THE KEILEY EPISODE.

It is not generally known that Mr. Bayard, the accomplished Secretary of State, is a poet as well as a statesman and a diplomatist. Accordingly if the report that he is the author of the following superb verses is confirmed, a good deal of surprise is certain to be expressed and the Department of State is likely to be flooded with congratulatory dispatches from all parts of the country:

THE INQUIRY.

Tell me, ye winged Winds
That round my pathway glide,
Do ye not know some Court
Where Keiley might abode?
Some Kingdom quite effete,
Some island o'er the sea,
Where he may rest his pate,
From further snubbing free?
A wind from Italy does whisper low
But whisper most emphatically: "O, No!"

Tell me, thou mighty Deep,
Where ceaseless billows mount,
Know'st thou some Greenland peak,
Some Afric's sunny fount,
Where Keiley yet may find
The office which he lacks,
Where those that rule decline
To show him but their backs?
The waves from Austria forget to flow
And take an affidavit reading: "No!"

And ye, Cook's agents all,
Conducting foreign tours,
Who to the Earth's far ends
The restless traveler lures,
Tell me, on all your maps
Is there not some position,
Where Keiley, after all,
May safely plant a Mission?
And all Cook's agencies in tones of woe,
Remark unanimous and promptly: "No!"

Tell me, thou starry-eyed,
Thou Goddess known as Truth,
Must Keiley stay at home
And hide his light, forsooth?
Is there no alien clime
That's smitten with his charms;
That's yearning for the time
That finds him in its arms?
And Truth replies, her tones could not be cheerier,
Replies with beaming smile: "Bost try Siberia!"

—*N. Y. Paper.*

BLAINE'S TRIBUTE.

An Estimate of the Dead General and the Place He Will Occupy in History.

During the memorial services which were held at Augusta, Me., the oration was delivered by James G. Blaine, who said:

Public sensibility and personal sorrow over the death of General Grant are not confined to one continent. A profound admiration for great qualities, and still more profound gratitude for great services have touched the heart of the people with true sympathy, increased even to tender emotions by the agony of his closing days and the undoubted heroism with which he morally conquered a last cruel fate. The world in its hero worship is discriminating and practical, if not, indeed, selfish. Eminent qualities and rare achievements do not always insure lasting fame. A brilliant orator enchains his hearers with his inspired and inspiring gifts; but if his speech be not successfully used to some popular recollection his only reward will be in the fitful applause of his forgotten audience. A victorious General in a war of mere ambition receives the cheers of the multitude and the ceremonial honors of the government; but if he brings no boon to his country his fame will find no abiding place in the centuries that follow.

THE HERO FOR THE AGES.

The hero for the ages is he who has been chief and foremost and contributing to the moral and material progress, to the grandeur and glory of the succeeding generation. Washington secured the freedom of the colonies and founded a new Nation. Lincoln was the prophet who warned the people of the evils that were undermining our free Government and the statesman who was called to leadership in the work of their extirpation. Grant was the soldier who by victory in the field gave vitality and force to the policies and philanthropic measures which Lincoln defined in the Cabinet for the regeneration and security of the Republic. The monopoly of fame by the few in this world comes from an instinct, perhaps from a deep-seated necessity of human nature. Heroes can not be multiplied.

The gods of mythology lost their sacredness and their power by their numbers. The millions pass into oblivion; the units only survive. Who asked the great leader of Israel to conduct the chosen people over the sands of the desert and through the waters of the sea into the promised land? Who marched with Alexander from the Bosphorus to India? And who commanded the legions of Cæsar in the conquest of Gaul? Who crossed the Atlantic with Columbus? Who ventured through the winter passes of the Alps with the conqueror of Italy? Who fought with Wellington at Waterloo? Alas, how soon it may be asked, Who marched with Sherman from the mountain to the sea? Who with Meade on the victorious field of Gettysburg? Who shared with Thomas the magnificent victory of Nashville? Who went with Sheridan through the trials and triumphs of the Shenandoah Valley?

GRANT'S NAME WILL LIVE.

General Grant's name will survive through the centuries, because it is indissolubly connected with the greatest military and moral triumphs in the history of the United States. If the armies of the Union had ultimately failed, the vast and beneficent designs of Lincoln would have been frustrated and he would have been known in history as a statesman and philanthropist, who in the cause of humanity cherished great aims which he could not realize and conceived great ends which he could not attain, as an unsuccessful ruler whose policies distracted and dissevered his country, while General Grant would have taken his place with that long and always increasing army of great men who were found wanting in the supreme hour of trial. But a higher power controlled the result. God in His gracious mercy had not raised those men for works which should come to naught. In the expression of Lincoln: "No human counsel devised nor did mortal hand work out these great things." In their accomplishment those human agents were sustained by more than human power and through them great salvation was wrought for the land. As long, therefore, as the American Union shall abide, with its blessings of law and liberty, Grant's name shall be remembered with honor. As long as the slavery of human beings shall be abhorred and the freedom of man assured Grant shall be recalled with gratitude, and in the cycles of the future the story of Lincoln's life can never be told without associating Grant in the enduring splendor of his own great name. General Grant's military supremacy was honestly earned, without factious praise and without extraneous help. He had no influence to urge his promotion except such as was attracted by his own achievements. He had no potential friends except those whom his victories won to his support. He rose more rapidly than any military leader in history, from the command of a single regiment to the supreme direction of a million of men, divided into many great armies and operating over an area as large as the empires of Germany and Austria combined.

GRANT'S QUALITIES IN THE FIELD.

He exhibited extraordinary qualities in the field. Bravery among American officers is a rule which has, happily, had few exceptions, but, as an eminent General said, Grant possessed a quality above bravery. He had an insensibility to danger, apparently an unconsciousness of fear. Besides that he possessed an evenness of judgment to be depended upon in sunshine and in storm. Napoleon said: "The rarest attribute among Generals is two o'clock in the morning courage. I mean," he added, "unprepared courage, that which is necessary on an unexpected occasion, and which, in spite of the most unforeseen events, leaves full freedom of judgment and promptness of decision." No better description could be given of the type of courage which distinguished General Grant. His constant readiness to fight was another quality, which, according to the same great authority, established his right as a commander. "Generals," said the exile at St. Helena, "are rarely found eager to give battle; they choose their positions, consider their combinations and their indecision begins. Nothing," added this greatest warrior of modern times, "nothing is so difficult as to decide." General Grant in his services in the field never once exhibited indecision and it was this quality that gave him his crowning characteristic as a military leader. He inspired his men with a sense of their invincibility and they were thenceforth invincible. The career of General Grant, when he passed from military to civil administration, was marked by his strong qualities.

WHILE PRESIDENT.

His Presidency of eight years was filled with events of magnitude in which, if his judgment was sometimes questioned, his patriotism was always conceded. He entered upon his office after the angry disturbance caused by the singular conduct of Lincoln's successor, and quietly enforced a policy which had been for four years the cause of embittered disputation. His election to the Presidency proved in one important aspect a landmark in the history of the country. For nearly fifty years preceding that event there had been few Presidential elections in which the fate of the Union had not in some degree been agitated, either by the threats of political malcontents or in the apprehension of timid patriots. The Union was saved by the victory of the army commanded by General Grant. No menace of its destruction has ever been heard since General Grant's victory before the people.

THE FOREMOST MAN IN AMERICA.

Death always holds a flag of truce over its own. Under that flag friend and foe sit peacefully together, passions are stilled, benevolence is restored, wrongs are repaired, justice is done. It is impossible that a career so long, so provoked, so positive as that of General Grant should not have provoked strife and engendered enmity. For more than twenty years from the death of Lincoln to the close of his own life General Grant was the most conspicuous man in America, one to whom leaders looked for leadership, upon whom partisans built their hopes of victory, to whom personal friends by thousands offered their sincere devotion as according to the weakness and the strength of human nature

that counter movements should ensue; that General Grant's primacy should be challenged; that his party should be resisted; that his devoted friendship should be confronted by jealous men in his own ranks and bitter enemies in the ranks of his opponents. But all these passions and all these resentments are buried in the grave which to-day receives his remains. Contention respecting his rank as a commander ceases and Unionists and Confederates alike testify to his powers in battle and his magnanimity in peace. The controversy over his civil administration closes as Democrat and Republican unite in pronouncing him to have been in every act and every aspiration an American patriot.

THE COMING SPLIT.

The Drift of Events Indicating an Irreconcilable Difference of Opinion Between the President and His Supporters.

The gradual drift of events since March 4 has been in the direction of a split between Cleveland and his party supporters (including the mugwumps) on the one hand and the Bourbon masses of the Democratic party on the other. The things that have so far prevented have been, first, that Cleveland was sharp enough to recognize that the South placed him in office, and to conciliate that section by a liberal bestowal of offices on its representatives; second, from the fact that Civil-Service reform will operate in favor of Democrats in that section, as Lamar recently acknowledged; third, that many of Cleveland's subordinates, from Cabinet officers down, have not carried out his ideas of reform, but have carried out the spoils doctrine so far as they were able; fourth, that the greater portion of the Democratic spoils leaders have not abandoned the hope that Cleveland will be compelled to yield to their demands; and, lastly, the spirit of blind obedience which is a characteristic of the rank and file of the Democratic party.

But the first two of these causes do not have any force in the North: as to the third, Cleveland is bringing his spoilsmen subordinates to account, and lays down the law that the spirit of his Administration is to be carried out by them. The time will soon come when the already privately disgusted leaders will break out in open rebellion to his methods, and the unthinking masses of the party will blindly follow the petty leaders, because they can not understand Cleveland. To them, a change in Administrations means a throwing out of every Republican, no matter what may be the merits of the individual office-holders, and the filling of their places with Democrats. Already there is wide-spread, although silent, disaffection in the ranks, and this is spreading daily. The time will soon come when the Administration, if it persists in carrying out the policy of reform, will have arrayed against it the bulk of the party, at least in the North, which elevated it to power.

To the acute observer, the evidences multiply that we are to see repeated, in Cleveland's Administration, the history of Tyler's, Fillmore's and Andrew Johnson's Administrations. Mr. Cleveland sets out to make the Administration a personal one, as did these three predecessors. He starts out, practically, to manage affairs according to his individual theories; or, to state the same fact in different phrases, he actually attempts to carry out the promises of a Democratic platform, as if that platform meant what it said, instead of what it did really mean, viz: "We want the offices." It has so far been true in our political history that a purely personal Administration by a President, without a strong and co-operating party at his back, has proved an ignominious failure. The three instances cited above are all cases in point.

The trouble, in Mr. Cleveland's case, is not that his methods are wrong, but they are far in advance of the masses of his party. He is a public servant who assumes to be (and who is) wiser than his party. The Democratic party is the conservative element in our politics; it finds its ideals in the past, and turns its face longingly backward, instead of forward along the road of progress and enlightenment. Like the Irishman's pig, "it drives best the other way." It will go with him contentedly if he goes in the backward path—if he bows down at the shrine of Jackson, and makes the maxim that "to the victors belong the spoils" the theory of his Administration. But he will not; and lo! there is a kicking and squealing among the herd, the like of which was not seen since the demonized swine of Gadara rushed down the steep and were drowned in the sea.

True, the Democratic party has progressed; the onward spirit of the nineteenth century has had some effect, even upon its halting and stubborn feet. It has gone forward, but each move since the war has been under protest, and only far enough to enable it to pitch its tents upon a deserted camping-ground of the Republicans, who have gone still farther on in the path of progress and enlightenment. And now comes Cleveland, who aims to set the stakes of the Democratic tabernacle on ground which is occupied by the Republicans. The Civil-Service law was passed and put in force under a Republican Administration, and its workings and its principle are endorsed by the party in its National councils. It is too far forward. The masses of the Democracy will have none of it. They wish to go back and set up their altars in the Egypt of spoils, and fatten upon the fleshpots of office.

Which will win—Cleveland or the spoilsmen Bourbons? Time alone will tell. Cleveland's friends tell the country that he is stubborn—that he will never yield when he has taken a position. There will be stay though all others desert him. Will the party yield? We do not believe it has intelligence to do so. The leaders in Congress dare not stand by the President if the voters turn from him, and we shall see a repetition of the struggle between the executive and the legislative branches of the Government, such as we last had in the Johnsonian era.—*Toledo Blade.*

—The *Inyo County (Cal.) Register* describes a natural soap found in that section. In its variegated red and white colors it looks almost identically like Castile soap. For use on the hands for removing dirt, grease, or even printing ink, and for bathing purposes, it is more effective and quite as pleasant in the application as any artificial soap in use. It lies in a ledge some twenty-five feet wide. It has been dug into but a foot or two in depth.

—Between ordinary rain and thunder rain the only difference is the more abundant development of electricity in what has received the name of thunder rain. Generally the raining cloud must be regarded as a constantly flowing source of electricity. There can be no lightning without rain and thunder. The so-called "harvest lightning" is merely a distant storm.—*Boston Budget.*

—A New York fashion authority says "bangs are now almost entirely relegated to factory maids, 'salesladies' and servant girls. That arrangement of the hair has had its day, and, unless fashion repeats itself, like history, will not be in vogue again in this generation."

TEMPERANCE.

"I AM SO HEART-BROKEN."

The Piteous Wail of a Poor Wife and Mother Whose Husband Will Drink—The Terrible Outlook for Herself and Her Seven Children.

We received a letter this week from Iowa, which contains the following sentences:

"I have seven children living. *Their father will drink, and I am so heart-broken.* My trouble is greater than any ever described in print, but I conceal it as best I can for the sake of the children."

There is more of it, but this is sufficient.

God help the poor woman! *"I am so heart-broken. I have seven children and their father will drink."*

Of course she is. It could not be otherwise. She came to the man who is her husband, an innocent girl, full of hope, full of anticipation, full of love, dreading nothing, trusting everything. He was to stand between her and the cold world, she was to do her woman's share and he was to do his man's share, and they were to go down through life to the valley and shadow, hand in hand, each a help and comfort to the other. She had visions of the home he was to furnish her, of the children that were to be born to them, of the labor made pleasure by the anticipations of the good that, through it, was to come to them, and finally, of the peaceful ending when the garnered treasures that well-lived, prosperous years had brought would be left as a heritage to those they had reared in honor and usefulness. That's what was in the girl's mind when she stood up in the parlor of her old home and resigned her life into the keeping of the man who had wooed and won her.

What has happened to her?

"I have seven children living, and their father will drink. I am so heart-broken."

This is what is the matter. *"Their father will drink, and I am so heart-broken."* That sentence should be repeated over and over again. We would that we could burn it into the very heart of every man in the land: *"I have seven children living, and their father will drink. I am so heart-broken."*

Their father got in the habit of frequenting the miserable corner grocery which the cupidity of the brewer established near him, and the regular thing happened.

He commenced in a light way, he progressed to regular drinking, and then, the appetite once fixed, he came home drunk every night. Possibly he beat the patient, uncomplaining woman, but more likely he came home so sodden he was incapable of that brutality, but simply rolled into bed, and slept the sleep of a drunken beast.

He rose in the morning, incapable of labor, and went, as soon as possible, back to the beer shop, where he stayed all day. As a matter of course the farm was neglected, the work that was done was done by the woman and the children, and their little earnings were wrested from them to supply the never satisfied demon of drink that had possession of the father. Scant food, rags, cold and hunger followed. The children are not well enough clad to go to church or school, and they are growing up in ignorance, and are being fitted for the penitentiary or gallows.

The mother loves these children, and, seeing the inevitable before them, no wonder she writes:

"Their father will drink. I am so heart-broken."

She gets up in the morning as tired as she went to bed. She goes to bed to sleep, but she does not sleep. The drunken brute beside her prevents sleep. He has murdered sleep, not for himself, but for his suffering wife. Her pillow is wet with tears. She has in her mind, all night long, the children, ill fed, ill clad and growing up without proper education, without proper surroundings and without any advantages. There come before her visions of her four boys, all sneered at by the neighbors as drunkard's boys, and almost certain to go the way their wretched father has gone, of the three girls, who, ignorant and debased by the example that is always before them, will finally drift off into that current of vice from which there is no return. She knows their fate, and there is no sleep for her. She rises always more tired and more dragged out than when she sought her pillow. No wonder she writes:

"Their father will drink. I am so heart-broken."

What is there in life for her? Nothing, or rather worse than nothing. Better for her that she should die and find that peace in the grave that the brewers will never give her in life. She lives only because there is in her mind some sort of a hope that something, she knows not what, may yet save her husband. But the outlook is dreary enough, and, as she says, her troubles are greater than can be described in print. What is there for her? Rags, hunger, cold, desolation, despair, death. Nothing in life for her and worse than nothing for her children when she leaves them. Clothes! She has had none for twenty years. Food! Warmth! She has neither. She has none of the luxuries of life and falls far short of the necessities. There are no carpets on her floors, no curtains to the windows, if indeed she has glass in them; only the barest of the commonest necessities of life. She and her children do not live, they exist. There are good things in life, but they are not for her. There are pleasant surroundings, there are comforts, there are luxuries, but they are not for her. The brewer and his lieutenant, the beer-shop keeper, have a mortgage on her husband's earnings, and even on hers, and they take all the good to themselves. Their houses are well furnished, and why should they not be? Her husband, and the husbands of a score or more like her, are contributing all they have to their use and behoof.

"Their father will drink. I am so heart-broken."

She conceals her trouble from her children as best she can, for should she give up what would become of them? The sodden father, debased beyond help, caring nothing for the woman whom he swore to cherish and protect, caring nothing for the helpless children he brought into the world, chained to a habit which has complete control of him, is worse than nothing to them. The best thing she can do with him is to keep him out of their sight, and so she is glad when he leaves the wretched home, and sorry when he returns. She is compelled, for the sake of the children, to keep them away from their father, and so she has to carry her own load and his, too, his being trebled in weight by the debasing influences that have possession of him. What is there in life for her? A dreary journey day by day, bare-footed, over sharp rocks, with the certainty that at the end she shall fall and perish, leaving those she loves behind her, helpless and hopeless.

"Their father will drink. I am so heart-broken."

And all this time the brewer brews, and the seller sells. There is a profit of one dollar and fifty cents on each barrel to the brewer, and nine dollars to the retailer. What care they that the money the poor wretch pays down upon the bar is bread taken from the mouths of children and clothes from their backs? What difference does it make to them that this infernal appetite is not only dragging down the father to death and a hell afterward, but is killing a mother and making thieves of four boys and outcasts of three girls? What difference does it make to them that the community must in time bury the poor mother, and bear the expense of the criminality of the seven children? Not a whit. There is the brewer's dollar and a half, and the miserable retailer's nine dollars, and the piteous moan, "Their father will drink. I am so heartbroken," has no more effect upon them than would a paper wad against an iron-clad.

Possibly there will a time come when the public conscience will be awakened to the enormity of the crime against humanity. Possibly the time will come when the people will say to the brewer and his tool: "You shall not kill this woman, you shall not kill, body and soul, these children." Possibly, some time, this heart-broken plaint will be heard, and will rouse men and women to action. There is a day coming when some sort of action will be taken in self-protection. It is not alone the poor woman in Iowa who is uttering this piteous moan. There is the same plaint in the houses of the rich. Cold and hunger can not reach them, but disease, disgrace and death can. The liquor fiend cares not who his victims are, and its claws reach in all directions. It is as merciless and as greedy as a grave-yard—it takes everything that comes to it. Wine at five dollars a bottle kills just as certainly as beer at five cents a glass. There are mothers in velvet and satin who moan just the same as the calico-clad woman in Iowa. It is all the same.—*Toledo Blade.*

Its Money Cost in Canada.

The Canadian people spend more for whisky and other intoxicating drinks than for any other class of manufactures.

Five millions more for liquor than for meat.

Six millions more for liquor than for either bread or woolen goods.

They spend more for strong drinks than for all the lumber they annually use for building houses, barns and fences, and furniture.

One-third more of the stuff that puts snakes in their boots than on the boots themselves.

Twice as much for alcohol as for cottons.

Nearly three times as much as for sugar.

While they spend $8,000,000 for clearing their heads by education, they spend three and a half times as much for muddling them.

A single year of this baneful expenditure costs as much as would buy out the farms and stock of either of the wealthy counties of Hastings and Elgin.

Thirty-two years of the annual drink bill would purchase the farms, stock and implements of the whole Province of Ontario.

Liquor costs the Dominion as much as an ordinary war, and kills more than such a war generally does.

The direct cost for the maintenance of prisoners and asylums and in the loss of labor is another item in the drink bill of the country which would swell well the total finance al loss caused by the liquor traffic to an even more enormous sum.

And the financial loss, after all, is *the smallest evil of the whole business.*—*Irish World.*

The Man Who Eats "Libber."

Two colored barbers, one an old man and the other a young one. The young one took off his apron and started out of the door.

"Yo's gwan to get a drink, Jim?" asked the elder.

"Dat's what I's gwan to do."

"Go and git yo' drink. I yoost ter do de same ting when I wuz young. When I wuz fust married dah was a gin-mill next to the shop wha' I wucked and I spent fifty and sebenty cents a day outer de dollah 'a helf I earned. Wall, one mawnin' I went into de butchah shop, and who shood cum in but de man wat kep' de likker shop.

"'Gib me ten or twelve pounds po'terhouse steak,' he sa'd.

"He got it and went out. I sneaked up to de butchah and looked to see what money I had lef'.

"'What do you wan'?' said the butchah.

"'Gib me ten cents' wuf of libber,' wuz my remark.

"It wuz all I could pay fur. Now yo' go and git yo' drink. You'll eat libber, but de man wat sells yo' de stuff will hab his po'terhouse steak. De man behin' de bar eats po'terhouse—de man in front eats libber. I ain't touched the stuff in thirty yeahs, an' I am eatin' po'terhouse myself."—*Foxboro Reporter.*

Rum Did It.

While William Stead, at the age of forty, has risen to the editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, his brother, who possessed equal ability, sleeps in a nameless grave in the little town of Clayton, Ala. It was in 1872 that Stead made his appearance in Clayton. He was a tramp, but gave evidence of having seen better days. Penniless and friendless, he gladly accepted odd jobs, and soon went to work as a landscape gardener. To Prof. Johnson, then a teacher in Clayton, Stead confided the story of his life. It was the old tale of drink and the train of evils following it. Rum had robbed him of family, fortune and friends, and made him a vagabond upon the face of the earth. Again the demon seized him, and this time death put an end to his struggles and temptations. Prof. Johnson wrote to the great London editor informing him of his brother's sad fate, and in due time a reply came acknowledging the relationship and giving the history of a brilliant but uncontrollable man. The prosperous editor begged the Professor to communicate anything of a pleasant nature he might know about the outcast, but not to write any unpleasant tidings.—*Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.*

PEOPLE need not tell me that I am excited on these questions. I know that I am. I should be ashamed before God and man if I was not. In my ministry I meet the horrid fruits of these whisky-shops. I see that men and women are perishing in these pitfalls. The number of the victims is so great that it overwhelms me. My brain is burning, my heart is breaking. The church is asleep, and the world, too; and they are hugging each other. I am weary with holding in. I must cry. I would rather be counted singular in the judgment of men than be unfaithful in the judgment of God.—*Rev. Dr. Arnot.*

THE ICELANDER.

Domestic Content of the Inhabitants of the Island.

Everywhere the mountains rise abruptly from the sea, often standing a perpendicular wall hundreds of feet in heighth, and then sloping gradually back to the peaks above. Here and there along the sides, on some slope less steep than the rest, surrounded by a few acres of ground which presents no very striking contrast to the lava waste surrounding it, can be seen the turf-covered huts of the Icelandic farmer, and at the end of the fjord stands the cluster of well-built houses forming the village, which supplies all the surrounding country with most of the necessaries of life. These houses are generally owned by foreigners, and sometimes by one man, a company of Norwegians who work the fisheries about the island during the summer, or a Danish merchant who may have several trading stations along the coast. Often, on passing the end of the promontories which separate these fjords, a small farm can be seen lodged on the slope high above the water, or in some small valley between the mountains, where none but an Icelander would think it possible to live. Here, on a spot that can not be reached from the sea, except in very calm weather, and which is inaccessible from the land several months in the year, these people live, contented and happy, and seemingly satisfied to spend their days as their fathers have done before them, though well acquainted, by reading, with other and more inviting countries.—*Cor. Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

Autumn Millinery.

Felt, velvet and tinsel embroideries are the leading features of the earliest autumn millinery, while the novelty that is seen in all kinds of materials for the milliner's use is the combination of wool with silk goods. This last followed naturally on the success of uniting cotton and wool with better goods, as in the canvas fabrics worn during the summer, and is the legitimate result of using wool in summer laces. Illustrations of this are shown in ribbons with a stripe of wool, a stripe of plush and a satin or faille stripe; or else open wool stripes like the angora laces in colors have a gilt thread wrought through them, and are between velvet stripes in bonnet ribbons, while "piece goods" for making the bonnet have a wool foundation-like cloth, or they are in lace patterns with embroidery in tinsel threads all over the surface. Wool braids a fourth of an inch wide are plaited in basket patterns with many gilt threads forming cross bars, and this fabric is to be used for the crown or the brim of the bonnet in combination with cloth or velvet, or, if desired, the whole bonnet will be made of it. The boucle effects noted for dress goods are also to be seen in the wool stuffs used for making bonnets, and in the stripes and bars of the ribbons for their trimming.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The late Captain Seth Ledyard Phelps, United States Minister to Peru, was a grandson of Captain Seth Phelps, who was with Mad Anthony Wayne at Stony Point.

"Fools Rush in Where Angels Fear to Tread."

So impetuous youth is often given to folly and indiscretions; and, as a result, nervous, mental and organic debility follow, memory is impaired, self-confidence is lacking; at night bad dreams occur, premature old age seems setting in, ruin is in the track. In confidence, you can, and should write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., the author of a treatise for the benefit of that class of patients, and describe your symptoms and sufferings. He can cure you at your home, and will send you full particulars by mail.

BOSTON maidens love flowers. It is haughty-culture, you know.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Young Men, Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for 30 days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

FOOT notes—The patter of the mule's hind legs on the hired man's ribs.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"IS THERE no balm in Gilead?
Is there no physician there?"

Thanks to Dr. Pierce, there is a *balm* in his "Golden Medical Discovery"—a "balm for every wound" to health, from colds, coughs, consumption, bronchitis, and all chronic, blood, lung and liver affections. Of druggists.

LOVE is blind, but matrimony is a great oculist.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

AN inferior article is dear at any price. Remember this, and buy Frazer Axle Grease.

AMBITION is a vacuum that will never be filled.—*Washington Hatchet.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, August 31.

CATTLE—Shipping steers	$4 75	@	4 45
Native cows	2 50	@	3 25
Butchers steers	3 00	@	3 50
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	4 00	@	4 40
Light	2 75	@	3 75
WHEAT—No. 2 red	69	@	69½
No. 3 red	58	@	58½
No. 2 soft	84	@	84½
CORN—No. 2	32½	@	33¼
OATS—No. 2	[illegible]	@	24
RYE—No. 2	42	@	42½
FLOUR—Fancy, per sack	1 90	@	2 00
HAY—Large baled	5 00	@	5 50
BUTTER—Choice creamery	17	@	20
CHEESE—Full cream	10	@	11
EGGS—Choice	10	@	11
PORK—Ham	10	@	10½
Shoulders	4 00	@	4 65
Sides	5 00	@	5 40
LARD	6 00	@	6 25
WOOL—Missouri unwashed	15	@	15
POTATOES—New	35	@	40

ST. LOUIS.

CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 50	@	5 55
Butchers steers	3 00	@	4 00
HOGS—Packing	4 20	@	4 50
SHEEP—Fair to choice	3 00	@	3 90
FLOUR—Choice	3 75	@	4 [illegible]
WHEAT—No. 2 red	80	@	80½
CORN—No. 2	40	@	41½
OATS—No. 2	[illegible]	@	[illegible]
RYE—No. 2	51	@	52
BUTTER—Creamery	17	@	[illegible]
PORK	9 50	@	9 75
COTTON—Middling	9	@	9½

CHICAGO.

CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 00	@	5 90
HOGS—Packing and shipping	4 20	@	4 60
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 00	@	3 50
FLOUR—Winter wheat	4 85	@	5 25
WHEAT—No. 2 red	86	@	87
No. 3	79	@	81
No. 2 spring	79½	@	79½
CORN—No. 2	44	@	44½
OATS—No. 2	25	@	[illegible]
RYE	[illegible]	@	[illegible]
PORK	[illegible]	@	[illegible]

NEW YORK.

CATTLE—Exports	5 60	@	6 40
HOGS—Good to choice	5 00	@	5 [illegible]
SHEEP—Common to good	2 60	@	4 [illegible]
FLOUR—Good to choice	3 90	@	5 25
WHEAT—No. 2 red	[illegible]	@	[illegible]
CORN—No. 2	[illegible]	@	[illegible]
OATS—Western mixed	32	@	[illegible]
PORK	10 [illegible]	@	10 [illegible]
PETROLEUM—United	1 11	@	1 [illegible]

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.

J[illegible] was "covered" a few weeks ago and [illegible]ed, and so did Dan Mace. Death [illegible]ed 'em" with that dreaded weapon [illegible] disease. But they should have been [illegible] 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 ma[illegible] should surrender when attacked in the b[illegible]ck. He should "draw," face about and p[illegible] to the defence, for such attacks, [illegible] among all classes, will fetch a m[illegible] time unless "covered" by that w[illegible] ly successful "dead shot."—*Sp[illegible] News.*

"BEWARE of imitations," as the m[illegible] said to the dude.—*Burlington Free P[illegible]*

BEST French Brandy, Smart-Weed, Jamaica Ginger and Camphor Water, as combined in Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart-Weed, is the best remedy for colic, diarrhea, cholera morbus, dysentery or bloody-flux; also, to break up colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks if used early.

THE trapper's motto—bear and fur-bear.—*The Judge.*

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute, 25c. Glenn's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies, 25c. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

SPEAKING of butter—the poor ye have always with you.—*Exchange.*

DR. JOHN BULL'S
Smith's Tonic Syrup
FOR THE CURE OF
FEVER and AGUE
Or CHILLS and FEVER,
AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern c[illegible] him testimony to the truth [illegible] that in no case whatever [illegible] the directions are strictly follow[illegible] out. In a great many cases a single do[illegible] been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of KENT'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient. Use no other.

DR. JOHN BULL'S
SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER,
The Popular Remedies of the Day.
Principal Office, 831 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

COUNTERFEITERS BEWARE.

A Michigan Concern Enjoined.

[From the Rochester Morning Herald.]

The following injunction has been obtained by the Hop Bitters Company, of Rochester, N. Y., against Collatinus D. Warner, of Reading, Michigan, prohibiting him from manufacturing or selling "German Hop Bitters."

The President of the United States of America to Collatinus D. Warner, of Reading, Mich., his servants, workmen, salesmen and agents, and each and every of them:

Whereas, it has been represented unto the Justices of our Circuit Court, the Hon. Stanley Matthews, and the Hon. Henry B. Brown, at Detroit, within and for said District, sitting as a Court of Chancery, that you, Collatinus D. Warner, are manufacturing and selling a medicine named German Hop Bitters, in *fraudulent imitation of the Hop Bitters* made and sold by complainant; your said medicine being *devised, calculated and intended to mislead the public* into purchasing such counterfeit goods as the manufacture of the complainant.

We therefore, in consideration of the premises, do strictly *enjoin* you, the said Collatinus D. Warner, and all and every the persons before named, *from using the words "Hop Bitters"* on any fluids contained in bottles so as to induce the belief that such fluids are made by complainant; and further, from manufacturing, selling or offering for sale any bitters or other fluids in the bottles and with the labels, and in the general form in which you were manufacturing and selling the bitters called by you German Hop Bitters, on the filing of the bill; or in any other bottles, or with any other labels contrived or designed to represent or induce the belief that the bitters or fluids sold by you are the goods of the complainant, until the further order of the Court. * * *

Witness, THE HONORABLE MORRISON R. WAITE, Chief Justice of the United States.
At Detroit, this fifteenth day of July, A. D. 1885.
[L. S.] Walter S. Harsha, Clerk.

Prosecute the Swindlers !!!

If when you call for Hop Bitters the druggist hands out anything but "*Hop Bitters*" with a green cluster of Hops on white label, shun that druggist as you would a viper; and if he has taken your money for a bogus stuff, indict him for the fraud and sue him for damages for the swindle, and we will reward you liberally for the conviction.

See U. S. Court Injunction against C. D. Warner, Reading, Mich., and all his salesmen and agents, Druggists, and other imitators take warning.

HOP BITTERS M'F'G CO.

HAY-FEVER.

I have been a Hay Fever sufferer three years. have often heard Ely's Cream Balm spoken of in the highest terms, did not take much stock in it because of the many quack medicines. A friend persuaded me to try the Balm, and with the most wonderful success.—T. S. GEER, Syracuse, N. Y.

CATARRH
CREAM BALM
HAY-FEVER

has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, displacing all other preparations. A particle is applied into each nostril, no pain; agreeable to use. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

[illegible] Skin
[illegible] beauty;
[illegible] lady
[illegible] at

Did you Suppose Mustang Liniment only good for horses? It is for inflammation of all flesh.

UNAPPROACHABLE!
BIGGEST & BEST YET.
KANSAS CITY'S 15th ANNUAL
INTER-STATE F[illegible]
SEPTEMB[illegible]
14, 15, 1[illegible]

K. COATES,

Fright[illegible]
a Colo[illegible]

I contracted a fearful [illegible] I was treated with the ol[illegible] Potash, which brought o[illegible] my digestive organs [illegible] and full of pain. W[illegible] physicians thought [illegible] the virtues of Swi[illegible] very first dose [illegible] appetite beca[illegible] doctor said w[illegible] began to hea[illegible] well man ag[illegible]

WOMAN'S [illegible]
Stitched with silk and every way solid. Made [illegible]
C. M. HENDERSON & CO., the Celebrated Manufacturers of Boots and Shoes, Chicago.
Write for a Set of our Fancy School Cards.

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JAMES MEANS' $3 SHOE.
Made in Button, Congress and Lace. Best Calf Skin. Unexcelled in Durability, Comfort and Appearance. A postal card sent to us will bring you information how to get this Shoe in any State or Territory.
J. Means & Co., 41 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

RUGS MADE IN A DAY
Delightful employment. Easy and profitable. [illegible] Hooking, Knitting, Braiding, or We[illegible]. [illegible] Turkish Rug made with [illegible] of carpet waste [illegible]
THE PEARL RUG MAKER can be used [illegible] by hand. A wonderful invention. It sells at sight. Price $1.00, postpaid. Agents Wanted. Send stamp for circulars, terms, and territory.
JNO. G. HOITT & CO., 210 State St., Chicago.

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LIQUID GLUE
Is used by th[illegible] of first-class Manufacturers and Mec[illegible] their best work. Received GOLD [illegible] London, 1883. Pronounced strongest glue [illegible] [illegible] of dealer who does not keep [illegible] send for SAMPLE CAN FREE
Russia Cement Co., Gloucester, Mass.
OVER 1600 [illegible]

Established FAY'S 1866.
MANILLA ROOFING!
Resembles fine leather; for ROOFS, OUTSIDE WALLS, and INSIDE in place of Plaster. Very strong and durable. CARPETS and RUGS of same material. Catalogue with testimonials and samples, Free. W. H. FAY & CO., Camden, N. J.

CLIMAX GRADE
R. U. AWARE
THAT
Lorillard's Climax Plug
bearing a red tin tag; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

$65 A MONTH AND BOARD TO AGENTS for a NEW and complete
LIFE OF GRANT
The World's greatest soldier, and the Nation's most honored citizen. Low price. Rapid Sales.
P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Chicago, Illinois.

LADY AGENTS [illegible] employment and good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters, etc. Sample outfit free. Address Cincinnati Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

Beautiful RED on Cotton Turkish Embroidery [illegible] free to Carpet Weavers sending address to L. T. WHITE, Eaton Rapids, Mich.

CANCER Treated and cured without the knife. Book on treatment sent free. Address F. L. POND, M. D., Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

$250 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. [illegible] selling articles in the world. [illegible] Address JAY BRONSO[illegible]

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