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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

INDIAN SUMMER.

The tranquil river glideth to the sea,
Thro' purple haze the golden sunbeams fall;
The white sails glimmer by us silently—
The hush of dreamland lieth over all.

Our spirits live like flowers in the light,
Nor feel nor fear the sting of earthly pain,
Nor dread the shadows of the coming night,
In peaceful rest we lie; all toil is vain.

Vain are the hopes and fears and doubts of youth,
We dream our lives away, and ask not why,
Vain all our lofty aspirations after truth;
To-day we spend in ease, to-morrow die.

Why should we work when Nature's heart is still?
Why should we strive when Nature bids us rest?
We let her influence sweet our being fill,
Hushed as a child upon the mother's breast.
—*Good Company.*

A REALLY GOOD CASE.

EVERY one knows that St. Michael's, as we shall take the liberty of calling it, is the largest and most celebrated of the London hospitals. It is situated quite in the heart of the city, and is about equidistant from London Bridge, Westminster, Gower Street, Smithfield and White Chapel. I was student there, and there the happiest days of my life were passed. And now to my story.

A large number of the stdents had gone down for the short Christmas vacation, and I should have gone also, but was just then "dresser" to Carver Smith, and could not leave town; moreover, it was my week of residence. I must beg you to remember, what is perhaps but little understood by the general public, that a large part of the watching and care, and a certain proportion also of the treatment of hospital patients devolve upon assistants selected from the senior students. Some of the less important appointments, such as the "dresserships," are held by every student in turn; but the more responsible offices, some of which require twelve months' residence in the hospital, can only be gained by a few men each year; and for these appointments, which are esteemed positions of great trust and honor, and which are exceedingly valuable as stepping-stones to professional success, there is very keen competition. On the surgical side of the hospital, each of the four visiting surgeons had a resident house-surgeon; and to be Sir Carver Smith's "H. S." was one of the highest ambitions of a "St. Mike," for Sir Carver was at that time one of the leading English surgeons.

A man named George Adams held the post at this time; and as he is the hero of my story so far as I have a hero, I will just say a word about him. He was one of those men that we occasionally meet with, who seem to stand head and shoulders above their fellows—very quiet and reserved, and, when he chose, quite inscrutable. No one knew where he came from. But his very great ability, his calmness in all emergencies—I never saw him discomposed except once—his mature judgment and his great kindness won him the respect alike of the students, the nursing staff and the surgeons. Under him were four dressers, junior men, who assisted in the hospital under his direction. I was one of them. Each week one of us resided in the hospital; and, as I said, Christmas week fell to my turn, and that is how I came to spend Christmas at St. Michael's. I ought to add that there were four assistant-surgeons to the hospital; but their care was over the out-patient department, and it was only in the absence of the visiting surgeons that they had any duty in the wards.

Well, it was Christmas night, and our work for the day was done, except some late visits to the wards by-and-by; and of course any casualties that might turn up. But Christmas day is usually pretty slack in that respect. It is medical rather than surgical casualties that Christmas day produces. We had got up in honor of the day a little entertainment in an empty ward, for any of the hospital inmates who cared to attend and were able to do so.

We had a famous little programme. One or two of our residents could play and sing well; another had a curious facility in whistling to the piano; another was an amateur ventriloquist and prestidigitateur; and I fancy there were also some recitations and tableaux to come off. Also, there was one of the patients, an old sailor, who could sing in a grand rich stentorian baritone and bring down the house. Our Chairman—Adams, of course—had just begun, and was delivering himself in a semi-serious way of some very eloquent remarks, amid great applause—for nothing pleases the lower classes better than a few oratorical flourishes—when, 'tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,' went a small high-pitched imperious bell. It was the accident bell!

Oh, ye lay mortals, ye little know how the social and domestic joys of a medical man are at the mercy of the bell! We invite our friends to tea, we welcome them, and anticipate a pleasant evening, and—there goes the bell! We turn into bed on a cold night, and just get warm and snug when—there goes the bell! My bell-experiences began that night at St. Michael's, and I shall not soon forget it.

It was Sir Carver's 'taking-in week;' and his assistants had to attend to the accidents. Adams nodded to me; and off I went to investigate, knowing that it might be anything from a cut finger to a railway smash. I found a scene of considerable excitement in the accident-room. Two policemen, aided by a crossing-sweeper and a cabman, had just brought in a patient, and some other spectators had pushed their way in out of curiosity.

"Just happened outside, sir; knocked down by a runaway cab, sir."

"Lost a lot of blood; 'fraid it's a bad case, sir." Thus the policemen.

"Ask Mr. Adams to come down at once; and clear the room," I said.

It was a young fair-haired girl of eighteen or nineteen, perfectly pale, unconscious and almost pulseless. A strange contrast to her rough, swarthy, weather-beaten bearers. A deep wound in the neck was bleeding profusely; but on tearing open the dress, I found I could stop the hemorrhage almost entirely with my finger.

Adams was there immediately; in a minute he knew all about it, and had settled his course of action. Quietly he said: "Send for Sir Carver. Take her to the theater (operating-room) at once. Ask the other men to come, and get everything ready for operation." And then to me: "Keep up steady pressure, and don't take your finger away for an instant."

Nothing could be found out concerning her. No one was with her when she was struck down. She was very tastefully, though not expensively, dressed. Her features were exceedingly regular and pretty, and when the color was in her face she must have possessed a very considerable share of good looks. Nothing but a purse and a handkerchief were found in her pocket. The former was well filled and the latter was marked "E. Stead." Adams said at once that she was a lady.

I do not know whether it ever happened before at St. Michael's that on the occurrence of a sudden emergency no one of the surgical staff was at hand. Strange to say, it happened so to-night. Sir Carver Smith and three of the assistant-surgeons lived close to the hospital; but in five minutes the messenger returned with the news that Sir Carver had been called to some aristocratic celebrity at the West End, who had met with an accident, and had taken one of the assistant-surgeons with him. The second was out of town; and the third, who had been left to act in emergencies, had been taken suddenly ill.

We had been discussing the case, and offering advice upon it with all that calm assurance which characterizes embryo surgeons. But matters now became serious. Half an hour would suffice to summon one of the other surgeons; but it was plain that something must be done at once. We all looked at Adams, who had said very little hitherto, but had gone on making everything ready. He simply said: "Begin to give chloroform; I am going to operate."

"What are you going to do?" we asked.

He told us; but I will not inflict any details upon my readers, but will simply say that the sharp end of a broken shaft had made a narrow deep gash in the root of the neck, and had wounded a large artery. The operation contemplated afforded almost the only chance of life; and to delay it any longer would, Adams said, be throwing that chance away. It was an operation of the highest difficulty and danger under the present condition of the parts; and could its performance have been anticipated the theater would have been crowded with spectators from all the hospitals in London. And here was a young surgeon of twenty-five, called upon at a few minutes' notice, to undertake what many a long-experienced surgeon might hesitate to attempt; for it was impossible to perform it without much additional loss of blood; and it was not at all improbable that the patient might not survive the operation, to say nothing of after-dangers.

Adams carefully explained to the other house-surgeons what assistance they would have to give him; and when the patient was ready, commenced at once. Perfect silence reigned, broken only at intervals by a word from the operator; but, indeed, he had little need to speak, for we were well drilled at St. Michael's, and everything he needed was put into his hand almost before he asked for it. I think I can still see that quiet, eager group of young men under the brilliant gaslight, standing around the pallid, slumbering, unconscious girl; and in the center the young surgeon, cool, collected, with steady hand, without hurry, without hesitation, doing his work. I have witnessed many of the most brilliant operators in England, and of course have seen Adams himself many times in that theater in later years; but I think I never saw that night's operation surpassed either by himself or by any one else. A special demand sometimes calls forth special powers and acts almost like an inspiration; and so it seemed now.

In a short time it was done, and successfully done; and the patient was carried away to a quiet ward, where she was duly cared for by the nurse in charge, Adams and Sir Carver Smith, who came later on. I think Adams stayed up all night.

Our miscellaneous entertainment did not come off; but we scarcely regretted the change of programme. In a place where accidents are hourly, and operations daily, occurrences, one more or less seldom creates much excitement; and when I go on to say that this case excited more interest among residents and non-residents than almost any other case I ever saw in the hospital, I wish you clearly to understand that this fact was due entirely to the extreme professional interest of the case, and the great enthusiasm of St. Michael's men for the study of surgery. At the same time I may state, although not particularly bearing on the question, that the patient was an uncommonly pretty girl; and day after day passed by without any light being shed on the question as to who she was and whence she came—circumstances quite sufficient to excite in a mind not preoccupied with such matters as burden the intellect of the average medical student, the liveliest interest and curiosity.

After the operation, she was at first too ill to be interrogated; and when she got a little better she declined to give any information; at any rate none could be obtained from her. Perhaps she was a little "queer" with feverish or hysterical excitement.

At the expiration of two days I went in to help with the dressings. She was very grateful for everything done for her, and bore her pain very well. For a long time she was in a very critical state. As the euphonious phrase of the young profession went, "She had a very close shave for it." At the end of three weeks, however, she was in fairly smooth-water; and for the first time some of the clinical class went in with Sir Carver to see the case. He had hitherto said nothing on the subject of the operation. He was a man of few words; but one word of praise or blame from him was never forgotten by any of us. Turning to us from the patient he said: "This, gentlemen, is a case of so-and-so;" and he briefly explained it. Then he added: "Nothing but the most exceptional circumstances could justify a house-surgeon in this hospital in undertaking an operation of such importance. In this case those exceptional circumstances existed. The operation is one of great difficulty and rarity. I have once, many years ago, performed it myself, and the patient died. Had my patient recovered, such a recovery would *then*, I believe, have been without precedent. But the gratification to myself of having performed the first successful operation would not have been greater than is my gratification now at having under my care a case which will, I believe, recover, and whose recovery will be due without doubt to the prompt and skillful action of a St. Michael's student, my own house-surgeon, Mr. Adams."

"Strong for Carvy, and good for Adams," was the general comment. Adams pretended to be writing notes; but there was not one of us who would not readily have suffered "plowing" in our "final college" to gain such a word from Carver Smith.

And now, my fair readers, if you will turn to the clinical report of this celebrated case in the pages of the *Lancet*, somewhere about March 18—, you will find it stated that "after this point the case presents no features of special interest; convalescence was rapid, and the patient was discharged cured on the forty-seventh day after admission." I therefore give you fair notice that you may lay down this record here and not read any further, unless you like.

Yes; she recovered rapidly; and prettier and prettier she grew as she got better. She talked very little, and said nothing at all to help her indentification. Inquiry was fruitless even though the case got into the newspapers. The interest among the students increased daily. It was reported that she was an heiress who had quarreled with her guardian; that Adams was madly in love with her; that she was waiting for him to propose, and then would marry off-hand; that Adams knew all about her, but kept it snug. And the men got to chaffing him in a mild sort of way, wanting to know the "state of the heart" and the chances of "union by first intention." But Adams was impenetrable. Personally, I am inclined to think that whatever the condition of his patient's heart might be, *he* was little affected in that region. She was evidently very fond of him, and liked no one but him to dress the wound. Still the mystery increased.

At last one afternoon I was sitting in Adams' room in a leisure interval, when a lady's card was brought in. It had a deep black border, and bore the inscription: "MRS. STEAD, *The Cedars.*" She wished to see Mr. Adams. Immediately afterwards, the lady was shown in. Adams motioned me to stay. She was a fine, tall woman of fifty, dressed in deep mourning, with hair turning gray, a firm mouth, soft, keen gray eyes, and a face combining intellect and kindness.

"Have I the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Adams?" she said. He bowed. She then produced a paper which gave an account of our famous case and of the part Adams had played in it.

"May I inquire whether this patient is still in the hospital? Can I see her."

"Yes, certainly. Would the lady be able to identify her? Would it not be better for the patient to see the card first, to avoid sudden excitement; that is, if the lady's visit were likely to cause excitement?"

"Perhaps it would be better to take up the card, and say that Mrs. Stead desired to see her."

Wonderfully calm and self-possessed the lady seemed to us; and yet she could not entirely suppress some signs of emotion or excitement. She said that illness in her family had prevented her from seeing the papers for some time, or she would probably have been here before.

I took the card up and showed it to the patient. She turned very pale, then buried her face in her pillow and burst into tears.

"Shall the lady come up?" I said.

I thought she sobbed out "Yes."

The visitor came up. Slowly and calmly she walked up the ward. The news had somehow got about, and several of the men found that they had business in that part of the hospital just then. The lady stood by the bed, and said softly: "Elizabeth?"

The girl looked up, and their eyes met. One glance at that face was enough.

"Yes," said the lady; "I can identify her."

"It is your daughter?" asked Adams.

"It is my cook," said the lady—"Elizabeth Saunders."

I think I said that I only once saw Adams considerably discomposed, and that was on the present occasion.

"I—I—thought her name was Stead," he said, and his eyes rested on a pocket-handkerchief lying on the pillow. The lady's eyes followed his, and a slight smile played on her features.

Yes; it was even so. The acute scientific observer, the far-sighted young surgeon, famed for his diagnostic acumen, had seen through his case, but not his patient. It turned out that the girl, being remarkably good-looking, and having acquired, from a previous situation in a nobleman's family, a very correct way of speaking and some very ladyish manners, was fond of dressing up in her holidays, and frequenting places of public amusement, where she usually attracted a good deal of attention. Her mistress having being called away from home to nurse a sick relative, had allowed her servant to go, as she thought, to visit her parents in the country; but the girl, having her wages in her pocket, had preferred to remain with an acquaintance in London, where she enjoyed her Christmas holidays very much to her own satisfaction, until her accident put a stop to her maneuvers, or rather changed her field of action. Finding, as she recovered, that she was being addressed as "Miss Stead," and that she was the object of much interest and attention, it seems to me—judging by what experience of human nature on its female side I have since acquired—not very remarkable that she preferred to keep up the delusion; golden silence being her main line of tactics. And, fair readers, do you think it *very* contrary to your experience of human nature on its male side, that an o'herwise exceedingly acute young man should be the subject of a delusion of this particular kind.

The lady spoke very kindly to the girl; and guessing, I fancy, how matters stood, said some very graceful things to Adams. Subsequently, you will perhaps be glad to hear, she proved a very kind friend to him, and her influence was of no small assistance to him in his future professional advancement. She became, in fact, quite a mother to him, though not a mother-in-law.

I really do not know what befel the girl, except that, at her own desire, the lady obtained for her "a situation in the country, out of the way of temptation;" and that she proved to be a faithful servant.

I am sorry to have to state that public interest in this case at St. Michael's somewhat rapidly declined after Mrs. Stead's visit; perhaps because, as the *Lancet* said, the interesting symptoms had all disappeared. But I said then, say now, and always will say, that it was, from all points of view, "A Really Good Case."—*Chambers' Journal.*

How the Ague Affects Colored People.

THE Secretary somewhat proudly announced the receipt of a communication from the National Medical Bureau at Washington asked to be placed on a harmonious footing with the Limekiln Club, and promising to incorporate as much of its proceedings in medical reports as could be brought to bear on any issue. The Bureau further desired information from the Club as to the general effect of fever and ague upon the system of the colored people of the North.

The Chairman of the Committee on Pills and Liver-pads being out of the city, the inquiry was given to the meeting for discussion, in order that an early reply might be forwarded.

Sir Isaac Walpole arose to presume that he had had over a million shakes of the ague, each one followed by more or less fever, and the effect on his system was to make him sad and pensive, and full of thoughts of how his father was kicked to death by an army mule.

Whalebone Howker begged leave to say that he had wrestled with ague in January, July, and all other months in the year. It had grabbed him at high noon and shaken him out of his boots, and it had stolen along his spinal column at midnight and doubled him up. It's effect in his case had caused him to run for office and get laid out by over three thousand votes.

Waydown Bebee hoped none of the Club would charge him with conceit when he said that he was cradled with the ague, learned to creep with the fever, and was brought up alongside of chills and back-ache. What he didn't know about cold shakes no other man need hope to learn. He had been knocked down, dragged out, left for dead and prepared for burial, and yet here he was weighing one hundred and eighty pounds, heels growing long every day, and a prospect of living to be a hundred years old. He had given the subject a great deal of thought, and had arrived at the conclusion that chills and fever served to develop and strengthen all the best traits in a man's character, as well as to support a great number of drug stores and encourage ten thousand doctors.

Several other speakers took the opposite view of the case, and as the discussion waxed warm the President squelched it by referring the whole subject to the Committee on Astronomy, with instructions to report at the earliest moment.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE State of Texas now has free from all claims and subject to location by certificates, 19,000,000 acres of land, or sufficient to make 129,000 homes of 160 acres each. If it were settled up, a large revenue would be collected by the State.

A Campaign Incident.

A CRAZY-LOOKING HUCKSTER wagon, filled with the products of the farm and garden and drawn by a dilapidated horse, attracted considerable attention in Titusville yesterday. The occupant of the vehicle was a little old man in homespun, who rode with one foot on the outside of the wagon-box. Interest in the odd-looking turnout was greatly increased when the driver reined up in front of the *Petroleum World* office, and raised a small sign-board in his wagon, upon which was inscribed in an uncouth hand:

COUNTRY PRODUCE
ALSO THE
POLITICAL ISSUES DISCUSSED

This legend soon attracted a large crowd, when the little old man stood up in his crazy wagon and made a formal announcement that he had for sale a nice lot of garden produce, such as pumpkins, turnips, cabbages, some chestnuts, etc. "I also have," said he, as he lifted a faded bed-quilt from a keg, "a few gallons of hard cider which I think is the best ever brought to yer town."

"What about the political issues?" yelled a man from the curbstone.

"We'll come ter that by and by—jes' as soon as I sell some uv this truck outer the wagon so as I kin hav a place ter stand."

The crowd realized that they had at last struck something original in the way of a political orator, and it was plain that they meant to encourage him, even before he had made the suggestion regarding business.

The cider was the first thing they tackled. As many men as could gathered around the wagon, and the cider was closed out in short order at five cents a cup.

"Drink hearty, gents," the little old man would say; "this remin's me uv the hard-cider campaign uv '40, when I tuk the stump fer Old Tippecanoe; an,' besides, it's made uv as fine fruit as ever growed on a tree."

"See here! tell us about Maine!" yelled a temperance man whose thirst was for political information.

"Don't fret the cattle," was the old man's response.

One man bought all the chestnuts he had, in order, as he said, to reduce stock and get around to the political issues.

Pumpkins, squashes, parsnips, etc., were purchased rapidly, the old man remarking that the drudgery of farm life was distasteful to him, and he was only truly happy when on the stump discussing the great issues before the people.

Scraping under the seat with his feet he unearthed a gourd, and holding it up, said:

"Gents, this is the last shot in the locker, who is the lucky man?"

Twenty-five or thirty men, apparently, offered to purchase it. The man who succeeded bowied it down street with an oath, and said that what he wanted was some chin music.

The crowd was breathless with anxiety, or would have been had it not been yelling "speech!" "speech!"

The little old man stood up in the wagon, took off his hat, and said:

"No occasion for a speech now, gents. Goods all sold without it. If ye'd hung fire like I expected ye would, I'd harangued ye till sundown. But ye kem right up like little men and bought my last parsnip. That's the way I like ter do biz. Thanks, gents, thanks."

The party who had been the heaviest purchaser ran to take the horse by the bits; but that animal laid his ears back on his neck and showed his teeth in the most vicious fashion.

"I forgot ter tell ye," said the old man, quietly, "not ter go near Romeo, for he's liable ter swallow some one."

He then dropped down into his seat and drove off, remarking that when he went actively into politics, business in garden truck would be a darned sight duller than it appeared to be now.—*Petroleum World.*

The Culture of Chestnut Trees.

THE Columbus (O.) *State Journal* [illegible] ness and industry, and as good as a deposit in the savings bank to their account.

Bedding for Cattle.

THERE is no farm work, considering the outlay, that pays so large dividends as the procuring of some sort of bedding for the cattle, for it not only keeps them clean—a great point in itself—but also promotes their growth and thriftiness, and the additional accumulation for the manure pile will more than pay for the labor. There is usually a large amount of litter that goes to waste, that if thus utilized would be of great service. Straw, oats, cut corn buts, etc., are valuable, and fine sand is not objectionable, for in itself it is one of the most cleanly of beds, and as it is a large absorber of liquids, and is of real benefit to clay land, there is no solid reason why a few loads of it may not be judiciously used. A farmer of our acquaintance late in the fall takes his trucks, puts in long stakes, and makes a four foot deep box and gathers forest leaves. One man gathers them with rake and basket, and another treads them into the basket. These leaves are stored away in an unused stable, and what can be crowded into a bushel basket makes a fine bed for a stable of cows for a couple of nights, and are fine absorbents. There is no farmer but that can provide bedding of some kind, and also have dry, wholesome stables for his cattle, and, if he consults his interests, and once fully tests the value of plenty of bedding, he will always in the future practice bedding his cattle and stock.—*Exchange.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

THE too common practice of covering lawns with manure in the autumn, making them look like barn-yards in most cases, does more harm than good.

TO SOFTEN the skin if rough, rub clarified honey vigorously into the parts affected, each time after washing, and allow it to remain for at least an hour. Then rub off with cold cream.

INDIAN PUDDING.—Stir five spoonfuls of Indian meal into three pints of boiling milk, add little salt, four well-beaten eggs, one cup sugar, teaspoonful of ginger. Bake three hours; one hour before taking out add one pint of milk without stirring.

TO CLARIFY FAT.—Cut into small pieces fat of either beef or mutton. Put into a saucepan and cover the pieces with cold water. Stir until the water boils, skim carefully and allow to boil until the water has all been discharged in vapor—the fat will then be of the color of salad oil—strain, and it will keep any length of time.

TO MAKE nice biscuit, sift two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar and one of saleratus through the sieve with the flour (twice if you use a coarse sieve), then add one small tablespoonful white sugar, a mustard spoonful salt, and mix thoroughly and quick with one pint of thin cream; mold rather stiff, and cut out and bake quick.

CAKE TO BE EATEN WARM FOR TEA.—Mix two teaspoonfuls of baking powder in one pound of fine flour. Rub in a quarter of a pound of butter, lard, or clarified dripping, mix in a quarter of a pound granulated sugar, a teaspoonful of ground caraway seed, grated lemon peel, or any other flavoring. When ready to bake, stir in as quickly as possible two well-beaten eggs mixed with a gill and a half of milk, or, if convenient, cream. Put into a well-buttered tin, and bake in a hot oven.

SHOEING HORSES.—The London *Live Stock Gazette* says: If the farriers or blacksmiths are anxious to do something useful at a small expense, let them publish an illustrated broadside fit for hanging in blacksmith shops, telling smiths and their masters what not to do. "Don't carve the frog; don't open the heels; don't rasp the outside of the hoof; don't cut the hoof to fit the shoe, but [illegible]

[illegible] stalks become firm and stiff.

Timothy grass is also remarkable for the great abundance of seed it produces. This fact—its enormous extent of seed production—shows conclusively why it is more exhausting to the soil than almost any other crop; at all events, it seems safe to say that on account of the phosphatic elements withdrawn from the soil in maturing its seed, and from a large supply of these elements being required in maturing the vast abundance of seed that timothy grass produces, this grass crop, instead of resting the soil—as many farmers assume it to do—really exhausts the ground as rapidly as is done in growing wheat, a fact which should be considered by many who seem to make the growing of timothy seed too prominent an object. If the purpose be to rest the soil, to give time for atmospheric influence to disintegrate its more compacted parts, and thereby set free and make available the crop elements which the soil contains, if this be the object desired, peas or turnips are more suitable than timothy.

Also clover, in comparison with timothy, is a far better renovator of the soil, from the fact that the clover roots bring fertilizing material from greater depths than other roots penetrate to.

In raising a crop of timothy seed, it is probable the soil is exhausted almost as much as it is replenished by a crop of clover. Hence it is important to guard against exhaustive crops, particularly for old, long used soils, whose need is renovation by the addition of nitrogen, which clover, plowed in, supplies, thus bringing the land again into a condition favorable to the raising of wheat.—*Old Farmer, in Prairie Farmer.*

WHEN he sighs for her and she sighs for him, the sighin's of the times may be considered suspicious for a wedding.

—An International Congress of Electricians will be held at Paris on the 15th of September, 1881. The Congress will be preceded by an international exhibition of electrical instruments and appliances.

[Cleveland Penny Press.]

Health of the American People.

To relieve the monotony of the constant important sayings of "Our Candidate," "Our Next President" and "Our Fellow-Citizens," it is a pleasure for us to present herewith the opinion of one of Cleveland's most popular Druggists, Mr. E. A. Schelleentrager, 717 St. Clair Street. The gentleman writes: I know of no remedy which has given more universal satisfaction than the Hamburg Drops. I have not heard of a case where they failed to benefit. The very large and daily growing demand for this Great German Blood Purifier, is a source of high gratification, for aside from the pecuniary gain, one takes pleasure in selling an article of such marked efficacy and superior merit.

UNCLE MOSE met the pastor of a colored church yesterday on Galveston avenue and asked him: "I say, parson, is dat a fact what you preaches, dat a man and his wife are one?" "Dat air sth gospel truth, sah!" "Well, parson, if you will come down after dark on Alemeo L. when Brudder Bones an' his wife Sukey am drunk, and he kicks one another, an' fetch to de racket, you will be willing to swear dey is ten or sixteen."—*Galveston News.*

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

He Would Run Like Lightning.

Speaking of candidates and records, it is safe to say, that if a man could be nominated for the highest office in the land, with as clear a record for being the fittest, safest and the best, as our famous German friend St. Jacobs Oil has, there would be no doubt of an election. Party, creed, or denomination would not enter into the canvass. Many of our most influential citizens are enthusiastic upon the subject of this wonderful oil.

HE was saying, as he struck a lucifer on the side of the house, "I like these houses with sanded paint; nice when you want to strike a match, you know." "Is that so?" she asked, demurely; "I wish I lived in a house with sanded paint"—and then she looked the most unattainable. If he had asked "What for?" she would have hated him. But he didn't; he took the hint, and the match was struck then and there.

No More Hard Times.

If you will stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style, buy good healthy food, cheaper and better clothing, get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of employing expensive quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does only harm, but put your trust in that simple, pure remedy, Hop Bitters; that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see good days and have good health.—*Chronicle.*

"THERE is no place like home," repeated Mr. Henpeck, looking at a motto, and he meekly added: "I'm glad there isn't."—*Rochester Herald.*

ARE you wearing out from excessive labor, care, grief or old age? If so, then no food or medicine can restore your strength, your sleep and your spirits like Malt Bitters, made of Unfermented Malt, Hops, Calissaya and Iron.

PAYSON'S INDELIBLE MARKING INK has a record of *fifty years*. Sample mailed for 25c. by F. H. Stoddard & Co., Northampton, Mass.

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

WILHOFT'S Fever and Ague Tonic, the old reliable remedy, now sells at one dollar.

WOULD not be without Redding's Russia Salve, is the verdict of all who use it.

THE Frazer Axle Grease is the best and only Genuine. We know it.

What Druggists Say.

I have sold Piso's Cure for Consumption for over ten years, and have used it myself for Coughs or Colds at different times, and it has given us good satisfaction. J. S. HYAN, Brenton, W. Va. OCTOBER 20, 1880.

I am selling great quantities of Piso's Cure for Consumption. Having had Bronchial Catarrh and Asthma for a number of years I tried all other medicines. Nothing sells so well as Piso's Cure. WM. H. HAZEN, Monticello, Ill. OCTOBER 5, 1880.

THERE is a sort of caste in food, else the upper crust of mince pie would not look down upon hash.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE Turkish position—Cross-legged.

NO TWO PAINTERS care to make a President'ial candidate look alike on a banner.

AN eccentric but pious man has built a house on posts forty feet high, at Plympton, Oregon, in order that he may live nearer heaven.

THE chestnut worm is getting warmed up.

"YES," Mr. Messenger replied in answer to the young lady's remark, "he was rather fond of bathing, very fond of it in fact, but he received a terrible shock a few summers ago, while in the water, and he had never recovered from it. "My!" she exclaimed; "did a snake bite him? Oh, dread ful!" "No," Mr. Messenger said, "it wasn't that." "Did he come near drowning, then?" she wanted to know. "No," he said, "it wasn't that exactly, but just as he was about ready to come out of the river, he saw a tramp going up over the hill, about a quarter of a mile away, with his hat, his pocketbook, his vest, his watch, his handkerchief, his stockings, his cigar case, his shoes, his gloves, his collar, his necktie, his shirt studs and collar button, his *a-a-sus-enders*, his cane, and, well, in fact, his trousers. And there was a Sunday school picnic only half a mile down the river, gradually coming nearer, and he lounged around among the willows all that day and waited home alone in the starlight. And the fact was, he had never been able to enjoy a swim very much since that time."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

ANY old bachelor will shriek for a better half when a counterfeit fifty cents piece is hoved on him.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

THE barber's apprentice is usually a strapping fellow.—*Boston Transcript.*

BREAD made from whole wheat soaked before being coarsely ground is used in the French army. Sea water used in the kneading is said to add to the flavor.

APPLE JACK is first cousin to James Jams.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Addr'ss True & Co., Augusta, Me.

25 CENTS cures all your Corns and Bunions. Address OLIVER BURR, M. D., Wilmington, Del.

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AGENTS COE, YONGE & CO., ST. LOUIS, MO. WANTED

$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Addr'ss H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

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HAIR and Whiskers CHANGED to any color. Warranted not to injure the hair or blacken the skin. Sold by all Druggists. Wholesale and Retail. Price $1.0 per box. Depot, 197 Wabash av., Chicago.

X'MAS PRESENTS FREE. Send stamp for particulars. F. TRIPET, 37 School St., Boston, Mass.

RUPTURE Relieved and cured by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S method, without the use of injury trusses. Indorsed by 50 leading physicians. Illustrated pamphlet free. Office, 2 Broadway, New York. Branch Office, St. Louis, Mo.

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AGENTS WANTED TO SELL EVERY-DAY CYCLOPEDIA, USEFUL KNOWLEDGE for the FARMER, the Mechanic, the Student, the Man of Business, the Housekeeper, the Teacher, the Young Man, the Young Lady, the Boy and the Girl. [illegible] Boston, Mass.

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FOR CHILLS AND FEVER AND ALL DISEASES CAUSED BY Malarial Poisoning OF THE BLOOD. A Warranted Cure. Price, $1.00.

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