

### A CLAIM TO HUMAN GRATITUDE

Charlotte Corday, the sad-faced, tender-hearted peasant girl of Normandy made great history by one desperate act.

Sickened by the saturnalia of the French revolution, and moved to desperation as Robespierre and Marat were leading the flower of France to the guillotine, she determined that she would put an end to Marat's bloody reign.

Marat had demanded two hundred thousand victims for the guillotine! He proposed to kill off the enemies of the Revolution to make it perpetual!

Horrible thought!

Would it fire the blood of this patriotic peasant maid!

Gaining access to his closely guarded quarters by a subterfuge, she found him in his bath, even then inexorable and giving written directions for further slaughter!

He asked her the names of the imperial deputies who had taken refuge in Caen. She told him, and he wrote them down. "That is well! Before a week is over they shall all be brought to the guillotine."

At these words, Charlotte drew from her bosom the knife, and plunged it with supernatural force up to the hilt in the heart of Marat.

"Come to my dear friend, come to me," cried Marat, and expired under the blow!

In the Corcoran gallery at Washington is a famous painting of Charlotte, represented as behind the prison bars the day before her execution.

It is a thrilling, sad picture, full of sorrow for her suffering country, and of unconquerable hate for her country's enemies.

Was a lesson in this tragic story! Two hundred, nay, five hundred thousand people would Marat have sacrificed to his unholy passion of power!

Methods are quite as murderous and inhuman as men, and they number their victims by the millions.

The page of history is full of murders by authority and by mistaken ideal! In the practice of medicine alone how many hundreds of millions have been allowed to die and as many more killed by unjustifiable bigotry and by bungling!

But the age is bettering. Men and methods are improving. A few years ago it was worth one's professional life to advise or permit the use of a proprietary medicine. To-day there are two physicians in any town in this country who do not regularly prescribe some form of proprietary remedy!

H. H. Warner, famed all over the world as the discoverer of Warner's safe cure, began hunting up the old remedies of the Log Cabin days; after long and patient research he succeeded in securing some of the most valuable, among family records, and called them Warner's Log Cabin remedies—the simple preparations of roots, leaves, balsams and herbs which were the successful standbys of our grandmothers.

These simple, old-fashioned sarsaparilla, hops and nutmeg, and consumption and other remedies have struck a popular chord and are in extraordinary demand all over the land. They are not the untried and imaginary remedies of some dabster chemist intent on making money, but the long-sought perfume of the healing art which for generations kept our ancestors in perfect health, but for the good of humanity by one who is known all over the world as a philanthropist—a lover of his fellow man—whose name is a guarantee of the highest standard of excellence.

The preparations are of decided and known influence over disease, and as in the hands of our grandmothers they raised up the sick, cured the lame, and bound up the wounds of death, so in their new form but older power as Log Cabin remedies, they are sure to prove the "healing of the nations."

Corday did the world an incalculable service in ridding France of the bigoted and murderous Marat, just as this man is doing humanity a service by re-introducing to the world the simpler and better methods of our ancestors.

At 200 yards the Lebel rifle would go through two men.

The fresh fruit crop of California this season has an estimated value of \$10,000,000.

A SOME THROAT OR COUGH, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable bronchitis or lung trouble. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give instant relief.

Russell Sage will save \$50,000,000 when he dies.

A Fortune for \$5. An opportunity for every Lady and Gentleman to secure an independent fortune by the investment of only \$5. Address with stamp, The Montana Investment Company, Helena, Mont.

Bismarck weighs 227 pounds.

Any book learned in one reading. Mind wandering, loss of memory, speaking without notes, wholly unlike artificial systems. Piracy condemned by Supreme Court. Great inducement. No correspondence classes.

Prof. A. LOISELLE, 25 Fifth Ave., New York

SICK HEADACHE. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Bowel Disorders. A perfect remedy for the Mouth, Throat, Tongue, Pain in the Side, TOOTHACHE, BRUISES, regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents.

CARTER'S MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

A NEW ASTHMA KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Price 25 Cents. Sold by all Druggists.

PISOS CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. \$5 per day. Sample worth \$1.50 FREE. Live and make money every waking hour. Address: Dr. J. C. GILBERT, 1000 Broadway, New York.

CANCER. Treated and cured without the knife. Address: Dr. J. C. GILBERT, 1000 Broadway, New York.

### Saved by his Wife.

Kingston Freeman.

On portions of the sombre Shawangunk mountains, miles away from settlements and where luscious huckleberries grow. Rattlesnakes have been found for many years past, and this summer they seem to be more numerous than ever in two or three localities. The Shawangunk rattler is a gamy snake, and rarely if ever turns tail even in the face of desperate odds. During the past two weeks huckleberrypickers report having had some lively encounters, though nobody has been seriously hurt. Occasionally a rattler will crawl to a village and make itself known in somebody's dooryard. An instance of this kind occurred a day or two ago in the hamlet of Accord, which is situated at the base of the Shawangunk mountains and in close proximity to the Delaware and Hudson canal.

Charles Walker lives in Accord, and when he saw an odd-colored, slimy thing near his dooryard he made an investigation, and it was near being the death of him. The intruder was a rattler of the most venomous kind to be found in the mountains and it soon made Mr. Walker understand that it would not give an inch and that it would fight to the very death. The reptile was all ready to spring at Mr. Walker when he saw his great peril and it was the work of an instant to pick up a club that happened to be handy at his feet and to hit the snake a vigorous whack over the head as it sprang toward him. The blow stunned the rattler for a second or two, and then it coiled itself and sprang twice at the man who had made it feel the weight of a heavy cudgel. Both times Mr. Walker escaped from being bitten by the fangs.

All this time Mrs. Walker was in the house. As it fortunately happened, she stopped her household duties for a moment to take a look "up and down the road," when she saw the desperate position of her husband. Some women would have screamed and fled on, and would have told her neighbor for help or fainted, but Mr. Walker hadn't got that kind of a helpmate. In an instant she saw that what ought to be done must be done quickly and then she scurried into the kitchen, where her husband's trusty shotgun was in its customary place, already loaded and ready to be fired. In a jiffy it was in Mrs. Walker's hands and in another jiffy there was a puff of smoke, a bright flash and a ringing report, and a dead snake lay stretched at her husband's feet. Then Mrs. Walker did scream just a little, and her good man told her what a brave little body she was and how much good sense and timely presence of mind she had exhibited. Other people have congratulated Mrs. Walker, and now she is laughingly saying that she fails to see that she did anything for the people to fuss over. Nevertheless she saved her husband's life, it is fair to presume, and there is no doubt whatever about the fact that the snake was one of the largest seen in Accord in years.

Circus Lemonade Explained by a Fakir. Chicago News.

After squeezing a lemon until it was as dry as a tariff speech, the old soldier lemonade vender deposited its remains in a big glass bowl or tureen. A close-fitting cover is kept on the bowl, and is only lifted a moment as each piece of extinct lemon is dropped into the big dish. Nearly a peck of overworked lemon rinds were piled up in the bowl.

"Why are you so careful about those lemon peels?" queried a curious patron of the stand.

"Want to keep 'em moist and clean. What for?" Oh yes, 'cause I want to."

The old soldier looked guilty. He stammered a bit giving his wholly unsatisfactory explanation.

"D'ye sell 'em?"

"Yes—sometimes. You see, the candy butchers of the circuses and the picnic fairs use 'em. They slice up the rinds and put 'em in a tub of water to make 'em look like real lemonade. A little citric acid put into the tub gives the water a sourish taste, and it ain't many people know the difference. They ain't very particular, no way, and the lemon rinds floating in the water, makes 'em believe it's all right. I keep 'em in this covered bowl to keep moist until I get home, when I put 'em in a damp place. If the rind got real dry once it wouldn't look nat'ral and wouldn't cut up nice."

The Fashions of Our Daddies. From "Fifty Years Ago," by Walter Besant.

The gentleman, of whose long and wavy hair I have already spoken, wore, for evening dress, a high black stock, the many folds of which covered the shirt, and were enriched by a massive pin; the white shirt cuffs were neatly turned over their wrists, their dress coats were buttoned, their trousers were tight, and they wore straps and pumps. The ladies either wore curls neatly arranged on each side—my mother still has some old ladies who have clung to the pretty fashion of their youth—or they wore their hair in a loop down the cheek and behind the ear and then fastened in some kind of band with ribbons at the back of the head. The machinery of the frocks reminds one of the wedding morning in "Pickwick," which all the girls were crying out to be "done up," for they had hooks and eyes and the girls were helpless by themselves. Pink was the favorite color—and a very pretty color, too; and there are plenty of scope for the milliner's art in lace and artificial flowers. The elder ladies were magnificent in turbans, and the younger ones wore across the forehead a band of velvet or silk decorated with a gold buckle, or something in pearls and diamonds.

All herbivorous animals require salt for the maintenance of good health, and this is especially true of animals that perspire freely in warm weather.

### THE LAZY MAN.

BY E. L. STANTON.

I'm the laziest man, I reckon, that a mortal ever seed!

Got my way? Nary a dollar! I wasn't built for greed!

For gramp's and 'd' for gramp's when the revenue is called; I'm what you call a 'un'-jes' built for 'lyin' round.

Contented! Mightly right I am; when spring winds whisper sweet, In the meadows where the daisies make a carpet for your feet;

Where the nestin' birds are chirpin'; where the brook, in witchin' play, Goes laughin' on, a-pughin' all the whilees out of my way.

You'll find me almost any time a-lyin' at my ease, With the lull song o' the locust and the drowsy drone o' bees Above me an' 'round me; I'm a poet in my way, An' I'd rather hear the birds sing 'an to shood 'em any day!

"Jes' laziness," they tell me, an' I reckon they're right; But the world's so full o' beauty, an' you can't see much at night!

But different folks has different minds, nor drink from the same cup; When I'm talkin' to the kiddies, they're a ploughin' o' 'em up.

My field's a pasture for the cows, an' though it never pays, It's a source o' pleasure to me jes' ter see A crowd o' geese.

The tickle o' the bells is such a pleasin' sound, But I'm a lazy chap, you know, jes' built for 'lyin' round.

A Soldier on Courage. London Standard.

In his famous Fortnightly article on courage, Lord Wolseley discusses a subject which he may reasonably be supposed to understand as well as any man alive; and he does so in a manner that is not only interesting, but amusing and humorous as well. Courage, whether active or passive, may be divided into three kinds—that which arises from pure insensibility to danger; the inability to feel fear, which is characteristic of men like Nelson; that which comes of pure ignorance, such as may often be seen in young soldiers, and was observed among the raw British levies at Quatre Bras; and lastly, that which springs from a sense of duty or a sense of honor overcoming and suppressing the emotion which the individual feels at the proximity of death, and enabling him to face it with as much coolness as one who does not feel it at all. The difference between the two is constitutional, and many would say that the last kind of courage—the courage of the man who knows and appreciates the peril and would shrink from it did not higher motives urge him forward—is in reality the more worthy of respect.

But if we can trust Lyrr Wolseley, it is not this which makes soldiers mount the deadly breach or charge up to a battery of guns with light hearts and desperate determination. It is the fiery and impetuous leader who has never known fear, or the coolly impassive one who moves about among a shower of bullets, regarding them no more than they were snow flakes, who excites the enthusiasm of his men. According to Lord Wolseley, these different kinds of courage manifest themselves in different manners, and the soldier knows by instinct which of the two he is in presence of. Between the officer who conquers fear and the officer who has none to conquer he never makes a mistake. He will respect the first; but the second is the one in whose company he will rush to death.

We can easily understand that the courage of a martyr at the stake or the splendid calmness of the soldiers who burning vessel, would have less effect for active purposes than the example of one who rushes sword in hand on overwhelming numbers, or seems to court death by exposing himself recklessly to fire. This was what Nelson did, and Lord Wolseley gives some interesting examples of this kind of daring from his own observation. He mentions Captain Sir William Peel, of the royal navy as a singular example of cool, deliberate intrepidity. During the bombardment of Sebastopol he always walked just behind his battery, where he was more exposed to fire than the men working the guns, and where his presence made it impossible for any of the gunners to flinch. He was always courteous. But under a heavy fire he became more than usually urbane and gentle. This the men always noticed. The hotter the fire, they used to say, the more "polite" he became. As an instance of downright insensibility to danger, Lord Wolseley mentions Sir Gerald Graham, who, when relieved from duty in the trenches, used to walk straight back to camp, exposed to the Russian bullets for many hundred yards, because it was the shortest cut, and he was too lazy to go round where he would have been under shelter.

Illustrative of the different kinds of courage observable in different races, wore, for evening dress, a high black stock, the many folds of which covered the shirt, and were enriched by a massive pin; the white shirt cuffs were neatly turned over their wrists, their dress coats were buttoned, their trousers were tight, and they wore straps and pumps. The ladies either wore curls neatly arranged on each side—my mother still has some old ladies who have clung to the pretty fashion of their youth—or they wore their hair in a loop down the cheek and behind the ear and then fastened in some kind of band with ribbons at the back of the head. The machinery of the frocks reminds one of the wedding morning in "Pickwick," which all the girls were crying out to be "done up," for they had hooks and eyes and the girls were helpless by themselves. Pink was the favorite color—and a very pretty color, too; and there are plenty of scope for the milliner's art in lace and artificial flowers. The elder ladies were magnificent in turbans, and the younger ones wore across the forehead a band of velvet or silk decorated with a gold buckle, or something in pearls and diamonds.

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She was doing the driving about the parks, and her husband was taking his case, when she sweetly observed: "I like to drive you around." But she started a little and gave him an ominous glance when he coolly responded: "Yes, I know you do."

"I know we are poor, dear papa," said Evelyn, nestling her head against his shoulders, "but Ethalstane is brave and hopeful, and he says that love will make a way." "I know it will," said old Hyson, grimly; it's made away with six tons of parlor carpet and \$22 worth of gas since Christmas, and it's next winter that's worryin' me."—Burdette.

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Doctor: "Well, my dear sir, what seems to be the seat of your disease?" Patient: "It doesn't seem to have any seat, doctor. It's jumping up and down all the while."

A handsome Profit.—Aunt Emily: "Why do you think you will be a doctor, Bobby, when you grow up?" Bobby: "Because I swallowed a ten cent piece the other day and the doctor charged me two dollars for curing me. That's a good business."—Epoch.

Arthur (who had been listening with breathless interest to one of grandpa's bibliostories:—"And were you in the Ark, grandpa, along with Noah and all the rest of 'em?" Grandpa (indignantly)—"No, sir; certainly not!" Arthur—"Then how is it you wasn't drowned?"—New York Tribune.

Jinks was a young man who had been married a year, and he was telling a friend how different he was from single. "Were you much embarrassed when you 'popped the question'?" asked his friend. Embarrassed? Well, I should say I was. I owed \$1,500 for board and clothes and one thing or other, and didn't have a darned cent to pay it with."—Texas Siftings.

Young Lady (to cigar dealer)—"Have you the 'Fragrant' brand of cigars, sir?" Dealer—"Yes, miss." Young Lady—"How much are they a box?" Dealer—"One dollar and a half a box, miss; 100 in a box." Young Lady—"You may give me a box, please. They are a present for my—my cousin; I've often heard him say how fond he is of a fragrant Havana."—New York Sun.

A lot of calves carering in a pasture do not fulfill the idea of the poetry of motion, but they give a man an opportunity to "see the veals go round."

We notice that a waterspout burst in Kentucky the other day. A waterspout that would go into business in Kentucky might expect to burst with no assets.

Probably the reason why women's teeth decay sooner than men's is not the perpetual friction of their tongues upon the pearl, but rather the intense sweetness of their lips.

Husband (on his way to church)—"I'll just skip on ahead my dear, and get some change. I've nothing less than one dollar, and that's too much to give." Wife (on his overtaking her)—"Did you get the bill changed?" Husband—"Yes." Wife—"You will contribute half a dollar, John?" Husband—"I can't very well now, I happened to meet three or four friends, and I've only got a quarter left."

Had Its Dry Streets. It is said that the best way to collect a library is to know each book ere it goes to its place on the shelf. The old gentleman in the following anecdote evidently intended to follow the rule to the letter. A man happened to go into a Dakota settler's house one day and noticed the first volume of a cyclopedia on the shelf, and, casually suggested that it was a good thing to have in the house, or words to that effect.

"Yes," the settler replied, "it's here. I only got the first book."

"Why, I don't see how it happens that you haven't the other?"

"Why, I ain't read that one yet, an' I ain't read for 'nother. Ye see I got it of an agent when I was livin' down in Iowa, an' about six months after 'round he comes again an' knocked at the door, an' I opened it, an' says he: 'Mister, here's the second book of your cyclopedy.'

"'Git out!' says I; 'I ain't got the first one read yet!' and made him go, too, W'y, jes' think of it. That was nigh on to ten year ago, an' I ain't more'n two-thirds through this now, and my wife is only jes' nighly started on the B's!"

"It took a pile of brains to make this er book I've no doubt; but, I tell ye it's my opinion, an' I don't mind sayin' it, that I think it's got its dry streaks like most everything else."—Youth's Companion.

Something Burning. They were sitting on the porch and it was growing late.

"Would you mind if I lighted a cigar, Miss Clara?" he asked.

"Certainly not, Mr. Sampson," she replied.

And presently the old man, who was getting desperate, spoke from an open window above:

"Daughter," he said, "I left my rubber overshoes near the kitchen stove and you had better see to 'em. I can smell something burning."

### Why New York Was Called Gotham.

Because the inhabitants thereof were such wisecracks—the allusion being to the three wise men of Gotham "who went to sea in a bowl." Gotham is a parish in Nottinghamshire, in England, the inhabitants of which were famed throughout England for their stupidity. The name was first applied to this city by Washington Irving and James K. Paulding, in their "Salmagundi," the last number of which appeared in 1808.

The true American has a warm place in his heart for the old Log Cabin. It's not "English you know," but from the Log Cabins of America have sprung men in every respect greater than any from the grand castles of Europe. Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla is the best in the world.

There are 2,300 miles of mains for conveying natural gas in this country.

Wood Choppers Strike. Deadwood (Dk.) Post, Aug. 25.

Joe Rivard, who held one-twentieth of ticket No. 3,894, which drew \$16,000 or one-twentieth of the capital price (\$200,000) in the Louisiana State Lottery drawing of August 7th, received his money through the First National bank of this city and left Wednesday for his former home in Canada, where he will purchase a comfortable home for his parents and their next to his hills.

Joe was a wood chopper in the Homestead camp near Brownsville, working for day's wages, and this money will place himself and parents above want.

Joe Berry, who was a member of Brownsville, who had the number of Rivard's ticket, and learning from the Pioneer of August 8th that it was a lucky number, went to the wood camp and purchased it for \$50, but after some difficulty the matter was compromised by Rivard getting \$10,000 and Berry \$5,000. Purchasers of Louisiana Lottery tickets in this vicinity will hereafter hold them until they learn the result of the drawing.

A canal will soon be built between the Black and Caspian seas.

Don't hawk and blow, and spit, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Spain is to build five or six ironclads in her own country.

Better Than a Hero. "What a coward that Major Smith is," said Jones to Robinson, "why, the very sight of your powder would make him flinch. How did he ever manage to become an officer in the army?" "Don't say anything against Smith," answered Robinson, "he once saved my life. 'Saved your life, nonsense, impossible! What do you mean?' 'I mean that I was in the first stages of consumption; I was losing strength and vitality every day with the terrible disease,' when Smith advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I had tried all kinds of medicine without success, and my physicians had given me no hope, yet here I am, as well as ever a man, and I owe my life to Smith, and to the wonderful remedy he recommended."

The Suez canal takes in about \$1,000,000 a month in tolls.

A Young Girl's Grief at seeing her charms of face and form departing, and her health imperiled by functional irregularities of her critical period of life, was turned to joy and gratitude after a brief trial-treatment with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It purified and enriched her blood, gave her healthy activity to the kidneys, stomach, bowels and other organs, and her return to robust health speedily followed. It is the only medicine for women's ailments, and is guaranteed by the manufacturer, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

There is to be a cable from Java to Madagascar.

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We notice that a waterspout burst in Kentucky the other day. A waterspout that would go into business in Kentucky might expect to burst with no assets.

Probably the reason why women's teeth decay sooner than men's is not the perpetual friction of their tongues upon the pearl, but rather the intense sweetness of their lips.

Husband (on his way to church)—"I'll just skip on ahead my dear, and get some change. I've nothing less than one dollar, and that's too much to give." Wife (on his overtaking her)—"Did you get the bill changed?" Husband—"Yes." Wife—"You will contribute half a dollar, John?" Husband—"I can't very well now, I happened to meet three or four friends, and I've only got a quarter left."

Had Its Dry Streets. It is said that the best way to collect a library is to know each book ere it goes to its place on the shelf. The old gentleman in the following anecdote evidently intended to follow the rule to the letter. A man happened to go into a Dakota settler's house one day and noticed the first volume of a cyclopedia on the shelf, and, casually suggested that it was a good thing to have in the house, or words to that effect.

"Yes," the settler replied, "it's here. I only got the first book."

"Why, I don't see how