Suls ription, \$2.00 per Year, in Advance.

CUPICIAL PAPER OF THE COUSTY

THE LITTLE BEGGAR'S BUTTON-HOLE BOUQUET.

Twas on a bitter winter's day, I saw a strange, pathetic sight; The streets were gloomy, cold and gray, The air with falling snow was white.

A little ragged began child Went running through the cold and storm; He looked as if he never smiled, As if he never had been warm.

Sudden, he spied beneath his feet A faded button-hole bou just; Trampled and wet with rain an i sleet, Withered and worthless, there it lay.

He bounded, seized it with delizht, Stood still and shook it free from snow; Into his coat he pinned it tight— His eyes lit up with sudden glow.

He sauntered on, all pleased and proud, His face transformed in every line; And lingered that the burrying crowd Might chance to see that he was fine.

The man who threw the flowers away Never one-haif such pleasure had; The flowers' best work was done that day In cheering up that beggar lad.

Ah me, too often we forget,
Happy in these good homes of ours,
How many in this world are yet
Glad even of the withered flowers!

"A MAN AS WAS WRONGED."

If it had been a pleasant day, and if we hadn't all been out of sorts with our luck, we should have had a word of welcome for the stranger as he entered our camp that wretched afternoon. As it was, fifty of us saw him leave Chinese Trail at Dead Man's Elbow and walk into our camp, and never a man rose up to salute him.

The stranger seemed to expect just such a reception. That is, he didn't seem a bit surprised. He passed down the single street we had named Road to Riches, turned to the left at the lone pine tree, and without once looking around him he staked off a claim and began to erect a shanty.

"Bad man, I'm afeared," growled Judge Slasher, as he partly closed one eye and gave the stranger the benefit of the squint.

"Bin bounced out of some camp fur stealin'," added the big chap from Kentucky.

"Tell you, he's got a hang-dog look," put in the man known as "Ohio

Every man in the camp was down on the fresh arrival, and that without cause. Ordinarily we were a jolly set, and a stranger coming among us met with words of cheer, but that afternoon the devil was to pay. The three mules belonging to camp had strayed off and been gobbled by the Indians, and on the heels of this discovery came the announcement that we had only salt enough to last two days, while the sugar

was entirely gone. So we were cross-grained and out of sorts, and it was lucky for the stranger that he gave us no cause to pick a quarrel. The next day was bright and fair, and if it hadn't been for Judge Slasher some of us would have gone over and excused our manners and asked the of his cleaver. stranger to chip in and become neighborly; but the Judge said:

"He's a bad un, he is. I kin tell it by the way his head is set on his body. Fust thing we know a committee will come along here and gobble

him up fur robbery or murder." Two weeks had passed, and while some of us had given the stranger a for a pork reacher he is. curt "good morning" no one had struck hands with him, or entered his shanty to smoke a friendly pipe. Then a climax came. The six of us occupying one shanty were working in common, and our bag of dust was buried in a corner of the fire-place. One morning this bag was missing, and you can imagine that there was a first-class row in no time. There was the hole where some one had dug under the stones and carried off our treasure, and whom were we to suspect? We had faith in each other, and we could not suspect outsiders because none of them knew where our bag was concealed, and because this was the first case of stealing exorbitant. ever known on Betsy Jane Hill.

Yes, we were mad, and in the excitement of the first discovery we came near having a free fight among ourselves. It increased our anger to discover that we could not reasonably suspect any one, and this fact made every one of us try the harder to pick up a clue. At length Judge Slasher sprang to his feet with the exclamation:

"By the bones of Kidd! but I know the thief!" "Who is he?"

"That hang-dog, sheep-stealing stran- of steak the ger! Hang me! if I didn't dream of you off two. his coming in here last night to borrow a shovel, and it was his digging under the stones which started that dream! He has held aloof from us, and that's proof enough that he came here for no good purpose.

lost in a night all we had gained by tender? months of hard work, and we didn't stop to reason. It was decided to lay the charge at the stranger's door, and if he could prove his innocence so much

the better for him. The news that the White House, as we called our shanty, had been robbed, spread like wildfire, and as we started | kills to dress. for the stranger's claim our crowd numbered a full hundred. He was outside at work, and as he saw us coming he was startled. The angry murmurs and black looks must have frightened him. You will say that an innocent man would have stayed and braved the storm. As the crowd swooped down

on this man be started off at a run. "Halt! Halt! Halt, or we'll shoot!" shouted a score of men. .

"He's the thief-stop him! stop him!" roared the Judge.

Five or six shots were fired almost as one, and the fugitive tumbled forward on the rocks. Three bullets entered his back, and as the foremost men bent over him and turned his white, scared face to the heavens he gasped out:

"You have murdered me -God for-

give you!"

"Now to search him." said the Judge as he came up, and a half dozen hands made quick work it. Resting on his breast, and made fast to his neck by a ribbon, was a package wrapped in oilskin. There was a flutter of excitement as the Judge rudely snapped the string and held the package in his hand. It was our dust.

No! We formed in a circle around the judge as he sat on a rock and opened the package, and in less than a minute there were white faces among us. What were the contents? A photograph of a fair faced middle aged woman, and on the card was written:

"Mary-died June 9th 1857."

That was the dead man's wife! There was a second photograph—that of a babe about a year old, and the Judge read aloud in a trembling voice:

"Our Harry-died April 4th, 1857." That was not all. On a card were locks of their hair. There was a gold ring once worn by the wife, a faded ribbon which her fingers had touched, and a bit of plaid like the dress the baby wore when photographed. Relies of what? Of years agone-of a fond wife and beautiful child-of joy and happiness-

of a husband's love and a father's grief! And we were looking down upon these things and feeling our hearts swelling up and our eyes growing misty when up comes our good-for-nothing, half-witted cook with the bag of dust in his hand! In repairing the fire-place he had moved the bag, and in the excitement over its supposed loss what little wit he had was frightened away for the moment. The hole under the stones had been made by some small animal in search of food, and in our haste we had accused and murdered an innocent man.

It came to us in full force as we stood there, and men sighed and wiped their eyes and walked away with trembling steps. The Judge felt that he was most to blame. He was looked upon as a hard, wicked man, but those relics of the dead broke him up. He sat there and wept like a child, and in a voice hardly audible for his great emotion, he mouned:

"Heaven forgive me for this awful

With sorrow-with tenderness-with hearts like children, we dug a grave and put the poor body into it, and with his own hands the Judge planted the head-board and engraved thereon:

"Here lies a man as was wronged!" -Detroit Free Press.

The butcher is generally a good man, but sometimes has a bad weigh of show-

The butcher is a jolly fellow; therefore, it is meat that he cuts up occa-

He is a good husband, and his wife cleaves unto him. He takes great care

The butcher is a great favorite among

the fair sex. He is always killing. The butcher never sells horse meat, although he has been known to cut up and dispose of a fillet.

The butcher will knock down an ox and lamb a woman or a child: but let us not be too harsh on the poor creature, It has been said that what is bred in

the bone won't come out of the flesh; but the butcher gets much of his bread in the bone he sells to you; and doesn't this come out of the flesh?

The butcher has been blamed for charging you as much for the bone as for the flesh; but he does not require you to take the bone. He carefully removes all he can before he sends it home.

Though the butcher charges you twenty-five cents a pound for bone, you must remember that he sells the same bone to the scavenger for three cents. So you see his average price is not

Butchers are almost invariably fleshy men. A meat shop is the place to go if you want to get fat.

The butcher is a great wag. He has been known to sell kittens for rabbits. It is too bad to make game of poor Puss. The butcher is usually very courteous, but some of his best customers frequently get the cold shoulder from

The butcher soon finds out a poorpaying customer, and will at once cut him off. If you go to him for a pound of steak the chances are that he will cut

It is said that the butcher will as soon cut a steak off a cow as a steer. This is a miss steak.

If you ask for a tender steak, the butcher will sometimes out a slice from the round and beat it with his cleaver. It was a straw to catch at. We had This makes it tender, but is it a legal

> If an old hen fall into his grasp, he will transmute it into a spring chicken. This is a fowl proceeding.

The butcher pays for most of his tools, but he steels all his knives. The butcher is noted for his elegance of apparel. He dresses to kill, and he

When beef becomes a grain stale the butcher makes corn beef of it. The butcher is different from the baker. The butcher doesn't mind a

little smoke when he does his bacon. The butcher has been known to cut off a calf's head and sell it, and the calf

said not a word. In past, present or future, there's none like the butcher. - Boston Tran-

THE GUITEAU TRIAL.

The first witness called on the 3d was Captain J. O. P. Burnside, who formerly resided in Freeport and knew Guiteau and his father. The latter was an invalid, Charles C. Allen knew the Guiteau family in 1839 and 1840, Mrs. Guiteau was in feeble health. Emery A. Storrs, of Chicago, knew Guiteau as a young lawyer. He thought he had an illy-balanced mind. He had never saw anything in him to indicate that he could not distinguish between right and wrong, or to indicate that he would not be responsible for coline. Mrs. Scoville was particularly indignant at Mr. Storrs' answer, and distinctly charged that he had perjured himself. Edward Daniels testified as to Guiteau's peculiar religious views. Mr. Scoville read several extracts from Stalwart newspapers. Fenator David Davis was called and questioned as to the differences in the Republican party. E. A. Balley testified that he had made the stenograpile notes upon which the Herital article was based. Guiteau notal differences. The Court here adjourned.

The trial of Guiteau was resumed at the right and wrong, or to indicate that he would The trial of Guiteau was resumed at the

usual hour on the 5th. S. J. Randall, late Speaker of the House, was called and excused from further attendance. Mr. scoville stating that he was subperned to prove that the suc-cess of the Lemne atle party would not have disrupted the country. Dr. Keunon, of the Chicago Metical Review, thought the prisoner insare, although, on cross-examination, he idmitted that when a man committed crime while acting under the delosi m of Divine in-spiration, and then could ted himself pre-cisely as an ordinary criminal would do, it would be presumptive evidence against his insan ty. During the cross examination of the witness Guiteau became greatly excited and broke out in severe deminishing of his late wife. R. J. Hunton, editor of the Washington broke out in severe demandations of his late wife. R. J. Hunton, editor of the Washington Gazete, had seen the prisoner at the Republican headquarte s in New York, and formed the opinion that he was an illy-balanced man and a pronounced egotist. He thought Guitenu's speech, up in which the prisoner had so prided himself, a ridiculous, disjointed affair. The defendant made himself, a perfect nuisance about the rooms. Dr. Churles B. Nicholas, of the Bloomingdale Asylum, said if the olas, of the Bloomingdale Asylom, said if the evidence to which he had listened was correct, he should say the prisoner was insane. In re-ply to a hypothet cal question by Mr. Scovilic Dr. Folsom, of Boston, said if the question was correct in all particulars, Guiteau was in one when he shot the President. Dr. Samuel Worcester, of Saiem, Mass., declined to ex-press an opinion until counsel explained more defaultely was be meant by the term "inpress an opinion until counsel explained more definitely what he meant by the term "inspirational." Dr. William W. Godding of the Government Asylom for the Insane at Washington, said that, if all that was set forth in the hypothetical question was true, the prisoner was undoubtedly insane. Dr. James H. McBride, of Milwaukee. Wis., and Dr. Channing, of Brookline, Mass., expressed similar opinions. Theodore W. Fisher, of Boston, would distinct to be conflued. Channing, of Brookine, Mass., expressed similar op nions. Theodore W. Fisher, of Boston, would dislike to be confined to the statement of facts contained in the hypothetical question, but, if compelled to answer, would say he should judge the prisoner was insane. Mr. Scoville announced that he would introduce but two or three more witnesses before closing the case. Contemporary demanded that sale issued. for General Grant, ex-Senator Cosking, the cases for General Grant, ex-Senator Conkling. Governor Jewell and others, and proceeded to make an incoherent narangue. He was finally silenced by Judge Cox, after which Mr. Scoville read from Guiteau's book "Truth," until the hear of adjournment. the hour of adjournment.

In the Guiteau trial on the 6th Congressman Farwell related his experience with the prisoner. The latter had told him that he was con-templating the purchase of the Chicago Inter Ocean. He wanted to becrow \$200,000, and of-fered to make witness President of the United States if he would let him have the money. While he doubted if prisoner was altogether same, he did not think him so insure that he could not distinguish between eight and wrong. Mr. Gorham, of the Washington Republican, declined to state whether or not be wrote many bitter articles denouncing President Garfield for wrecking the Republican party, Mr. Scoville then read as hapter from "Truth, which set forth the trials and teachings of St. Paul, and Guiteau declared that that was just the way he himself tried to preach the Gospel. Shortly afterward the prisoner became involved in an angry alternation with Mr. Scoville, whom he declared to be no lawyer and no politician. He said that Mr. Scoville insinuated himself upon the defense because he happened to be his (Guiteau's) brother-in-law. Mr. Scoville announced that he desired to call President Arthur and would then close the case. The remainder of the session close the case. The remainder of the session was occupied in the reading of extracts from

WHEN the Court opened on the 7th Guiteau in a brief speech reiterated his request that General Grant, Senator Conkling and others be summoned, Judge Cox adhered to his previous ruling, and the prisoner excepted.

Mr. scoville then called up the subject of President Arthur's testimony and said be had not yet received any response to his interroga-tories. The President's evidence was absolutely essential to the defense. Here counsel was interrupted by the prisoner, who excitedly said that he did not desire that the President should be bothered in this matter. "He's President of the United States, and I made him so, and I think I should have some-thing to say in the matter." It was finally arranged that the President's answers should be put in as evidence at any stage of the trial. General W. T. Sherman re-cited the orders he had issued at the time of the assassination. When he had concluded Guiteau thanked him for the orders, and said he owed his life to the protection which he had received from the army during the period that he did not desire that the President should received from the army during the period when mob spirit was rife. The defense here rested. The prosecution then called E. P. Bar-ton, A. T. Green and G. W. Tandy, of Freeport, Ill., who testifled that they knew the Guiteau Ill., who testified that they knew the Guiteau family, and considered them all sane. Dr. Buckley testified that he was Luther Guiteau's family physician, and never saw any signs of mental derangement either in him or Abraham Guiteau. Witness knew Dr. North. Mr. Atkins, of the Freeport Republican, confirmed the testimony of the previous witnesses as to the sanity of the various members of the Guiteau family. He also knew Dr. North, a notable witness for the defense. He was once a Methodist minister, and had been dismissed for immoral conduct. J. S. Cochrane had never soen indications of in-S. Cochrane had never soen indications of in-sanity in the Guiteau family, George W. Oyler, a Justice of the Peace, Anson B. Babeock and David H. Sundersanity in the Guiteau family. George W. Oyler, a Justice of the Peace, Anson B. Babcock and David H. Sunderland gave similar test mony. Here Guiteau interrupted the court proceedings to give his opinion upon the President's message. "I'm glad." said the prisoner, "President Arthur has given those miserable Mormons such a slap. I hope he will keep at them. It's a good message, it has got the right ring to it. Arthur is doing well, and he is going to give us the best Administration we have ever had." Horace Tarbox knew the Guiteau tamily well. He considered Luther W. Guiteau the third smartest man in the county. The Court then

THE Guiteau trial was resumed at the usual hour on the morning of the 8th. The prosecution called Mrs. Julia M. Wilson, of Leadville. Col., who testified to her intimate acquaintance with Luther W. Guiteau, the prisoner's father. with Luther W. Guiteau, the prisoner's father, who as her unele. She declared that Mrs. Maynard, her mother, did not die insane, as testified by the defense. Witness was her nurse and constant attendant up to the hour of her death, and never saw the slightest indication of flightiness or insanity. She did not know the witness Davis who had testified that he was present during her last illness. Witness stated positively that she had never seen indications of insanity in any members of her family. George C. Maynard verified in several material points the testimembers of her family. George C. Maynard verified in several material points the testimony of the previous witness. Frank Bartlett, of Chicago, said he had met the prisoner at Mr. Scoville's summer residence in 1878, and knew him intimately. He had never seen anything out of the way in his deportment, and never saw any indications of insanity. The wife of Mr. Bartlett gave similar testimony. H. Dunham rented desk-room to the prisoner in Boston. Never thought him insane. John Palmer, of Saratoga Springs, testified that the prisoner had boarded with him two weeks and ran away without settling up. Did not consider him insane. The reply of the President to the interrogatories propounded by the defense was presented and read by Mr. Scoville. The President said he had seen the prisoner about a dozen times, but had no expecial asquaintance with him. He did not know that he had rendered the Republican party any political services at the late election, and said

there was nothing in his relations to the Stalwarf leaders to give him grounds for sup-posing that he would receive any popreferences, and he had never itical preferences, and he had never given him any reason to think that he could have any personal or pelifical influence with witness. Rev. Dr. McArthur, of New York, testified that the prisoner had called on him with his wife and presented letters of dismissal from a Chicago church; that he and his wife joined his church, and subsequently borrowed \$100 from him. At one time the prisoner had been incarcerated in the Jefferson Market Jail for some offense, and witness declined to aid him to procure had. Rumors of immoral conduct prevailed and prisoner was tried, found guilty and excommunicated. Resuming, Dr. McArthur said it never occurred to him for a moment that it never occurred to him for a moment that the prisoner was instane. During this testi-mony Guiteau constantly interrupted the witness, until the Court at last became indig-nant and ordered him to close his mouth, Mr. Scoville objected to drugging in testimony relating to Guiteau's morals and habits. Mr. Corkhill retorted that the reason it was done was to show that what the defense called insanity was nothing but devilish deprayity. This retort was loudly applicated. At this point the Court adjourned for the day.

A Gunnison Bear Story.

Every one who has had occasion during the past few days to pass Ed Sells & Co.'s store has doubtless had his curiosity aroused by the sight of a monster bear skin suspended from one of the door-posts. Doubtless it has occurred to many that this very mammoth skin might have behind it a very mammoth story.

Instigated by the natural curiosity which such a suspicion would incite, the reporter boldly attacked the subject and was at length rewarded by having pointed out to him the man who brought in this trophy of the chase. Dressed in a duck suit, with high hunting boots, a blue shirt, a soft white hat; an athletic, well-knit form surmounted by a head a painter would envy, eyes of steel blue, the observed was a fair sample of American manhood. He refused to allow his name to be used, but gave the facts as follows:

Some time in August a party of three or four went out from Ruby on a hunt. When they had reached a point about twenty miles west of Ruby, on the reservation, they succeeded in killing some half-dozen deer. Not being able to transport their game they buried it and left, intending to return later on. About a month afterward two of the party returned, and, much to their disgust, found the deer had been dug up by a bear, as they supposed. One of them, accompanied by two dogs, started in pursuit of the bear on his trail. "I followed," said this gentleman. "up mountains and then down again, like the King of France; across gulches and basins, where probably no white man had ever been before. All the time the trail grew more distinct, and the suspicion that palpitated my heart became more certain as everything betokened a very large animal shead. I might tell you how I scrambled over places almost impossible, but to make a long story short, I came up to the marauder, and a moment afterward wished I was anywhere in the world except in front of that grinning bear. Why, gentlemen," and he turned to the crowd standing around, "that bear was as big as the side of a house.

"It was on the side of the mountain, miles from civilization, no assistance was at hand. One of my dogs stopped about one hundred yards from the animal, and with tail erect and every hair bristling, refused to go forward. I looked at the bear and the bear looked at me. I looked around and saw there was no way out of it. Bruin also took in the situation and growled, showing

the ugliest fly trap I ever saw. "For a moment hostilities were suspended, and both sides studied the situation. Then 'Old Sleep,' with a ferocious snarl, sprang torward, but the bear did not notice him. The dog went nearer and nearer, until with one swipe of his paw the bear knocked him into eternity and down the mountain side. My blood was up, and I let fly with my Winchester, but it did not seem to do any good. The bear started at me. I fired again. Still he came on. I fired still another shot, but couldn't stop the avalanche. The whole mountain seemed coming, and I know my hair stood on end. Nearer and nearer he came and again and again I shot, but without any effeet. I thought it was my last day. My chips were ready to go in, but when he was off about ten feet I fired my last shot and, thank God, dropped him. I made up my mind then that I hadn't lost any more bears and wasn't going to look for any. Gentlemen, that bear weighed nine hundred pounds. Yes, sir, nine hundred pounds. And his skin, when green, weighed sixty pounds. He measured from tip to tip,

ight feet.

"It is a fine bear skin, but when you see me looking around for any live, unyou can buy all the properties in Conundrum Basin for fifty cents."

The gentleman in duck nervously wiped the perspiration, which the remembrance had started, from his brow and nervously walked away. - Gunnison (Colo.) News-Democrat.

-The town of San Jose, Cal., has been greatly excited by the discovery of three Chinese lepers in a small shanty near the railroad depot, where almost all the washing done by the Chinamen in town is performed. The lepers have been seeluded here for some three years. One of them, although in an advanced stage of the disease, has been begging at night on the streets of the city. shanty has been used by the Chinamen as a resort for lepers, although nothing but shelter was given the poor wretches, and how they lived is a mystery.

-A boy at Columbus swallowed twenty feet of red ribbon in order that he might afterward pull it out of his mouth, conjuror fashion, and astonish the tamily. The result did not, however, astonish the family half so much political services at the late election, and said as it did the boy. - Boston Fost.

TORMENT, INDEED.

Life's vexations do not generally come on one like a storm descending the mountain or like a whirlwind; they come as the rain does in some sections of the world—gently, but every day. One of life's discomforts is presented herewith:

According to popular impression, bot weather, mosquitoes and mad dogs all flourish at the same time and are chargeable to the malefic influence of the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Log Star reminds us of a boy's story of a dog and the comet, and which we here give in a short extract from the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to ha' been there last night to a seen the fun. Tom Winkins' dorg Toddles was a settin' at the gate a gazin' at the Comft, when a long comes old Sykes durned mt tarrier and the 2 waltzed over the fence and the

a-gazin' at the Comit, when along comes old Sykes durned rat tarrier and the 2 waltzed over the fence and the 2 fought. The tarrier proved too much for Toddles, and afore they could haul him off the battle ground he had made a good square meal off his hide. Tom was in despair. A kind looking gentleman in a broad brim hat told him to get a bottle of St. Jacobs OH. and rub him with it, and it would cure him in no time. What does Tom do but steal into the chapel at Vesper time and silde into Father Jacobs confessional box and beg of him a bottle of his oil with which to rub his dorg. The Father felt of Tom's head; it was hot an' afore Tom could utter a prayer, two men were luggin' him home followed by a great crowd, who kept at a safe distance, thinking he had been bit by a mad dorg. The more he kicked and screamed to be let free, the tighter they held on to him." In reference to another torment, the Chicago Western Cubolic recently wrote: "Mr. Joel D. Harvey, U. S. Collector of Internal Revenue, of this city, has spent over two thousand dollars on medicine for his wife, who was suffering dreadfully from rheumatism, and without deriving any benefit whatever; yet two bottles of Sr. Jacobs Oil, accomplished what the most skillful medical men failed in doing. We could give the names of hundreds who have been cured by this wonderful remedy did space permit us. The latest man who has been made happy through the use of this valmable liminent is Mr. James A. Conlan, librarian of the Union Catholic Library of this city. The following is Mr. Conlan; indorsement: Library of this city. The following is Mr. Con-lan's indorsement: Union Catholic Library Association,)

Union Catholic Library Association,

204 Deuborn Street,
CHICAGO, Sept. 16, 1880.

I wish to add my testimeny to the merits of St.

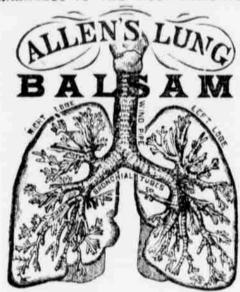
Jacons Oll, as a cure for rheumatism. One bottle has cured me of this troublesome disease, which gave me a great deak of bother for a long time; but thanks to the remesty, I am cured. This statement is unsolicited by any one in its interest.

Very respectfully.

JAMES A. CONLAN, Librarian.

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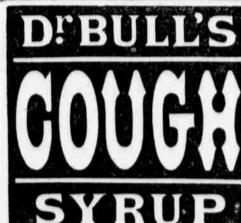


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