A FEMALE CYCLIST.

How the Wily Machine Ran Away With an Estimable Lady.

She Took an Afternoon Outing in Central Park and Added Materially to the Attractions of that Interesting Resort.

Among the many interesting things to be seen in Central Park, the past week, was my wife's mother on a bicycle. It was not her intention originally to enter into competition with the menagerie, but it's a frozen fact that the two hippopotami were nothing to her after she got fairly started.

TOO MUCH FOR ONE MAN.

I may add that the difficulty was right there—getting started. With the aid of two men and a step ladder my wife's mother can climb upon a good, square-rigged horse with a stout leg under each corner of him, and do it so nicely that the beast will smile through his tears; but with a bicycle it is different. A bicycle has only two legs and neither of them can be dedended upon to hold still in an emergency. She enjoys equestrianism very much because she thinks that it reduces her weight, but, as the matter of fact, it is much more likely to have that effect upon the horse. As a friend of dumb animals I have advised my wife's mother to transfer her affections to the bicycle. I told her that it was becoming very fashionable—so much so that the newspapers had begun to libel celebrated actresses and others—Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Potter among the others by saying that they were experts with the wheel.

I also told my wife's mother that I knew of a girl who reduced her weight twenty pounds by bicycle riding. This was a fact. She broke her spine in three places and isn't out of the hospital yet.

I did not mention the latter part of this to my wife's mother, because I wouldn't be so mean as to spoil her sport with needless anxiety, as, after all, she might live through this as she had through many other things that I had confidently depended upon.

My representations decided her and she prepared for a great success on wheels. She did not care to appear in the park without preparatory practice, so she hired a bicycle and had it brought to the house. With this she experimented in the hall outside the door of our flat, during the daytime, when the men were down town. She did not learn to ride up and down stairs, though she went part of the way down once very successfully, but she acquired a pose which was somewhat easier and more dignified than if the bicycle had been a brush fence, though not much.

Then she decided that it was safe to try the park. There is a place close by where women can hire bicycles, and there my wife's mother asked for and obtained one with a rugged constitution and a gentle disposition. She led the docile machine to a secluded spot, where she thought to get a good start before sailing out before the admiring gaze of the multitude. Then she tried to mount, but it wasn't so easy there as in the hall with the bannisters to hang on to. She tried it till the machine got tired and then it lay down and she fell over it. At the next attempt she put her foot through one wheel and sat down on the other one. At this moment park policeman No. 13 hove in sight.

"Can I help ye thin wid that haythin machine, I dunno?" he inquired politely.

"I can ride real well on my own bicycle," said my wife's mother with true feminine mendacity, "but this ugly thing lies down every time I look at it."

"It looks daycint and docile," said No. 13, "but the dayvil is in them things. I see a power of 'em every day, and the tricks they is up to, an' why half the women in this town ain't walkin' round this minute with broken necks is beyant me entirely."

By this time No. 13 had lifted up the machine and was holding it on one side while my wife's mother mounted on the other. Several spectators had strolled up meanwhile. My wife's mother made a bold hasty step, and the bicycle took a tilt toward No. 13. He dug his toes into the sand and tried to brace up under the load, but it was a little too much for him. Things began to look serious. My wife's mother let go her grip on the steering apparatus and flung her arms around No. 13's neck. He took a new grip on the earth at an increased angle. Several of the spectators offered advice, though there was really nothing to do but trust in providence. No. 13's feet slipped slowly out from under him; my wife's mother attempted to fly, and succeeded so well that when she and the bicycle, after a short aerial performance, decended together they found No. 13's prostrate body waiting for them. He was removed from under the wreck much broader, but not nearly so thick as he had been before.

THEY ALL WANTED TO HOLD IT.

Nevertheless the spectators of whom there were now a large number, regarded the affair as a great joke, and fifty or a hundred of them offered to hold the machine for nothing if my wife's mother would try it again. Probably they thought that they could bluff her out. This mistake arose from not having had her in the family. She was in a condition of mind to ride that bicycle if nothing had remained of it but one wheel. Singularly enough, however, it was found to be substantially uninjured. About a dozen men then grabbed the machine while the female cyclist of our family proceeded to mount. They were assisted by one small boy who took hold of the rear wheel with the avowed intention of "steadyin' de bloomin' bike till de old lady hollered go." He didn't wait for the signal, however, but, as soon as my wife's mother got her seat, he gave the machine a violent push which caused the slender man in front to sit down very suddenly. The cyclist, having by this time got a grip on the treadles, took a flying start and passing over the slender man lengthwise, proceeded on her way down hill.

It isn't very hard to run a bicycle down hill if you're in a hurry and don't care how fast you go, and don't get your feet mixed up with the treadles or run over a dog or meet anything coming up. Some of these possibilities occurred to my wife's mother after the speed of the machine began to get away from her, and they destroyed her peace of mind. But nothing serious happened. She ran down the long hill beautifully, and her headway took her about forty feet up a short, steep incline that faced the other slope. She tried to continue her progress up this slope but it wouldn't work. Instead, she began to gather speed in the opposite direction; so she gracefully alighted on her back, and picked up the machine which had run into a tree.

She led the bicycle up the hill, and endeavored to look as if nothing had happened. She was not wholly successful for her fame spread and there seemed to be people all over the place who wanted to hold the machine, and then see the fun afterwards. Among them was a large, fat patriarch who said that he was an expert. He really did understand the subject very well, for he put my wife's mother on it without much trouble, and suggested that she should ride round and round on the level space at the top of the hill and not try to go down. She tried this plan and succeeded fairly well.

Meanwhile the expert strolled down the hill. Probably he knew that my wife's mother would get down there eventually. She got there sooner than he expected. For riding a bicycle a woman wears a round, full skirt, much like an ordinary riding habit but not so long. Now there happened to be a good breeze on the eminence, and before my wife's mother was aware of it her skirt had blown out like a great balloon and was sailing off with her before the wind, and the wind blew straight down the hill. Forty miles an hour was nothing to her speed at the moment when the obliging expert turned and saw her bearing down upon him. He was too completely taken by surprise to dodge, so he fled. A half dozen other pedestrians and several dogs joined in the stampede. They made good time but it was no use: they couldn't beat the air ship on wheels. The flying machine passed over the fat gentleman and ground his nose into the sand.

The bicycle was deflected from its course by this collision, and made a jump for a shady nook where one of the park gardners was eating his lunch sitting on a board across two barrels. The bicycle went under the board, and my wife's mother went over it. She took the gardner with her. He did not mean to elope but he couldn't help it. He had no time to reflect. They both landed in a large tank which the gardener had been filling as a sort of reservior.

MY WIFE'S MOTHER UNDER FULL SAIL.

Undoubtedly if I had seen this event with all its breakneck possibilities I should have thought myself in luck. But I wasn't. My wife's mother escaped entirely uninjured, but the bicycle was a wreck and I had to pay for it. Still it is a fact that although bicycling is getting more fashionable for women, it has permanently lost its popularity in our family.

If.

If damsels fair and youthful
 But meant the things they say,
Ah! then, what joy to listen
 When eyes of azure glisten
And tender words and truthful
 Our fears and doubts allay;
If damsels fair and youthful
 But meant the things they say.

If maidens never flirted
 And men were never false;
If matrons never chided,
If wall flowers ne'er derided,
One's cares might be diverted
 By gliding through a valse;
If maidens never flirted
 And men were never false.

If bores were never present,
 And boors were never seen;
If girls in their tenth season
Would only listen to reason,
'Twould render much more pleasant
 Society, I ween;
If bores were never present
 And boors were never seen.

—America.

A Somnambulist's Performance.

Residing on the South Side, says the Chicago Herald, is a man whose physician has strongly advised him to indulge in a regular exercise. This young man has been troubled with insomnia, and is afflicted with somnambulism. He believes, however, that he has the making of an athlete in him, and when he received his physician's instructions he resolved to bring it out. So he had a horizontal bar erected in the back yard of the house, and upon this he practiced daily. His principal feat was to grab the smooth bar with both hands and swing around with great rapidity. One night the young man's mother was awakened by the noise of a door closing. She arose and tiptoed toward the back part of the house. Looking out of the rear window, she saw her son, clad in his nightgown, revolving on the horizontal bar with lightning rapidity. Amazed at the spectacle of the gyrating son and his flapping night garment, she aroused his father and told him about it. The old gentleman arose, donned his pants and went to the rescue. When he succeeded in stopping the evolutions of the flying boy he learned that he was asleep, and that he had posed as a somnambulistic athlete. He awoke him with some difficulty and led him back to his bed. Now the young man has his parents lock his doors and windows when he goes to bed. He is anxious to regain his health, but he will not go so far as to do a horizontal act in his nightgown.

Sometimes You Can't Always Tell.

A Wise Man says: "A young man used hardly and roughly will be a tougher man in the end. He will go into the fire iron and come out steel." That depends a great deal on whether he does or not. And that, again, depends largely on what the young man is when he goes in. If he is simply basswood, and the very best quality of basswood at that, when he goes in, he goes in for good. He doesn't come out anything. I don't know where he goes, but he doesn't come out again. It won't do to put all young men into the fire. Unless the tempering process be considered a good way to get rid of them. And then when you put the young man of iron into the fire you don't want to keep him there too long or you'll spoil him. Iron will burn as well as basswood, if you keep it on the fire long enough. "How long shall you keep him in then?" Oh, bless you; how do I know? Ask the Wise Man, he began it.—Burdette.

TESSA.

CHAPTER III.

How pretty she looked, he thought, with the firelight falling upon her face, upon the rose-lined hood—how soft and musical her voice sounded—and how unusually bright and happy his mother looked! He came quickly forward and held out his hand.

"Miss Cardine, I presume? glad to see you!" he said cordially.

He did not, like his mother, use the formal phraseology—the "thee" and "thou"—of the Friends; but there was a little stiffness and formality in his manner which had rather a depressing effect upon Tessa. She was conscious of an unusual feeling of shyness creeping over her as she rose and returned his greeting, and she did not resume her old place on the rug.

"Won't you sit down?" Austen Bevan drew a chair forward—a hard chair with a straight high back, the sight of which sent a shiver of dismay through Tessa, who loved ease and luxury. "Well, mother, have been out to-day?"

"Not to-day, Austen; but I feel equal to the exertion," van answered hurriedly.

The smile left her face, and the scared look came back to her eyes as she spoke. Tessa could not help fancying that she seemed afraid both of her son and daughter and yet Austen's voice was gentle and tender enough. He looked a little disappointed at the answer.

"I wish you would go out more, mother. Perhaps you will, now that Miss Cardine has come," he said.

The dressing-bell rang as he spoke, and a maid, sent by Mrs. Callender, appeared to conduct Tessa to her room. Her boxes had been taken upstairs and uncorded, and the maid—an alarming personage, not unlike Mrs. Callender in appearance—offered to unpack them. Tessa however declined the proffered assistance. She took out and put on a pretty black velveteen gown with a ruffle of yellow lace round the throat, the lace of the short sleeves drooping over her dimpled arms.

"I wonder if they will consider this gown too smart?" she said thoughtfully to herself, as she tried the effect of a scarlet ribbon at her throat. "I want a lot of color to brighten me up."

There was a portrait hanging just over the dressing table of a Quaker lady in a gray gown and a close white cap. The pale face seem to look down with a gentle reproof at the pretty creature standing before the glass. Tessa blushed and laughed, and felt half ashamed of herself as she threw the ribbon back upon the table.

The bell rang by-and-by, and she went down to the drawing room, where all the family were assembled. The dinner, which was rather a solemn, silent meal, was good and well cooked. There was wine on the table, which the servant offered and Tessa accepted. She noticed immediately afterward that no one touched it but herself. She guessed it had been placed there for her especial benefit, and wished she had not taken it either.

Mrs. Callender—who was to speak at a temperance meeting Pennington that evening—ate her dinner without removing her bonnet, and in a hurried, uncomfortable manner. A small pile of books and papers lay by her plate, to which she occasionally referred between the courses.

"You won't think me rude if I leave you this evening, Teresa? I am to take the chair in a meeting in connection with the blue ribbon movement to-night," she said, as the dessert was placed on the table. "I hope you take an interest in the temperance movement and the woman's rights question?"

Tessa shook her head.

"I don't know anything about the temperance movement, and I don't care a button about anybody's rights but my own," she said cheerfully.

Austen Baven laughed more than once during dinner. His eyes had rested admiringly on the pretty flushed face and the dimpled hands and arms gleaming against the velvet gown. It would be pleasant to have something young and pretty about the house, he thought.

Mrs. Callender frowned.

"You have much—very much to learn, Teresa," she said severely. "Can you think of the hunreds—nay, thousands—of wretched beings sunk and degraded almost beyond the reach of help, without asking yourself if it is not your duty—your bounden duty"—and she struck her hand solemnly on the table—"to help them by your example to better things? When you think——"

"But I never do!" and Miss Tessa looked up with a well assumed expression of perplexed innocence. "I never had anything to do with people of that sort. And I don't want to, either!" she went on after a moment's silence, and with a little decisive shake of her head.

Mrs. Callender, fortunately for Tessa, had not time to answer. The clock on the sideboard struck eight; and, with a hasty exclamation, she rose from her seat, collected her papers and books, and swept out of the room.

With her departure a certain restraint and gloom seemed to vanish. Austen, with something which sounded very like a sigh of relief, turned to Tessa and began to talk about her journey and the town in France where she had spent the last ten years of her life; and Tessa, who had been rather shy at first—for Austen's grave face and manner awed and impressed her—soon forgot her shyness. So the three passed a pleasant evening together; and all were surprised when the clock struck ten and Mrs. Callender returned from her meeting.

Then followed prayers, read by Mrs. Callender in an unpleasantly high-pitched voice; then the supper-tray—with some glasses of milk, a plate of bread and butter, some biscuits, and a basket of fruit—was brought in and placed on a side-table. Austen brought Tessa some grapes and biscuits, and stood by her as she ate her supper, listening to her vivacious chatter with an amused smile on his grave face; then came bed, and—at least for Tessa—perfect oblivion.

* * * * * *

A few weeks passed, and Tessa was beginning to grow accustomed to her new life. The spring, after many vain attempts, had really come at last; the garden was gay with primroses and sweet with violets and early spring flowers. In sheltered corners the daffodils were blooming, and in the conservatory the azalea trees were perfect pyramids of pink and white blossoms.

Gentle Mrs. Bevan, who was interested in so few things, was passionately fond of flowers, and would spend hours in the green house pottering among her plants. She had not been allowed, before Tessa appeared on the scene to have them in the house—they absorbed the oxygen and sent out noxious fumes, Mrs. Callender asserted; and, as usual, the old lady meekly resigned her own will and gave way to her imperious daughter.

Tessa alone of all the household dared to rebel. She brought in great baskets of moss and primroses, which she aranged deftly in some of the old china bowls—of which there was an abundance in the china cupboard—and placed on every table and cabinet. She filled the tall vases with daffodils, and even audaciously came down to dinner day after day with the yellow flowers pinned in her dusky hair and shining golden in her brooch against her velvet gown.

It was in vain that Mrs. Callender fumed and remonstrated and preached diatribes on vanity and folly. Tessa—who had always a retort and an answer ready—only smiled blandly, tossed her pretty head, and went on her wilful way unheeding. It was in vain too that Mrs. Callender, annoyed and indignant at her failure, at last entreated her brother to exert his authority.

Austen only smiled—declared he knew nothing about ladies' dress, but that the flowers and the pretty dark head made a perfect combination of color—and declined to interfere. The lithe young figure flitting about the house, the gay voice and laughter which made music in the silent rooms, were something altogether new and delightful to him. He was not fond of society, and the state dinners and formal gatherings which he was compelled to attend were always a kind of trial to him. He was a clever man of business—much respected and looked up to in town, and hitherto his happiest hours had been spent in the bank or on the exchange; but now, much to his own surprise, he began to find his work irksome and tedious—found himself longing for the evening and the merry words of welcome which never failed to meet him from Tessa.

He taught her to ride and drive, bought a horse for her special use, and even, to his sister's intense disgust, became a member of the circulating library at Pennington, and brought home constant relays of novels and poetry books; and Tessa used to turn with avidity from the history and memoirs and course of improving reading marked out for her by Mrs. Callender to the lighter and more useful food.

"You will completely ruin that girl, Austen!" Mrs. Callender said severely one afternoon as she met her brother in the hall with a basket of exquiste hot house flowers in one hand and a set of volumes tucked under his arm. "She is utterly vain and frivolous. She thinks of nothing but finery and novel-reading—cares for nothing but how she can best enjoy herself and deck herself out to win admiration.

Austen smiled indulgently.

"Why not? She is young and pretty! Let her enjoy her youth and beauty while she can," he said with a grave smile.

"Young! We were young once ourselves," Mrs. Callender retorted, with a contemptuous sniff at the masculine weakness which could overlook and pardon every fault for the sake of a sinner's pretty face; "but we had very different training. We were taught to think of something beyond mere amusement and enjoyment when we were young."

"Were we ever young?" he asked, with a half-melancholy smile. "I never was! I had a man's care and responsibility on my shoulders almost before I ceased to be a child. What did I ever know of youth's pleasures and follies—of its enjoyment of the present, of its happy indifference to the future?"

There was an odd passionate accent in the man's voice, such a longing regret for the youth that had slipped away unenjoyed, that his sister looked at him in utter surprise.

"What on earth do you mean, Austen? Surely you of all men ought least to regret your early training!" she said indignantly. "Look what it has done for you! Where is there a man of your age so wealthy, so honored—whose influence is as great in the county as yours?"

"Perhaps so; I dare say you are right"—Austen shrugged his shoulders slightly; "but, for all that, if ever I marry and have children, their youth and training shall be very different from my own. There, don't look so startled Prudence"—and he laughed at his sister's disturbed face—"I am not likely to make a fool of myself at my age!"

"Your age! You are barely forty; why should you not marry?" Mrs. Callender answered. "If you choose a suitable person, that is; not a giddy flirting girl like Tessa, for instance."

She looked sharply into her brother's face as she uttered the last words. He started and glanced at her in amazement.

"Tessa—that child! How absurd!" he said, with a low laugh.

"Of course it would be absurd—intensely absurd!" Mrs. Callender replied decisively. "But really, seeing how you indulge every whim and fancy she pleases to take into her head, one might easily be excused for fancying you were in love with her."

"In love!"—and Austen laughed again. "Oh, it is pleasant to have something young and pretty about the house!" he added carelessly.

He gathered up one or two of the flowers which had fallen upon the floor during the conversation, and went off to the drawing-room, leaving Mrs. Callender with a perplexed look on her face, alone in the hall.

"He will repent it—as sure as my name is Callender, he will repent it!" she said severely to herself as the door closed behind her brother.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Loaded Valentine.

Fifty years ago James Martin, a well-to-do farmer living near Bolletville, Pa., refused to purchase his 15-year-old daughter a dress she very much coveted. The daughter was a quick-tempered girl, and on St. Valentine's day she sent him a valentine representing him to be a miser. From that day he never spoke to her. She married and lived on a farm adjoining her father's. With her husband and her children Farmer Martin was on the kindest and most familiar terms, but he never noticed his daughter. Last week he died. He left an estate valued at $45,000. To his aged widow he left $30,000. To his son-in-law he bequeathed the remainder of the estate, provided he survived his wife, the farmer's daughter. If the son-in-law died first, then the $15,000 was to be divided among his three children. To his daughter Farmer Martin bequeathed "a package to be found in his trunk, tied with a green ribbon and sealed with green wax." When this was opened it was found to be the unfortunate valentine.

A bride in mourning has no bridesmaids, wears a traveling gown of pale gray cloth or camel's hair, may have a bouquet, though it is not de rigueur, and must be all white, or else of purple lilacs, she must go quietly to church at 12 o'clock with the very smallest possible amount of bridal flummery.

RELICS IN OHIO MOUNDS.

The Remains of a Gigantic Man Buried With a Colossal Panther.

Soon after the 1st of March I left for southern Ohio to collect relics to be placed on loan exhibition in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. During the past two months eleven large mounds have been opened and their contents taken to the museum and placed on exhibition.

These mounds vary in height from eight to thirty feet, are generally conical in shape, and contain all the way from 300 to 10,000 square yards of dirt. They were built by the aborigines of this country hundreds of years ago to serve as burial places for the distinguished dead. They are generally placed near some stream in a valley, and not unfrequently on high points of land, which command a good view of the country, but the larger ones are in the valleys. These mounds are usually composed of clay, sometimes of sand, and often have layers of charcoal or burnt clay in them. These layers are often as brightly colored as if they had been painted.

The first mound opened was on rather high ground, the third river terrace. This mound was 13 feet high, 60 feet wide and 110 feet long. It took six men eight days to dig through. When about 20 feet from the eastern edge we came upon a thick layer of burned bone. This layer was six inches thick and the width of the trench. The ashes of which it was composed were either resultant from animal or human bones, we could not tell which, but at any rate, whether animal or human, it must have taken thirty or forty skeletons (if cremated) to have made that many ashes.

About 5 feet above this layer, or 9 feet from the summit of the mound, was a skeleton of a very large individual which had buried by the side of it the bones of a panther. Whether the person had killed the panther and it was buried with him as an honor, or whether the panther had killed the individual I cannot say. This much, however, can be said, that in forty-three mounds opened no find of this nature has been made. It is therefore quite interesting and important. The skull of this panther was very large, the teeth very long and sharp. It would take a mound-builder of a great deal of nerve to attack a beast of this size if he had nothing but a stone hatchet and bow and arrow to defend himself with. So, if he did kill the panther, he is certainly entitled to a great deal of credit. Just below this skeleton and lying on the layer of buried bones was a medium sized personage, who had buried around his neck, between the upper and lower jaw, 147 bone and shell beads. The shell beads were made from the thick part of the conch and Pyrula shells. These shells must have been carried from the Atlantic ocean, as they are ocean shells, are not found inland, or the tribe to which this man belonged may have traded with tribes near the ocean and thereby got the beads.—Cor. Cincinnati Com. Gazette.

A Mulberry Sellers.

Gen. George A. Sheridan, speaking in Washington the other day about Gen. Butler's disappointment at not being able to sell the government the stone for the new library building, said: "I once saw a man in this city more disappointed than Butler. He was a Mulberry Sellers sort of a chap, who told me that he had discovered a stone that was absolutely impervious to heat, a genuine fire-stone, just what was wanted in government buildings, of course, because of its durability, and, consequently with millions in it. I asked him to bring me samples of the stone. He came next day with three or four little cubes. It was winter, and I had a base-burner glowing in the room with great isinglass doors. I opened one of them, stirred up the coals, and thrust two pieces of the stone far down into the mass. Then I judiciously retired to a far corner of the room and awaited results. They came in about twenty seconds. There was an explosion, which burst every pane of isinglass in the stove. My man stood there aghast with both hands upraised, while he exclaimed: 'By thunder Another million gone to pot!'"

The Drunkenness of Austrian Children.

Recent medical returns show an alarming increase in cases of drunkenness among children, says the London Standard. A child of 4 and another of 8 died a short time ago from the effects of drink. Four children became the victims of epileptic fits from the same cause. One child—a boy of 5—took two or three glasses of brandy a day; a boy of 4 was acustomed to drink daily sixty to eighty grammes of cognac. In a large number of cases of nervous affections the origin has been traced to strong liquor. Shocking to say, many children, intoxicated by imbibing spirits, simply drink part of what they have been sent to fetch for their parents, but perhaps the worst instance of the kind was one of a boy, 5 years of age, who was treated in a private hospital at Berlin, last year, for delirium tremens. His father kept a carbaret, but business was conducted by the lad's grandfather. The latter had given him gin for two years, and it afforded the horrible old reprobate pleasure to see the child drink spirits with the customers. His mother gave him a glass of Hungarian wine every day at dinner, "to strengthen him," and in the evening he drank Bavarian beer with his father.

Death of a Famous Parrot.

George Clough's parrot Polly died Tuesday afternoon, aged over forty years, says a letter from Concord, N. H. Polly was the most wonderful parrot ever known in this state. She could not only talk, but carry on a conversation understandingly, and she bowed with great courtesy when she said "How do you do?" and "Good-by." She could sing, too, and sing well, giving whole stanzas of songs which took her fancy without missing a word or note. She had notions in regard to the use of language, and absolutely refused to say some words, though perfectly free with their equivalents. Among the obnoxious words were yes and no, which she was never heard to pronounce in her life. Polly was brought to New Hampshire by James Elliot and Mr. Clough about thirty years ago for $20. She could talk fluently at that time, and continued to improve until she became almost master of the language. She was visited by hundreds of people annually and was known all over the state.

To Those Interested.

Hastings, Mich., April 22, 1889.
Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich.

GENTS: This is to certify that I had been troubled with rheumatism in all its forms for the past twelve years, and was confined to my bed at various periods from three to six months at a time, and I could get about only by the aid of crutches. I employed several first class physicians of this city, none of whom effected a cure or gave temporary relief even.

About two years ago I was induced to try Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, and, after taking a few bottles, I experienced relief, and now consider myself cured. I unhesitatingly recommend this medicine for rheumatism. I know what it has done for me, what physicians could not do, i. e., cured me of rheumatism.

MRS. H. J. KENFIELD.

Ask your druggist for it.
I certify to the above statement.
FRED L. HEATH, Druggist.

About 30,000 people a day go up the Eiffel Tower. Of these between 3,000 and 4,000 go to the top. On an average a person has to wait about an hour to go up in the lift.

Don't Waste Your Time

and money experimenting with doubtful remedies, when Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is so positively certain in its curative action as to warrant its manufacturers in supplying it to the public, as they are doing through druggists, under a duly executed certificate of guarantee, that it will accomplish all it is recommended to do, or money paid for it will be promptly returned. It cures torpid liver, or biliousness, indigestion, or dyspepsia, all-humors, or blood taints, from whatever cause arising, skin and scalp diseases, scrofulous affections, (not excepting consumption, or lung scrofula), if taken in time and given a fair trial.

Thousands of cures follow the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents.

Up to 1884 the English postoffice had issued 31,302,000,000 postage stamps. That would cover 3,762 miles, and would reach to the moon and back if placed end to end.

If the Sufferers from Consumption,

Scrofula and General Debility will try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, they will find immediate relief and a permanent benefit. Dr. H. V. Mott, Brentwood, Cal., writes: "I have used Scott's Emulsion with great advantage in cases of Phthisis, Scrofula and Wasting Diseases. It is very palatable." Sold by Druggists.

Mr. Gladstone is usually the first man in the House of Commons to come out in summer garb—white hat, immaculate white waistcoat, grey frock coat, and a marvelous buttonhole.

Grand Officers.

The following were elected officers at the grand encampment of the Knights Templar in Washington:

J. P. S. Gobin of Pennsylvania, grand master, and Hugh McCurdy of Corunna, Mich., deputy grand master of the grand encampment. Gen. Gobin is a state senator from Lebanon, Pa., and general of the Third brigade of the National Guard of Pennsylvania. Warren LaRue Thomas of Kentucky, grand generalissimo; Reuben Hedley Lyon of California, grand captain general; Henry Bates Stoddard of Texas, grand senior warden; Nicholas Van Slick of Rhode Island, grand junior warden; H. Wales Lines of Connecticut, grand treasurer; William B. Isaacs of Virginia, grand recorder.

A Fairy Tale.

A famous woodsman once boasted that he could find his way through a wilderness and return by the same path. Being tested, he carried with him a slender thread, which should serve as a guide for the return trip. Reaching the end of his journey, he lay down to rest. While he rested came the genius of industry and breathed upon his thread and changed it into two shining ribbons of steel. It was a railroad. Throngs of people whirled past him in luxurious cars, and he read upon the train the mystic legend: "Wisconsin Central."

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day."

The sentiment so aptly expressed by the poet ought to sound like a trumpet to every sluggish soul, and animate them to new and vigorous efforts to improve their condition. To all those who have the desire to press forward, but who are not sure of the way, we say, write to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., and they will be of service to you.

A curious offer is made of a small leasehold property in Worcesterville, held "for the residue of a term of two thousand years, created in the year 1600." It will be sold at auction.

Would You Believe

The proprietor of Kemp's Balsam gives thousands of bottles away yearly? This mode of advertising would prove ruinous if the Balsam was not a perfect cure for coughs and all throat and lung troubles. You will see the excellent effect after the first dose. Don't hesitate! Secure a bottle to day to keep in your house or room for immediate or future use. Trial bottles free at all druggists'. Large size 50c and $1.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.

Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

There is no inventor who has benefited the hay raiser, or deserves more credit, than Mr. Geo. Ertel, the senior member of the firm of Geo. Ertel & Co., manufacturers of hay presses, Quincy, Ill. He has brought the press which they advertise in this issue, to its present high standard after almost a quarter of a century's study, and our readers who do not send for the 1889 catalogue, which is profusely illustrated, will miss the source of useful knowledge.

No stranger should visit the city without smoking "Tansill's Punch" 5c Cigar.

Did you ever go within a mile of a soap factory? If so you know what material they make soap of. Dobbins' Electric Soap factory is as free from odor as a chair factory. Try it once. Ask your grocer for it. Take no imitation.

There is nobody living to-day, with possibly a few exceptions, will see another year in which the figure "9" does not appear.

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.

Fortune's Favorites.

Galveston (Tex.) News, Aug. 30.

CORSICANA, TEX, August 27, 1889.—Corsicana boasts to day of two of the happiest men in Texas, in the persons of Messrs. John W. O'Neal and O. P. Wimberly, the lucky men who drew $15,000 each in The Louisiana State Lottery drawing of the 13th inst. Each gentleman paid $1 for the one twentieth of ticket No. 87,835, which proved to be the number which drew the capital prize of $300,000. Your correspondent first sought Mr. O'Neal at his restaurant and asked to see the ticket. "Uncle John," as he is familiarly called, was slow to realize his luck, but after depositing his tickit with the First National bank for collection and getting a receipt for the same he said he began to "feel like a bloated bondholder."

Mr. O. P. Wimberly, who kept a small butcher shop here, offered to dispose of his ticket for "two bits" when he heard that O'Neal had drawn the capital prize, but no one would buy it. Imagine his surprise when he found that he also held the lucky number. He also deposited his ticket with the First National Bank for collection.

The tickets were promptly forwarded to New Orleans, the $30,000 collected and placed to the credit of the happy men, less the usual rate of exchange.

This is the way the Chicago Times disposes of another cherished delusion: "It is now rumored that the beautiful Lady Jane Grey of our boyhood's imagination was short and thin and had a mole on the end of her nose."

Dr. L. L. Gorsuch, Toledo, O., says: "I have practiced medicine for 40 years, have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with so much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure." Sold by druggists, 75c.

YES AND NO.

GLEN DAY.

Is marriage a failure? I looked in the hall
 Of the rich; there were shadows of bitter est gall;
Hearts were cold and deserted; love wept in distress.
Is marriage a failure? I answered me, "Yes."

Is marriage a failure? I paused at the door
 Of the fair, humble, rose-bowered cot of the poor;
Where lives were illumined with love's fervent glow,
And heart beat for heart. Then I answered me, "No."

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of Sick Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

In India recently a baby 8 months old was married to a man 28 years of age.

ST. JACOBS OIL
For Sciatica.

"To day cured!—Yesterday Crippled!"

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md

SICK HEADACHE
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.
Price 25 Cents.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA
BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—"Civil Service Gazette."

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:
JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

GARMENTS GUARANTEED TO FIT PERFECT WITHOUT TRYING ON.
FREE
by return mail full descriptive circulars of MOODY'S NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS CUTTING. Any lady of ordinary intelligence can easily and quickly learn to cut and make any garment, in any style to any measure for lady or child. Address MOODY & CO. CINCINNATI, O.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH
PENNYROYAL PILLS
RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND.

Safe and always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggist for Diamond Brand, in red, metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. Send 4c. (stamps) for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return mail. Name Paper. Chichester Chem'l Co., Madison Sq., Phila., Pa.

Ely's Cream Balm
Is the best remedy for children suffering from
COLD IN HEAD
OR
CATARRH

Apply Balm into each nostril.
ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

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.
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

CHAMPION BALING PRESSES. LEVER AND BELT POWER. ALL STEEL OR WOOD AND STEEL AS DESIRED. FAMOUS MF'G. CO. QUINCY ILL.

With the nineteenth century dawned the era of wonders. It has also proven an era of surprises—for notwithstanding its giant strides toward unusual knowledge, we are told that there are still in sequestered places a few citizens who haven't heard of Salvation Oil.

Web to the length of 2¼ miles has been drawn from the body of a spider.

Catherine Lewis fainted one night in "Olivette," but it didn't cause a ripple in the play. 'Twas only a cough, and they had a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup on hand, of course.

WIDE-AWAKE TRADESMEN

have learned by experience that the only waterproof coat they can sell to a cowboy or hunter is the Pommel Slicker with the "Fish Brand" Trade Mark on it. They are the best waterproof saddle coats ever made. They keep the saddle, the horse's back, and the rider thoroughly dry and warm. No saddle sores from the galling of a wet saddle. When used as a walking coat, the extension front buttons back, and the Slicker is changed at once to an ordinary coat. Just try one, they cost but little and will prevent colds, fevers, rheumatism, and other results to exposure to the weather. Beware of worthless imitations, every garment stamped with "Fish Brand" Trade Mark. Don't accept any inferior coat when you can have the "Fish Brand Slicker" delivered without extra cost. Particulars and illustrated catalogue free.
A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

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HAY PRESS
Most rapid, durable and economical. So warranted or no sale. Capacity ONE to TWO ton per hour. Descriptive circulars free.
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Quincy, Ill., or London, Ont.

TAR-OID
A new method of compounding Tar.
SURE CURE for PILES, SALT RHEUM and all Skin Diseases. Send 3 two-stamps for Free Sample with Book. Sold by all Druggists and by TAR-OID CO., 78 Randolph St., Chicago. Price, 50c.
Hurlout, Hess & Co., Agents, Des Moines, Ia.

The oldest medicine in the world is probably Dr. Isaac Thompson's CELEBRATED EYE WATER
This article is a carefully prepared Physician's prescription, and has been in constant use nearly a century. CAUTION.—The only genuine Thompson's Eye Water has upon the white wrapper of each bottle an engraved portrait of the inventor, Dr. Isaac Thompson, with a fac-simile of his signature; also a note of hand signed John L. Thompson. Avoid all others. The genuine Eye Water can be obtained from all Druggists.
JOHN L. THOMPSON, SONS & CO., TROY, N. Y.

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is the only remedy Guaranteed by Written Contract, signed and executed before a qualified officer of the law, to Permanently Cure all disorders caused by self abuse or excesses, and restore weak men. Sealed pamphlet and contract free. The Von Mohl Co. Sole American Agts, Cincinnati, O.

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Chadwick's Manual, 7 in x 5 in. 70 pages. Illuminated Cover. on application enclosing one (1c.) stamp, by addressing Theodore Holland, P. O. Box 120, Philadelphia, Pa.

SHREWD MEN who know what's what wanted to handle our extra fine "engraved goods." Quiet workers can make a pot of money without risk. Particulars free to right parties by express only. Name your nearest express office. Address, "EXCELSIOR ENGRAVING CO.," 300 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ills.

BEST ARTIFICIAL LIMBS. SATISFACTION IN ALL CASES. U.S. SOLDIERS FURNISHED FREE. CHAS. M. EVANS, 177 W. 4th Street, CINCINNATI, O.

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PENSIONS Write J. L. STARKWEATHER, Romeo, Mich., for question blanks. Vetoed and Rejected Claims a Specialty. Mention this paper.

$65 A MONTH AND BOARD PAID, or highest commission and 30 DAYS' CREDIT to AGENTS on our NEW BOOK. J. S. ZIEGLER & CO., 115 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

OPIUM Habit. The only certain and easy cure. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc., thoroughly taught by mail. Low rates. Circulars free. BRYANT'S COLLEGE, 451 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

WIVES should and may know how child bearing can be effected without Pain or Danger. Information sent sealed. A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY! DR. J. H. DYE, Buffalo, N. Y.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $2.15 FREE. Lines not under horses' feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

MAGIC REMEDY Will cure Blood Poison where mer... fails. Owned and for sale only by Cook Remedy Co., Omaha, Neb. Write.

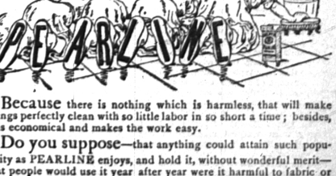
W. N. U., D.—VII—42.

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

MEN WANTED NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY. Permanent positions guaranteed. SALARY and EXPENSES PAID. Peculiar advantages to beginners. Stock complete, with fast selling specialties. Outfit Free. Write at once to BROWN BROS., Nurserymen, 6 to 8 Times B'ld'ng, Chicago, Ill. (This house is reliable.)

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.
CATARRH
It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

Clean House only with



Because there is nothing which is harmless, that will make things perfectly clean with so little labor in so short a time; besides, it is economical and makes the work easy.

Do you suppose—that anything could attain such popularity as PEARLINE enjoys, and hold it, without wonderful merit—that people would use it year after year were it harmful to fabric or hands—that the hundreds of imitations are attracted by anything but its wonderful success?

You'll do well to use Pearline—see that your servants use it, and insist that they do not use the imitations which they are often induced to try because of the worthless prize accompanying it, or by the glib and false argument of some peddler.

Remember PEARLINE is never peddled. JAMES PYLE, New York.