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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A Choice Selection of Interesting Items.

A wasteful slaughter of moose is said to be carried on upon the Upper Ottawa River, in Canada. The animals are killed merely for their hides and their carcasses are left in the woods.

The Japanese do not flourish in California, being too commonly confounded with the Chinese, and most of them being young men who would not do well even in their own country. Even those who are fairly successful lead a hard life.

The Mahometans considered silk unclean, from its being produced by a worm. Hence it was decided that a person wearing a garment made entirely of silk could not lawfully offer up the daily prayers enjoined by the Koran.

The Oakland, Cal., dupes who sold their property for a trifle because they thought the world was coming to an end now want somebody to kick them. They would like to kick the prophet who misled them, but he has disappeared.

The discussion as to whether a family can live decently and comfortably in a large city on $1,000 a year has broken out again. The best evidence that can be adduced on this question is the fact that thousands of families do. This ought to offset all wise opinions that it isn't possible.

Between the Aral and Okhotsk seas there is a spot half as large as the State of Michigan, which is frozen ground to the depth of 94 feet. That is, it has never thawed out since the world was created, and probably never will, and even if it should nobody would have any use for it.

A white man who was tortured by the Apache Indians says that after the first awful twinge of pain, when they held his feet to the fire, the sensation was not so very unpleasant. They shot powder into him in forty-four different places, but after the fifth charge the pain was not great enough to force him to veil out.

One cause assigned for the healthfulness of Chinese cities is that the people boil all water intended for drinking. They never drink cold water. The national beverage, tea, is always "on tap," even in the houses of the poor. Every little hamlet, too, has a shop where hot water can be bought for a trifling sum at any hour of the day or night.

An Augusta citizen took a queer way to collect a bill lately. He went to a man who owed him $5 for board and asked for the loan of his watch to wear to his (the landlord's) wedding. After that event he did not return the article, and the owner went to the police station to make a complaint. An investigation brought out the board bill and a settlement was effected.

Rev. J. W. Sproull, of Pittsburgh, who is now in Egypt, writes of the great Moslem University at Cairo, founded in 975, which, with its 10,000 pupils and 370 professors, is said to be the largest in the world. The pupils have no benches or chairs, but study, eat and sleep on blanket or straw mats. The Koran is the only book used for grammar, law, philosophy and theology. The professors receive no salary, but are supported by private instruction, by copying books, and by presents from rich scholars. From this great university goes forth annually a small army of fanatics whose whole influence is entirely and constantly exerted against progress and reform.

Once upon a time Rufus Choate was in Washington and spent all the money he had with him, besides exhausting his bank account by checks on it. He and Daniel Webster were alike in respect to bank accounts, that they knew no other use for one than to proceed to exhaust it. But Choate needed money, and went to Webster to borrow some. "I have got a dollar," said Webster, musingly, and then he added, "But see here, Choate, you say you want $500. Make out your note for that amount, I'll indorse it and Corcoran & Riggs will let you have the money." Choate immediately agreed, when Webster continued: "While you are at it you may as well make the note for a thousand and give me $500, too." And so the note was drawn, and, remaining always unpaid, is retained as a souvenir in the banking house of Corcoran & Riggs at Washington to this day.

In many London parishes it is the custom for the poor boards to provide able-bodied paupers with brooms and assign them to sweep certain crossings, making them support themselves from what they can get in this way, and thus reducing the workhouse expenses proportionately. Why not use criminals in some such way, instead of providing them with indoor employment needed by honest men, and for lack of which they are often driven to poverty and despair? Under military guard, convicts could make productive our waste lands, ditch and drain swamps, mend roads, build reservoirs, and by the sweat of their brow earn their bread and butter, thus swelling the resources of the government and paying the penalty of their wrong-doing in a self-supporting, helpful way which must eventually benefit themselves as well as the people.

Recently a man by the name of Fritz Jabusch walked into the house of his relatives after an absence of thirty years. He had long been mourned as dead. In 1862 Jabusch enlisted in the army and went to the front. His relatives heard from him regularly until the summer of 1863 when his letters ceased after a battle in which his regiment had been engaged. His parents supposed him dead. He now states that he was left for dead on the battle-field, was found by rebel troops, placed in a hospital, and when he recovered was imprisoned at Libby prison. Here he remained over a year, until exchanged and he found himself on the Atlantic coast without money and hundreds of miles from home. He shipped on board a merchantman for the East Indies as common seaman and has followed the sea ever since. He acquired a competence and decided to settle down in his old home.

The United States Consul at Maracaibo, Venezuela, has described some singular natural phenomena of an uninhabited forest reign, rich in asphalt and petroleum, between the rivers Santa Ana and Zulia and the mountains of the Colombian frontier. One of these, near the Rio de Oro, is a horizontal cave constantly ejecting thick bitumen in large globules, which explode with considerable noise and fall into a large deposit at the water's edge. At another spot, some miles from the confluence of the Tara and the Sardinete, is what the few who have seen it call the "Infernito." It is a sand mound 25 to 30 feet high, with an area of about 8,000 square feet from which innumerable streams of petroleum and hot water are constantly being forced with the noise of the blowing-off of several steam-boilers. One stream is said to have yielded four gallons of excellent petroleum in one minute. The inflammable gases from this region may give rise to the appearance of constant lightning without thunder which has long been witnessed from the entrance to Lake Maracaibo.

Some time ago, Congress corrected one of the abuses of the time by passing an act making it a criminal offence to mail a postal card containing written or printed matter of a "libellous, scurrilous, defamatory or threatening character, or calculated and obviously intended to reflect injuriously upon the character or conduct of another." The penalty for a violation of the law is a fine not exceeding five thousand dollars, imprisonment for not more than five years or both fine and imprisonment. Under this statute a Western business man has been indicted for mailing a postal card to a customer threatening prosecution if he did not settle an outstanding account. The reason given for the indictment is that the card contained a threat to sue, which was "both calculated and intended to humiliate and injure the person addressed in public estimation." Under these circumstances, business men will find it prudent either to enclose demands for money in sealed envelopes or to be careful about what they write on postal cards. They may no longer do a little wrong to do a great right.

"Some Village Hampden."

There is a cool spring near one of the old mossy wharves in Warren, Rhode Island, to which tradition assigns a picture worthy of a poet or painter, and which, if real, occurred nearly two hundred and seventy years ago. The place is called Massasiot's Spring and is on the shore of Warren River, one of the glimmering corners of Narragansett Bay.

Here the old pastoral chief, Massasoit had one of his rustic, royal residences, amid the cool oaks and river meadows. He protected the English Colony at Plymouth for fifty years, the dusky guardian of the cradle of the nation.

Here he fell sick in the early days of the Colony, and while lying at the point of death Edward Winslow, of Colonial fame, and John Hampden, a gentleman of London who wintered at Plymouth desiring to see the country, came to visit him. This John Hampden is supposed to have been the afterward great English commoner whose resistence to royal taxation led to the Commonwealth and indirectly to the principles that founded the American Republic. He is thought to have visited Plymouth privately when a young man, to provide a provincial home and refuge for the English patriots should the popular cause fail.

He gave his sympathy to the sick chief, and helped nurse him back to health, and the chief disclosed to him a plot of the Indian tribes to destroy the Plymouth Colony.

The picture of the young commoner under the oaks of the Narragansett, ministering to the wants of the great-hearted Indian chief, is one that the artistic sense will ever have to recall, whatever may be its historical value. Be it true or not, there is another scene in John Hampden's early life which every young man may recall with profit.

He was ushered into gay life, and affected by it. But he saw that the people needed a leader, and that such a leader must be a self-restrained man. He resolved to put all selfish pleasures and gratifications under his feet, and to make himself worthy of the cause.

A historian thus records the result:

"He was the supreme governor over all his passions and affections, and had thereby great power over other men's."

This sentence is worth reading twice. "If I could choose what person I would be in the world's history," said a philosophical writer, I would be John Hampden."

"Some village Hampden," sings Gray in regard to unfamed patriots. What the poet sings of the commoner of Wendover and the martyr of Chalgrove Feild may be applied to all who overcome evil tendency in youth for the sake of other's rights, influence, and cause. In this moral battle-field each young man may be "Some village Hampden."—*Youth's Companion.*

The Queen of Spain.

A prominent Spanish statesman, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was asked the other day to what he attributed the strange fact that a woman, and a foreigner, held the reins of government successfully in her hands in a country so undermined as Spain by political intrigue. "The marvel, if marvel there be," was the reply, "can be explained in the simplest manner. The Queen maintains her position because she is the exact opposite of an intriguing and conspiring woman. She tells no falsehoods, has nothing of the hypocrite about her, is as simple and modest as she is honest, and there is nobody in Spain who is not convinced that she tries to do her best for the country. The Queen's popularity — especially with the women of Spain—is a real power which gives her much of the hold which she has over her subjects. Natural tact, intelligence and kindness are also among the weapons by which Queen Christine maintains her position.

Like our own Queen, the Queen Regent of Spain has worn mourning ever since the death of her consort, and only quite lately she has begun to wear, jewelry on state occasions. In public the Queen, who is 31 years old, appears only with her son, the little King, with whom she takes drives in the neighborhood of Madrid. The Queen's two daughters, aged 9 and seven respectively, talk Spanish, French, German and English fluently, and are both very strong and healthy looking children. Since it has become known that the Queen calls Alphonso XIII. "Bubi," in memory of her Austrian home, Spanish ladies have begun to call their children by the name, which—ignorant of its real derivation from bube, boy—they trace back to the English term, baby, or more ingeniously, from "puppy."

A farm journal says a cow can be prevented from kicking by tying her hind legs together. But a man can't. He would "kick" if he had no legs. That's his nature.

VOICES IN THE AIR.

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH.

There are voices in the air
Everywhere,
Some speaking of despair,
Some predicting fortunes fair,
Some whispering ruth, some prayer,
There are voices in the air
Everywhere.

There are voices in the air
Everywhere,
They come to me in the night,
And my timid soul affright.
Or they greet me when I rise,
And dispel my tears and sighs
There are voices in the air
Everywhere.

There are voices in the air
Everywhere,
They soothe my soul to rest
And they tear my tortured breast.
Of faith and hope they sing,
And they kill the rays that spring
There are voices in the air
Everywhere.

There are voices in the air
Everywhere,
They come from the spirit-land,
Friend and foes on every hand.
And they torture or they bless,
Bringing comfort or distress,
There are voices in the air
Everywhere

There are voices in the air
Everywhere.
But one voice my soul doth thrill—
When it speaks the rest are still.
It comes to me at even,
Clear and distinct from Heaven—
It is the voice of one
Who cries, "Hope on, my son!"

Oh, blessed spirit-mother,
Could I hear thee and no other,
There would be for me no tears,
Nor doubts, nor haunting fears;
And my soul would stronger grow,
And my heart with joy o'erflow;
But of this boon I despair,
For there are voices in the air
Everywhere.

—*New York Weekly.*

HER SIN.

BY W. S. FRENCH.

When Milan Eastwick was married, every one predicted that the young couple just entering on the matrimonial voyage of life would have a happy and prosperous trip.

Lillie Marcet, now Lillie Eastwick, was an orphan when she married Eastwick. Her father had died when she was only five years of age, and three years later her mother had joined her father in that unknown land beyond death. She had then gone to live with a maiden aunt, a good-hearted woman, but rather too cold in manner to be the instructor of a vivacious child. Lillie's parents had left her a fair competence, and so she wanted for nothing but love. She believed with the coming of Milan Eastwick that want was filled, and that her life would be a continual round of happiness in his company.

Nearly five years flew by, and we find domestic affairs at the Eastwick household on anything but the smooth plane on which we would have expected to find them from their auspicious setting out.

Lillie was no society woman. She had not been one from the start of her married life. She loved the quiet of her own fireside, coupled with the pleasure which the society of her husband alone could give. On the contrary, he was a lover of his social club, where he spent nearly all the time which he could spare from the office. He had been a rising young real estate dealer when Lillie married him. His ventures had nearly all turned out well, and now he was comparatively wealthy. She begged him to spend a part of his evenings at home with her, or, if he needs must go out every night, to go with her to some place of amusement. She offered to give up her love of home and quiet for the sake of a little more of his society.

But Eastwick was intensely selfish! He loved his wife with a selfish sort of a love, but he loved Eastwick's self-enjoyment more. He pointed out to her the social position she might occupy if she only would fill it, and the pleasure it would bring her, he claimed, would be equal to that furnished him by his club. And so a coldness came between them, and with it the ever ready tempter.

She met the tempter at a friend's, where both were guests. He was a handsome, reckless young fellow named Howard Fordyce. The conversation of the man seemed to fascinate her as the basilisk eye of the serpent charms its prey. She invited him to call, and he, having a decided penchant for the society of married ladies, did so. Before long he became an almost daily caller, and she found herself confiding to him her home troubles and secrets, and listening to his words of condolence and pity.

Gradually she ceased to long for the society of her husband as she had done of yore, and her ear was already commencing to listen for the footstep of another than the one she had promised to love and cherish.

Her husband seemed to take no notice of this new state of affairs. He seemed only to feel that she had ceased to trouble him for his society, and he was satisfied.

The end might have been seen.

As little by little the tiny drops of water wear away the hardest rock, so the words of pity, and then of burning, unholy passion which he poured into her ears wore away the love and affection which once she had held for her husband. Then his (the latter's) presence, what little time he was at the house, became hateful to her.

Fordyce told her that he loved her better than he could ever love another woman, and that if she would fly with him, as soon as she was legally free he would wed her. She believed him, and one day left her husband, home, and all that a woman holds dear, to go forth to a life of sin.

Her husband was shocked and mortified beyond measure. He had never dreamed that his wife had thought of such a step.

He really loved her, and the blow came very hard on him, and for several days he was prostrated. Her death he could have borne much easier; but this was worse than death—it was disgrace.

In a few months he secured a legal separation. She passed out of his life, and he settled down to his old bachelor life that he had lived before he married.

Before a year had passed Howard Fordyce wearied of his victim. Long before the year passed she bitterly repented the rash act which had blasted her whole future life; but it was too late to repent the past now, she thought. Many and many times, with bitter tears, did she beseech him to fulfill his promise, now that she was free, and make her his wife. He only laughed at her tears and pleadings, and told her that he had never seriously thought of such a thing as tying himself to any woman for life, let alone one of her character.

To be reproached by the very man who had caused her disgrace was indeed a bitter blow, and it served to show her more plainly all that she had sacrificed for the heartless man before her. The next day he left her alone in a large city, without money or friends, and with a blasted name.

She did what ninety-nine out of every hundred of her class would do—fell lower than before, and joined her fortunes with those of a well-known gambler. They drifted about from place to place, and at the end of five years from the time she left her home we find them in the west, following up a great railroad system then being built. Stopping at the terminal station of the road till it was built on, and then following it up, was their plan to fleece strangers and laborers, a large part of whose wages each month found their way into the gambler's pockets.

Billy Spy, for that was the gambler's name, always had his arrangements for a couple of rooms in house or tent made ahead, so he would have some place to live and to entice his victims in.

One day he entered the outer room of the two which they occupied, accompanied by a man at the sight of whose face Lillie's heart almost ceased to beat. It was her former husband, Milan Eastwick, older in years and with streaks of gray in his hair, but otherwise not much changed since she last saw him. She had little fear of his recognizing her now, for her features and form had changed much in the five years that had elapsed since she left him. He had come out along the new road to locate real estate in some of the new growing towns. Meeting Spy, the latter had invited him to his rooms for a social game, and Eastwick, nothing loth, consented.

For a moment Lillie could not speak; then, gaining control of her voice, she called the gambler into the room where she was.

"Billy, you must not fleece that man," she said, "for my sake don't!"

Her voice trembled with emotion and her face was deathly pale, for all her old happy life was recalled by the sight of Eastwick's face.

"Not fleece him, Lil? why not? What's he to you?"

"He was once my husband, Billy, and I left him for a man that cast me aside like a worn out glove. I have caused him trouble enough now, without helping to cause him more."

"All right, Lil, I won't; but I should think you'd be glad to get some of the old duffer's money. I'll play him a 'square' game and let him go."

"Thank you, Billy," she said; "I'll remember your kindness"

Billy returned to the outer room, and he and Eastwick were soon engaged in a little game of poker. The gambler meant to keep his promise to Lillie and play a fair game, but the glimpse he caught of a large roll of money which Eastwick carried, and his desire to have a haul at it, overcame all his good intentions. He first commenced to cheat on a small scale, but, emboldened by his success, he became careless, and Eastwick, who understood the game well, caught him in the act of cheating.

Rising to his feet, Eastwick gathered up his part of the stakes then on the table.

"Sir," he said to Spy, "when I came here it was to play a social game, and to play it honorably. I see, however, I have mistaken a common, swindling gambler for a gentleman."

Spy was known as a bad man by his fellow-gamblers, and while Eastwick was speaking he had grown white to the lips.

"You lie!" he shouted, as the other ceased speaking. "I won that money fairly on the last bet, and if you don't lay it down you shall never leave here alive."

"I shall leave here now," replied Eastwick, "and you attempt to stop me it will be at the peril of your life," and his hand flew toward a pocket where he carried a heavy revolver. But Spy was too quick for him. Whipping out a revolver, he leveled it and fired.

Lillie, who had heard the angry words of the two men, now rushed out from the inner room and flung herself between them, screaming:

"Billy, don't! Put up your"—

The pistol cracked sharply and her words ended in a long drawn wail of agony as she fell dying to the floor. A tiny stream of blood flowed from the wound and gathered in a little pool.

Neither man attempted to continue the struggle. The tragedy already enacted seemed to drive all their former anger from their minds.

"Go," exclaimed Spy, as Eastwick made a step forward as though he would lift the dead woman from the floor; "I will care for my own dead."

"At least tell who she was," said Eastwick.

"No! It is nothing to you who or what she was. Leave us!" fiercely exclaimed the gambler.

Taking a last look at the half averted face of the dead, about which there seemed to be something strangely familiar, Eastwick turned and left the house.

For days afterward he could hear the dying wail of the murdered woman ringing in his ears.

He did not know for years who it was that gave her life for his, till "Gambler Bill," on his death-bed, wrote and told him all. Then he searched out her unmarked grave and had her remains removed to a city where her sins were unknown and erected a handsome monument to mark her grave.

Mr. Orth's Begging Constituent.

Benton McMillin retailed a story which he said he had heard from the lips of Godlove S. Orth, formerly a well-known representative from Indiana. Soon after the beginning of the war an old Hoosier, who lived in his district, wrote him a letter. It began thus:

Dear Jedge: I take my pen in hand to let you know that we are all well an' hope this will find you enjoyin' the same blessin'.

He wrote that he had a wife and a boy that was mighty smart. He said that he had voted for the "Jedge" every time that he had been a candidate, and he thought it was about time he got somethin'. He said that he understood that the Government had lots of guns on hand, and he wanted him to send him by express right off, a double-barrelled shotgun for his boy.

"Get a breech-loader if you can," he continued, "and if you can't git a breech-loader send on a good muzzle-loader, stub and twist barrels. The boy is jist thirteen-year-old, an' he kin shoot like ole Dannel Boon. After you send the shotgun I lease send me yer latest report on agriculter an' a lot of garden seeds for my wife."

Mr. Orth hesitated awhile before replying to the letter. He finally wrote that he was very sorry he could not send the shotgun, because the Government was in need of all the guns that could be got to put down the rebellion. He took great pleasure, however, in sending the latest agricultural report and the garden seeds to the man's wife.

Four years afterward, when the war had closed, Orth picked up another letter one day with the same direction: "Honribel Godless S. Orth, House of Rips, Washington, D. C."

In this, the old man called his attention to the fact that the war had just ended and that the government must have "heaps uv guns on hand." He therefore wanted him to send he the first express a double-barrelled shotgun, "breech-loadin.' for his boy. "The boy was now a goin' on seventeen year, an' he is the best shot in Injeany. Git him a good gun an' git it quick, for the holiday shootin' is a comin' on an' he wants to kill somethin' for Chris'mis." In conclusion the old Hoosier said: "I want you to send me the latest copy of your agricultural report, an' my wife wants sum more garden seeds.

Mr. Orth was in a quandary. He had given a good excuse for not sending the shotgun in his former letter, but now he was stuck. He thought over the matter for some time, and finally concluded that there was only one way out of the difficulty. He bought a second-hand shotgun, breech-loading, and sent it to the old man by express. At the same time his latest agricultural report and the garden seeds were forwarded.

Mr. McMillin says that he afterward heard that Orth was avenged. One day, as the old man was trying the power of the gun, it exploded and killed him. But McMillin does not say that "Godless S. Orth" told this.—*From the Philadelphia Times: Washington Gossip.*

WOODHULL AND CLAFLIN.

Some Interesting Anecdotes of the Famous Sisters—Victoria's Heart—Tennie and the Commodore.

The arrival of the Woodhull-Claflin sisters in New York, accompanied by their English husbands, Mr. John Biddulph Martin and Sir Frederick Cooke, has thrown a good many people into their "anecdotage." These women, who left a very queer reputation behind them and have returned with a notably good one from the land of their adoption, have awakened many reminiscences, in the minds of those who observed them twenty years ago when they were such conspicuous figures in the public view.

The elder sister had then been separated for some time from Dr. Woodhull, the husband whom she had been forced to marry when barely 15 years old. He had filled up the measure of his sins against his young wife by locking her into an empty house in Broad street, where for twenty-four hours she lay helpless and alone with a new-born child beside her, while he was off on a ten-days debauch. He staggered home at the end of that time and would have then found his wife and baby dead but for the kindness of strangers in the adjoining house, who, hearing a faint, continual rapping on the wall between, penetrated to the closed house by way of the cellar grating and rescued the sick women.

The younger sister, Tennie C. Claflin, was a pretty girl who "knew enough to take care of herself," according to a hoary broker, who was doubtless in a position to know. She was an artist of considerable ability, and in those days painted a portrait of Commodore Vanderbilt, which was by the way a very good likeness. The sitting took place at the old gentleman's house. He was exceedingly fond of the bright, pretty little artist, with her short, curly crop of hair, her piquante face and chirpy, cheery ways and would often say:

"Come here, you little sparrow, and perch on my finger." Then when she ran to him, the tall old man would catch her up and giving her a kiss send her back to her easel. The commodore's wife was often present, and she also liked Miss Claflin, of whom she invariably said, "There is no harm in the child, of that I am sure!"

By and by, when the sisters were editing their paper, with the assistance of Colonel Blood, they took a house on a street somewhere in the thirties. Next door lived two elderly ladies, relatives of the late Dr. Morgan, of St. Thomas's church. They were the quintessence of high-bred respectability and conservatism, and when they learned who were about to become their neighbors despair settled darkly upon their household. Their impulse was to sell out and move. As time went on, however, they found nothing to complain of, and were in no way disturbed. In the warm, late spring days, looking through their bowed shutters into the Woodhull back yard, they espied a hammock swung across the little grass plot, to which, day after day, whenever the weather was fine, a miserable palsied man was tenderly led by Victoria Woodhull, then a tall, stately young woman. She would prop him with pillows, cover him with rugs, read aloud to him, and even feed him, as he was too feeble to perform that office for himself.

The good ladies next door found their curiosity presently unbearable, so they instructed their servant, during an area-door seance with the next door, to find out who the man was. In this way they learned that the invalid was Dr. Woodhull. One rainy night Mrs. Woodhull had come in from down town drenched. The kitchen fire was the only one alight in the house, and she went to the range to warm herself. While there the basement bell rang and a wretched, trembling man begged for food. An impulse of pity led her to go forward to the poor creature, in whom she at once recognized her husband. His troubles were at an end from that instant. The injured wife put away the memory of her wrongs, nursed him as long as he lived, and gave him a good "send off" when he was dead.

Ever after in speaking of their neighbor, these worthy dames said:

"We can never believe anything bad of that woman after the saint-like way she nursed that dreadful sinner of a husband of her's."—*New York World.*

The Preventive of a Terrible Disease.

No disorders, excepting the most deadly forms of lung disease, involve such a tremendous destruction of organic tissue as those which fasten upon the kidneys. Such maladies, when they become chronic—and none are so liable to assume that phase—completely wreck the system. To prevent this terrible disease, recourse should be had, upon the first manifestation of trouble, to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which experience has proved to be highly effective as a means of imparting tone and regularity to the organs of urination, as well as the liver, stomach, and bowels. Another beneficial result of this medicine, naturally consequent upon its diuretic action, is the elimination from the blood of impurities which beget rheumatism, neuralgia, gout, dropsy, and other maladies. By increasing the activity of the kidneys, it augments the depurative efficiency of these organs, which are most important outlets for the escape of such impurities.

The Chinamen of Astoria, Ore., are amusing themselves with a huge top made out of an empty 25-pound white lead keg. A square opening is cut in the side, and it takes three men to spin it, one to hold the top and two to pull the string with a stick, which sets it in motion. While spinning it sounds like the whistle of a steamer, and can be heard three blocks away.

Confidence Begot of Success.

So successful has Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery proved in curing chronic nasal catarrh, bronchial and throat diseases, that its manufacturers now sell it through druggists under a *positive guarantee* of its benefiting or curing in every case, if given a fair trial, or money paid for it will be refunded. Consumption (which is scrofula of the lungs), if taken in time, is also cured by this wonderful medicine.

For Constipation or Sick Headache, use Dr. Pierce's Pellets; Purely Vegetable. One a dose.

An extraordinary number of fires have occurred within the past few years in institutions committed to the care of nuns. It is supposed that women are less careful or less competent in their inspection as to the danger of fire than men.

J. C. SIMPSON, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh." Druggists sell it, 75c.

The government pays annually to the railroads the sum of nearly $40,000,000 for carrying the mails.

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.

French wine growers have a superstitious appreciation of comets and expect good crops because four comets will be seen during the summer.

St. JACOBS OIL

SURE CURE.

A CLEAN AND PERFECT CURE OF

HURTS AND BRUISES.

A Doctor Saw It.

Lawrence, Kansas, Aug. 9, 1888.

George Patterson fell from a 2d-story window, striking a fence. I found him using St. Jacobs Oil freely all over his hurts. I saw him next morning at work; all the blue spots had gone, leaving neither pain, scar nor swelling.

C. K. NEUMANN, M. D.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

WANTED SALESMEN and SALES-LADIES, both Local and Traveling, to sell Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry. Goods novel and staple, and find a ready sale in all communities. Absolutely no competition. Money refunded if all goods are not as represented, and all bear the guarantee of the manufacturers. We pay as any of from $12.00 to $30.00 per week. Address for full particulars REED & ANSON, Manufacturing Jewelers' Agents, 153 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

DETECTIVES Wanted showed me to act under instructions in Secret Service work. Representatives receive the International Detective, Grannan's Warning Against Fraud, Grannan's Pocket Gallery of Rogues, Thousands learned to detective business, or detective to be detectives, send stamp for particulars. Enclosure for ret. GRANNAN DETECTIVE BUREAU OF JUNCTION, Cincinnati, O.

Stanley's Hobby.

The commodore of one of the Atlantic lines, who has for many years been a great admirer of Stanley, had a personal interview with the explorer just before his ship left England last week. In speaking of it yesterday he said that he experienced a great shock at the change in the explorer's manner. "I don't know that it is a change either," said the commodore, thoughtfully, "as all of Stanley's friends were impressed by his utter indifference to things in general long before he started on his last African tour, but I think few of us expected to find him so thouroughly hardened and hopelessly indifferent. Absolutely nothing interests him except the heart of Africa. He does not complain of ill-health, but the elasticity of his nature has departed. He never laughs, and when he smiles it is apparently with a painful effort. His thorough mastery of everything that relates to Africa makes him interesting when he cares to talk of his hobby. But it is like pulling teeth to try to interest him in anything else. He is emphatically a man of one idea to-day. There is no question about his coming visit to America. He speakes of it as a holiday. He needs the trip, for, to my mind, there is no doubt that he is out of humor with everybody and everything in London."—*New York Sun.*

The "Mother's Friend"

Not only shortens labor and lessens pain attending it but greatly diminishes the danger to life of both mother and child if used a few months before confinement. Write to the Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by all druggists.

A Satire, Not a Prophecy.

It is reported in Boston that Edward Bellamy wrote "Looking Backward" as a satire on Socialism, and was the most astonished man in the country when thousands of people took it seriously and set him up on a pedestal as the prophet of a new era. This story will make the Nationalists hopping mad.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

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.

Dr. Peters is traveling through Africa at the head of a caravan composed of one lieutenant, fifty porters, ten soldiers, three camel drivers, two boys, three servants, two camels, six donkeys, and 315 sheep, and is whipping the natives at every engagement.

Best, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

Miss Bessie Bole, of San Francisco, is 20, and a beautiful little blonde with dark brown eyes and a pretty figure. She is a practical horseshoer and would open a shop were it not for the opposition of her family. She learned horseshoeing in an industrial school.

America's finest, "Tansill's Punch" Cigar.

The divorce statistics recently published made a very bad showing for the District of Columbia, the ratio of divorce to marriage being 1 to 29.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Juniper Berries, and other well-known vegetable remedies, in such a peculiar manner as to derive the full medicinal value of each. It will cure, when in the power of medicine, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Sores, Boils, Pimples, all Humors, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, General Debility, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Complaints. It overcomes That Tired Feeling caused by change of climate, season, or life. Be sure to get Hood's. 100 doses $1.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS. The address of all soldiers who homesteaded a less number of acres than 160 and made final proof on same. MOSES & FERGUSON, DENVER, COLORADO

FAT FOLKS Using "Anti-Corpulence Pills" lose 5 lbs. a week. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never fail. Sold by Druggists everywhere or sent by mail, Parcel (sealed) 50c. Dr. Wilson's Specific Co., Phila., Pa.

YOU CAN LAY BY $500 TO $1500 a year by working for us. You can't do it in any other or simpler way no matter how you try. We furnish capital & give liberal wages to those who work either whole or part time. Capital not required for answer. Jno. C. Winston & Co., 134 Van Buren st., Chicago

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

OPIUM Habit. The only certain and easy cure. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

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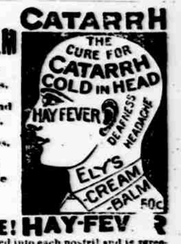
Cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Pain and Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.



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A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

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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 afflicted with. Purifies blood, gives healthy action to liver and kidneys, aids digestion, promotes general health, highly medicated, gives new life and vigor, and saves 15 grains. Large can for 50 cts. Very cheap in bulk, ask your druggist or dealer for it. Take no other. Send for "How to Cure Hog Cholera."

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