Who Hath Not Heard?

Who hath not heard at the first break of day,
Borne clear and far upon the morning air,
The deep tones of a bell that seemed to say:
"A-wake! A-wake! A-wake! To work and prayer."

Who hath not at the noon hour heard again,
When those who toil to languish have begun,
The same deep tones' encouraging refrain:
"Toil-on! Toil-on! Toil-on! The day's half done."

And who at evening hath not also heard,
When heads do ache and hands and feet are sore,
That message clear, with balm in every word:
"To-rest! To-rest! To-rest! Thy work is o'er."

And ere the first vibration dies away
In sweetest echo on the distant air,
The pious people who do own its sway,
Cross hearts and bare their heads in silent prayer.

They love the bell, their monitor and friend,
And dear, indeed, its voice is to them all;
To them its precious music e'er doth lend
A sacredness to duty's every call.

Then ring, O bell, at morn, at noon, at night,
The birth, the life, the death of the dear Lord;
Still let thy mellow cadences invite
Mankind to work and pray with one accord.

—Columbus Dispatch.

A GOOD OMEN.

Terrible indeed was the fate which menaced the passengers and crew of the wrecked ship Hilda.

Lilla Drente, an orphan maiden, with her widowed aunt, had taken passage upon the Hilda for America, and her pretty face and winning ways had won a warm place for her in all hearts.

She had brought on board a white carrier pigeon, which had fluttered helplessly down at her feet the year before, maimed by a shot from some unskillful sportsman.

A billet had been fastened under its wing, but its contents were in a tongue unfamiliar to those who perused it, and it would have been thrown carelessly away had it not been saved by Lilla.

She had nursed the bird back to health, and although eventually meaning to again put the billet in its place, under its pinion, and send it forth into the realms of space, she had not yet schooled herself into parting with it.

An indulgent relative had procured for Lilla a delicate chain of silver, so that she could fasten it about one slender leg, and thus keep the bird a partial prisoner.

Lilla's courage and fortitude had been the one bright spot on board during the terrible hours of suspense which followed the fury of the storm which had wrecked the staunch ship.

No murmur came from her lips, and she refused to take more than just enough to sustain life, saying that those who had the work of pumping and managing the maimed vessel needed more than an idler like herself.

The sight of her gave the sailors courage.

They felt that no craft would go down with her on board.

The weary days passed without sign of succor; and, hungry and cold, their courage sank at last.

Lilla's cheeks were no longer like a rose. They rivalled her name. But her eyes seemed to grow brighter and clearer with each passing day.

One morning, with only a piece of biscuit between each man and starvation, Lilla threw off the shyness which had thus far kept her silent on the subject, and said:

"Let us all kneel down and pray together. There is a promise that when two or three are gathered in God's name, their requests shall be granted. We can surely say the Lord's Prayer, every one of us."

Then Lilla knelt down, her white bird upon her shoulder, and her cheeks gaining a little of their natural color in the elevation of the moment.

They commenced with the first words of that prayer—the most eloquent and comprehensive one in the whole world—and without one exception, the other voices added their quota of sound. Those who had forgotten it, or, it may be, had never known it, following after, word by word.

It was a solemn and touching scene, never to be forgotten by those who were participants in it.

After they had risen from their knees again, a sudden cry broke from Lilla's lips, and looking towards her, to the surprise of all the cause was seen. The pet pigeon had broken a link of its detaining chain, and had fluttered off into the blue sky which arched above in a seeming sunny mockery of their desolate state.

"My bird has deserted me!" was Lilla's pathetic cry. And tears, which suffering had failed to call to her eyes, filled them now."

"Don't cry, little one. You've kept up so far, and if you give way, there's not a man of us but will blubber too. Don't set us a bad example now.

With a brave effort Lilla controlled herself. But she could not put the sorrow for her bird out of her heart. She kept thinking to herself.

"Now I can never do my duty and send the billet."

Strange that at such a time she could bear anything in her mind but her own suffering! But so it was, and it added a keener pang to the loss of her pet.

But marvellous to relate, when the noonday sun was glaring down upon the famished group, a white speck appeared in the sky, and coming nearer, soon attracted attention. Then, in a few seconds it came fluttering down, with a coo of content, and alighted upon Lilla's shoulder.

It seemed to their wondering eyes like a spirit.

"It is a good omen!" was whispered around among them. "God has not forgotten us!"

And inspired by this thought the sailors again turned their dim eyes across the broad expanse of waters to see if any sign of life should appear in sight.

Several hours went by, and then a dim spot appeared in the distance. It grew more distinct and at last proved to be a brig bearing down towards them.

O, that the man on the look-out should see the signal raised by the distressed crew. The suspense was sickening, but at last to a certainty they were observed, for the brig hove-to and lowered her boats, which, manned by a competent crew, were soon propelled towards them. They were reached after a time, and were taken on board.

Now comes the wonderful part of our story.

The man at the wheel was steering in an entirely opposite direction from the one which would have brought his vessel to the relief of the shipwrecked crew when a white bird flew against his face, and fluttered its wings in such a way that the astonished sailor did not dare to open his eyes while the assault continued. The captain witnessed the singular occurrence, and being, like all seafaring men, superstitious, he said:

"It strikes me that there is a meaning in this. We must change our course."

Owing to this the course of the brig was changed, and by means of it many lives were saved, as we have seen.

After this Lilla's pet pigeon was, as is natural, considered a most wonderful bird, and was made the theme of talks for days after the rescue; while Lilla herself lay prostrated upon a bed of sickness. The reaction from despair to hope had done what distress had not been able to do, and it was long before she was well enough to come up on deck.

When she did so she was but a shadow of herself; but youth rallies quickly, and she soon was as merry and blooming as before.

The captain was quite an old man, and his heart warmed towards Lilla in a fatherly manner.

"I have a son at home," he said to her one day, "who would give his eyes for a pigeon like that," pointing to Lilla's pet, which was, as usual, perched on her shoulder. "He's that fond of studying into the ways of dumb creatures that he's good for nothing else. Not but he's made a good thing of it, for he is now professor of some department in a college, which deals in just such things. He corresponds with learned men all over the world, and I'm proud of him, if I do say it who should not. He is greatly taken with this kind of carrier-pigeon, and quite a while ago he let an educated East Indian take home one of his pet birds, with the understanding that he should let him loose when he got home, and wing his way back, bringing my son a letter telling of his safe arrival. But Perry has never heard from him, or hadn't when I was home last time. He says most probably some accident happened on his homing trip."

"How long ago was it?" asked Lilla.

"It was about two years since."

"I found my pigeon almost wounded to death just about that time," said Lilla. "And he had a note tied under his wing with the oddest looking writing on it I ever saw. I shouldn't wonder if it came from the East Indies; I will get the note and show you. I saved it, meaning to be honorable, and let the pigeon take it to its proper owner when I could make up my mind to part with the pretty creature."

And Lilla put her bright lips to her pet's white throat with a loving gesture.

"Don't do anything of the kind, You've got an undoubted right to the bird. That would be an excess of honesty."

Lilla smiled at the captain's views regarding her intended restoration.

"Your advice agrees with my wishes, but I don't quite think it does with my conscience," she said. "But I will get the billet."

It proved to be as much of a puzzle to the captain as to Lilla. So they had to wait for its solution until land was reached.

That time soon arrived, and then Lilla was domiciled with her relatives, who had almost given up all hope of welcoming her, thinking that the ship Hilda must have shared the fate of others which had been given up for lost.

One evening the captain called to see her, accompanied by his learned son, who was so shy and constrained in his manner that Lilla at first thought him very uninteresting; but she found out her mistake before the call was over, as he could talk German with her like a native, and, once warmed to his subject, lost the coldness which had at first seemed to chill Lilla.

The pet pigeon came in for his full share of interest, although he did not prove to be the old friend the captain had spoken of.

The professor was able to translate the contents of the billet, which was written in one of the abstruse tongues which he had mastered. It had been undoubtedly penned in a spirit of sportful romance by some young scholar in a foreign university, and fastened to a homing pigeon. The writer little thought how like a prophecy the ensuing events would make it seem.

Go forth, white bird, to one whose maiden soul
Is like thy gleaming plumage—white!
Tell her that o'er the billows thunderous roll
One waits her coming—her true knight!

It has proved a true prophecy. Lilla and the professor are to be married in the spring.

A Book as a Dowry.

I was speaking just now of the second-hand book-stalls that line the quays on the south bank of the Seine, writes a Paris correspondent of the New York *Graphic*. There are hundreds, if not thousands, of dry-as-dust old chaps who spend their lives hanging over by day, and dreaming by night, of the treasures they contain. Here is a curious and true romance of one of these musty shops.

An old bachelor of 50, an inveterate "bonquineur," or haunter of the second-hand book-stalls, had an old woman servant named Augustine, who, by dint of arranging and dusting her master's library, had become inoculated with the same mania. She paid frequent visits to the too attractive quays, and ended by spending all her wages in books—and none but old books, be it understood.

One afternoon, a little before dinner-time, she arrived out of breath with a package of the precious volumes, purchased at the " 'Courdes Miracles' and 'Grande Truanderie' of Parisian books." Out of curiosity her master looked over the new acquisitions. Suddenly his face brightened up.

"And what did you pay for this one?" he asked, pointing to a very worm-eaten volume.

"Fifteen sous," replied Augustine.

"Fifteen sous? Why, it's worth 20,000 francs," cried the book-hunter, in a transport of enthusiasm.

Hardly had the words left his mouth when he was conscious of having committed a stupid blunder. In vain he tried to modify his rash statement.

"I'll give you 50 francs for it," he said.

"Monsieur said it was worth 20,000 francs."

Augustine was cunning and stood to her guns. It was a very rare first edition of Montaigne. To no purpose did he try to beat her down. She wouldn't take a sou less than 20,000 francs, and he couldn't afford to give so large a price. That night the bachelor dreamed of the unattainable treasure, of course valued the more from its being just beyond his reach.

At last he could hold out no longer. The temptation was too great. He must have the volume "coute que coute." His mind was made up.

"The woman takes good care of me," he reasoned with himself; "she seems to have my tastes; why should I not marry her? I would then own the Montaigne."

As he was the next morning as much under the control of his ruling passion as ever, he carried his resolution of the night before into effect, and married his servant, who brought him a musty old book as a dowry.

Bloodthirsty Girls.

A prominent feature in any Apache village are the children, who are unkempt little savages, but are much handsomer in childhood than in mature life. The care of the male children devolves upon the man, who carefully educates them to emulation and practice in deeds of blood, including the art of scientific torturing. So well are these lessons taught that the Apache boy, at an early age, is ambitious and fitted to go on the warpath. Some of the most daring deeds in Apache warfare have been performed by boys who were emulous to earn their title to manhood.

The girl is taught the rude domestic arts and lessons of labor, but her education in barbarity is not a whit less thorough than that of the boy. The fate of the captive among the Apaches has always been most lamentable, but the greatest cruelty both to men and women have been perpetrated by the Apache females. A captive woman, made compulsorily the wife or slave of an Apache warrior, is usually, after the first cruelties of the attending capture, treated by him as well as other women in the tribe, but, in his absence, the captive will be often grievously beaten by the other wives.

The education of the Apache girl begins with her care of the younger children. She learns to carry water and to go forth to hunt roots, wild fruits, and berries, worms and reptiles, and whatever else goes to make up the Apache cuisine. She is taught to prepare for eating the game or domestic animals used for food brought in by the warriors from their excursions. Much of this animal food being common property she learns to make a vigorous fight to secure for her own household the entrails, which are the greatest luxury to the Apache. She subsists largely upon such odds and ends as she can get by stealth or after others have been satisfied, as the special household care is the providing for the wants of the warriors and boys.

An Affable Prince.

I asked Wilder about his parlor entertainments in Europe, and especially about his evenings with the prince of Wales.

"I gave my imitations for him six times," said the little man. "Last time I saw him was at Mrs. Sloane Stanley's, and he kindly set me to his right at table. All stand till he sits, and he rises first at the end as a signal to the others. It is not etiquette to eat after he finishes, but he fixes that very neatly by continuing to pick at the food as long as he sees anybody else busy. He is a man of wonderful tact in placing persons at their ease.

"For instance, I took a sip of water on sitting down. 'That's water!' said the prince with a laugh, touching my wineglass. 'Ah, sir,' I said, 'I am a blue-ribbon man. I never drink any wine.'

"'No?' he said; 'very well.' He was polite. He did not quiz me or laugh at or banter me as another might, and say: 'Aw now, just this once, you know.' Nothing of the sort. He turned the talk to other things."

"About the entertainment?" I asked.

"Oh, my share? Well, I generally have to stand on the table, but the prince lifted me up on the piano, where, in the intervals of my imitations, there was good music made by an eminent professional. I stood with my face to the princess and near to her, for she is getting quite deaf. One thing I noticed as odd; the higher up you get the least ceremony there is. The prince insists that everybody shall talk at the table without any reference to him, as they would if they were at home; and he banishes mere formality just as far as court tradition will permit."—*Washington Post.*

An Unlucky Giant.

A great sensation was caused in the town of Lille yesterday by the spectacle of an enormous giant in tattered clothes, walking between two gendarmes, who looked like pigmies by his side. The giant, who appeared hungry and crestfallen, was taken to the police station and entered as a rogue and vagabond. He was completely ignorant of the language of Voltaire, but, on an interpreter being found, it was explained that he was a countryman of the famous Fin Mac Cool, or, in other words, that he hailed from Hibernia, his name being James Patrick Fahy. It appears that James Patrick, who is nearly seven feet high, according to the description given of him by some persons who interviewed him in the lock-up, was out of work—that is to say, he could not get an engagement in any of the fairs at present being held in the north of France or in Belgium. He had been expelled from Tournai, and, having crossed the frontier, was honestly trying to gain a few sous by exhibiting himself in taverns and cafes, when he was arrested by the gendarmes. It is to be hoped that something may be done for the unlucky giant, who has been thus thrown on the mercy of the world owing to the slackness of trade. Some enterprising manager of a music hall or other place of public entertainment might be able to find him something to do when he leaves the care of the Lille police, who have a great grievance against him because he has no papers to prove his identity. James Patrick Fahy, who seems to have spent most of his time in America, might prove as curious a specimen of humanity as Herr Winkelmeier, the Austrian Anak, who was lately exhibited here.—*Paris cor. London Telegraph.*

Executions at Peking.

At a recent execution day in Peking, there were thirty-one prisoners, among whom were several men of rank, who were under sentence of death by decapitation or strangling. On the day previous the convicts were treated to a bounteous repast of wines and victuals, according to an ancient custom with prisoners just before execution. Early the next morning the condemned were taken out of their cells and placed between two bodies of soldiers, and having been securely bound and manacled, were placed in carts and at once conveyed to the execution grounds outside of the Hsuan Wu gate, where a mat shed had been erected for the accommodation of the judges and other officials concerned in superintending the execution.

At a little after noon the imperial order was received consigning three of the culprits to death by decapitation and sixteen of them by strangulation, and to the remaining twelve, four of whom were men holding official positions, his majesty granted a reprieve. It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon when the executions were ended. It is said that a man related to the imperial family, by the name of Tsaisan, who was under sentence of death by strangulation, and was to be executed on the same day with the other prisoners, escaped by climbing over the wall on the night previous to the execution, and although strict search was made he has not yet been rearrested.

Among the pardoned was Chang Chleng, admiral of the Chinese fleet at Foochow at the time of the slaughter by the French last year. This unfortunate man had been immured in a dungeon ever since he was taken to Peking, and his life had been given up as lost by his relatives and friends. It is, however, if rumor is correct, to the efforts of Viceroy Li Hungchiang, who interceded in his behalf with the seventh prince when his highness visited Tientsin, that he owed his life. On that occasion the viceroy represented that, as China has at present urgent need of men who were qualified in naval and military warfare, it would be a wise policy on the part of the government to save such men as Chang Chleng and the others who were then awaiting sentence of death at the capital.

Truthful Thomas.

"So Stanley has headed another African expedition," said Col. Tom Ochiltree the other day. "It is sixteen or seventeen years since Stanley came to England after finding Livingston. In connection with his coming to London 'Ned' Sothern, 'Steve' Fiske, and myself perpetrated, perhaps, the most gigantic practical joke in all history. I was a humble instrument for good in the proceedings. It was the united genius of Sothern and Fiske which conceived the plan and put it in train for execution. It came about in this way: When it became known that Stanley was on the continent en route to London the idea of a great dinner under the auspices of the Royal Geographical society was suggested and rapidly took shape. Everything was arranged for the affair, when a dispatch arrived that Stanley could not be in London for three days. What was to be done? We determined to have the dinner anyway. Fiske came to me in hot haste. Did I know anything about Stanley's books? Yes, I had read every line of them. Had I read his recent newspaper letter? I had. 'Then,' said Fiske, 'you must be Stanley for this performance only.' Fiske was to represent the president of the Geographical society. The cast was completed, and the dinner was given. The representatives of the press were there, and every detail was attended to. At the proper time a toast was proposed to the guest of the evening, the great explorer, Stanley, and I responded. I talked for nearly an hour, and the people at the dinner-table followed my story of finding Livingstone with rapt attention. The little Frenchman who kept the hotel where the dinner was given brought his children for Stanley to pat them on the head. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed, and when I came out I was cheered to the echo. Stanley arrived in time, but the genuine dinner wasn't a marker to the one we gave."—*New York Mail and Express.*

Ben Butler's Dry Smoke.

The dignity which surrounds the United States supreme court is something appalling. No one is permitted to wear an overcoat within the bar of the court. Note books are also prohibited, and the attorney or spectator who attempts to make an abstract of the proceedings is quickly notified to desist. Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, was guilty of an infraction of the rules yesterday, which those who sat near enough to overhear the colloquy that ensued enjoyed immensely. Don M. Dickinson of Michigan, was speaking when Gen. Butler entered. The general immediately dropped into the vacant chair. Then drawing a cigar from his pocket he proceeded to enjoy what is known as a "dry smoke." His action threw the vigilant state officials into a state of terror, from which they have not yet recovered. Marshal Nicolay immediately rushed forward, and seizing the general by the arm, exclaimed:

"Remove your cigar at once, sir!"

The general's eyes twinkled maliciously as he placed his hand to his ear and said, "Speak louder."

"You can not smoke here. It's against the rules," repeated Mr. Nicolay, emphatically.

"I'm not smoking," growled Gen. Butler, still holding the cigar in his teeth.

"I know you're not smoking," was the marshal's reply; "but you must not keep that cigar in your mouth."

Gen. Butler replied that he had a bad cold and that it always relieved him to take a dry smoke, but the marshal insisted so vigorously that either the general or the cigar must go that he finally submitted to the inevitable, and threw the cigar from him with such force that it hit Lawyer Storrow on the leg and broke into half a dozen pieces.—*Washington cor. N. Y. Herald.*

What Our Statesmen Drink.

The President and his official admirers are not a unit upon the drink question. Mr. Cleveland likes a glass of plebeian beer, but since his increasing stoutness he has used it in very moderate quantities. He has no love for the stronger drinks, and confines himself almost exclusively to malt liquors. Mrs. Cleveland is a strict temperance woman, and does not drink even the light wines. Secretary Bayard likes red wines, and a glass of good old Burgundy is his delight. Secretary Manning, like the President, is fond of malt liquors, with an occasional glass of light wines. Secretary Whitney's wine is champagne. He sips all the regular drinks on the table, but invariably saves himself for the champagne. Whitney has grown remarkably stout within the last few months. Certainly no man in the cabinet has been so high a liver as he. Secretary Endicott treats his aristocratic stomach with a choice selection of old and rare wines. He is a connoisseur and his judgment is probably second only to that of Justice Gray of the Supreme Court and Senator Hale, both of whom are experts. Both of these gentlemen, however, paled before President Arthur, of whom a celebrated wine merchant said: "He is the finest judge of Madeiras in the country, and his opinion upon other wines is almost as good." Secretary Lamar hasn't any particular liquor. He does not linger over the wine cup, neither does Postmaster-General Vilas, but neither will shy a glass of rare vintage. Attorney-General Garland is fond of neither wine nor malt liquors. He drinks plain whisky, with a very little water in it.—*Boston Traveller.*

A Juvenile Speculator.

Two years ago a bright-faced lad of 13 was hired by a stock broker, with offices about 100 yards from the exchange, to chalk on the blackboard now used in many offices the prices of stocks as they appeared on the tape. The lad then wore ill-fitting clothes, but his ingenuous ways attracted the attention of the broker's customers and he soon became a favorite. Yesterday the lad, now 15, wearing an expensive suit and neat but costly jewelry, told how he had lost $250 at poker a few nights ago, and won that amount and more at the next sitting. He incidentally remarked that the stock market was against him $1,500, but that he was $2,100 ahead on cotton. He still chalks the ticker prices on the blackboard, and in all probability some future *Sun* reporter will speak of his success in Wall street as a broker or record his utter destruction, for the lad is of the sort to come out a big winner or get battered to flinders.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Melinite, a new explosive with which the French military authorities are experimenting, is said to have ten times the power of nitro-glycerine, and 100 times that of gunpowder. General Boulanger has decided on the immediate manufacture of 210,000 melinite projectiles.

A change of 8 mills per ton a mile in the freight rates current on the Michigan Central means to that road a gain in gross earnings of $1,000,000 a year.

Near Stony Creek, N. Y., a few days ago, Ransim Maxim was felling a hollow tree when a black bear attempted to come out, but was prevented by Maxim, who killed the animal with his ax, the only weapon that he had. Soon a she-bear appeared, which shared the same fate. Looking into the hole again he saw more occupants, and concluded that it was full of bears to the top. He caught another bear by the leg, hauled it out and administered a death blow. A fourth and last put in an appearance and was served in the same manner.

From the earliest historical times down to the present, there has been nothing discovered for bowel complaint equal to Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. There is no remedy as near perfect, or one that is as strongly endorsed by all persons who have had occasion to use it. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

Charles Patterson and James his brother, of Flint, Mich., quarreled over some unknown matter the other morning, Charles grabbed an ax and struck his brother James in the neck, nearly beheading him. Death followed instantly. Only the murderer's wife witnessed the deed. Charles claims he struck the blow in self defence.

The Rio Grande valley in Texas has been visited by copious rains.

The Richest Man in the World

would be poor without health. The dying millionaire consumptive would exchange all his wealth for a new lease of life. He could have had it for a song had he used Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" before the disease reached its last stages. This wonderful preparation is a positive cure for consumption if taken in time. For all diseases of the throat and lungs it is unequaled. All druggists.

Major M. K. Taylor, surgeon U. S. A. was to have been retired from active service under the compulsory retirement law, on the 14th inst. He has been in the military service, either state or national, for nearly forty years.

Salt Rheum or Eczema.

Old sores and ulcers,
Scaldhead and ringworm,
Pain in the back and spine,
Swelling of the knee joints,
Sprains and bruises,
Neuralgia and toothache,
Tender feet caused by bunions, corns and chilblains, we warrant Beggs' Tropical Oil to relieve any and all of the above. Dr. A. Heintz.

At Leadville, Col., the other day while Edward Parker, a boy eleven years old, was out hunting he snapped his rifle and it did not go off. He set the gun down and looked into the barrel, and in another instant a report was heard, the boy falling back a corpse.

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, Oh, it will wear away, but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which we sell on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c and $1.00. *Trial size free.* Dr. A. Heintz.

A big fire started in the hay sheds on Thirty-third street New York, owned by the New York Central railroad, and before it could be got under control, it destroyed property of various sorts in value at from $150,000 to $200,000.

"A Word to the Wise is Sufficient."

Catarrh is not simply an inconvenience, unpleasant to the sufferer and disgusting to others—it is an advanced outpost of approaching disease of worse type. Do not neglect its warning; it brings deadly evils in its train. Before it is too late, use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It reaches the seat of the ailment, and is the only thing that will. You may dose yourself with quick medicine 'till it is too late—'till the streamlet becomes a resistless torrent. It is the matured invention of a scientific physician. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Justice W. B. Woods of the supreme court of the United States died at his residence in Washington City at 12:10 p. m. on the 14th inst. His disease was dropsy, and his suffering before death was intense. His family express a desire to have him buried in Ohio, where he was born.

Fifty cents is a small doctor bill, but that is all it will cost you to cure any ordinary case of rheumatism if you take our advice and use Chamberlain's Pain Balm. Everybody that tries it once, continues to use it whenever they are in need of a remedy for sprains, painful swellings, lame back, or sore throat. It is highly recommended by all who have tried it. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

The fruit and vegetable canning factories must come west. It is a shame that growing the principal varieties of vegetables, such as corn, tomatoes, peas, and beans, in the greatest profusion here, we are yet obliged to depend, for our principal supply, on the east. They can be raised, canned and put on the market here, at less than the eastern canners can afford to market them for. And again the money that would be paid out for freight rates would go into the pocket of the consumer. These are not theories of idle schemes on paper for the purpose of booming the west at the expense of the east. They are facts which will commend themselves to the mind of every reasoning man.—*C. B. Nonpareil.*

The characteristic sketch of New York society of Knickerbocker families, which Edgar Fawcett is giving in the story of "Olivia Delaplaine," is continued and brought down to very recent years in the June number of the *American Magazine.*

It is believed that ex-Gov. George F. Hoadley, of Ohio, will succeed Justice Woods, deceased, on the bench of the supreme court. Secretary Lamar's friends are demanding that the vacancy be given him. Attorney General Garland is also being pushed for the place.

The House of Representatives is described by Z. L. White in the *American Magazine* for June, with portraits and sketches of prominent Congressmen, under the heading of "The Nation's Lawmakers."

Purify Your Blood.

If your tongue is coated.
If your skin is yellow and dry.
If you have boils.
If you have fever.
If you are thin or nervous.
If you are bilious.
If you are constipated.
If your bones ache.
If your head aches.
If you have no appetite.
If you have no ambition, one bottle of Beggs' Blood Purifier and Blood Maker will relieve any and all of the above complaints. Sold and warranted by Dr. A. Heintz.

London citizens last week enjoyed the story that the Financial Secretary of India had advised the government of an immense amount of treasure, estimated at over $25,000,000, which had been secured in the palace of Gwalior by the late Maharajah. It had been sunk in pits under vaults.

Do You Know

that Beggs' Cherry Cough Syrup will relieve that cough almost instantly and make expiration easy? Acts simultaneously on the bowels, kidney and liver, thereby relieving the lungs of the soreness and pain and also stopping that tickling sensation in the throat by removing the cause. One trial of it will convince any one that it has no equal on earth for coughs and colds. Dr. A. Heintz has secured the sale of it and will guarantee every bottle to give satisfaction. 3feb23

It is stated that Edward Morris of the Fairbanks canning company of Chicago, recently cabled from Paris that he had concluded a contract for 1,500,000 kilos of canned meat for the French army and for 3,000,000 kilos for the navy.

Itch, Prairie Mange, and Scratches of every kind cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Use no other. This never fails. Sold by C. B. Stillman, druggist Columbus.

John Van Syckle, of Peapack, N. J., claims to be 107 years old. The other day he walked over to Schooley's mountain, a distance of four miles, and in the tavern, enlivened by two or three horns of applejack, danced a jig in good style.

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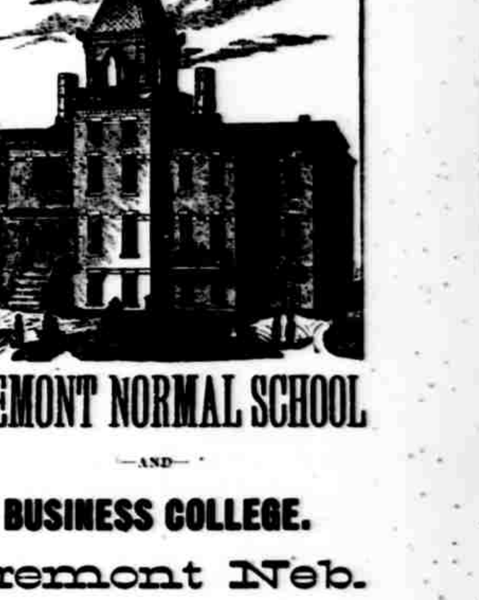

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