A CAMPAIGN PROMISE.

John Tanner, oh, my jo John,
When first we were acquaint
You did not say I'd have to play
The part of Christian saint.
When I become your nominee
You should have let me know
That you expected this of me,
John Tanner, oh, my jo.

John Tanner, oh, my jo John,
'Tis many a long, long year
Since I have heard the holy word
Or shed the prayerful tear.
But circumstances intimate
The way that I should go;
My soul to God I dedicate,
John Tanner, oh, my jo.

John Tanner, oh, my jo John,
Pray tell the boys I say
That in the fall I will recall
The soul I give to-day.
'Tis but a campaign promise, John—
A pledge that doesn't go—
I trust you'll put the sinners "on,"
John Tanner, oh, my jo.

—*Joe F-f-r.*

The Good Old Times.

Farmer Blewitt was a little, dried up, irascible man, and he used to wear a red comforter around his neck and red flannel earlappers on his plug hat when he went to meeting in winter. He was always ready to argue that these modern times were awfully bad, and that the good old times of a hundred years ago were just right. He would decry invention and improvement and say that the world would be better without them. He took a newspaper on purpose to count the murders recorded in it and tell how bad the world had grown. He would stand for hours on a corner in the village and retail his deductions on the present and his regrets for the past.

One day he had whipped the minister in argument, and as he had his dinner and the minister had gone away mad and the women were at work in the kitchen, he tipped back his chair, drew a red silk handkerchief over his head to keep off the flies and went to sleep. He had not slept over five minutes before his son John came in and said:

"Come, father, we must get at that piece of wheat and cut it."

Blewitt got up and yawned and followed his son to the barnyard, where his two sons sat on a log filing a couple of sickles.

"What in the nation are you doing with those old sickles?" said Blewitt.

One of the boys looked astonished and said: "Doin'? Why, we are getting ready to cut the wheat."

Blewitt stared a moment and then said: "Why in thunder don't you hitch on to the reaper and stop foolin' with them sickles?"

The boys looked at each other in surprise, but said nothing. Blewitt ran to the shed, but there was no reaper there. He came back. The boys had got over the fence and were on their knees reaping the wheat and carrying it in gavels.

"Boys," said Blewitt, "what do you mean by this foolishness? Where is that reaper?"

Charley, the second boy, looked at his father pityingly and then tapped his forehead and looked over to John, who nodded and looked sad.

"Why, darn it," said Blewitt, "you can never run those bundles through a threshin' machine."

"Threshin' machine," said Charley; "why, you know as well as I do that I will have to flail this wheat out mornings and nights while going to school this winter. What ails you, father?"

Blewitt, as we said, got mad easily, and now he just hopped up and down and said:

"Flail it out! It must be threshed ready to ship on the cars next month."

"Cars, cars!" said John. "Don't know what ails you, father, or what you mean. I know I shall have to team this wheat down to Albany and sell it for what it will bring. Here you come out talkin' about reapers and cars and threshin' machines, and darned if I don't believe you are crazy, so now."

Blewitt pinched himself to see if he was asleep, and strode angrily to the house. As he approached it he heard a roaring and rumbling like the wind, and he looked into the kitchen and there was his wife spinning. Who-o-o went the big wheel, and Blewitt sank into a chair and yelled:

"Now, Maria, what under the canopy are you doin'?"

"Doin'?" said his wife, "why, spinnin', of course. I must get out forty yards of full-cloth for you and the boys and twenty yards of pressed flannel for me and the gals."

Blewitt looked down at his legs and saw them incased in full-cloth of coarse texture, and the seat of his trousers he felt reached clear up to his shoulder-blades, and the legs were as wide as two-bushels sacks.

"Well, I'll be darned!" was all he said.

Dreamily he sauntered out again to the wheat field, and John halted him.

"Father, if you ain't going to help cut the wheat suppose you yoke the oxen and go up to the woods and draw a draft or two of logs for wood?"

Blewitt was composed, but he said: "I had intended to burn coal in the sitting-room and parlor, and not cut much wood."

"Coal, coal!" said John, angrily; "now see here, father, I don't want any more of this foolish talk. I am going to git a doctor."

Blewitt began to think he needed one himself. Here his boys never heard of a reaper or a threshing machine or cars. He felt of his full-cloth pants and groaned. On the lounge at the house he laid himself down and tried to calmly think things over. When the doctor came he called for a pail and bared Blewitt's arm. He took out his lance, and then Blewitt groaned again.

"I must take a gallon of blood," said the doctor, "and then he will calm down and be all right."

"Don't you know bleedin' was played out fifty years ago?" said Blewitt.

"How he wanders!" said the doctor, and plunged in his lancet. Blewitt fainted. When he came to himself he heard one of the girls talking about an artist down in the village who took profile pictures with a spindle as natural as life.

"What do you want of such blamed pictures as that?" said Blewitt from the lounge. "Why don't you go down to Takem's at Albany and git photographs?"

"Photographs!" said the whole family. "What funny names he gets off in his crazy fancy."

Blewitt was too weak to argue, and he seemed to be somewhat out of sympathy or knowledge with all mankind, so he just lay still and watched the girls get supper. He noticed the fireboard was down and a fire was built in the fire-place. A kettle was on the hearth and was covered with live coals. Soon he saw the girls take out of the kettle some nice biscuit and he weakly said: "Why don't you use the cook-stove?" "Poor pa!" said Angelina, "how he wanders. Cook-stove! Wonder what he means?"

Blewitt closed his eyes and thought, Bayley, his new neighbor, was a man he could trust—that is, in anything but money matters. He knew Bayley was badly in debt, but he was a good fellow. He would send for him; so he called his wife and told her to send over for him.

"Why, you know," said Mrs. Blewitt, "Bayley has been in jail for debt for the last ten years."

"In—jail—for—debt," said Blewitt; "here we are again. I have been transplanted. I give up; but, say, here is 2 cents. You send a letter down to brother John and he will be up here in a day or two."

"Why, husband, the mail only goes once a week, and then he will be three days coming up on the stage, and, furthermore, it will cost a shilling—12 cents—to send a letter to Albany."

"Say," said Blewitt, "just bury me, will you? I don't belong to this century. Stage-coaches! Twelve cents postage! Telegraph him, then."

"There goes another new word," said his wife in a solemn voice, and she wetted a cloth and laid it on his forehead, as she repeated to herself: "'Telegraph;' what a funny word!"

Blewitt was in despair. Could it be that all the common things of life were to him a dream? Had he ever ridden on the cars? Did he ever own a mowing machine? Was there ever a telegraph pole in front of his house? He turned his eye and looked out. He only saw the tall post and long pole of the well sweep. Along the other side of the road ran a dense forest. He was willing to swear that he had once owned a nice meadow where that wood was. Backed up against the log fence was an ox-cart with a heap as large as a young liberty pole. Down cellar he could hear the banging of an old fashioned churn. He looked up the road to the east and saw the road was full of great hemlock and pine stumps, and over it the doctor was coming on horseback, with saddle-bags before him.

Blewitt was a man of determination, and he arose from the lounge and went to the door to consult with his wife.

"Maria," said he, "there has been enough of this foolishness. You stare at everything I talk about, and I can't locate myself, or seem to fay in with my surroundings. Now, will you just answer me one question?"

"Certainly I will if I understand it," said she.

"Well, then, who is president of these United States?"

"Why, John Adams, of coruse," she said.

Blewitt sank down and whispered: "Then you never heard of Cleveland swinging round the circle?"

"No, never," she answered.

"Then all right. Shoot me or put me in a bag and lay me away in the garret. I have got through," said Blewitt, and he went back to the lounge and fell asleep.

When he awoke it was Sunday morning, and the whole family were stirring around getting ready for meeting. His wife, of whom he was somewhat proud, had put on a dress with a waist about nine inches long and a skirt so tight she could hardly walk, and on her head such a bonnet! It made Blewitt hold his breath, but he had got through talking. The boys had on suits of full-cloth and shirt-collars seven inches wide. Blewitt smiled but said nothing. At last Mrs. Blewitt came to him and asked him if he was going to church.

"Certainly, certainly," said he "anything to accommodate. Tell one of the boys to hitch a horse on to the top carriage."

"Top carriage? There you go again."

"Well, then," roared Blewitt, "hitch on to the stone-boat, hitch on to the ox-cart, hitch on to anything. Have it your own way."

"Why, we will go on horseback—you on the saddle, I on the pillion behind," said the wife.

"All right," said Blewitt, and away they went.

Blewitt made some adverse remarks about the singing at church, which was led by a deacon with a fiddle. The sermon was too long, too. It lasted two hours. On his way home from church his wife appeared to be in fear of something and urged him to hurry up. He asked her what ailed her, and she told him, in a trembling voice, that his queer talk had made the minister think him bewitched, and she feared he would be killed or drowned.

"What kind of a country is this, anyhow?" asked Blewitt.

Then Mrs. Blewitt reminded him that in New England several had thus died, and that everybody believed in it, and the church was death on witchcraft.

"Then I guess we had better light out from here," said Blewitt," as he clapped spurs to his horse.

Away they went, rattle-te-bang, over stumps and logs and stones, and there was a rattle and roar behind, and he knew they were after him. They came to a log bridge over a brook, and they struck it so hard that down it went. Blewitt and horse and wife, and with a yell of despair he awoke—yes, awoke, for the chair had tipped too far back and he was in a heap on the floor, with his head in a pan of apples and his feet in Mrs. Blewitt's waste-basket. He heard the rattling yet, and he looked out of the window to discover its source, and saw that the boys had started the reaper in the field of wheat. One of the girls had just driven into the yard with the top carriage and was just taking out his daily mail, and had offered him a telegraph dispatch about his hops. His wife was putting in a tenor to the racket with a sewing machine in the front room, and the hired girl was blackening the cooking range.

With a pleased smile Blewitt sauntered out to the wheat field and as the reaper stopped, he said: "Darn the good old times! These 'ere times is good enough for me."

"What's that, father?" said John. "I thought you was in favor of the real, honest, reliable, good old-fashioned times of a hundred years ago?"

"Never you mind John," said the smiling father. "You can go down and buy that Thompson colt you've been wantin', and let Charley have your side-bar buggy; and—say, if the wheat ain't takin' no hurt, you may go down to Barnum's circus to-morrow and cut the wheat next day."

He looked down at his diagonal pants and white Marseilles vest and muttered as he went to the house: "Darn the good old times! These 'ere times will dew fur me!"—*Prof. Gouge, in Albany Journal.*

Origin of Two Famous Hymns.

The story told about the origin of the two hymns, "Rock of Ages," and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," may not be true, but it is quite in keeping with the character of the two authors, Toplady and Charles Wesley. They lived in the same town, the story relates, and were warm friends. One day however, they quarreled, and for some time they did not even speak. But such earnest Christians could not long remain in this state, and so they began to think of a reconciliation. It so happened that they both spent the same night in meditation and prayer over this matter, and each came to the conclusion that the best way to bring about a reconciliation would be to write a hymn to his friend. Toward morning a white dove dashed against Toplady's window several times, and the words of his immortal hymn, "Rock of Ages," came to him. During the same night Charles Wesley had also written a hymn which is equally celebrated, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." In the morning, as they could not find messengers to carry their messages of amity, they set out to deliver them in person. And so they met on the street and the unhappy quarrel was healed.—*New York Tribune.*

SOME CHOICE VERSE.

The Silent Battle.

The war that Spring and Winter wage
Goes on in silence, day by day;
Strong youth against decrepit age,
New growth opposed to dark decay!

The strife of hope against despair,
Life against death; and morn by morn
A tenderer warmth is in the air,
And richer hues and hopes are born.

And lo, on every side appears
The hurrying host of Spring's advance—
The crowding grass, with bristling spears,
The brook-side rushes' ready lance.

The javelins of daring reeds,
The iris-sprout's keen bayonet-thrust,
With rank and file of sturdy weeds
Rising exultant from the dust.

Each day a fresher guidon flaunts,
Marking the vantage ground by turns;
The arrow-heads of water-plants,
The hard-clenched fists of valiant ferns.

The willow's penons, brave and fair,
The wild flag's sharp and slender blade,
With every force of earth and air,
Join boldly in the glad crusade;

Till Winter's sullen struggles cease
And cold and darkness fail and flee,
And all the hills are fair with peace
And green with palms of victory.

—*Elizabeth Akers, in Woman's Journal.*

The Blue and the Gray.

'Tis the day of the conflict; in battle array
Stand the waiting combatants—the Blue and the Gray.
From the green pasture-lands comes the lowing of herds;
From the forests' deep shadows the music of birds.

In warm, golden splendor the sun's slanting rays
Lie over the broad field of ripening maize.
A little brook gurgles by hedge-row and thistle;
A quail makes his plaint in a soft, mellow whistle.

All nature is peaceful; yet here, face to face,
They meet for the contest—these souls of one race!
The Gray waits serenely in abattised strength—
The Blue, brave and daring, advances; at length,

In a sea of red clover, so fragrant and sweet,
Just there, on the edge of the meadow, they meet.
An attack sharp and sudden—a noise—what is this?

A report—it is only a true lover's kiss!
'Tis a glorious capture—and thus ends the fray—
His eyes are blue eyes, and her eyes are gray.

—*Eva Best, in Detroit Free Press.*

THE BITERS BIT.

The Students' Joke on the Doctor, and How He Got Even.

WELL, there was something queer about that convention, and that's a fact, but if you want me to tell you just what 'twas you've got to pass your word not to let it go no further.

It was three of them college students had more money than brains, and when they saw the town full of ministers and delegates they got up to their tricks. I dunno just how they fixed it, but most of them delegates got invitations to a reception at President Holden's, and there was more than a hundred from the town invited, too. I tell you there was a deal of talk among the women about what they was to wear, and I guess most of the men calculated to brush themselves up a bit, too. Well, sir, the thing was done so neat that Dr. Holden, he didn't hear nothing about it, and the day come, and there was his wife attendin' the meetins' and takin' notes and leadin' the women's afternoon session. Some of the women thought she was a pretty cool hand, but then they concluded she could hire all the help she wanted, and they guessed there was a lot at home a-cookin' the supper and fixin' the rooms. The doctor, he was standin' in the lobby talkin' to the minister when up comes Colonel Porter's colored man.

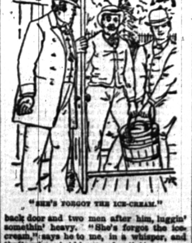
"The Colonel's real sorry, sir," he says, "but him and Mr. Porter's got to be out of town this evening." "Well, what if he has!" says the doctor. "Why, he can't be at your reception," says the minister. "Reception! I don't know nothing about a reception." "Reception at your house," says the minister, and then it all come out, and the doctor he was mad and was for advertising straight off in the meetin' that some one had put up a trick on him, but the minister says: "Hold hard, does your wife know! Maybe she's going to give you a surprise." The doctor he knew she wasn't, but he wanted she should know as quick as could be, so he had word passed up to her to come out in the lobby. She came out and there was her husband a-fuming, and it was the minister told her what was up. "It's some of them boys," said she at once, with a kind of a pleasant smile, but there came a sort of twinkle into her eyes, too. "What's the time?" says she. The minister he gave it a half after three. "Two hours good," says she. And then she told the men they wasn't to say another word to any one; she was a-going to have the folks come and they

"THE COLONEL'S REAL SORRY, SIR."

shouldn't want for somethin' t' eat, neither.

The doctor he begun to feel some better and he went and brought up the buggy and she had him drive her round to one store and another, and they picked up a cooked ham and a biggish load of bread, and cakes and fruit. I guess she didn't forget nothin', and she never let on to be a whit put out, but acted throughout as if there was the day before her. When she got home she sent word to one of the lady teachers to send her down three or four of the handi- [illegible] and if, says she, there's one [illegible] can make light biscuit quick set her on at it and keep her a-going till further notice. The teacher she didn't find no one to beat her at biscuit and she went straight on till the flour give out and she couldn't mix no more, and then she came down to the doctor's, and before all was through she'd baked up what there was in that house, too. My word! but it was fun to see one and another on 'em come strolling up to the house like they was going to call and then no sooner inside than they went in for all they was worth.

Mrs. Holden was all ready, and the rooms looked splendid when the company began to come in, but we didn't none of us see the doctor around. Presently in he come at the



"SHE'S FORGOT THE ICE-CREAM."

back door and two men after him, luggin' somethin' heavy. "She's forgot the ice-cream," says he to me, in a whisper, and that's where he'd been, a huntin' ice-cream, and he got it, too, and plates to put it on and men to serve it.

Was there a big crowd! I should say there was; that was the worst there was. There was food enough of one sort or 'nother, but seats was scarce, that's a fact; but Mrs. Holden and the doctor and the minister they kept a-goin', and no one didn't notice any lack.

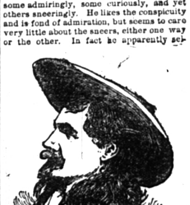
The doctor knew pretty well from the first where to look for the young rascals that had sprung the trick on him, and as he was a-going out and in he saw enough to act on. But it wasn't the next day, nor the next, as he said any thing, and the boys was beginin' to think there wouldn't nothing be said, when the doctor he sends for them to his private room. "Gentlemen," he says, "I hope you're satisfied with what we did for your company the other night. There was a good many of them," says he, "and we didn't have time to be as economical as we should have liked. There's the bills, gentlemen, and I give you till the day after to-morrow to bring me the money."

Did they pay up! You may depend they did. They saw the doctor wasn't going to make no fuss, and you better believe they'd no wish to give themselves away. Yes, sir, the biters was bit that time, and no mistake. But you take care the story don't go no further." A. E. R.

THE POET SCOUT.

A Sketch of Captain Jack Crawford—An Amusing Incident of His Life.

Captain Jack Crawford, the poet scout, has been a great deal in New York and other Atlantic coast cities during the past three years, and he creates a sensation wherever he goes. He is quite a handsome fellow, has an immense suit of brown hair, which falls gracefully over his shoulders and far down his back. He wears the huge white sombrero of the ideal scout and cowboy, and dresses in picturesque garments constructed of buckskin. At times, however, he wears a superb "Prince Albert" suit of black, but never discards his sombrero, and his huge mane he has always with him. Of course his scout-like appearance always makes him conspicuous in a crowd and turns many eyes toward him, some admiringly, some curiously, and yet others sneeringly. He likes the conspicuity and is fond of admiration, but seems to care very little about the sneers, either one way or the other. In fact he apparently sel-



CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD.

dom sees the attempts to "guy" him, but when he does see them the offender is always within reach of his long, muscular arm at the moment, and is liable to need assistance in assuming the perpendicular the next moment. Captain Jack is, moreover, a great ladies' man, and makes numerous friends among the fair sex.

His poetry is sometimes very good and frequently very bad, but all of it is spontaneous and comes without special effort. Indeed he can carry on his ordinary conversation in rhyme if he chooses to do so. His faculty for gingling being as natural as his vernacular. Frequently in social gatherings he is asked to exhibit this gift, and displays his powers of versification by rhyming, extemporaneously and in unceasing flow on any and all subjects presented by those around him.

This poet scout has had a curious career, no attempt to present which will be given here, further than to remark that as a small boy who had never been to school a day. He enlisted, early in the civil war as a drummer in a Pennsylvania regiment and was wounded at Spottsylvania. In the hospital, to which he was taken, he was taught by his nurses, the Sisters of Charity, to read and write, and after the war he went West, where he quickly became noted as a daring and valuable scout, and during this time he wrote and printed large quantities of his poetry.

One remarkable fact connected with Crawford is that, notwithstanding his rough associations on the border and the straining hardships and exposure of his life as a scout, he never tasted intoxicating liquor in any shape, and doubtless wouldn't know by the taste the difference between sherry wine and Bourbon whisky.

At the time of the gold discoveries in the Black Hills Captain Jack was sent from that region to Chicago to take specimens of the ore to parties interested with the prospectors and discoverers, and he was also made the bearer of certain dispatches to General Sheridan. Crawford had never been in a great city before, or at least he had never stayed at a big hotel. So, arriving at one of the great hotels of Chicago late one evening, he asked to be shown to his room at once. What followed is best told in his own language:

"A kid grabbed my grip," he said, "and started off toward a little room with a door to it like a cage, and I followed him in and sat down. The boy stopped to skylark with some other boys, and I took to looking around for the bed, not knowing but what that piece of furniture shut up in the wall some way like I had sometimes seen exhibited in a theater as the way they have them in small rooms in France. Besides, I thought the room was small enough to furnish a good excuse for having all the necessary belongings shut up into the walls. Just at this time the boy gave the rope which ran through the room a yank, and blast me if the whole thing didn't start toward the roof with me and the boy in it. I commenced to try to find something to hold on to, thinking something awful was going to happen, when the boy stopped the affair, and I tumble to the fact that I was in a sort of dumb-waiter, which I afterward became familiar with as an elevator."

Since those days Captain Jack has been several years an actor; has become acquainted with numerous distinguished men throughout the country, and is decidedly *en regle* and *au fait*, whatever that is, in polite society, and is a living exemplification of the fact that contact with the world is the best school to learn of the world, and to become world-wise in the ways of toney society, the tricks of the toughs or the manners of the middlings.

Crawford is now lecturing in the East, making his headquarters at Boston, and he is engaged for next season as the star in a drama called "The Trappers' Dream," written by Sam Smith, the author of "Struck Oil" and other successful plays. The play will be under the management of Sheridan Corbyn, famed years ago as a manager, especially with the first appearance of the Vokes family in this country, and latterly as manager for Frank Mayo. Later on Crawford will play a drama of his own called "Tat." WILL VISSCHER.

OUR NATIONAL FLOWER.

An Eastern Lady Claims This Title for the Modest Pansy.

Florists and others at the East have been discussing the question of the most popular flower of the country. Some prefer the may-flower, some the rose, others the daisy. But Henrietta T. Hollowell, in an article in the Boston *Globe*, champions claims of the pansy as the National flower of America, saying:

Watch the children in the public garden as they gather around the brilliant beds of their favorite, and its name, pansy, must certainly occur to you. Pansy typifies thought. Shakspeare and Milton both make honorable mention of it. Of the same genus as the violet, by cultivation it has become much finer and richer in its nature, as the people of the different nationalities, develop into nobler men and women by becoming American citizens.

Is not variety in unity characteristic of our people, and what flower represents such a pleasing variety, though retaining the perfect characteristic of its type? It is of various markings and colors, from Milton's "pansy freaked with jet" to white, through different shades of purple, blue, orange and yellow.

It is already known and loved by those of all ages. Children love it, and take delight in finding faces in the pretty flowers. Babies play with it and lay it against their soft cheeks, and there is no rough exterior to hurt their tender skin. Old men and "women smile when they see it and whisper, heart's-ease."

MINOR MENTION.

If you never saw a salt-cellar walk, watch your grocer use his legs.

The boa constrictor might be put on the list of great contractors.

Scandal-mongers believe in the cash system. They give no credit to any one.

One way of bringing about turf reform. Take more care of your grass plot this summer.

How to beat carpets without getting hot—use matting. It beats carpets for coolness.

Unsuccessful novelists envy the rattlesnake. His tail makes a noise in the world.

Some wives prove such treasures that their husbands would gladly "lay them up in Heaven."

Russell Sage once lost a wallet containing $44,000, and a clergyman found it and restored it.

One way to make a thin child fat is to throw him out of a window. He'll probably come down—plumb.

Some old maids are particular as to how they travel. They like a smack at sea, and on land want a good 'tus.

Strange that the woman who never can remember her own age can tell you in a twinkling that of all her female friends.

Singular—isn't it!—that while there are five new Methodist Bishops, there is only one New-man among the number.

Old Hercules was strong enough, no doubt, to lift the corner of a house. What would he think of the modern shop-lifter!

The rate of mortality among the Indians increases about ten per cent. a year. The more they are civilized the faster they die.

The canoes of some makers are more comfortable than those of others. The most uncomfortable to get into are the vol-canoes.

Dade City, Fla., turns out an alligator fourteen feet long, and with a spread of jaws to close around a pork barrel. That will do for a starter.

George Francis Train bid his country good-bye last fall and went to Halifax. He has returned, however, as they had no use for him over there.

It has been a year now since any Michigan husband mistook his wife for a burglar and shot her dead. The courts got onto the game and made it unsafe.

A Nevada ranchman shot, trapped and poisoned 4,200 rabbits in four months, and then figured up that about 5,000 new one had come to fill their places.

Every member of the Blake family, at Canton, O., who has died in the last twenty years, has dreamed of falling into a well about two weeks before death came.

A Cincinnati boy has eyes which can see in the dark as well as the light, and his parents are nervous when they think of what an advantage he will have as a burglar.

A Philadelphia doctor warrants that wearing French-heeled shoes will cripple any female inside of two years, but that won't deter a single woman from wearing them.

People with social longings who move into new neighborhoods and find their neighbors do not notice them, should buy a big hound and tie him in the cellar over night.

The fifty members of the Methodist conference who got one vote each on the first ballot for bishops are embarrassed by the suspicion that they may have voted for themselves.

John Ruskin has written and published sixty-four books, such as they are, and he now announces his willingness to give some one else a chance to bring out an equal number.

A New York State man is making a kite large enough to draw a buggy, and he proposes to be drawn around the country in that manner this summer. He may fly it too high.

A St. Louis college sold a lot of old and worthless books for $200, and two months later bought them back from an old-book store as valuable relics and worth the $600 asked.

A Kentuckian who won $3,000 on a horse race figured up his old debts and found he would have just $22 left after paying them. He therefore skipped the country with the money.

Georgia has a woman lawyer and is bragging about it. Michigan has five or six, and, yet with a single exception, one scarcely ever sees the name of one in print—even in court records.

A Connecticut man threw a lot of mud into a neighbor's well, and the neighbor sought for and got a warrant charging him with "common corruption." The case didn't hold, however.

"This is the way we do it," explained a cowboy in a New York saloon as he grabbed for his hip-pocket. The revolver came out, fell on the floor, and a bullet plowed into the cowboy's leg.

It is said that a Nevada man has invented a railroad frog that won't disturb a sleeper by croaking. What a blessing it would be if he would invent something to keep sleepers from snoring.

A Chicago woman makes more money out of lettuce and radishes than any common farmer in Illinois out of general crops, and one who raises nothing but mushrooms banked $3,000 last year.

"While the rich roll in their carriages we struggle for bread!" howled a Chicago Anarchist. A reporter looked him up and found that he was worth $5,000 and lending money at forty per. cent interest.

In Silk Attire and Ready for Company.

Success at the end of a season of hard work is the best kind of rest, and that is what the commissioners of the great Centennial Exposition of the northwest, which opens on the day of fire crackers and patriotic reminiscences, alias the Fourth of July, in Cincinnati, will enjoy. The display will excel in many points the one at Philadelphia in 1876. Space was "out" by June 1st, and an army of workmen are busy putting the finishing touches to the work of months. That the exposition will surpass anything of the kind ever attempted goes without saying, with those who are familiar with the Queen City in the matter of expositions. The art display represents over a million dollars first cost of the pictures, new spectacular pieces will be produced in the great music hall which seats 8,000, and nothing has been omitted to insure the satisfaction of visitors whether they belong to the æsthetic or utilitarian ranks.

"You are a jewel," said a gushing young man to his girl; "and I am going to have you set." And then he quietly took her in his lap.

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.

Paine's Celery Compound

For The Nervous
The Debilitated
The Aged

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, and all affections of the Kidneys.

AS A NERVE TONIC, It Strengthens and Quiets the Nerves.
AS AN ALTERATIVE, It Purifies and Enriches the Blood.
AS A LAXATIVE, It acts mildly, but surely, on the Bowels.
AS A DIURETIC, It Regulates the Kidneys and Cures their Diseases.

Recommended by professional and business men. Price $1.00. Sold by druggists. Send for circulars.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, BURLINGTON, VT.

GIRLS AND MOTHERS!

Read This!

I wish to tell you of the case of a girl 16 years old, who had been sick with suppression two years. Her father had paid over $300 for doctors' bills, still she was failing. She had the worst countenance that I have ever seen, a kind of greenish yellow; she was emaciated, had constant bowel trouble, and had to take morphine every night in order to sleep at all. All who saw her thought she would die. Her parents said they had done all they could. I repeatedly urged them to try Zoa-Phora, but they were strongly prejudiced against "nostrums." Finally the mother said, "We must do something, and this is as likely to help her as anything." She and I persuaded the father to let the girl try it. As a result, in four months her functions were established and regular, and in six months she was the picture of health—a living wonder to all who had known her.

I could describe 20 other cases, not as wonderful as this, but still very remarkable cures.

MRS. MARY C. CHANDLER.
Battle Creek, Mich.

The newest India silks have the narrowest possible vine of embroidery along their trimming selvege.

Why Laura Lost Her Beau.

Laura once had an affluent beau,
Who called twice a fortnight, or so,
Now she sits, Sunday eve,
All lonely to grieve,
Oh, where is her recreant beau,
And why did he leave Laura so?

Why, he saw that Laura was a languishing, delicate girl, subject to sick headaches, sensitive nerves, and uncertain tempers; and knowing what a life-long trial is a fretful, sickly wife, he transferred his attentions to her healthy, cheerful cousin, Ellen. The secret is that Laura's health and strength are sapped by chronic weakness, peculiar to her sex, which Ellen averts and avoids by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments sold by druggists under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction in every case or money will be refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper.

A big golden feather as a hairpin and a watch cased wholly in black enamel are among the newest freaks of jewelers.

He ate green cucumbers;
They made him quite sick;
But he took a few "Pellets"
That cured him right quick.
An easier physic
You never will find
Than Pierce's small "Pellets,"
The Purgative kind.
Small but precious. 25 cents per vial.

A judge at Harrisburg, Penn., has sent a young fellow to jail for kissing his affianced wife on the street against the lady's will.

A Flat Contradiction.

Some one has told you that your catarrh is incurable. It is not so. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure it. It is pleasant to use and it always does its work thoroughly. We have yet to hear of a case in which it does not accomplish a cure when faithfully used. Catarrh is a disease which it is dangerous to neglect. A certain remedy is at your command. Avail yourself of it before the complaint assumes a more serious form. All druggists.

Filigree of silver is wrought into bib pins, while in gold it is the heighth of style for the sticks of a fan.

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.

Mrs. Garfield's social distinction in England recalls the question of precedence that worried the entertainers of General Grant. As an ex-President he ranked in English etiquette as a simple American gentleman. As a soldier he was entitled to precede a mere civilian and English officer of lower rank who were otherwise untitled. Mrs. Garfield, who was once the first lady of the republic, must go into dinner after the wife of a knight.

Alarming Increase of Insanity.

If insanity continues its present ratio of increase, at the end of the next fifty years one eighth of the American people will be in the mad house. Rum, tobacco, worry, and the exactions of fast business and fast living is hurrying the whole population to that end. The best people of the United States have settled on the Moxie Nerve Food as the only nerve food that has withstood the searching scrutiny of the chemists, U. S. courts, and its enemies, who were obliged to admit it is a real, as well as a rich, harmless nerve food.

Admiral Luce has not, it is said, made a renewed request to be relieved of the command of the North Atlantic squadron. He and Secretary Whitney appear to be of the same mind on the question of resigning.

Infant Mortality.

The death-rate among children during the warm summer months is frightful. More than half of the ailments of children and nine-tenths that of infants can be prevented by proper care in the food and sleep of the child and by using Dr. Winchell's Teething Syrup in time. The Syrup is not a medicine exclusively for teething, but is a reliable remedy for the more general ailments of infancy and childhood. It will at once relieve colic pains; regulate the bowels; cures coughs, sore mouth, and is a reliable remedy for Diarrhea and Summer Complaint. It has never yet failed to give satisfaction and we would recommend every one who has the care of small children to give it a trial.

Colored straw is the feature of the season's millinery, and often crown and brim show different hues.

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

CURRENT EVENTS.

It is said that about 30,000 type-writers are sold yearly.

David quick, of New York, dropped dead while laughing at a joke the other day.

The egg product of this country is estimated to be 457,000,000 dozens, 45 eggs to each fowl.

There are 1,499 licensed places in Boston where liquor is sold, a decrease of 894 in four years.

There is said to be a popular dime novelist who has killed one million Indians—in his stories.

Ruskin has written sixty-four books, and his annual receipts from his publisher reach $20,000.

The new twenty dollar silver certificates will bear a likeness of the late ex-Secretary Manning.

Lord Stanley, Lord Lansdowne's successor as Governor General of Canada, leaves England on June 4 for the Dominion.

James G. Blaine has leased his cottage at Bar Harbor to Elliott F. Shepard, the new editor of the New York *Mail and Express.*

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Prof. Maria Mitchell and T. B. Aldrich will be among the summer residents of Lynn, Mass.

Queen Victoria traveled through Europe with so much luggage that it took an hour to transfer it from the train to the boat at Flushing.

Senator Butler, of South Carolina, is a direct descendant of the Dukes of Ormond, of Ireland, and he is entitled to bear a coat of arms.

A monumental statute of Lord Beaconsfield is to erected at Maidstone, which place he represented in Parliament more than fifty years ago.

In Baltimore it is proposed to put letter boxes on the street cars. This will bring a letter to the postoffice from any part of the city in a half an hour.

Haruko, Empress of Japan, will visit America next winter, traveling in state with a dozen maids of honor, numberless officials, and every incident of luxury.

The Methodists now in conference in New York have incurred an expense of not less than $50,000 for their month's occupation of the Metropolitan Opera-house.

Thirty women make a living by speculating in the open Board of Trade in Chicago, and half that number do business through commission firms on the regular board.

Charles Dickens's nurse, Mary Weller Gibson, was buried on April 28. She was generally regarded as the prototype of Mary, the pretty housemaid in the Pickwick papers.

A man at Anoka, Minn., who was expected to die for weeks past from the effects of a silver dollar that he had swallowed, began to improve lately and is now reported all right.

The United States Fish commission is experimenting with shad culture as far south as Atlanta. Three million eggs will be hatched and distributed it the streams of that state.

The Sweetwater dam just completed at San Diego, Cal., at a cost of $800,000, is said to be twenty feet higher than any dam in the United States. It is 90 feet from its base to its crest.

Mrs. Ella D. Bentley, of Donaldsonville, is vice-president of the Louisiana Press association. She is scarcely 30, is a clever writer and is popular among her associates throughout the state.

At a religious meeting in Portland, Me., an Englishman led the services, a Frenchman offered prayer, an Irishman conducted the singing and a Russian was the leading speaker.

Hon. W. L. Scott, the wealthy Pennsylvania free-trader, has bought the old Marcy home in Washington, situated near the White House, and will occupy it this winter. It is said that he paid $50,000 cash for it furnished. His daughter, Mrs. Scott-Townsend, whose diamonds and dinners dazzled Washington's eyes last year, will entertain for him.

Weak and Weary

Describes the condition of many people debilitated by the warm weather, by disease or overwork. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine needed to build up and strengthen the body, purify and quicken the sluggish blood, and restore the lost appetite. If you need a good medicine be sure to try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"During the summer I was feeling all run down, and thinking I needed something to tone up my system, I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and felt much better. I had also been troubled with dyspepsia, and Hood's Sarsaparilla helped me more than anything else I could find." JAMES R. DARROW, Fort Wayne, Ind.

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

DR. PH. D. PAUL,
Chronic Diseases of the EYE a Specialty.
If afflicted with Sore Eyes, or BLINDNESS following granulated lids, call or address with stamp to 343 North Clark St., Chicago, Ill. Artificial Eyes furnished.

PENS USE THE BEST. Stationers keep 'hem. Standard quality, all styles. Sample doz. 10 cents by mail. 26 John St., New York. ESTERBROOK.

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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.

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

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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.

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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.

WHY?

WHY do I have this drowsy, lifeless feeling? WHY do I have Backache? WHY Neuralgia and Rheumatism? WHY does scrofulous taint and Erysipelas show itself?

BECAUSE your blood is filled with Poison, which must be completely eradicated before you can regain health. You must go to the root of the matter. Put the Kidneys—the great and only blood purifying organs—in complete order, which is complete health, and with

Warner's Safe Cure

and WARNER'S SAFE PILLS your Cure is Certain.

WHY do we know this? BECAUSE tens of thousands of grateful men and women in all parts of the world have voluntarily written us to this effect.

There is no stand-still in disease. You are either growing Better or Worse. How is it with YOU?

Why not to-day re-sort to that medicine which has veritably Cured Millions, and which will cure you if you will give it a chance?

All of Warner's preparations are Purely Vegetable. They are made on honor. They are time tried. They are No New Discovery. Untried and Worthless; on the contrary, they have stood the test—they have proved their superiority. They stand alone in pre-eminent merit, and YOU KNOW IT.

ZOA-PHORA
Is the best remedy for all complaints peculiar to women.

SKIN and BLOOD DISEASES
quickly and permanently cured by using B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) the wonderful Blood Purifier and Tonic. Large sized bottles $1.00 6 for $5.00. All Druggists or sent free on receipt of price.
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Secures you one large bottle of B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) the sure and speedy remedy for all Skin and Blood Diseases. Try it and be Convinced.

DR. WINCHELL'S TEETHING SYRUP
Is the best medicine for all diseases incident to children. It regulates the bowels; assists dentition; cures diarrhœa and dysentery in the worst forms; cures canker sore mouth; is a certain preventive of diphtheria; quiets all pain; invigorates the stomach and bowels; corrects all acidity, and gives energy and tone to the entire system; will cure griping in the bowels and wind colic. Do not fatigue yourself or child with sleepless nights, when it is within your reach to cure your child and save your own strength.
Prepared only by
Emmert Proprietary Co., Chicago, Ill.
Sold by all Druggists at 25 cts. per Bottle.

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HE
PAYS the FREIGHT
5 Ton Wagon Scales,
Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box for
$60.
Every size Scale. For free price list mention this paper and address
JONES OF BINGHAMTON,
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Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture.
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We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction.
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CAMPAIGN BADGES!
with Red, White and Blue Ribbon. Sample 10c., 3 for 25 cts., 75c. per dozen. Imperial Picture of all candidates, 5c. each, or $3.50 per 100 by express. Now is the time to Coin Money. Catalogue 15 styles of Badges mailed free.
A. C. CUNNINGHAM, 38 Broadway, New York.

ASTHMA CURED
German Asthma Cure never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases, insures comfortable sleep; effects cures where all others fail. A trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 50c. and $1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE for stamp. DR. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

LAWN TENNIS AND CROQUET SETS out-door games of all descriptions.
BASE BALL AND BOATING OUTFITS best grades at lowest prices.
FISHING RODS, TACKLE, ETC. all modern styles and improvements.
GUNS and Hunters' Accoutrements at less than manufacturers' prices.
JENNEY & GRAHAM GUN CO., Chicago. Send for Catalogue, and mention this paper.

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WARREN'S FEATHERBONE WHIPS. Best in the world. Ask your dealer for them and take no other. Story of Featherbone free. Address "FEATHERBONE," 3 Oaks, Michigan.

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AGENTS WANTED for authorized Editions of the Lives of Candidates of the Republican and Democratic parties. Circulars and Terms free. Complete outfits 50c each. NATIONAL PUB. CO., Chicago, Ill.

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HOMES Nebraska Lands, $3 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.

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

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 by mail on receipt of price.

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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.

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

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