Unhappy Man.

Why persist in ruining your digestion by eating unwholesome food; and keeping it ruined by doing nothing to restore it to usefulness and right action? Some think that dyspepsia is incurable. They are the ones who have never taken Brown's Iron Bitters. This valuable family medicine makes short work of the tormentor and soon enables the digestive apparatus to do its work. Mr. H. E. Collins, of Keokuk, Iowa, says, "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for dyspepsia, and and am greatly benefitted."

Rochefort lost nearly all his money at the Trouville races in France.

£100,000,000 IN THE BRITISH COURT OF CHANCERY!—A large part of this vast sum belongs to the people of America. Cox & Co., 41, Southampton Buildings, Holborn, London, Eng., have just published a LIST of the heirs to this enormous wealth. Reader, send a dollar and they will forward you this valuable LIST; and if you find by it that you are entitled to any money or property, claim your own. Cox & Co. will show you the way.

Patti will eventually settle down in Paris as a professor of singing.

I have had no remedy for rheumatism which has given such general satisfaction in eighteen years experience in the drug business as your medicine for rheumatism and and neuralgia—Athlophoros. R. S. Armstrong, M. D., druggist, Chelsea, Mich.

A. J. De Voe, the New Jersey weather prophet, predicts an early winter.

A ROMANCE OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

Or a Drama in Six Acts. From Hamlet Revised.

With a sonorious sigh, that would have made the welkin ring again, had it happened to have been present. Malinda seized her lyre and sang, "My Roving Richard to the Moors has gone," and then she ceased. "Oh!" cried she, I cannot sing the old songs; I have such a cold."

A single knock at the massive door, grained by the hand of a master painter, aroused her. 'Twas Pedro, her page, bearing on a plate of exquisite delf a telegram. Tremblingly opening it, she read:—"From Richard, the Moors, to Malinda, Maida Vale. *Arrived all right.*" With an hysterical sob of relief she sank fainting on the yielding and astonishd bosome of the page.

And now let us hie to Richard. After despatching the telegram, our hero commenced operations. The birds promised excellent sport—still promises—but why anticipate? Suffice it that the shadow of night found him still wandering on the moors. He had lost the track! when suddenly a light shone in the distance.

A voice from within the hut bade him enter. He lifted the latch and did so. There in the full glare of a tall rushlight stood an old man. Their eyes met. What is that that makes our hero's cheek to blanch and his very blood to curdle? Shall we divulge the truth, and say frankly we do not know?

And Malinda—what does Malinda while the harrowing scene described in our last is taking place? Does she seek her downy couch in the bliss that only ignorance can give, or does foreboding dire rack her fair brain, and send her forth a raving maniac to seek a last Ophelia like repose? We really cannot say.

A Consoling Thought.

"This chilly weather makes me think of my poor, dead husband," said a widow, as she sat down beside a lady close to the stove. "He was always so cold, poor man, and he used to wonder if he ever would get warmed through. He was so miserable when he was cold, poor man, but it is a great comfort to me to feel that he is happy now."—*Chicago Herald.*

The direction of the bureau veritas has published the following statistics of maritime disasters reported during the month of July, 1885, concerning all flags: Sailing vessels reported lost, four American, fourteen British, one Danish, one Dutch, three French, six German, two Italian, nine Norwegian, one Russian, and eight Swedish, total forty-nine. In this number are included three vessels reported missing. Steamers reported lost, eight British.

What Sporting Men Rely On.

When Lewis R. Redmond, the South Carolina moonshiner, cornered after for eight years eluding the government officials, was asked to surrender, he exclaimed:

"Never, to men who fire at my back!"

Before he was taken, five bullets had gone clear through him, but strange to relate, he got well, in the hands of a rude backwoods nurse."

By the way, if Garfield had been in the hands of a backwoods nurse, he might have lived. A heap of volunteer testimony against the infallibility of the physicians has been accumulating of late, and people are encouraged to do their own doctoring more and more. It is cheaper and quite as certain.

Before Detective Curtin, of Buffalo, caught Tom Ballard he "covered" him with his revolver. Tom saw the point and tumbled!

Joe Goss was "covered" a few weeks ago and he tumbled, and so did Dan Mace. Death "fetched 'em" with that dreaded weapon—kidney disease. But they should have been lively and drawn first. They could easily have disarmed the monster had they covered him with that dead shot—Warner's safe cure, which, drawn promptly, always takes the prey. It is doubtless true that sporting men dread this enemy more than any mishap of their profession, and presumably this explains why they as a rule are so partial to that celebrated "dead shot."

Redmond was right. No man should surrender when attacked in the back. He should "draw" face about and proceed to the defense, for such attacks, so common among all classes, will fetch a man every time unless "covered" by that wonderfully successful "dead shot."—*Sportsman's News.*

That Slop-Barrel.

A Galveston millionaire was asked by a delegation of his friends if he would not consent to allow his name to be used in connection with the United States Senatorship. He replied that he never had meddled in politics before, but just now he had made up his mind to apply for a position other than the Senatorship.

"Ah! I suppose you want to get on the Supreme bench," said one of the committee.

The heavy property-owner shook his head, and toyed with his $5,000 diamond ring.

"Perhaps Garfield is going to offer you a place in his Cabinet?"

"No. You haven't guessed it yet."

"Foreign mission?"

"Gentlemen, I'll be candid with you. For years I have been trying to get the city authorities to have the slop-barrel, at my back gate, emptied once a month, and have failed. I am determined to have that slop-barrel emptied, so I have applied to the City Council for the position of driver to a scavenger-cart."—*Galveston News.*

Relief in Miracles.

Mr. S. W. Benerman, of Philadelphia, Pa., for many years identified with the wholesale hardware business, had rheumatism in his arm, and could not dress or undress, but with the most excruciating pain. He used St. Jacobs Oil, and the result, he says, was wonderful if not miraculous.

William Pitt.

The brilliant life and sad death of William Pitt, England's great Prime Minister, seem a satire upon personal ambition and popular gratitude. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer when but 23 years of age, and for eighteen years ruled Great Britain. The contrast of the brilliant beginning of his public life with its somber ending is painful to read.

Pitt died at his house, Putney Heath, and in a very neglected state, none of his family or friends being with him at the time. One who was sincerely attached to him, hearing of his illness, rode from London to see him.

Arriving at his house, he rang the bell at the entrance-gate, but no one came. Dismounting, he found his way to the hall-door, and repeatedly rang the bell, which no one answered.

He then entered the house, wandered from room to room, till at last he discovered Pitt on a bed, dead, entirely neglected. It is supposed that such was his poverty he had not been able to pay the wages of his servants, and that they had absconded, taking with them what they could.—*Once a Week.*

The Nebraska and Iowa Ins. Co. of Omaha, Neb.

We take pleasure in announcing to Nebraska property-owners that this Company is the oldest, strongest and best Insurance Company in the State. Its rates are as low as those of any safe and responsible insurance company of this or any other country. Its risks are carefully selected, and its obligations judiciously discharged. Its policies are plain and liberal, and free from all technicalities and complications, and its losses are honorably and liberally adjusted and promptly paid.

The sweetest watermelons grow in some other fellow's patch.

Ben Butler is out of politics, but he still goes one eye on it.

Professor Huxley suffers from sleeplessness.

A complete collection of American cents is worth $1,500.

Patti Rosa's real name is Jessie Rosa Buckingham.

"What we learn with pleasure we never forget."—[Alfred Mercier. The following is a case in point: "I paid out hundreds of dollars without receiving any benefit," says Mrs. Emily Rhoads, of McBrides, Mich. "I had female complaints, especially 'dragging down,' for over six years. Dr. R. V. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' did me more good than any medicine I ever took. I advise every sick lady to take it." And so do we. It never disappoints its patrons. Druggists sell it.

The private fortune of Queen Victoria is reckoned up at $30,000,000.

The Mikado of Japan is said to have become a Christian convert.

Secretary Bayard has gone to a Florida town named after him.

H. H. and Susan Coolidge jointly wrote the Saxe Holm stories.

The Massachusetts manufacturing city of Lawrence has lost in population since 1880.

Sam Jones converted Sam Small, an Atlanta editor, and brags about it every day.

Mr. Whistler and Mr. Chase have been painting each other's portraits.