION,
663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Benjamin Clarke, for 30 years Cheyenne and Arapahoe interpreter at the agency of these tribes in the Indian Territory, is the author of a "History and Dictionary of the Cheyennes."

Mrs. Darragh's portrait of Gen. Grant, presented by George W. Childs to the West Point military academy, has been forwarded from Philadelphia, where it can be seen by the public.

A white baby was born in South Sioux City, Neb., the other day, and it being the first occurrence of the sort there, the citizens celebrated by serenading the new comer and presenting it with a corner lot.

The only Indian prince who brought his wife to London to attend the queen's jubilee is the maharajah of Kuch-Behar. His wife is the daughter of the famous Indian reformer, Baboo Keshab Chunder Sen.

Gov. Hill has had a $1,500 piano placed in the music room of the new executive mansion.

The late Hon Keith Falconer, brother of the earl of Kinnore, was the pioneer bicyclist of England.

Mrs. Henry Wood, the English author left £60,000 to her relatives. Her copyrights are to be retained by her relatives.

A Buffalo woman who was on a visit to Canada, saw over 100 orangemen at one time, and not one of them had an orange."

Gambling is said to be on the increase in New York.

The league against atheism is doing effective work in France.

Professor Reub Field is a new mathematical prodigy at Higginsville, Mo.

For a woman to say she does not use Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap, is to admit she is "behind the times."

Nobody uses ordinary soap now they can get "Lenox."

W. N. U. D.--5--27

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.