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THE BREATH OF SONG.

BY FRANK DEWESTER SHERMAN.

From the minster's organ loft,
Floating down the shadowed nave
Comes a strain of music soft,
Falling as a weary wave
Falls upon the beach of sand,
Murmurous and sweet and bland
Bearing from the mighty sea
Messages of melody.

There, alone, the organist
Lets his listless fingers go—
Lost in a melodious mist—
O'er the keyboard to and fro;
There, half dreaming, in the gloom,
Sits the weaver at his loom,
Weaving with the threads of sound,
Music-woof the warp around.

All unconsciously he hides
Strains familiar in his theme,
When a master spirit glides
Through the doorway of his c
Mozart, Handle, Chopin, c
Harmony's great conjuror—
Rapt Beethoven!—each is part
Of the dreaming player's heart.

So the poet dreams, nor heeds
Who may listen, who may hear;
Following where fancy leads,
She alone to him is dear;
Omar, Keats, Theocritus,
In his voice may speak to us
From the realm of ages dim—
These are in the heart of him!

Poets in the fields of time,
Since the world began, have sown
Wide and precious seeds of rhyme,
And to us to-day are blown
Odors from these poem-flowers—
Seedlings of the later hours—
Blossoming the fields along,
Breathing the sweet breath of song.
—*Independent.*

EUGENE HECTOR'S MISTAKE.

A Midnight Shower Bath, and What Came of It.

BY CLARA M. HOWARD.

It had been snowing heavily for several hours, and a few feathery flakes were still falling when the up train steamed into D—— station at 10 o'clock.

Of the half dozen passengers who alighted, all save one hurried away to their respective destinations, eager to gain shelter.

This one looked about him as though undecided which course to take. At length, buttoning his great coat more closely about him, and pulling his cap down until between the cap and collar only a pair of merry blue eyes and a good natured nose were visible, he strode along the platform in an opposite direction from that taken by the up-town passengers.

"A bad night, Dane!" he called as he passed the conductor.

"Not the one I would choose for meeting the through express up in the cut," answered that official. "But she is due in twenty minutes, and we must be off. All abroad!" he shouted, waving the signal to move on. "Good night, Gene!" and swinging himself on board the already moving train, he was soon lost to view as the engine went puffing and whirling away in the darkness.

The young man waited until the last fiery spark had dissappeared round the distant curve, then, lighting a cigar, started again on his way. Taking a street which led away from the town, he soon found himself in the open country. Not until then did he realize his error in not hiring a conveyance. "Five miles of this sort of thing will consume most of the night," he thought.

"Well, I'm in for it now, as it is too late to turn back, but morning may find me standing stark and stiff in some of these drifts, a terrible warning to others not to attempt a pedestrian feat at midnight, with the mercury down out of sight."

The wind was blowing a gale, and the moon, breaking through the clouds, lit up the long stretch of lonely road, the broad, desolate fields, and lo.r line of dark woodland with a ghostly light.

"Not many changes since I last traveled this road!" mused the lonely pedestrain in a half melancholy train of thought. He saw in fancy the lad of ten years before, fleeing from home and all he held most dear in a fit of boyish anger.

Eugene Hector had been a high-spirited, big-hearted, generous boy, the ring leader in all the youthful escapades, full of fun, fond of a joke, and altogether, just the one to get into mischief. His father, after helping him out of numerous scrapes into which his fun-loving nature had led him, at length lost patience and refused him aid in the last and worst dilemma of all. Stung by the reproaches heaped upon him, and by a sense of shame quite unbearable, he had gone out into the world to fight his own battles. With the firm resolve to make a man of himself yet, he had sought and obtained employment, and at the time we make his acquaintance he is prosperous and happy.

His father had long since forgiven him and urged his return, but Eugene had grown to love the busy, bustling life he had led, and could not be induced to leave it.

A longing to see the old home had seized him, however, and he resolved to give the old people a surprise—hence this midnight journey.

Arrived at the farm house, Eugene Hector paused to gaze about him at the old familiar objects so dear to his boyhood, then, shaking oft the feeling of sadness which stole over him, he ascended the steps and rapped loudly at the door. The peremptory summons brought his father, demanding who was wanted at that hour.

"It is I, Eugene! Do you know me, father?" and something very like a sob choked his utterance as he grasped the old man's hand

Leaving the hall, Eugene passed on to the sitting room, while his father, lamp in hand, went to tell his wife the joyful news, and assure her that it was not burglars, but their own dear 'Gene come home again.

The good lady, laughing and crying together, rushed into her son's arms, giving him such a welcome as only a mother can. Having kissed him for the hundredth time, she bethought her of his fatigue, and inquired if he were hungry.

"Half famished, mother!" Have been fasting for a week in anticipation of the good things stored away in your pantry!" he answered gaily.

His mother repaired to the kitchen, carrying both the lamp and her husband as protection against that bug-bear of her life, burglars, in case any should be hidden there. Left alone in the fire-lit room, Eugene leaned back in the big arm chair with a sigh of content, thinking how good it was to be at home again, and enjoying the genial warmth as only a man or a cat can.

Suddenly a new thought seemed to strike him, and he bounded to his feet, exclaiming, "I wonder all this rumpus has not wakened Charley! Surely it was enough to rouse the seven sleepers."

Crossing the room to a door which stood ajar, he pushed it wide open and stepped within.

By the dim light he discerned a form upon the bed, one arm thrown carelessly above the head. "He sleeps well, as of old!" he thought, then, advancing to the side of the bed, with a cry of "Charley, old man, wake up!" he seized the pitcher from the stand, and dashed the contents full in the upturned face.

A smothered sound, and then a shriek that never came from Charley's lips resounded through the house, causing Eugene to beat a hasty retreat, and bringing the old people from the kitchen, both crying, "What's the matter?" in one breath, his mother being fully convinced that it was "burglars."

"Matter enough, to be sure!" cried Eugene indignantly. "Why did you not tell me that Charley was not there? And now I've half killed somebody; just like my confounded luck!" he grumbled.

His mother went to the aid of the half drowned occupant of the bed room feeling very uncomfortable indeed. "Just as a fellow gets home and thinks to enjoy himself, to make such a noodle himself! But how was I to know Charley had gone away, or that mother was entertaining a guest? I wonder who she is! I've a mind to go back to the city by the first train!" These and other equally disturbing thoughts ran through his mind until he fell asleep.

Eugene decended to breakfast next morning half hoping the lady was too ill, or too much put out, to appear at the table. He was doomed to disappointment, however, for when he plunged into the dining-room much as one plunges into a cold bath, he beheld a beautiful girl seated beside his mother.

"Myrtie, allow me to present my son Eugene. My friend, Miss Bell, Eugene, and thank your stars she was not killed outright by your rudeness!"

Eugene blushed, stammered, and only acknowledged the introduction by a very stiff bow.

"Not quite so anxious to make her acquaintance as you were last night, eh?" laughed his father. This remark tended in no wise to allay his embarrassment, and a fleeting glimpse of a pair of beseeching eyes, brimming over with tears, completed his discomfiture.

Words of apology rose to Eugene's lips, but his tongue refused to utter them. "What a perfect heathen she must think me!" he kept saying to himself, but to her he addressed not even a commonplace remark.

Ordinarily he would have given little thought to his mother's guest, but his unlucky blunder kept her in his mind constantly. His mother chided him for his coldness toward the young lady, to which he replied impatiently that he hated girls.

The third day of his return Mr. and Mrs. Hector received a hasty summons to the sick bed of a brother. Their departure left Eugene Heaton and Miss Myrtie Bell sole occupants of the house.

"I'll stay in my room and take my meals in the pantry;" declared Eugene when his mother begged him to be civil to Miss Bell.

"She has kindly offered to keep house in my absence, so do be sensible and not give her further trouble," begged his mother.

"I'll try," promised he, inwardly resolving to make all possibly haste back to the city. There was no train till next morning, so the young man was forced to spend the evening in solitude, as Miss Bell did not appear.

Somehow the breakfast table looked very cosy and inviting, laid for two, and presided over by this lovely girl. Myrtie had donned one of his mother's big aprons, and flitted from kitchen to dining-room in so natural and home-like a manner that Eugene, watching her, began to experience an entirely new feeling toward her. He did full justice to the meal, but in silence. When it was over he asked if he could be of any assistance to her in her new role. She thanked him, but replied in the negative, whereupon the whimsical notion seized him of helping her willy nilly.

Finding the fellow to the big apron which she wore, he tied it about his waist, laid aside his cuffs, rolled up his sleeves and set to work as soberly as though washing dishes was his daily vocation.

Myrtie looked on in amazement; but gradually a roguish light dawned in her eyes as she watched him. At length, when he put the dish-towel round his neck, "to have it handy," she could restrain her mirth no longer, and burst into a merry peal of laughter at the comical figure he cut.

The laughter was contagious, and so effectually melted the ice between them that when Mrs. Hector returned, some hours later, she found them on the best possible terms, greatly to her relief. He confided to that good dame next day that he had decided to stay a month longer, much to her gratification.

At the end of that time he discovered that traveling alone is not only decidedly unpleasant, but positively dangerous for an unprotected female, so he accompanied Miss Bell home.

Rumor says there is to be a wedding at the Bell mansion in the near future, as a result of Eugene's ridiculous mistake.

It Failed.

Two humorous assistant examiners in the Patent Office recently played what they considered an excellent practical joke on their chief, the principal examiner, who was noted for his temperance principles, says a Washington correspondent in the New York *Tribune*. They filled a wine bottle with water colored with red ink and had the top encased in tin foil and then inserted the bottle in the usual straw case that wine bottles are transported in. It had a very impressive appearance and it seemed to be a bottle of rare wine. The humorists presented it to their chief as a slight token of their esteem, but instead of kindly but firmly refusing to accept it, the chief, to their unbounded surprise, expressed the greatest delight, and, after thanking them warmly, said that it was just the thing he wanted, as his sister, who lived away from here, was quite sick and he had been intending to send her a bottle of wine. He said that he would send this bottle to her at once, as he knew that it must be a prime article. The two assistants retired from their chief much dismayed at this unexpected turn, and after consultation together they prevailed upon a friend to go to the chief and gently break to him the news of the true character of his present. This was done, and the chief procured another bottle to send to his sick sister. There is a marked air of reserve and formality pervading the examiner's room just now.

Three Pretty Faces Turned Scarlet.

Three sweet-looking girls got on an electric car recently bound for West Peachtree street. They sat and giggled pleasantly until the conductor came through the car to collect the fares. Then with equal promptness each of the girls reached for her purse, and the following conversation ensued:

All three at once—Oh, let me pay.

May—No, it's my turn; I insist on paying.

Clara—Girls, it's really my turn to pay, and I want to do it.

Fannie—I proposed riding home, so I think I ought to pay.

Then the three purses were simultaneously opened and the three pretty faces grew scarlet. Two cents and a postage stamp was the wealth of the crowd.

Without heeding the offers of financial aid which came from several gentlemen, the three girls hurried out of the car, and as it rolled away they were standing on the next corner explaining to each other how it happened that they were all broke.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A Disgusted Lawyer.

"What makes you look so disgusted, Sharp?" asked one young lawyer of another the other day.

"Why, you know that old skinflint, Jones, don't you?"

"The millionaire? Yes."

"Well, he died yesterday, without making a will, and here are half the lawyers in town starving to death. His heirs will probably get every farthing, the confounded old hunks?"

THE lion's share of a thing is naturally the main part.—*Baltimore American.*

SERMONS FOR SUNDAY.

A FEW SUBJECTS FOR ALL TO PONDER OVER.

The American Pulpit—Precept and Practice—What Moody's Revivals Have Done for New York—Kind Word's for the Mother.

What Moody's Revivals Have Done for New York.

"Certain good people," said Mr. Moody, recently, while in New York, "are apt to sneer when a man like me comes into this big city to teach God's word. They say, 'Why, he's only a revivalist,' and 'You know that the effects of a revival only last a day or two.' Well, now, the simple fact is that I know that the effects of a revival are sufficiently lasting. Why, let me tell you that it is fourteen years since Brother Sankey and I held revivals in this town. Right here I will say that people press around me every day after services, take me by the hand and speak gratefully of that revival. These people were benefited. They have led good lives for fourteen years. And that's my answer to the scoffers."

The American Pulpit.

In answer to the question; "How does the American pulpit of the present compare with that of earlier times? Joseph Cook, who is a shrewd observer, remarks: "The earlier American pulpit had fewer rivals for public attention than the later. Newspapers and platforms in the colonial era were by no means such instructors of the people as they are to-day. The pulpit of our time must stand on its rendered reasons. Ministers as a class have great social prestige, but not as great now as in the days of our fathers. It is more necessary now than ever before that the pulpit should expect to be measured, as it certainly will be, according to the standards of its actual character and achievement in spiritual fields of activity. After all, the pulpit has no rival as a teacher of religious thought. Neither the press nor the platform answers, as the pulpit does, the supreme question, 'What shall I do to be saved?' The power of the pulpit to-day, as it has been in every age of the world, is in meeting man's deepest spiritual wants. The modern American pulpit has a practical spirit not surpassed by that of the pulpit of an earlier period."—*St. Louis Republic.*

Precept and Practice.

The Rev. Mr. Kelley, curate of a chapel in the town of Ayr, Scotland, once preached an excellent sermon from the beautiful parable of the man who fell among thieves.

He was particularly severe upon the conduct of the priest who saw the injured man, and ministered not unto him, but passed on the opposite side, and in an animated and pathetic flow of eloquence, he exclaimed:

"What! not even the servant of the Almighty! He whose tongue was engaged in the work of charity—whose bosom was appointed the seat of brotherly love; whose heart the emblem of pity; whose soul the frozen serpent of disease—did he refuse to stretch forth his hand and take the mantle from his shoulders to cover the nakedness of woe? If he refused, if the shepherd himself went astray, was it to be wondered that the flock followed?"

Such were the precepts of the preacher, and he "practiced what he preached." The very next day, when the river was swollen by rain, a boy in a small boat was swept overboard by the force of the current. A great concourse of people were assembled, but none attempted to save the boy, when Mr. Kelly, who was dressed in full canonicals, threw himself from his chamber window into the current, and, at the hazard of his life brought the boy safely to shore.

The Mother.

There is no human love like a mother's love. There is no human tenderness like a mother's tenderness. And there is no such time for a mother first displaying her love and tenderness toward her child as in the child's earliest years of life. That time neglected, and no future can make good the loss to either mother or child. That time well improved, and all the years that follow it can profit by its improvement. Even God himself measures his fatherly love by a motherly standard. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so I will comfort you," he says; and what more than this could he say? And many a strong man who was first comforted by his mother's loving and tender words and ways, while he was a helpless child, has never lost his grateful, trusting dependence on that mother's ministry of affection and sympathy.

When gruff old Dr. Johnson was 50 years old, he wrote to his aged mother as if he were still her wayward but loving boy: "You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman in the world. I thank you for all the indulgences to me, and beg forgiveness for all that I have done ill, and for all that I have omited to do well."

John Quincy Adams did not part with his mother until he was nearly or quite fifty years of age, yet his cry, even then, was: "O God, could she have been spared yet a little longer. Without her the world feels to me like a solitude."

When President Nott, of Union College, was more than ninety years old, and had been a college president for half a century, as strength and sense failed him in his dying hours, the memory of his mother's tenderness was fresh and potent; and he could be hushed to needed sleep by a gentle patting on the shoulder, and a singing to him of the old-time lullabies, as if his mother was still sitting at his bedside in loving ministry, as she had been well-nigh a century before. The true son never grows old to a true mother.—*S. S. Times.*

A Speech with a Lead Pencil.

Old Wolf, the Cheyenne chief, made a very effective speech with a lead pencil during a visit of Bishop Arundel to Ashland, Mont., a year ago. He took the pencil and drawing a straight line said:

"Cheyennes straight."

Then he drew another straight line and said:

"Black robe straight," meaning the Indian had nothing to say against the Catholic missionaries.

Then a third straight line was drawn and Old Wolf said:

"White House straight." By this he did not mean the Executive Mansion, but the little white school conducted by the Sisters of Charity, which was known far and near among the Indians as the "White House."

Next a straight line was drawn partway across the page, and from one end he made a number of very crooked lines, so that the diagram looked like a cat o' nine tails. This was explained by the chief as:

"Washington straight, but all things coming from Washington very crooked."

Then a line was drawn straight part of the way, then crooked, then straight, and so on across the page.

"Indian agent straight, crooked straight, crooked, straight, crooked," was the laconic explanation.

MR. RICHARDSON, of the Maryland Lower House, says he can get 26,000 signatures in Baltimore to have any member of the Legislature hanged.

SPRING IS HERE.

Now, really, it is spring;
The yellow lark's swing,
The hillsides are awake,
The woods and fields awake.

We stand and gaze aged
At rivers all along;
While drivers stand aghast,
And hosses yell "Avast!"

The cowboy steps aside,
But soon he is astride
His broncho and away
Where mavericks are astray.

Young birdlings are anest;
Spring jokers are alert;
Spring poets are alert;
The garden hose assert.

Small skiffs are all afloat;
The aguish ashake;
The rain drops splash adown;
The farmer hies atown.

Spring lovers night await
When they can spoon scate
With dust each eye's afill;
Glad nature is atrill.

STRANGE FANATICS.

The Barbarous Doings of the Penitentes in New Mexico.

The penitentes, says the Las Vegas *Optic*, seem to a new comer in the country to be a strange order of superstitious fanatics, the old flagellants of the dark ages, who have come down by some ecclesiastical legerdemain, landing in this corner of the terrestrial footstool. Their performances are a touch of baptized barbarism clutching at the skirts of this nineteenth century. The horribleness of seeing them at work flagellating themselves on Good Friday is akin in the recollection to the heartrending moans of the wounded and dying in a great calamity. They compose a secret organization that is fast dying out, and is not now sanctioned by the dominant church, and the worst of their doings are supposed to take place in their lodgerooms. They are seen to outsiders only when marching in procession, carrying each a rough wooden cross, nearly heavy enough to crush them under its weight. Their backs are usually bare, and as they stagger along as best they can, weighted down by their burdensome load in body and their sins in mind, their brethren beat them with clubs and prick them with cati, till in many instances, there isn't an inch of the flesh that isn't torn and bleeding. Not infrequently they die from the effects of the terrible punishment inflicted. A doleful chanting, in which they specify the particular sins they are trying to expiate, is continually kept up. And yet this very class is usually composed of the rabble element of the community. Often, when they get through their penances, they go straight off and get drunk and run up another score of evil deeds done in the body greater than the last. They seem to hold implicitly to the belief that every sin committed must be paid for in suffering and the more pain one endures here the less he will have hereafter. These poor, deluded penitents are not attempting any moral improvements. They are merely endeavoring to shorten their stay in purgatory, and horrid work they make of it. Anyone who was ever so unfortunate as to be locked into one of their lodges must admit that a feeling of uneasiness and uncertainty crept over him while there. Perchance a dim light, as the scene may be described, made awfully indistinct and ghastly the rude form of Christ on the cross; the men stretched out full length on the ground, more like corpses than living beings, and the wretched objects who plied the scourges on themselves and the others, making the blood spurt at every stroke, while the yells, wails and howls were indescribably terrible.

Arizona's Natural Bridge.

Natural bridge, on Pine creek, in the northern part of Gila county, is one of the greatest natural curiosities in the United States, if not surpassing, the natural bridge of Virginia. It spans the creek at a height of about 200 feet, and the walls of the canyon rise above it on either side 700 or 800 feet, and on one side form a perpendicular precipice.

The bridge is of lime formation, and the inside of the great arch, which is some 250 feet across, is worn by the water as smooth as though chiseled by the skillful hand of a stone mason. The arch on top is nearly, if not quite, 400 feet in width, 1,000 feet in length across the canyon, and at the thinnest part only 6 feet through. A stream of water of the arch is a hundred feet wide, admit the body of the man, and through which one can look down into the crystal pool of water 200 feet below.

The dike which forms the bridge extends in a sweeping curve up the right side of the stream, and, together with the bridge proper, affords a surface area of about 100 acres of fertile land, which David Gowan has converted into a fine farm. A spring issues from the right side of the canyon at a hight to admit of the water being easily conducted to any portion of the farm and the volume is great enough to fill a ditch four feet wide and two feet deep and to irrigate much more land than is available for cultivation.

The climate at the bridge is exceedingly equable, being warmer in the summer and much milder in the winter than that of the surrounding country, and to this fact is ascribed the wonderful variety of vegetable growth, numbering some 250 species of trees, shrubs, vines and plants. The vicinity abounds in numerous fossils and shells, and wherever moisture percolates through the calcareous rock beautiful stalactites are formed. Underneath the bridge are numerous caves, some of which have never been explored, and which are lined with these opaque cones resembling huge icicles.—*Boston Transcript.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Census of Greece.

According to the last report of the British consul at Patras, the census of Greece of last year gave a total population of 2,157,208, of which 1,133,625 were males and 1,053,583 females. The increase since the last census was 218,925. Of the provinces the most populous was that known as Attica and Boetia, with a population of 257,764; the next Achaia and Elis, with 210,713. All the others are below 200,000.

No stranger should leave the city without a box of "Tansill's Punch" 5c Cigars.

THE ground on which Helena, Mont., is built, yielded $30,000,000 in gold when it was mined.

Ely's Cream Balm WILL CURE CATARRH Price 50 Cents. Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAY FEVER ELY'S CREAM BALM 50c

I took Cold, I took Sick. I TOOK SCOTT'S EMULSION RESULT: I take My Meals, I take My Rest, AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; getting fat too, FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incipient Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING FLESH ON MY BONES AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK." SUCH TESTIMONY IS NOTHING NEW. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS DOING WONDERS DAILY. TAKE NO OTHER.

SPRING TONIC.

Sharp Practice in Law and Surgery.

In the early days of this town a doctor had occasion to employ a neighbor, a lawyer, to take charge of a case. Somehow the case never got ahead any. At the close of each term of court the doctor would ask the lawyer about it, only to recive the answer: "It is continued; the other side got it continued." As the costs also continued—to increase, the doctor got uesy, but bided his time. In the course of years the lawyer called in the doctor to cure a sore finger, which failed to heal and remained a source of annoyance. At last the lawyer, while away from home, called in another doctor, who happened to hit the case just right, and when he returned home the finger was well. As soon as he saw his old client, the doctor, he told him what the other doctor had done for him, winding up with the question, "Doctor, why didn't you cure my finger as quick as the other doctor?" The old physician, with a merry twinkle in his eye, stuttered a prompt reply: "Squire, I was j-just c-c-continuing it."—*Camden Herald.*

If Your Liver Reminds You Of its existence by dull pain or sharp twinges in the right side, or beneath the dexter shoulder-blade, accept the reminder as a warning, and regulate the organ without loss of time, by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The above symptoms are usually accompanied by yellowness of the skin, constipation, furred tongue, disorder of the stomach, sick headache and morning nausea. But a reform is promptly instituted by the Bitters, the best possible substitute for calomel, this pill, and other superpotent and hurtful drugs erroneously designated as remedies for biliousness. Appetite and digestion are restored, and the bowels resume activity, when an impetus is given to the functions of health by this sterling anti-bilious medicine, which also has the effect of enriching and purifying the circulation, and fortifying the system against malarial infection in air or water. It is also highly beneficial for rheumatism, kidney and bladder troubles.

Nashville's Curiosity Aroused.

Nashville's, (Tenn.,) curiosities aroused as to what becomes of the pennies that are sent there. They are not used in trade to any considerable extent, and it is surmised in some quarters that most of them fall into the hands of superstitious people, who toss them over horses or cover them with stones "for luck."

FIFTEEN contestants clad for the fray,
Armed with good steel and in battle array—
Striving for lucre, as brave knights of old
Strove for their honors and medals of gold.
Driving each shining pen over the paper;
Seeking to sound, as the most proper caper,
The praises of remedies known the world over—
From Paris to Calais, from Calais to Dover;
But each knight vainly strives—language fails in description
Of the manifold virtues of "Favorite Prescription."

When ill or depressed with that "dragging-down" feeling consequent upon weakness, suffering from headache, weak or lame back, and the many ills common to the weaker sex, take Dr. Pierce's Prescription, which is guaranteed to give satisfaction or price ($1) returned. See printed guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS—gently laxative or actively cathartic, according to dose. 25 cents.

A NEW museum will soon be started in Paris to be known as the Museum of the French Army, and to comprise ancient uniforms, equipments, arms, and everything relating to the history of French regiments. An enormous amount of material has already been secured.

Syrup of Figs,

Produced from the laxative and nutritious juice of California figs, combined with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the human system, acts gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds and headaches, and curing habitual constipation.

THE emigration from Germany to the United States this season promises to be very great. At Hamburg five extra steamers are to be added to the service for New York.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

ACCORDING to the Providence *Journal* a district for every 600 voters would obviate every difficulty and inconvenience under the new ballot reform law in Rhode Island.

TESTED BY TIME. For bronchial affections, Coughs, etc., BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years. Price 25 cts.

BERRY, the English hangman, has loftily declined to appear in the province as executioner in a play to be written around him for the purpose at $250 a week.

THE best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

FROM November to May the exportation of cut flowers from the little town of Cannes, on the south coast of France, reaches the sum of $713,865.

Don't Get Caught

This Spring, as you may have been before, with your blood full of impurities, your digestion impaired, appetite poor, kidneys and liver torpid, and whole system liable to be prostrated by disease—but get yourself into good condition, and ready for the changing and warmer weather, by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It stands unequaled for purifying the blood, giving an appetite, and for a regulating and general spring medicine. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"For five years I was sick every spring, but last year began in February to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I used five bottles and have not seen a sick day since." G. W. SLOAN, Milton, Mass.

"My son was afflicted with the worst type of scrofula, and on the recommendation of my druggist I gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla. To day he is sound and well, notwithstanding it was said there was not enough medicine in Illinois to effect a cure." J.

N. B. Be sure to get

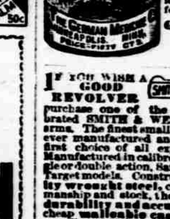
Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

I LIKE MY WIFE TO USE POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER. Because it Improves Her Looks and is as Fragrant as Violets. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

GERMAN MEDICATED STOCK FOOD



Nothing like it. The VERY BEST stock food ever offered. A long and successful use demonstrates that it will cure nearly every disease that HORSES, COLTS, COWS, CALVES, SHEEP, POULTRY and SWINE are affected with. Purifies blood, gives healthy action to liver and kidneys, aids digestion, promotes general health, highly medicated, gives new life and vigor, and saves 1-3 grain. Large can for 50 cts. Very cheap in bulk, ask your druggist or dealer for it. Take no other. Send for "HOW TO CURE THEM." FREE. Address GERMAN MEDICINE COMPANY, Minneapolis, Minn.

IF YOU WISH A GOOD REVOLVER purchase one of the celebrated SMITH & WESSON arms. The finest small arms ever manufactured and the first choice of all experts. Manufactured in calibres 32, 38 and 44-100. Single or double action, Safety Hammerless and Target models. Constructed entirely of best quality wrought steel, carefully inspected for workmanship and stock, they are unrivaled for finish, durability and accuracy. Do not be deceived by cheap unreliable cast-iron imitations which are often sold for the genuine article and are not only unreliable, but dangerous. The SMITH & WESSON Revolvers are all stamped upon the barrels with firm's name, address and dates of patents and are guaranteed perfect in every detail. Insist upon having the genuine article, and if your dealer cannot supply you, an order sent to address below will receive prompt and careful attention. Descriptive catalogue and prices furnished upon application. SMITH & WESSON, Springfield, Mass. ☞ Mention this paper.

5 TON SCALES $60 Beam Box Tare Beam ALL SIZES Send for Terms JONES OF BINGHAMTON N. Y. WE PAYS THE FREIGHT

YOUNG MEN wanted to learn telegraphy. Situations furnished on railroads. Addr's Valentine' School, Janesville, Wis.

Signs of Approaching Death.

The eminent Dr. Chiappoli states that he has frequently noticed in patients, apparently very far from death, an extraordinary opening of the eyelids, so much so as to give the eyes an appearance of protruding from their orbits, which he considers an invariable sign that death will occur within twenty-four hours. In some cases, when only one eye is wide open while the other remains normal, death will not follow quite so rapidly, but will take place inside of seventy-two hours; there not being the slightest chance for recovery after these symptoms set in, however remote final dissolution may seem to be. Chiappoli says he is utterly at a loss for an explanation of this death symptom, but ascribes it to a diseased state of the sympathetic nerve.

Must Step Down from Fame's Pedestal.

The Englishman who gave, as a reason for not trying to rescue a man whom he saw drowning, that he had "never been introduced to him," must step down from fame's pedestal to make room for a woman in New York who declined to cut down a struggling neighbor who had hanged herself on the ground that she might get into trouble with the coroner.

Six Novels Free, will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philada., Pa., to any one in the U. S. or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each bar. Soap for sale by all grocers.

THE trustees of the American cotton seed trust have formerly retired from the control of the company and turned its offices and property over to its successor, the American Cotton Oil company, which is incorporated under the laws of New Jersey.

To Restore Tone and Strength to the System when weakened by La Grippe or any other Illness, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is positively unequalled. Get the BEST. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping our selves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

"You certainly are mistaken," said one young man to another at an evening party, "but that cannot be the young lady I met last winter, though the name is the same. Judge for yourself. This girl has a glorious complexion, while the other young lady—Good heavens, what a skin she had! Covered with blotches and red-headed pimples; it was like a nutmeg grater. Oh no, this cannot be the young lady." But it was, though, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery had worked the miracle. As a remedy for pimples, blotches, eruptions and all Skin and Scalp diseases, it is the most wonderful medicine extant. Of all the many blood-purifiers and remedies for skin diseases, "Golden Medical Discovery" is **the only one guaranteed** to do all that's claimed for it, or money *promptly refunded!* Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Salt-rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas, Eczema, Boils and Carbuncles. In all Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, "Fever-sores," "Hip-joint Disease" and all impurities of the blood, no matter from whatever cause arising, it effects the most marvelous cures. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Manufacturers, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 OFFERED for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY. SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid and offensive; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. Only 50 cents. Sold by druggists, everywhere.

PERKINS REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HA