PLANT A TREE.

He who plants a tree,
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.—
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree,
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy;
Every day a fresh reality,
Beautiful and strong
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

He who plants a tree,
He plants peace.
Under its green curtain jargons cease,
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree,
He plants youth;
Vigor won for centuries, in sooth;
Life of time, that hints eternity!
Boughs their strength uprear,
New shoots every year
On old growths appear.
Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree,
He plants love;
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant; Life does the rest!
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.
—*Lucy Larcom.*

The Ghost of the Enrique.

BY SIDNEY HERBERT.

Eight years ago I shipped on board the Enrique, Capt. James. Our voyage was to Hilo, Sandwich Islands, and back to Pudget sound, whence we sailed. The captain, officers and crew were, when I joined, Americans and West Indiamen, but, as another hand was wanted besides myself, I persuaded Tom Martyn, an Englishman, with whom I had become friendly, to fill the vacancy. Tom was a fine-looking fellow, very jovial, and had lots of information, which he knew how to use; but, though he talked and dressed like a sailor, he had not been long on board ship before it became plain that he had not been brought up a salt.

Our captain was a Tartar, and no mistake; and as he had the eyes of a hawk, no fault committed by man or boy escaped him. This was specially unfortunate for my English shipmate. He had shipped on able seaman's wages; but his deficiencies were so many and glaring that our captain, who seemed to watch his movements more carefully than the rest of the crew, often inflicted upon him punishments painful to witness. I had a strong attachment for Martyn and stood his friend whenever I could by taking some of his duties along with my own; but I was not always on hand to help him so he fell oftener than others beneath the captain's displeasure.

One night when I was at the wheel the wind rose into a gale. The captain came on deck and set all hands to reef topsails. The men were manning the halyards to hoist away when poor Martyn, instead of letting go the reef tackle, let go the weather foretopsail brace, and away went the yard, fore and aft. By luffing up smartly, however, we managed to get checked without carrying anything away. But Capt. James, frothing at the mouth, swore he would tan the foolish lubber's hide who had done so clumsy a thing. Saying which he rushed at poor Martyn with a piece of ratline, which he brought down upon his head and shoulders, giving them a fearful cut. He was in the act of raising it again, when a voice from aloft roared out:

"Stay your hand!"

The voice was wonderfully loud and clear, seemingly coming from the maintop. The captain fell back, and, looking up, cried in a great rage:

"Aloft there?"

"Helloa?" was the answer back.

"Come down on deck," was the captain's imperious order.

"Come up here and see how you will like it," was the contemptuous response.

"Come down, I say, on deck!" foamed the captain.

"Come up and fetch me," returned the voice from aloft.

"Who is up there, Mr. Scott?" cried the captain, appealing to the first officer.

"No one, sir," was the reply, "so far as I can see. All seem present on the deck."

The captain's rage was terrible to witness.

"All seem present, Mr. Scott? What do you mean by that sir? I ask you again, who is up there?"

"No one known to me," returned the mate. "All are present; all are on deck."

Such was the case. But the second mate, without awaiting orders, sprang up the rigging and looked over the toprim, then made the circuit of it, looking all around the masthead, and then reported himself alone.

"Then the ship must be haunted!" cried the chief mate.

The captain thereupon dropped the rope's end which he held in his hand and went below. It was evident that he was strangely affected by what had occurred. And so my fellow-countryman escaped further punishment that night.

But in a few days our skipper had forgotton his fears and looked about for another object upon which he could vent his spleen. I had the ill fortune to feel his wrath. He ordered me to make a knot in the end of an old jagged rope to be used in making a lashing. In a little while I returned, saying I had made the best job I could out of a rope which was quite fagged out.

"Well," said he, "it that's your best you are as much of a lubber as your friend Martyn. But I'll dock you both to ordinary seaman's wages."

I tried to show him that the rope was too much worn to make a neat piece of work of it.

"Indeed," I said, "it is sadly fagged."

"Fagged, is it?" cried he, scornfully. "Then I'll finish it over your lubberly back."

"No you won't!" roared out a voice from behind the longboat.

The captain rushed in the direction of the sound, but failed to discover the speaker.

"Who was that?" he cried in a storm of wrath. "Let me know who it is, and I'll thrash him within an inch of his life!"

"Will you? Ha! ha! ha!" was the mocking reply, dropping seemingly from the maintop.

It was broad daylight when this took place, so we could see that there was no one up there. I was as much startled and mystified by the occurrence as the captain; but neither he nor I, nor any of the crew to whom he applied, could throw light thereon. But whoever or whatever uttered the words, my purpose was served as was Martyn's on a previous occasion. The irate captain went below, filled more with fear than rage, throwing behind him, as he stepped from the cabin ladder, the rope's end which had so vexed him.

Sailors, in general, are superstitious beings. Whatever cannot easily be made out or accounted for on natural principles is laid to the account of the supernatural. Our captain was no better in this respect than his crew, for he was as illiterate as they, except in the matter of navigation, and as rough and untutored. He evidently believed his ship was haunted, and that a spirit from the vast deep had a mind to torment him by its interferences. His fears were increased not many days after. On returning to rest at the end of his evening's watch his slumbers were disturbed by a loud and fearful cry, which seemed to enter the cabin by the side light, which was left open for ventilation. The cry was heard by the second officer on the quarter-deck and by Martyn, who was at the wheel. Neither of them could throw any light upon the incident to the captain, who had rushed on to the deck in a state of terror, and demanded in vain for the production of the offender.

From that day it was clear to all hands that Capt. James was tormented by apprehensions of coming disaster. An idea was fixed in his mind that his ship was visited by a spirit from the invisible world, which preferred to make itself heard rather than seen. And this idea was strengthened by the fact that when he was on deck and became angry at the conduct of any of the men, especially when his anger was made manifest in oaths or blows, the unseen but ever vigilant visitor from the afar world, perched apparently on the top of the mainmast, utter the insolent laugh or solemn warning. On these occasions the poor man would rush off to his cabin with blanched cheek and tottering limbs, and there abide until the gale in his moral sensibilities should subside. That it was angry with no one else but the captain was clear, from the fact that it never took notice of the conduct of any other person. The mate or the boatswain might act as they liked or the men might give and call each other hard names; no matter—the voice was not heard—neither laugh nor moan fell upon our ears.

But most of those who lived in the forecastle were far from being happy; many of them shared the fear of our skipper, and I saw that they would rather have braved his wrath than to be tormented as they were by the "voices of the night" or day. Martyn and myself were exceptions. What his opinion was I could not say; he met all my questions by adroit evasions. As for myself, I had no explanations to give. Thus matters went on until we were within two days' sail of the islands. All the while our captain had been kept from tyranny by his fears of the voice; but now exasperated by some fault in seamanship on the part of Martyn, and being the worse for liquor, he hurled a belaying-pin at him which struck him on the head. Clapping his hands to his head, he rushed to the forecastle. It was evident that the skipper expected to hear the voice, for he looked nervously aloft, but all was silent in that direction. His courage returned and he desired the second officer to call Martyn back to the deck. Getting no answer to his call the mate went below, where he found the poor fellow delirious. Returning to the deck he reported him to be in a dangerous condition. This filled the captain with fear. He ordered that every attention should be paid him, which was done. That night it became necessary to have all hands on deck to reef, and while we were on the yards an awful cry, like that of a maniac, arose from the bow of the vessel and the next moment several of us saw a human form on the rail near the forecastle and then a loud splash was heard in the water under our lee. The captain and chief officers who were on deck rushed to the side. A hat was seen for a moment bobbing on the crest of a wave, the maniacal cry was repeated, when Capt. James, himself uttering a loud cry, fell senseless on the deck. The mate then hailed us who were on the topsail yard, "Come down from aloft! Clear away the small boat!"

We thought he was as near beside himself as was the captain; and so he was for the moment, for when we gained the deck he was ready to countermand the order. Everything was awful beyond expression; the wind and water raging wild; it was impossible for a boat to live on so rough a sea, so, making a virtue of necessity, the search for the poor, maddened fellow was abandoned amid vows of vengence against the captain and tears for our poor, lost messmate. Forty-eight hours after this we entered Hilo. A vast change had come over the crew. The captain knowing their peculiarities, had supplied them with money and copious libations of whisky; so, instead of reporting him to the consul, as they declared they would, they were ready to shout his praise all day long. In this, however, I did not agree; but unable to bring the tyrant to justice single-handed, I resolved to quit the Enrique, I did so. After hiding in the woods several days I was caught and brought back to the ship. As my adventures as a fugitive are not essential to the unfolding of my story, I pass them by and take up the thread of my narrative.

We set sail on our return voyage. Capt. James was an altered man. He abstained from liquor, he controlled his temper, and this, with the addition of a fine steady breeze, made our lives on board happy. But alas! we were doomed to a sad ending of the voyage. Keeping near the land, and a squall laying hold of the ship, we were drawn on a lee shore. It was just after midnight when we struck, and the darkness was terrible, and leaping out of my hammock I ran on deck. I could see nothing save the wild waters racing over the deck. I cried out to my shipmate but got no answer. It was not possible to reach the after part of the vessel where the lifeboats were kept, so, acting on the impulse of the moment, I leaped into the sea. Catching hold of a friendly dock I was saved. Daylight came after a weary waiting. The first thing I saw was the ghastly corpse of poor Capt. James, and not far from it that of our Chinese cook. The rest were saved. We made our way to Portland, where we were paid off; thence I proceeded to San Francisco.

I had often asked myself whence came those strange voices and fearful words, which had so alarmed our captain and put most of the crew in terror, and had so opportunely saved me from the captian's vengeance. But it was beyond my power to answer the inquiry; neither could the mate or any of the survivors throne any light thereon. Had we known what ventriloquism was, we might have had therein a solution of the mystery, but I had never heard of an adept in the art, neither had any of my shipmates. Poor Martyn, when with us our most intelligent shipmate, seemed to be as much in the dark as the rest of us, although he was not the least put out by the occurrence.

Strolling along the streets of San Francisco one night, about a year after the wreck, ready for anything in the way of amusement that migth turn up, my eye caught a large poster which announced the wonderful doings of Prof. Smithsson, "the unrivaled and world renowned ventriloquist."

This, thought I, shall be the source of my evening's amusement. Turning my face in the direction of the "Hall of Science and Emporium of Amusement," I was soon seated in a snug corner of the building and was not long in being carried away by the wonderful sayings and doings of the professor. At last he told us he would hold an imaginary conversation with a person up the chimney. He did so. When in the midst of a dialogue the person in the flue gave a derisive "Ha! ha! ha!" I was startled. I sprang to my feet. "Lord," said I half aloud, "that is the voice and tones and words which more than once came from the maintop of the Enrique." And while I was staring at the professor with eyes ready to leap from their sockets he came to the front of the stage to preform his part. Then, in spite of his flowing beard and other decorations, I saw in Prof. Smithsson the identical Tom Martyn, who, over twelve months before, we believed to have leaped in a fit of madness into the sea and was drowned.

"Martyn!" I cried out in my excitement.

"Sit down!" cried one. "Put him out!" said others.

In the meantime I had come to my self and resumed my seat, but not before I had received from the professor a sign of recognition. When the performance was over my old shipmate—for it was he—beckoned me to him and taking me to his private room he grasped my hand in all the fervency of ardent frendship.

"How came you to be saved from a watery grave on that dreadful night when you jumped into that raging sea?" I asked impatiently.

"I did not jump overboard," said Martyn, laughing, "neither was I any less sane than I am at this moment. The entire plan was a trick of my own invention to frighten the captain and then get away from his clutches. My madness was a sham and the man overboard simply a bundle of old togs, topped by my old hat. The moment I pitched them over the rail I slipped down into the forepeak, where I lay hid until the night after the ship entered port, when I stole out and went on shore. I had taken care to lay up plenty of junk and I managed to avoid detection until the Enrique sailed. The cries which you heard from the maintop, from behind the long boat, in the cabin, I need not explain."

"No," said I, "all is made clear by the doings of this night."

"Exactly so," said he. Then he continued: "I had performed as a ventriloquist in most large cities and towns in Europe before you knew me; but becoming somewhat restless in my habits, and having squandered all my earnings, in a fit of recklessness I took to the sea, and in the capacity of a sailor found my way to Puget Sound. But I had not in me the stuff of which sailors are made; so after my adventure on board the Enrique I went back to my old profession, in which I have done so well. My wild oats are all sown, I hope; and having learned wisdom by bitter experience, I shall stick to that line of life for which I have capacity—a better thing than splicing old ropes or taking in topsail reefs on a blowing night."

"I should think so," I said, "but you nearly killed the captain with fright while you caused us many a heartache at your supposed loss."

"For the latter I am very sorry," said Martyn, "but I cannot say I pitied the captain. His cruelty to me was dreadful, and he would probably have ended by killing me, but for the fortunate gift of ventriloquism. 'All's well that ends well.'"

"True," I replied, "and I rejoice that you are alive to say so. You kept your secret, for neither Capt. James nor any of the crew ever suspected that incapable Tom Martyn was the ghost that haunted the Enrique."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A Murderer's Pet.

For some time Deacons, the condemned murderer of Mrs. Stone, has had a companion in his cell. It was a mouse that he caught some weeks ago, and finally succeeded in taming and training. He had taught it to walk a tight-rope—a string stretched from his cell door to his hand—to sit upright on top of his ink bottle, to come at his call and to go through many other performances of which the ordinary mouse has not even the faintest conception. Deacons has always seemed fond and proud of his pet. It slept with him every night, making a warm nest for itself under the edge of his pillow, and was his constant companion. The bright-eyed little animal seemed to have entirely conquered its natural timidity so far as its master was concerned, and showed its fondness and gratitude for kindness in every way it could. For some time past Deacons has been trying to get another mouse, having planned to construct a miniature carriage and train the two to draw it. This idea had taken strong possession of his mind, and he talked constantly about it. But yesterday when the attendant entered his cell a dog belonging to Sheriff Hodgson followed him unobserved, and before he could be prevented had caught and instantly killed the little beast. Deacons emotion was genuine and unstrained. Nothing that has occurred since his sentence seems to have moved him so much. He is still greatly disturbed, and every one about the jail sympathizes with him.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Woman in the Sleeping Car.

It is one of the inscrutable mysteries of life why the slowest and most "pernickity" and most selfish of women generally obtains possession of the dressing room first, and holds it until the patience of every one in the car is exhausted. Regardless of the comfort of others she washes, and powders and puts up her hair, and lets out her bangs and brushes her teeth and manicures her nails, arranges her colar and cuffs, all the rest of it with a calm deliberation of one who has nothing to do but loaf, and the whole day before her to do it while her suffering sisters are waiting—waiting with unkempt hair and growing ire at her painful selfish slowness. From all these and many minor miseries of a sleeping car—women pray to be delivered—though, by the way, they should do something more effective than praying. If nothing better could be devised in the way of accommodations, one great improvement could be easily put into practice, and that is to have a car for women to themselves. That alone would reduce the disagreeableness of night travel considerably.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A Two-Foot Sea Serpent.

A sailor, just arrived from Central American waters, brought a curiosity in the snake line to the Academy of Sciences. The acquisition is a veritable sea serpent, according to the statements of the local scientists. It is about twenty-four inches in length, with flattened tail and narrow head. Its body is a bright yellow, with a broad, wavy stripe of deep black along its back. The specimen is undoubtedly venomous. Dr. Hewston says that he cannot at once classify the reptile, but he supposes it to be a species hitherto unknown to science. There is, however, a watersnake much resembling this one in East Indian waters and along the coast of New Zealand. These snakes travel there in great schools, and are a considerable annoyance to fishermen. It may be possible that the specimen in question was drifted by ocean currents from its proper habitat to the place where it was found.—*San Francisco Alta.*

Seaside Ecstasy.

She (looking at the sea): "How grand, how glorious, George, it is to watch the angry waves as they lash themselves against the shore!" He (with equal ecstasy, but less fluency): "Yes, and—and—how damp it all seems!"—*Life.*

THE TALE OF THE SHIRT.

Strange Changes in the Fashion Within Five Hundred Years.

The youngster who looks upon the recent rebellion against the style of starched shirt he was brought up in as an evidence of something new in the world has much to learn of the past says the New York *Graphic.* The plain linen front, glossy and stiff, to which he has been accustomed as a part of every gentleman's attire, is no monument of the usage of centuries, as he may imagine. It is really a result of the conventional law prescribing the stern simplicity of the evening dress. This itself is the result or elimination, every color and extraneous ornament which formerly adorned the exquisite having been discarded and lines of rigid severity being adopted as the extreme effort of elegance.

It is not many years—only about twenty-five—since it became common for men to have their shirts made up away from home. Until then the women of every economical household made the shirts for the men, and it may be said parenthetically, a well-fitting shirt was in those days a curiosity. The taste and fancy of the fair seamstress had every opportunity for display in the way of variety, and the result was a surprising variety. Ruffles had at that time nearly gone out of use, but plaits, and gathered fronts were common enough. The tendency toward simplicity brought a reduction in the number of these plaits, until three broad plaits, the last touch of fancy work that was allowed, gave way to the plain front that has been the style for a dozen or more of years. This last is the only thing that really harmonizes with the "dress suit," so-called, or evening dress.

It is not surprising that the fashion should begin to change, and that new materials should take the place as they are now taking it, of linen and muslin for day wear and for neglige garments. The very decided movement toward white flannel that began last summer is likely to be stronger this summer, but every other available kind of woven goods is now employed. Silken, woolen, cotton, and linen clothes of numerous kinds find a place, and the taste that finds expression in colors and even embroidery is no longer considered outre.

These changes, however, are trifling compared with those that have taken place since five hundred years ago, when the shirt became a thing of common use. Before that men had not developed the under garment plan of dressing, and wore their clothes in very different fashion from that now in vogue. A writer in the San Francisco *Chronicle* recently sketched in outline the various radical changes that have been introduced since the birth of the shirt. Habits of personal cleanliness, he intimates, were not as rigid in the fourteenth century as in the nineteenth, and for a long time the shirt was worn like the modern undershirt, in concealment, partly because it was seldom in a condition to bear inspection. Its length varied in different periods according to the fashion of the outer garments, but it was kept hidden until at length an ornamented band, the percursor of the modern collar, began to show the neck. Then a display was in vogue of the lower part, between the doublet and the long hose. Then portions of the sleeve were exposed through slashes in the doublet sleeves.

In the seventeenth century the collar was all that was generally shown, and this assumed, at some periods, enormous proportions and fantistic shapes. From 1700 to 1850 A. D. there seemed to be a general desire to display as much as possible of the useful garment. The waistcoat, worn over it, was only caught together by loops at the waist, and showed more than modern observers would consider decorus. The reaction from this was the closing up of the waistcoat and the growth of the cravat, which latter, at first as big as a shawl, gradually subsided to the "stock" of our grandfathers and then the modern tie.

The various changes, narrated carefully and in detail, would fill a volume, but these few outlines show the general character of the change. How soon another revolution in dress may come it is impossible to guess; but that it will come some time it is certain and that the starched shirt will suffer change, with the other garments admits of no question.

DETECTIVES AT WEDDINGS.

Their Usefulness Shown by a Recent Parisian Wedding-Present Robbery.

At a wedding on Saturday in a fashionable New York residence a *Graphic* representative saw two of Inspector Byrnes' men and two more from the Wilkinson agency. The four were in full dress suits, gloved, patent leathered, and with button-hole bouquets. No one could have distinguished them from the crowd of fashionable guests. They were never together, but some one of the four was continually present in the room where the presents of the bride were spread out for the delectation and delight of her friends.

"Is this usual?" whispered the reporter to the sharp-eyed, mild-faced man from Wilkinson's.

"I should say so," was the reply. "If some guard were not kept over those articles they would be liable to disappear very promptly. The last police story from Paris would show just how necessary this supervision is. Shall I tell it to you?

"The daughter of the Marquis of Vaulserre was married in the hotel of Baron de Wendel, her uncle, with a reception which all fashionable Paris attended. The reception was an open one, and the hundreds present thronged the second salon in which the wedding presents were exhibited. A high Catholic dignitary, Mgr. Fava, having been announced the throng crowded into the first salon to see him.

"After the commotion caused by the arrival of the prelate subsided one of the ladies of the house returned to the second salon for the purpose of showing the presents to a newly-arrived friend. The splendid diamond necklace, the most beautiful and costly of the exhibits, was gone. The loss was soon buzzed through the assemblage and a cold silence fell upon the guests. People looked at each other half in amazement and half in suspicion. All were in perplexity and confusion, for among those present were many whose faces were familiar by reason of their being seen in many like gatherings, but whose names and position in society were little known. In the suspense there was some talk of closing the doors and keeping the people together until the advent of the police. Some suggested thorough search; but nothing of the sort was attempted. The Marquis of Vaulserre and Baron de Wendel, however, stood at the hall door and scrutinized each departing guest. Nothing suspicious having been developed, the police were sent into the second salon to investigate, but they discovered nothing except some reason to conclude that the necklace and its pendants were too large to have been taken away by a man unless he wore a greatcoat while perpetrating the theft. No man so attired was admitted to the second salon, therefore they concluded that the jewel was stolen by a woman, who hid it among her voluminous skirts and passed unnoticed amid the guests.

"The police have made no progress since in elucidating the crime further than to surmise that it was perpetrated by three English women, who were seen loitering at the door when the wedding party arrived from the church and the reception began. They were sufficiently well attired to be admitted without challenge, and made the most of their opportunities when the crowd deserted the second salon for a sight of the distinguished prelate. If the host had taken the precaution that American gentlemen take and employed detectives to watch the jewels the loss could not have occurred.'

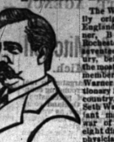
Education of the Brain.

The brain can be trained just like the hand. This is the great subject of education. An empty head is an evil head; an untrained brain is a mischievous brain. The brain must be used all round, and perhaps the greatest danger of school education at present is that the memory is cultivated principally or almost alone. It is not walking encyclopædias that do good in the world, but skilled brains, able to think and not merely to remember. No teaching is likely to be of much permanent value which does not exercise other faculties of the mind, the reflection and judging powers, the power of giving undivided attention and the power of taking pains. Interest in the work is essential to true progress, and the most enduring knowledge is that which we teach ourselves. Imagination should be stipulated by wholesome and stirring stories and all the wealth of poetry; and the will should be educated by forcing ourselves to do our duties promptly, even when disagreeable, as they so often are.

Habits are largely the result of training; the same part of the brain is used over and over again; the nervous energy travels the same set of fibres from the same centre time after time, until ultimately it passes without any control and almost unconsciously. The painful efforts of learning an art in the end give an unnoticed mastery over it. Here is the danger of self-indulgence in any vice.—*C. H. Pollock, M. C., in the Chautauquan.*

It is satisfactory to learn that Henry M Stanley is alive and well somewhere in Africa, although his postal facilities are somewhat obstructed.—*Providence Journal.*

A Successful Man.



The Warner family originated in England, John Warner, Bishop of Rochester in the seventeenth century, being one of the most prominent members. Col. Seth Warner of Revolutionary fame in this country, and Capt. Seth Warner, a valiant man in the war of 1812, and eight distinguished physicians, mark the H. H. Warner line in America. H. H. Warner was born in Van Buren, Onondaga Co., N. Y., Jan. 19th, 1842. After an education at Dr. Wright's Academy at Elbridge, and acquiring the tinsmith's trade at Memphis, N. Y., he went west for five years. In 1870 he returned to Rochester as General Agent of the Mosler Safes of Cincinnati, O., and for ten years was the most successful safe dealer in the country, and amassed a fortune.

In 1879 he was prostrated by a severe disease. The best physicians gave him no hope of recovery. It was at this time that he used what is now known as Warner's safe cure and was fully restored to health thereby. Realizing that the world needed such a specific for kidney disease, he made a vow when sick that if it cured him he would spend his days proclaiming its merits to the world. On his recovery he began at once its manufacture, and to-day there are seven laboratories and the branch houses in seven different quarters of the globe. In 1883, the Warner Astronomical Observatory erected and endowed by Mr. Warner, was completed at an estimated expense of $60,000. It is located on East Avenue, and is the finest private Astronomical Observatory in the world. The telescope cost $13,000. Since 1879, astronomical prizes to the extent of $5,000 have been awarded by Mr. Warner for scientific discovery. In 1882 he was elected a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. In 1886 H. H. Warner & Co., put Warner's Safe Yeast upon the market, and in 1887 Warner's Log Cabin Remedies, designed to reach diseases for which Warner's Safe Remedies are not specifics.

The Safe Remedies building on N. St. Paul St., with its four and a quarter acres of flooring is one of the most imposing structures of the kind in the world. In 1887 H. H. Warner was unanimously elected President of the Rochester Chamber of Commerce, a compliment that the city and all who knew him confessed was more than well deserved. His inaugural address to that Chamber was notable for its radical views and thorough-going sensible recommendations.

He is about six feet high, has iron gray hair, splendid physique, is a man of great energy, and is one of the most thorough-going and public-spirited citizens of Rochester.

The Virginia inlets are alive with boats planting oysters.

A new line of stockings made in Lowell is called "snowblack."

A Georgia man has celebrated his golden wedding with his second wife.

Since January, 1887, 831 manufacturing companies have been organized in Japan.

Rider Haggard has gone to Iceland for a holiday. He is a sportsman as well as a penman.

Princess Beatrice Battenburg is taking anti-fat to reduce her obesity, which threatens to become abnormal.

Andrew Carnegie says that the coaching trip which he and Mr. Blaine will take will last at least till July 1.

The weighing machines in hotels and other public places in Philadelphia are said to average a net profit of $25 a month.

The Chinese government intends erecting a monument to Gen. Gordon on the scene of his victory over the Taiping rebels.

Empress Elizabeth, of Austria, having been forbidden to take equine exercise for some months, now amuses herself with a tricycle.

The Mormon hierarchy is said to pay Mr. A. M. Gibson a salary of $10,000 a year to look after the interests of Zion at Washington.

When Charles Dickens, jr., reached Portland Oregon, last Tuesday he had made a 27,000-mile lecture tour through the United States.

Gen. Wade Hampton was thrown from his horse in Washington the other day and suffered a compound comminuted fracture of his wooden leg.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, jr., Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, is visiting in California, and will closely study the Chinese cheap labor question.

Governor Beaver, of Pennsylvania, has given $1,000 to the One Million Dollar Permanent Fund for Ministerial Relief that is being raised by the Presbyterian Church.

There is talk of the Rev. Dr. Bodine, president of Kenyon college, as the successor of the Rev. Dr. Geisey in the rectorship of the church of the Epiphany, at Washington.

General Boulanger and Mr. Blaine met frequently when the General visited this country to attend the centennial of the surrender of Yorktown. Blaine was then Secretary of State.

Belva Lockwood, since her nomination for the Presidency, has bought a stunning new bonnet. A cunningly-constructed artificial bee is made to hover among the flowers that adorn its crown.

Harold Brown, descendant of Nicholas Brown, after whom Brown University was named, and a member of the class of 1886 of the University, has given $100 for Episcopal missionary work.

Marshal Booth, son of General Booth of England, is conducting the movements of the Salvation Army in Albany, N.Y. He is a tall, thin man, with long, black beard, long arms, and a long tongue.

Alonzo Steele, of Grinnell, Iowa, has given $20,000 to endow the chair of mathematics and natural philosophy of Iowa college, the chair to be called in memory of his daughter, the "Myra Steele" chair.

Senator Palmer, of Michigan, is the owner of a fine homestead farm, and he plants a tree there for every senator who visits him. Edmunds' is a beech, Jones's a mulberry, and Sherman's a soft basswood.

One of the wealthiest delegates at the Methodist conference in New York is Amos Shinkle, of Covington, Ky. He leads many Cincinnati enterprises, and ardently promotes missionary and Sunday school work.

The Rev. Dr. Leonard, lately of Brooklyn and now rector of St. John's Church, Washington, D. C., who has been elected Bishop of Southern Ohio, will be the youngest member of the Episcopacy, being just 40 years old.

Donald G. Mitchell, better known as "Ik Marvel," lives quietly on his farm at Edgewood, Conn., and looks like a little old Scotch farmer or gardener. He is now 60, and has a comfortable revenue from his published books.

Henry Villard is looming up again in the financial world and is talked of for his old position at the head of the Oregon Transcontinental company. Mr. Villard began his life as a newspaper man and preserves his bounce.

A number of the street car employes of Indianapolis have petitioned the Chicago syndicate buying the property to remove car No. 145 because it had had nothing but a record of incidents, robberies, and murder since it left the shop.

For The Nervous
The Debilitated
The Aged.

Medical and scientific skill has at last solved the problem of the long needed medicine for the nervous, debilitated, and the aged, by combining the best nerve tonics, Celery and Coca, with other effective remedies, which, acting gently but efficiently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, remove disease, restore strength and renew vitality. This medicine is

Paine's Celery Compound

It fills a place heretofore unoccupied, and marks a new era in the treatment of nervous troubles. Overwork, anxiety, disease, lay the foundation of nervous prostration and weakness, and experience has shown that the usual remedies do not mend the strain and paralysis of the nervous system.

Recommended by professional and business men. Send for circulars.

Price $1.00. Sold by druggists.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors
BURLINGTON, VT.

A LIVE FOURTH.

Grand Doings in the Northwest.

"None to do it reverence" cannot be said of the Fourth of July, 1888. The whole northwest commenced on that date a jubilee the like of which has never been known in this country; and to the general patriotism excited by the occurrence of the "Declaration" anniversary, is added the special influence of the fact that 1888 marks the first century of the existence of the northwest portion of the United States as a civilized community. Only one hundred years of time separates the eras of the wild beast and Indian from that of the arts of peace, and the white man's culture; but the path of human progress expands like a fan, and it may be truly said that the work of the past century has been the utilization of the experience and labors of all previous ones. In no place has this been more conspicuous than in the west, and proud of their record, its denizens, through the "hundred day" centennial exposition inaugurated at Cincinnati, Ohio, on the Fourth of July, are commemorating the lapse of an even century since the white man began to redeem the wilderness, and substitute his peculiar institutions and definite methods for the haphazard ways of poor Lo.

A man in Connecticut, who built a fancy barn, stole eight tombstones from a grave-yard to build his mangers.

When everything else fails, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

Bric-a-brac shelves of oxidized silver have just made their appearance.

"What Drug Will Scour These English Hence?"

Wicked Macbeth, who murdered good King Duncan, asked this question in his despair. Thousands of victims of disease are daily asking "What will scour the impurities from my blood and bring me health?" Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will do it. When the purple life-tide is sluggish, causing drowsiness, headache and loss of appetite, use this wonderful vitalizer, which never fails. It forces the liver into perfect action, drives out superfluous bile, brings the glow of health to the cheek and the natural sparkle to the eye. All druggists.

In cotton goods for summer, checks and stripes of all widths appear, and pink and pale gray are leading colors.

A Pleasure Shared by Women Only.

Malherbe, the gifted French author, declared that of all things that man possesses, women alone take pleasure in being possessed. This seems generally true of the sweeter sex. Like the ivy plant she longs for an object to cling to and love—to look to for protection. This being her perogative, ought she not to be told that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the physical salvation of her sex? It banishes those distressing maladies that make her life a burden, curing all painful irregularities, uterine disorders, inflammation and ulceration, prolapsus and kindred weaknesses. As a nervine, it cures nervous exhaustion, prostration, debility, relieves mental anxiety and hypochondria, and promotes refreshing sleep.

After years of abeyance, the pretty fashion of wearing natural flowers in the hair is sanctioned by high authorities.

The Homeliest Man in Michigan

As well as the handsomest, and others are invited to call on any druggist and get free a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits and is guaranteed to relieve and cure all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Large Bottles 50 cents and $1.

The state of Sonora, Mexico, levies a tax of $3 on every baby born within its limits.

Botanic Blood Balm.

B. B. B. is the only Blood Purifier that makes positive and permanent cure of all Blood Diseases. For females, troubled with painful menstruation, ovarian tumors, uterine ulcers, and chronic troubles, its action is speedy and effectual. One $1.00 bottle will convince anyone. 6 bottles $5.00. All Druggists. Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga.

A jardiniers of open work silver is the latest toilet table ornament.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, }
LUCAS COUNTY, ss. }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO. doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. '86.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by Druggists. 75 cents.

A moonstone spider, with gold legs, crawling up a gold needle to a moonstone globe, is the pattern of a very new hat pin.

Jay Eye See's driver, Edwin D. Bither, uses Cole's Veterinary Carbolisalve, and a thorough trial enables him to endorse it as the best remedy he ever saw for general stable use. Sold by druggists at 50c. and $1.

If your wife asks for a new bonnet just give her a poke.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

For a plain ring, dull gold in rope pattern is quite as stylish as anything.

A black pearl bee, with diamond wings, is a new brooch simply ravishing.

Women may not have the right to vote, but no one questions their right to veto.

Striped moire and grenadine, either black or white, is much chosen for watering-place wear.

Perfumed linings for tea gowns are among the newest developments of luxurious fashion.

Love in a cottage is all very well, but it isn't to be compared with love in a brown-stone front.

In St. Louis there are thirty girls who will in time become millionaires. Go west, young man, go west!

Green in all shades, from apple to olive, is a favorite hue for the trimming of black straw or Neapolitan hats.

Fine Milan braid is a favorite material for bonnets, with split English straw and French chips a good second.

The best possible alleviation of a decollette corsage is yard after yard of illusion draped high about the shoulders.

Small mantels of black embroidered cashmere, or of sheer white muslin, can be worn with gowns of any material.

Striped and cross-barred crape and sewing silk grenadines are the preferred material for summer mourning-gowns.

In silver jewelry the rock finish, etched in quaint designs, is rapidly superseding the hammered patterns so long worn.

Black toilets still lead all others, and for evening gold-embroidered black silk, combined with gold-colored moire, is the acme of elegance.

London Truth asserts that if a woman paints her face and a person who has been eating cloves breathes upon that paint, it will turn black.

For a mourning pin, choose either a bar of onyx set with pearl forget-me-nots, or else a geranium leaf of that stone with one brilliant at the edge.

Grasshopper green and periwinkle pink are the names to two fresh spring tints daintily intermingled in the adornings of a Parisian round hat.

Butterfly wing is the very latest point for draping, and the insect is further imitated by wearing them in fours—two at front and two back.

Rosettes of crepe lisse are among the lovliest bonnet trimmings, and a cluster of violets or valley lillies is often nestled between two or three of them.

Pretty gowns for misses are of white camel's hair, striped with gold galoon, or of white cashmere, striped with velvet in blue, brown or scarlet.

The bride who can afford it has a lace matinee made up in Valenciennes or marquise over a white silk slip, with the addition of bewildering bows.

Many of the best tailors send home with spring gowns of light, pale-hued wool, vests of white embroidered pique, whose flowers match the dress in color.

Good form now requires loose gloves for women as well as men; in consequence, fashionable ladies have gone up at least two sizes in their purchases.

The conglomerate neckwear of lace and ribbon is decidedly passe, though twin folds of ribbon alone, and soft encumbered clouds of lace, are more in favor than ever

The indefinite, shadowy broche patterns produced by the Jacquard looms are noticeable in many of the beautiful semi-diaphanous textiles imported for midsummer wear.

A Maryland woman has been granted a patent for a bonnet holder. We have often felt that we should like to act in that capacity ourselves at public entertainments.

Clustered rows of ribbon, or ribbon-like braid, are seen above the hem of many new gowns, while clustered tucks, with ribbon between, fairly run riot in the bodices of the summer.

To Persons Going to Mountain and Seaside.

The Moxie people have made you a 75c. bottle of its Syrup, that with ice water will make you seventy-five half tumblers of rich, luscious beverage nerve food, that will give you a big appetite, strong, vigorous nerve strength of double endurance, without stimulation, reaction or harm, acting as a food, not like alcohol. Contains no drugs. Has recovered many cases of helpless paralysis from nervous exhaustion. The U. S. courts have confirmed these facts from a bitter examination into its merits.

A Louisville young woman is said to have been made insane by dying her hair. She was found in her room seated among broken mirrors, crockery and pictures, a raving maniac.

Purity and Strength

The former in the blood and the latter throughout the system, are necessary to the enjoyment of perfect health. The best way to secure both is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which expels all impurities from the blood, rouses the kidneys and liver, overcomes that tired feeling, and imparts that freshness to the whole body, which makes one feel perfectly well.

"I have taken not quite a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and must say it is one of the best medicines for giving an appetite, purifying the blood, and regulating the digestive organs, that I ever heard of. It did me a great deal of good." MRS. N. A. STANLEY, Canastota, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

The best Blood Purifier and Tonic, B. B. B., Botanic Blood Balm. Absolutely the quickest, cheapest and most effectual Blood Poison Remedy on Earth.

CINCINNATI JULY 4th to OCT. 27th.

CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION OF THE OHIO VALLEY
GRAND JUBILEE celebrating the Settlement of the Northwestern Territory.
UNSURPASSED DISPLAY.
NEW BUILDINGS, FRESH EXHIBITS, NOVEL ENTERTAINMENTS, DAZZLING EFFECTS.
EXCURSION RATES FROM ALL POINTS.

TO MAKE
A DELICIOUS BISCUIT
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
DWIGHT'S COW-BRAND SALERATUS
AND TAKE NO OTHER.

MEDICATED DIAMOND TEA.
DIAMOND MEDICINE COMPANY, 77 STATE ST.—DETROIT, MICH.

COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF HERBS.
A General Blood Purifier.

Positively Cures Liver and Kidney Complaints, Constipation, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Dropsy, Billiousness, Malaria, Diabetes, and all Diseases Arising from Impure Blood.

FOR THE LADIES.

Ladies will find this a Perfect Remedy for Female Troubles, such as Painful and Suppressed Menstruation, Sick Headache, and also for beautifying the Complexion and Eradicating Pimples and Blotches and other Skin Diseases.

NOTICE OUR GUARANTEE.

We say to all try it and be convinced, the same as we have convinced others, and if it does not do just as represented, return the package and have your money refunded.

For sale by all Druggists or authorized Canvassing Agents at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per package, or mailed on receipt of price, by the

Diamond Medicine Co.,
77 State Street, - Detroit, Mich.

Every one should have a package in their home and never be without it.
☞ Agents Wanted in all Localities. ☞ Extra Inducements.

Warner's Safe Cure

1 has been before the public now about ten years, and in that time has proved itself to be all that it has been represented.

2 It is purely vegetable, contains nothing harmful, and DOES purify the blood and CURE disease, as it puts the kidneys, the only blood-purifying organs in complete health.

3 It cures permanently. We have tens of thousands of testimonials to this effect from people who were cured years ago and who are well to-day.

4 It is a Scientific Specific, was not put upon the market until thoroughly tested, and has the endorsement of Prof. S. A. Lattimore, M. A. Ph., LL. D., Official Analyst of foods and medicines, N. Y. State Board of Health, and scores of eminent chemists, physicians and professional experts.

5 H. H. Warner & Co., do not cure everything from one bottle, they having a specific for each important disease. Fight shy of any preparation which claims infallibility.

6 The testimonials printed by H. H. Warner & Co., are, so far as they know, positively genuine. For the past five years they have had a standing offer of $5,000 for proof to the contrary. If you are sick and want to get well use

Warner's Safe Cure

RRR RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures and Prevents. Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Stiff Neck, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Headache, Toothache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Asthma, Bruises, Sprains,

Quicker Than Any Known Remedy.

It was the first and is the only Pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with diseases may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
will afford instant ease.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS

Thirty to sixty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Palpitation of the Heart, Faintness, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by Radway's Pills, so quick as Radway's Ready Relief.
Fifty cents per Bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., N. Y.
Proprietors of Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent and Dr. Radway's Pills.

MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY.

Wholly Unlike Artificial Systems. Any Book Learned in One Reading. Recommended by MARK TWAIN, RICHARD PROCTOR, the Scientist, Hons. W. W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, DR. MINOR, etc. Class of 100 Columbia Law Students; 200 at Meriden; 250 at Norwich; 350 at Oberlin College; two Classes of 200 each at Yale; 400 at University of Penn., Phila.; 400 at Wellesley College, and three large Classes at Chautauqua University, etc. Prospectus POST FREE from Prof. LOISETTE, 237 5th Av., New York.

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC Boston, Mass.

THE LARGEST and Best Equipped in the World—100 Instructors, 2252 Students last year. Thorough Instruction in Vocal and Instrumental Music, Piano and Organ Tuning, Fine Arts, Oratory, Literature, French, German and Italian Languages, English Branches, Gymnastics, etc. Tuition, $5 to $25; board and room with Steam Heat and Electric Light, $5.00 to $7.50 per week. Fall Term begins Sept. 13, 1888. For Illustrated Calendar, giving full information, address E. TOURJEE, Director, Franklin Square, BOSTON, MASS.

IT Will Pay YOU

To take a course in the Business, Shorthand English or Penmanship Departments of the Detroit Business University, Detroit, Mich. Open to ladies equally with gentlemen. Illustrated catalogue free.

BIG G

Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio. Trade Mark

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M.D., Amsterdam, N.Y.

We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill. $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

FREE HOMES At the rate they have been taken for the Public Domain will all be gone in 5 years. Now is the time to secure a Rich Land as the best of it yet. WHAT better could be left for Children? Where these lands are; how to get them, as well as for information of all States and Territories, send 10 cents and receive the beautiful Engraved Map, a Panorama Picture of the United States. Address THE WESTERN WORLD, Chicago, Ill.

WELLS, &c.
Send for our catalogue, &c., on Well Boring and Coal Prospecting Machines, &c.
LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO

CORSETS. WARREN'S FEATHERBONE. Boned with Featherbone. Absolutely unbreakable. Soft, pliable and elastic. Story of Featherbone free. Address "FEATHERBONE," 3 Oaks, Michigan.

AGENTS WANTED to sell the PERSONAL Memoirs of Gen. P. H. Sheridan
Outfits now ready. Agents are surpassing their records on Grant's Memoirs. Chance of a life-time to make money. Address C. B. BEACH & CO., Chicago, Ill.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for Asthma. Price 35 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

HOMES Nebraska Lands, $5 to $9 per acre. Good Homes for Farmers. Sure investment for capitalists. Long time, easy payments. Address for Pamphlets, Low Rate, Excursion Dates, etc.,
W. B. MILLER, 21 Fox St., Aurora, Ill.

CAMPAIGN MEDALS—Cleveland & Thurman, Harrison & Morton: in A'iax Bronze, 3 different samples and agents' terms for 25c. The Schwaab Stamp & Seal Co., Milwaukee, Wis., and Chicago, Ill.

PENSIONS 20 yrs. Practice in Pensions & Soldier Claims. Success or no fees. Send for new laws. C. M. SITES & Co., Att'y's, Washington, D.C.

O'Hara's ASTHMA REMEDY—Prepared only by Dale & Sempill, Chemists, Clark & Madison St., Chicago, Ill. 25c and $1.00 sizes of your druggist or sent by mail on receipt of price.

GOLD Live at home and make more money working for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

CANCER Treated and cured without the knife. Book on treatment sent free. Address F. L. POND, M.D., Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

FREE By return mail. Full Description Moody's New Tailor System of Dress Cutting. MOODY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

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

OLD is worth $500 per lb. Pettit's Eye Salve is worth $1,000, but is sold at 25 cents a box by dealers.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

When writing to Advertisers please say you saw the advertisement in this Paper.