Fifteen Thousand for One.—Chicago (Ill.,) Merchant Traveler May 10. Chicago is a lucky city any way you take it, and some of its residents are favorites of fortune. One of the highly favored ones has just captured a portion of the capital prize in the Louisiana State Lottery. He held a part of ticket No. 21,203 in the April drawing and sent it to his bank which was honored by the bank immediately on presentation. Another twentieth of 21,203 was held in Chicago, but the same use and address of the man who shares in the lucky turn could not be obtained.

Mary Anderson is always a welcome visitor at Sunny-side's house.

The word gold is found in the Bible the first time in Genesis 11:11.

There are sixty-eight aldermen in the city council—of Chicago.

The Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, has rheumatism in her knees.

Near the town of Snyder, N. Y., there is a gander over ninety years old and still strong and vigorous.

Kangaroos have been acclimated at Trudy Park, London, and are being successfully raised there.

A medal has been struck in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of England of penny postage.

Merchants have had last season was a poor one for furs. A warm winter and furs do not go together.

Judge Math ws says that Abraham Lincoln was one of the first members of the Sons of Malaita in Springfield.

The American apple pie is asserting itself. Queen Victoria has become fond of the article in question.

Mr. Rockefeller, head of the Standard Oil trust, has an income of $750 an hour. He is reported to be a very pious man.

Sinner Simmons, of the Spokane Spokesman, will soon make an extended journey to gather material for a "Life of Jesus."

The great Forth bridge is to be painted and they find that there are to be twenty acres of it to be covered with the brush.

New beds of guano have been discovered on the coast of Peru which, it is estimated, will yield 1,500,000 tons of excellent quality.

An English traveling anglist has been discovered cheating the railroads by carrying his little grandson up in the green bag with his baggage.

A statistician calculates that the total tonnage of the world, steam and sail, is in round numbers 21,000,000, of which 50 per cent is British.

Harvard has offered her duplicate collections of biography and archeology to Toronto University, which was recently destroyed by fire.

One per cent of the population of Russia can read and write. The number of primary schools is 29,000 for the population of 90,000,000.

Ezra Marlow, who died at Fall River, Mass., aged eighty three, sat up and put in calculation the first calculating printing machine ever used in the United States.

Confirmed.

The favorite medicine in produced on the first appearance of the dreadful epidemic fruit remedy—Syrup of Figs a few cases and has been more than confirmed by the pleas, not expected, all who have used it, and the success of the proprietors and manufacturers the California Fig Syrup Company.

At Saginaw 12 lightermen are out on a strike demanding 12 cents per thousand feet for handling lumber.

The Problem Solved.

An Unrivaled Blood Purifier.

Found at last in Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup—A remedy which cures the most obstinate and fatal forms of disease from the blood. A well known citizen of West Lebanon, Indiana, writes its value:

GENTLEMEN:—It affords me pleasure to state that my wife has received great benefit from Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup than from any medicine she has ever taken. We have used six bottles, and find it to be the best family medicine and greatest blood purifier that we have ever used. It is truly all it is claimed to be by the founder. You cannot recommend it too highly.

Yours Truly,

FRANK WALTMEY, West Lebanon, Ind.

Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by The Charles Wright Medicine Company, Detroit, Mich.

GEORGE THORNTON of Grass Lake is trying to get a corner on mosquito in his family. Six members of which are now in bed speckled.

WILLIAM PETIT of near Grand Rapids is mad because a man called him and lugged off $165 in cash. The money part of the affair makes it unbearable, and he sues for a divorce.

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.

The White Pigeon Methodists are to build a fine, new church, and want bids from contractors for the work.

Six novels, free, will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., to any one in the U. S. or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins Electric Soap wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each Bar Soap for sale by all grocers.

The children of Curtis Dye at South Haven are thought to be something in it besides skippers and the dogs, and it will be more up than tuck to keep them from flying.

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

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

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,
[SEAL.] Notary Public.

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

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

Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

Curtis, a very little town of Mackinac county, has begun to ship a winter's cut of $75,000 worth of cedar posts.

For Fifty Years
the
Standard
Blood-purifier
and
Tonic,
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
has no equal
as a
Spring
Medicine!
Prepared by
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Lowell, Mass.

WAVERLAND.

A Tale of Our Coming Landlords.

BY SARAH MARIE BRIGHAM.

Copyrighted, 1886.

CHAPTER 6.—CONTINUED.

We entered another building which proved to be a workshop. Old rakes and scythes, plows and all kinds of farming implements were being repaired by the men.

"No idlers here," he said as we walked through. There were no idlers, but what seemed strange was that some were singing and some whistling, which told of contentment.

"That is a saving in two ways," said Sir Wren, as we left the building. "Things are under shelter, and then, when they are needed in the busy season, we will not have to lose valuable time during good weather for them to be repaired."

"I see the philosophy of that," I said, as we entered the blacksmith shop. Here one man was shoeing a horse, another fixing a buggy spring, and all were usefully employed.

"This is a sample of the way about four hundred people are employed in the cold winter weather. In summer my land is well cultivated and made to produce large returns," he said, as we left the shop where all were busy.

"Do they earn their wages?" I asked.

"Yes, and a good per cent of profit."

"Where do they live?"

"Follow me and see," he said. We walked round to one side of the estate where a street was laid out, and lots of about one half acre in size with a neat house, a pig pen and a cow stable on each.

"Here," he said "is where my people live. I give this house and lot free of charge to any man with a family while he works for me."

"I see each one has a pig pen and a cow stable."

"Yes. I give the men a cow and a pig if they high for them."

"These cottages would rent for five or six pounds a year."

"I know they would. But I would rather have happy, contented men and women than the rent. Then, too, I believe I receive more than the rent in extra work."

"How neat and clean it all looks. I remarked, with warm approval. I could not help contrasting this with the tenant village on my own estate.

"I tell them, said Sir Wren, "that cleanliness adds to their comfort. I also try to inspire them with a desire to keep their places neat. I believe tenants in general would keep their places more tidy, but they fear their rent will be raised if they make improvements.

"I think Annie was right," I said, as we entered the house. "This plan is better for the people than the dole system."

"I could never submit to that," said Sir Wren, with decision. "It is too galling to the feelings of a man. Tempting for the landlord who has nothing to do but lounge out of the tenant farmers all he can, while he tenant must live on the poorest food and in the neatest hovels he can, that may be paid with the dole, by save existence."

"I know that is true," I said. "I have been over my estate and seen misery and misery at nearly every door. Why in some hovels with neither floor nor windows. I have found half a dozen persons, a cow and the pigs all crowded together, that they must shelter the cow so that will give more milk, and the pigs will die if not sheltered from the cold. In some such places, sick at heart. What can be done? I do not wonder that men are crying out against such degradation. I am calling to assist Parnell, and one else who can make a change for the better.

"I believe Parnell has done more for the Irish people than any other man in the past century.

"In what way?

"He has taught the people to think. His clear, calm manner, and firm command of himself has given him power to command others. Even his enemies admire him. His English friends, and English men have given him a prestige that will assist him in the coming struggle. Then his imprisonment has made him a hero for the Irish people.

"Yes, Sir Wren," said, "that is true. I remember the influence it had on my own mind. Then the Irish are quick to make a hero of any one who has suffered for their cause. They have keenly sensitive hearts for the sufferer, and full of sympathy, while the English are cool and calculate the results that may be derived from it.

"You have read the English heart to some purpose. We are not so imaginative nor quick to feel the power of oft asseverations as the Irish.

"That brings to mind something I saw not very long ago. An American and my self were walking along a Irish house when we saw a little child crying by the open door. She was beautiful, but dressed in with filthy rags. My friend stopped and said.

"What is the matter, little one?"

"What is the matter, little one?"

"Father is dead," she replied, looking up, amazed that any one should speak to her. We entered the cottage and there where the peat fire burning on a stone in the corner, was sitting the room well filled, make that a coffin, and the dead was the object in the room. We saw a man lying in one corner on a heap of old leaves, dead. A woman sat beside him holding his hand and sobbing piteously. There were two three children in the room, but all were so ragged. After talking with the poor woman for what my friend called her name, I would like to take Katy, the child we saw at the door, for his own. He said he would give her some clothes and something to dress the child with, and if she would let him have her to adopt into his own family as a daughter.

"But," said the poor woman with a sob, "I cannot let her go among strangers."

"You may choose a companion to go with her, and I will provide for her also," said my friend.

"After a time the woman consented and chose a young sister of her own to go with the child as its companion, and now my friend paid the woman twenty pounds and an additional five pounds to furnish decent clothing for the children. It was agreed that we should come in the morning for them, as my friend was just ready to return to America.

"In the morning we went with the carriage to take the children to the railroad station. But, although the children were dressed in the new garments the money had bought, the poor mother could not part with her darling. She gave my friend back his twenty pounds and with a shower of the five after paying for the clothes, and was neither them off as fast as she could when we left the room. When we reached the carriage, my friend turned back and handed the poor woman the money and paid him, saying:

"Take it, and may it do you some good."

"The poor woman could not speak, but tears ran down her cheeks like rain. My friend was silent for a time, then as said—

"I cannot blame the poor woman, but may the course of heaven follow those who cause this terrible suffering!"

"I could not help saying amen, though I am counted as one of the number. The mother's love was stronger than the love of money."

"Yes," said Sir Wren, "that is the reason they will divide their small holdings with a married son or daughter rather than let them go away. I do not blame them. If Annie ever finds a new home, I

"Still, or no one will be my wife."

pray for yourself, Stella, for encouraging my son to spend so much of his time with you."

My mother paused as though choosing her words.

"Speak quick, mother, what else?" I asked, interrupting.

"I was thinking that no help of Waverland would ever think of marrying beneath his own rank of station in life. And that it would be best for him settled that Annie Wren was to be your wife."

"How could you, mother?" I gasped. "I have never thought of such a thing. You do not think of such a thing."

"I did it for her good. I loved her very dearly and could not bear to think of her as suffering. I have watched her closely and I know she is chilled your society and than anything else."

"What least mother?" I asked, as she paused a moment.

"Why, I told her of Annie, for she's a flushed painfully, and her lip quivered. After a moment's silence she said, 'You are right, Lady Waverland, I will leave Waverland at once.' I was surprised at her alport an hour after she came to me and thanked me for my kindness, and said she would leave for, 'the happy home she had passed here.' Then she took Myrtle in her arms and kept her in a long embrace. I thought she would find rest in her own home, but I did not know where she was going. But she remained firm and said she would find a home somewhere."

While my mother had been speaking, tears were streaming down her cheeks. I could not blame her. But could I let my darling go? I did not know how long she was to stay. When my mother had finished I said:

"Yes, I do not know me, mother. Stella or no one will be my wife."

"O dear say that, my son" said my mother, in a pleading tone.

"I think it best, my dear mother, and I blame myself for not having spoken before. I said, and left the room. What had changed that mind so in one short hour. The rooms had lost their sunshine. The very birds seemed sad and still.

I called for my horse and rode to the railway station, and for days I heard not a sound of Stella. The agent said she had been ill, but he could not tell to where she had gone, but he would find out.

I returned and sought Stella's room. Perhaps I might find something to tell me where she had gone. I found nothing. Still there was some comfort in seeing the things that she had arranged and used. They were a part of her. Mother's yet with a more motherly feeling. I felt my lost love. Turning from this little sanctuary where she had lived and prepared some comfort for her home, I sat in my own room. How my heart hungered for one answering look or word to tell me that I had regained my lost love. Memory lived over the past two months. Her words and acts I treasured up from out the past as weary miners gather up the tiniest particles of gold. Yet I had spoken with the press one. Again and again I held her hand and felt the silver encircling touch of her soft white fingers. I stood in her expressive face when under the influence of music or songe enchanting scene. How it would thrill with happiness. How I would wait for one look, one the vexing thought would not use leave Waverland. When was she gone? Perhaps she was at home. Perhaps she was injured. I did not know she had a sibling. I remembered that old hard faced the house-keeper from her own point. Had she been cruel, I thought, in the fear of knowing she kept her from recovery.

In the morning I saw Stella's groom. I faded to see the old man. I felt jealousy among many others. Had house-keeper left people from my place? Perhaps I had. But Stella, I thought, the housekeeping let there was no mention of payment to herself.

Mother, do you know how much money Stella had when she left? I asked, while we were sitting at the breakfast table.

"Why, no, I never asked anything about her self-her money. I remember when she paid the housekeeper I told her it was not wise to get hard Waverland's debts. She only laughed and said she was saving it from the housekeeping fund. I never mentioned it again, for her did she.

"Will Stella come back again?" asked Myrtle.

"I cannot tell my child," said mother.

After breakfast I rode to the village, finding my business, and returned house-ward of anywhere. Life had lost its purpose. I was passing the little school house I saw a child. Stella's child, I stopped there. I hailed at the door and knocked with the handle of my riding whip. Mrs. Malcom came to the door.

"Was Miss Everett here yesterday?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, she was here, but she had been weeping. I thought she was sick."

"Did she tell you she was going away?" I asked.

"No, sir, but she said good bye to all of us."

I roamed about with but one aim or object. To gain some tidings of my lost love. I read every paper, hoping she would scarcest every paper, hoping she would advertise a rose for rubies in every direction, hoping for some news. But all to no purpose.

What a dreary old place Waverland became! It seemed as if all the sunshine had lay in a deep dark shadow. Even my mother kept her room, and dinner and breakfast were lonely times. No more duets. No more lively conversations and

DOOM OF THE SWORD.

He Had its Mission, Has Played its Part, and Now Must Go.

Chaplain T. De Witt Talmage Preaches the Annual Sermon Before the Thirteenth New York Militia—The Great Lessons of War—Peace Universal Dawns.

In the Brooklyn Academy of Music last Sunday, Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, chaplain of the Thirteenth N. Y. State militia, preached the annual sermon to that regiment.

The subject of the sermon was: "The Sword—Its Mission and its Doom;" the text, Isaiah 34:5: "My sword shall be bathed in heaven."

Three hundred and fifty-one times does the bible speak of the sword, a keen, cutting, inexorable weapon, which flashes upon us from the text—the sword.

Sometimes the sword is spoken of without mention of its sanctuary, and sometimes it is damnatory, sometimes as drawn, sometimes as sheathed. In the bibles, and in church and in literature, the sword represents all axes in all muskets, all cannons, all guns, all police clubs, all battle axes, all tomahawks, all war clubs, all defence, or attack. It would be an interesting thing to give the history of the plow, and follow its furrows from the first one in Eden to the first crop in Chaldea to the last crop in Minnesota. It would be interesting to follow the ax from the first tree it felled down through all the literature of nations, from the first word in the Bible to the last word in any some author wrote, and to the close of his manuscript. It would be an interesting thing to count the echoes of the hammer from the first one that rang out through all the mechanism of centuries to the last stroke in the carpenter's shop yesterday. But this, my annual sermon, is a study of the Thirteenth Regiment, I propose taking a weapon that has done a work that neither plow nor pen nor hammer could do, the sword. Behold in the sword its mission and its doom.

The sword of the first man was bathed in heaven, that is what we call the goodness, as another sword may be bathed in hell, and the sword of Abel was a sword of peace, that is what we call a sword of peace, and the sword of Cain was a sword of war, we have named the sword of Abel, the sword of Cain. Christ, in a great mission, put the sword of peace into the world's history, it has swung for liberty and justice, civilization and rights, since Christ, it has been the sword of the Bible and on the East side of the Garden of Eden, God placed a flaming sword. We have named the sword of Christ, the law, St. Paul declares the sword, the sharpest, the sword is vital, it cleaveth, divides, tears, penetrates. "For our sake, through the law, we are dead to the law by the law of God." David in his prayer, says "Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty." Isaiah says, "Behold, the Lord will come with a strong sword, and his arm shall rule for him." Paul says, "Put on the whole armor of God." Christ, in a great sermon, said, "Put up thy sword into its place, for all they that take the sword shall perish by the sword." Christ, in a great mission, put the sword of peace into the world's history, it has swung for liberty and justice, civilization and rights since Christ, it has been the sword of the Bible and on the East side of the Garden of Eden, God placed a flaming sword. We have named the sword of Christ, the law, St. Paul declares