

THE BRIGHT SIDE.
Look on the bright side—it is the right side.
The sunshine, not cloud, that gives life to the flower.
And there always is near us some change that will cheer us.
And guide to the shelter of some pleasant bower.
You have troubles, it may be, and obstacles stay thee,
So have others, but such bestow slow and bone;
Let the battle be fought, and don't give a thought
To the perils surrounding till the battle is done.
The night has an ending, and 'tis Heaven's sending,
The lake has a turning—broad day is beyond;
Develops bright glister, and if you but listen
The song of the birds bid you never despond.

A STRANGE STORY.
BY AN ENGLISH OFFICER.
I was stationed at Agra during the Cabal disaster in 1841, one of a mere handful of British troops, left in charge of the wives, sisters and daughters of the actors in that most unhappy expedition. And a weary, heart-breaking time it was. The Lieutenant Governor, who had prayed and besought the Calcutta authorities not to risk the venture, had the worst forebodings for its fate; and although he did all an able, kindly and well-mannered man could do to maintain the spirits of the circle, those who knew him could read too well what his fears were. Words could not describe—indeed it is painful for me even now to recall—the dreary wretchedness of that fatal month, during which no tidings came of the devoted army. Evening after evening saw the roads crowded by anxious women, sitting for hours that they might hear the first news of those who were dear to them, and evening after evening saw them return in despair. And when at last the news came that the sole survivor had staggered, half-alive, back to his countrymen, with the tidings of the great disaster, the wail which ascended from those heart-broken creatures, I shall never while I live forget.

There had been a captain in one of the native regiments, an old acquaintance of mine, of the name of Donnelly—Jerry Donnelly, as he was called by every one. He was careful to explain to all his friends that his name was Jerome, and not Jeremiah, although why he so unduly preferred the saint to the prophet I never understood. Jerry Donnelly, however, he was, and as strange and eccentric a creature as ever breathed.

He was a very good-looking fellow, and a first-rate officer, but a careless, rollicking, half-insane, mad-cap of a man, with an amazing flow of spirits, little education or culture, a great, almost miraculous talent for languages, with a soft heart and an easy temper. It was impossible to make him angry; and in all circumstances, however unpleasant, he maintained a placid serenity, which seemed to imply that he was on intimate terms with Fortune, and knew the very worst she could do.

Among the other tricks which the fickle goddess had played him was that she had married him. Why he ever married as he did no one could imagine. The lady was neither handsome, clever nor rich. She was simply passable as to looks, with the liveliness of good health and youth—a quality not unapt to develop itself in a vivacity of temper when those other attributes disappear. But, on some impulse, Jerry Donnelly had asked her the momentous question, and had been favorably answered.

A most uncomfortable couple they were. Jerry, from the very first, neglected her—not intentionally, I believe, but simply because for the moment he forgot her existence. It never seemed to him necessary to alter his former bachelor round in any respect; and as the lady had no notion of being neglected, she resented his indifference, and chafed at a line for herself. It may be easily supposed that the one was not adverse to brandy and water, or the other to gossip and flirtation. They never quarrelled outwardly, but were hardly ever together.

I thought the woman's head must have been affected by her troubles, and said nothing.
"I see you think me deranged, but I know he was alive all the time."
"Why, what could have led you to think so?"
"I saw him, Colonel Hastings. It was in our old bungalow at Calcutta, about two years after I got back. Late in the evening I heard a footstep outside which strangely affected me. I was lying half asleep, and, starting up in a drowsy state, I heard a voice at the veranda, and as I thought, inquiring of my stupid old native whether I lived there. The steps turned away, I darted to the casement, and although the figure was clad in the most extraordinary compound of European and Asiatic garments, I am sure it was Jerry. I darted down stairs and rushed out, but the man had disappeared. The servant said he was a bad fakir, and wished to get into the bungalow, but could or would tell me nothing of what he had said. But I am quite sure it was Jerry. So I am certain he will come back—but you remember he never was punctual," she added, with a faint smile.

I did not say to her that if Jerry was alive she must have heard of him in some other way; but I took leave of her, and shortly afterwards returned to India.
In 1843, I was appointed to an embassy at Nepal, a very striking country governed by a powerful warlike race. The first minister or vizier of the country met us, as is the Nepalese fashion, outside the capital, and we had a very courteous and gratifying reception. He was a tall, handsome man, with a flowing black beard, and conversed with me in Persian which I spoke fluently. After our interview, one of the attendants informed me that the vizier wished to see me alone, and he accordingly conducted me to an inner apartment. He ordered the attendants to withdraw, and then, in tones only to familiar, he exclaimed:—
"Well, Hastings, my boy, how go the Plungers?"

It was Jerry Donnelly by all that was miraculous. I had observed him staring earnestly at me during our interview, and something in his gestures seemed not unfamiliar to me; but his flowing beard, solemn air, and Oriental dress, so well disguised him, that even when I heard the well-remembered voice, I could scarcely realize his identity.
"But what on earth are you doing here Jerry?" said I, "and why don't you go home to your wife like a Christian?"

"My wife! well, that's the whole affair. You see she's somebody else's wife, so I am better out of the way; it would be a pity that poor Sophy should commit bigamy."
"I assure you, you are entirely mistaken. Mrs. Donnelly has not married again."
"Hasn't she though?" said he.
"Don't I know better? Didn't I go to my bungalow and find out that she had married that starched fool Courtney, when she knew I never could endure him?"

To his intense astonishment, I told him how the truth was, and in return he related to me his own adventures. He had been carried into Tartary, and there detained for three years, when he was allowed to accompany a caravan or body of pilgrims to Nepal. Being by that time proficient in the language, he was taken notice of at court, but strictly watched. He effected his escape, however, disguised as a fakir, and made his way to Calcutta; but finding, as he thought, his wife married again to a man in his old regiment, he returned, was taken into favor, and had risen to his present distinction.

"Well, I was always a blundering fool, but I went home with a heart so soft to Sophy, and vowing that I never would vex her any more with my vagaries, that when I heard her called Mrs. Courtney I was turned to stone, and did not care a rap what became of me, not even to be made a vizier, which, I assure you Charlie, is no joke in its way."
"Well, at all events, you must come home now, and enjoy your good fortune."
"I am not sure about that," said he. "Recollect she has grown accustomed to be mistress—I have grown accustomed to be vizier; she won't like to be contradicted, and it's a thing I never could bear, and what I never allowed on any account. Now, if I went home she would not be mistress, and, as sure as fate, she would contradict me. May be it is better as it is."

Next morning he sent for me again. "I have been thinking," he said, "of all that strange story you told me. I am all changed since we parted. I hardly know myself to be the same man I used to be, and am not sure that I could treat Sophy well. But ask her to come out here, and then she can try. If she likes me in this outlandish place, I will go home with her; if we quarrel here, no one will be a bit wiser, and I can continue to be dead."
"But," said I, "have you no incumbrances? Perhaps she might object to the details of your establishment; let her come, and she will find nobody to disturb her."
She did come, and, after living in Nepal for two years, brought Jerry back in triumph to Braley Hall; and such is the true version of a tale which made some noise in the newspapers a few years ago.

inable. And frequently it is the case that many persons who have started out with such a grand flourish of trumpets live to see the day that they may wish in vain for the amount expended on their wedding. How vastly things have changed since the days of their grandparents! For a long time after the first settlement of this country, the inhabitants in general married young. There was no distinction of rank, and very little of fortune. On these accounts the first impressions of love resulted in marriage, and a family establishment cost a little labor from the friends of the young couple, and nothing more. At an early period the practice of celebrating the marriage at the house of the bride began. She also had the choice of the minister to perform the generally very important ceremony. A wedding engaged the attention of a whole neighborhood, and the frolic was anticipated by the old and young with eager expectation. This is not to be wondered at, for a wedding was almost the only gathering which was not accompanied with labor. On the morning of the wedding day the groom and his attendants assembled at the house of his father for the purpose of reaching the mansion of his bride by noon, which was the usual time of celebrating the nuptials, which must take place before dinner. Imagines an assemblage of people without a store, tailor or dress-maker within a hundred miles—the gentlemen dressed in moccasins, leather breeches, leggings, and linen hunting shirts, all of home manufacture; the ladies dressed in linsey petticoats and linsey or linen gowns, coarse shoes, stockings, handkerchiefs and buckskin gloves, if any. If there were any buckles, rings, buttons or ruffles, they were relics of family pieces from parents or grandparents. The ceremony of the marriage proceeded the dinner, which was a solid backwoods feast of wild game and vegetables. During dinner the greatest hilarity prevailed, although the table might be a slab of timber heaved out with a broad ax and supported by four sticks set in auger-holes, and the dishes probably consisted of some old pepper plates and wooden trenchers, with spoons made of horn, while many of the guests would be compelled to use their scalping-knives to eat with. After dinner, dancing was in order, and generally lasted until next morning. The worthy pioneers did not, it is true, understand the Mazurka, Lancers, German or Quadrille, but their figures were three and four handed reels, square set, and jigs. The feasting and dancing frequently lasted for several days, at the end of which time the whole company were so exhausted with loss of sleep that several days rest was requisite to fit them to return to their ordinary labors. If one of the old pioneer couples could only return to this wicked world for the nonce and see the array of satin, lace, and diamonds that bedeck their posterity on the occasions of marriage, they would think that the country was in a highly prosperous condition, and little dream of the actual state of the many thousand families who are on the verge of starvation.—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table.*

Origin of the Cardiff Giant Fraud.
That great hoax, the Cardiff Giant, was conceived by one George Hull, a tobaccoist of Binghamton, N. Y. It was the outgrowth of a controversy between Hull and a Rev. Mr. Turk, of Aekley, Iowa, one evening in 1866, regarding the existence of giants in the earth, in which the latter grooved victoriously, his ready tongue and loud voice easily bearing down and overwhelming his opponent. Hull retired at a late hour, and being chagrined with his defeat, lay awake the greater part of the night, thinking of the extreme gullibility of the world in matters where the Bible could be cited as evidence, and in planning how to turn this peculiarity to his advantage. The result was that he decided upon producing an image which should, after being buried and exhumed, pass muster as a fossil man of unusual size, being assured that such men as his late opponent in argument would add not a little in contributing to the final success of the undertaking.

In 1868, having studied the subject carefully and completed his arrangements, Hull associated himself with one Martin, and proceeded to Ft. Dodge, Iowa, to procure a suitable block from which to carve his image. An acre of quarry land was purchased, and work commenced, but only to be soon abandoned, owing to the extreme friability of the stone, and the persistent annoyance of the curious and inquisitive inhabitants of the neighborhood. Martin, now thoroughly disgusted, withdrew from the project; but Hull, hearing of another gypsum-bed in a more retired locality, on the line of the Dubuque & Sioux City railroad, then in process of construction, went thither, and the following Sunday engaged the foreman of the railroad-gang to employ his men in quarrying out as large a slab as the nature of the ground would permit, paying for the labor with a barrel of beer. The result was a slab weighing 7,000 pounds, measuring twelve feet in length, four in breadth, and twenty-two inches in thickness. With almost incredible difficulty and labor the block was transported over forty miles of terrible road to Montana, the nearest railroad station, where it was shipped to E. Burghardt, Chicago, who had been engaged to grave the image. On its arrival at that city it was moved to Burghardt's barn, which had been prepared for its reception, and two men at once set to work upon it—one, Edward Sells, a German; the other an American named Markham. It was Hull's desire to represent a "man who had laid down and died," but as he entertained doubts as to the universal acceptance of the "fool-man" theory, it was decided to produce an image that might also pass for an ancient statue. This combination of designs which attracted notice and provoked discussion when the giant came to be exhibited, viz. the lack of hair.

When Mrs. Grimmins asked her husband for twenty dollars to replenish her wardrobe, he said he was in a tight place, and couldn't spare it. Then she glanced at his highly colored nose, and sarcastically observed that if he didn't go into so many "tight" places, he wouldn't be in a tight place.

A Remarkable Absurdity.
It is manifestly absurd to claim for a mere stimulant, tonic and alterative properties. Yet this is what is daily done by the vendors of cheap local tonics, colored to make them look attractive, and generally containing the alcoholic base of which is of the most and most harmful description. The transcendent success of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the leading alterative tonic of the United States, has induced many of these competitors of drugs in disguise, to attempt the counterfeiting of this standard medicine, but their efforts have never proved successful on a large scale, and they have themselves in many instances miserably "come to grief," through the instrumentality of the law.
The genuine Bitters have, indeed, a spirituous base, but they are emphatically a medicine, since their Indian ingredients are singularly efficacious in overcoming and preventing chills and fever, dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, and many other disorders.

The Hawkeye Insurance Company.
The business of the Hawkeye Insurance Company, at Des Moines, has grown to such proportions as to well entitle it to rank among the most substantial and prosperous institutions of Iowa. During the month of April it issued 970 policies, being 115 more than the number for the corresponding month last year. During that month it received in cash \$10,838.13, as against \$8,843.02 last year. The losses were \$2,057.14, while the losses in April, 1867, were \$3,371.37. These figures, together with the fact that on the 1st of January, 1878, the assets of the company amounted to \$352,634.01, show that the Hawkeye is a sound and reliable institution. This is the important matter with every insurer. By careful management, and prompt adjustment of its losses, the Hawkeye has attained its enviable reputation, and present prosperous condition. The people may safely trust it.

Holloway's Pills and Ointment.
Scurvy and diseases of the skin—fever, restlessness, foul stomach, tainted breath, languor, depression of spirits, always attendant on the worst causes of cutaneous eruptions, are speedily and radically removed by these medicines—the ointment cleanses the skin, and the pills purify the blood, stimulate the liver, and promote digestion. 25 cents per box or jar. Name and name address the signature of J. H. Holloway are great for the United States, and are sold by all druggists. C. H. Ward & Co., Agents, wholesale druggists, Des Moines, Iowa.

FARMERS' FARMERS!—Would you have your horses in prime condition for your spring and summer work? If so, several of our best and strictly observed, good care, solar feed and liberal currying are among the essentials, do not fail to give them Uncle Sam's Condition Powder, according to directions, and you will be well rewarded for your expense and trouble. For sale by all Druggists.

Dr. Jaque's German Worth Cakes never fail to destroy worms and expel them from the system. Pleasant to take and perfectly safe.

DR. WISHART'S FINE TREE TONIC CORDIAL positively cures consumption. Taken in time will prevent it. All affections of the lungs are cured by this sovereign Remedy, which also eradicates dyspepsia, and kindred diseases. Sold by druggists. Depot, 216 Filbert street, Philadelphia.

English Female Bitters.
Only one dollar. For the cure of chronic female complaints and irregularities, imparting strength, buoyancy and regularity to the system, it cannot be excelled. Ladies who have become pale, feeble, emaciated and almost lifeless, who cannot sleep soundly, who are peevish, fretful, nervous and hysterical, with short breathing, palpitations, pains in side and back, can be cured by using English Female Bitters. Large bottles one dollar. Send to L. H. Bush, State agent, Des Moines, Ia.

CANT PEESEACH GOOD.
No man can do a good job of work, preach a good sermon, try a lawsuit well, doctor a patient, or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull, with sluggish brain and unsteady nerves, and none should make the attempt in such a condition, when it can be so easily and cheaply removed by a little Hop Bitters. See "Truths" and "Proverbs," other columns.

Save The Nation!
It is every day that thousands of children die from the effects of cholera, typhoid fever, and other diseases. Remember, DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR is the only medicine that can save them. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system, and cures the disease. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system, and cures the disease. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system, and cures the disease.

Dessauer's Writing Inks & Mucilage.
Chemical Fluids, Blue and Black, and the most brilliant writing fluid in use. Combined with the most delicate and purest of colors, and with the most perfect and durable of dyes. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system, and cures the disease. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system, and cures the disease.

A. W. Coates' Spring Seal Hay and Grain.
The Westinghouse Threshing Machine, Horse Powers, and all other machinery. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system, and cures the disease. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system, and cures the disease.

Palace Organs.
The Best in the World. Manufactured by the Loring and Blake Organ Co., of Worcester, Mass., and Toledo, O. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system, and cures the disease. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system, and cures the disease.

Palace Organs.
The Best in the World. Manufactured by the Loring and Blake Organ Co., of Worcester, Mass., and Toledo, O. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system, and cures the disease. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system, and cures the disease.

Morrison Plows!
The Best Finished Goods in the Market. Sulky Plows, Harrows, Road Scrapers, Steel and Wood Beam STIRRING PLOWS. Address MORRISON BROTHERS, Fort Madison, Iowa.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR.
Twenty years of public use has proved Dr. Crook's Wine of Tar a powerful tonic for coughs, colds, and consumption. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system, and cures the disease. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system, and cures the disease.

Dr. Crook's Wine of Tar.
A powerful tonic, and restores the system, and cures the disease. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system, and cures the disease. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system, and cures the disease.

Dr. Crook's Wine of Tar.
A powerful tonic, and restores the system, and cures the disease. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system, and cures the disease. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system, and cures the disease.

Dr. Crook's Wine of Tar.
A powerful tonic, and restores the system, and cures the disease. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system, and cures the disease. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system, and cures the disease.

Dr. Crook's Wine of Tar.
A powerful tonic, and restores the system, and cures the disease. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system, and cures the disease. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system, and cures the disease.

Dr. Crook's Wine of Tar.
A powerful tonic, and restores the system, and cures the disease. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system, and cures the disease. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system, and cures the disease.