Failing!

That is what a great many people are doing. They don't know just what is the matter, but they have a combination of pains and aches, and each month they grow worse.

The only sure remedy yet found is BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and this by rapid and thorough assimilation with the blood purifies and enriches it, and rich, strong blood flowing to every part of the system repairs the wasted tissues, drives out disease and gives health and strength.

This is why BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will cure kidney and liver diseases, consumption, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, malaria, intermittent fevers, &c.

203 S. Paca St., Baltimore.
Nov. 28, 1881.
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JOS. MCCAWLEY.

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THE SONS OF MALTA.

Recollections of a Secret Order That Forced Good Men to "Give Themselves Away;"

And Which Flourished in Omaha in the Good Old Times.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

Just a quarter of a century ago a secret society, known as the Sons of Malta, sprang suddenly into existence in the city of New Orleans. The original object of the organization was the capture of Cuba, and many prominent military men of the south were the leading spirits in the movement. For reasons which the writer is not at liberty to divulge the fillibustering plans of the order were abruptly squelched, and soon thereafter a well-known newspaper man, who had been initiated, conceived the idea of making "some fun for the boys." The whole business of initiation, etc., was transformed into a series of the most stupendous sells, practical jokes, and outrageously comical proceedings ever dreamed of. The order spread rapidly all over the union. It was generally believed by the outside public that the Sons of Malta was a benevolent society, and to foster this belief frequent lengthy notices of charitable deeds performed by the order were published in the newspapers all over the land. Meetings were held weekly, and there was so much solid fun to be enjoyed that nothing short of a death in the family would deter a member from attending; therefore, in many places the membership was so great that the utmost difficulty was experienced in obtaining lodge-rooms of sufficient capacity.

Candidates for initiation were ushered into the hall where those who were already members were arranged in rows, each covered from head to foot with a white or black gown, in which was cut small holes for the eyes and mouth. With this garment on the identity of the wearer was perfectly concealed and the candidates who were initiated at one time did not know whether they were in the hands of friends or strangers.

To each candidate the "master of ceremonies," in a most impressive and pleasing manner, stated the objects of the order and told how the brotherhood came together with one aim and one understanding. "We are bound together," he said, "by the ties of love, confidence and charity for one another, strengthened and solidified by the cement of confession. We open up the secrets of our hearts in the hearing and presence of each other. We are all sinful creatures and confession is good for the soul. Our good deeds speak for themselves, and our bad deeds are recorded, and in due time these records are burned and the ashes are all that remain of a dead and forgotten past."

Then the candidate was asked if he was willing to leave the sinful world behind and enter upon the new life. An affirmative answer, and the initiation began. He was immediately blindfolded, led to a stepladder, and told to ascend and seat himself on the top stair with arms folded. This was the position each had to occupy while undergoing the ordeal of a "confession" of his misdeeds. He would be led along by adroit questioning until he made what was regarded as a "clean breast" of his moral shortcomings. When a particularly rich or unexpected admission was pumped out of him, a deep, sepulchral voice solemnly exclaimed:

"Re-o-o-r-d it!"

And immediately a heavy blow was struck upon a big drum to drown the irrepressible laughter.

If a candidate gave evidence of a desire to conceal anything he was given to understand that the inner secrets of his soul were known to the order, and to hesitate in giving them would be an unpardonable crime in the eyes of the brotherhood. This would suffice for many, but the majority would of course hold out and refuse to answer some indelicate question, liable to lead into a channel that might involve him in a disageeable confession. And all through this was exactly what was aimed at.

In such cases an intimate friend of the candidate would pass up to the master of ceremonies on a slip of paper a point or two in some questionable transaction of the applicant's life, and this would prove the key to unlock the secret recesses of his hearts. This would the master say, in a tone of rebuke:

"The records of the order show that upon such a day, in such a year, while you were in the city of Cincinnati you did this and so." Then in a tone mildly expostulatory he continued:

"My friend—would I could call you brother—as I have said before, all your misdeeds are known to the order to which you are seeking admission. While crossing the portals which separate our brotherhood from a wicked and sinful world, and while about entering upon a new life, and breathing a purer atmosphere, you have ungratefully tried to deceive us. For this you are to be punished and thrust back into the wickedness you are so loath to leave behind.

"Sir Knight, summon the council of ten and take the recreant before that tribunal for punishment."

Then to the candidate, in a saddened tone of voice:

"Sir, there is but one way in which you can redeem yourself in the eyes of the brotherhood—make a full and complete confession."

The feeling that their secrets might actually be in possession of the brothhood, and an indefinable dread of what that council of ten might do in the way of punishment, invariably unlocked the mouth, and some of the most sedate citizens—men of good character and standing—were forced to to own up to moral transgressions which they would not care to have appear in print.

The candidate was then asked if he could swim. If he answered in the affirmative the reply was, "Let us see you." If in the negative the answer was, "We will teach you." Still blindfolded, he was marched to a far corner of the room, where a stream of water from a faucet kept up the delusion of a prospective bath, and commanded to disrobe for the plunge. Four strong brothers then seized him, and with a toss placed him with his stomach on the top of a high stool and told to strike out. The delusion was so great that the poor victim would kick and paw the air, and make the most ridiculous exertions imaginable.

Although it was a dry bath, the new fledged brother had to be put through the drying machine. This was a high, narrow box—just high enough and wide enough for a man to stand upright in. When he was in three slats were inserted to keep him in position while he was going through the drying process. The box was hung on pivots between two upright bars, and had attached to the side a crank, by which it could be readily and quite rapidly revolved. And this was only one of the little trials which the ambitious seeker after the mysteries of Malta had to undergo. He was whirled round and round perpendicularly, head over heels and heels over head, first quite slow and then with gradually increasing speed, until the breath of the human propellor gave out. The frightened fellow was then removed to an easy chair to take a rest, while further questions were propounded to him, and the sonorous "Re-o-o-r-d it!" resounded through the hall after each of his answers. He was then told to prepare for the "rough and rugged road." He was placed an all fours, and, by prodding from the rear, forced to crawl through a long iron boiler, on which the men were hammering; thence up a rough incline to the top of a pedestal twelve or fiftsen feet high, from which he was shoved into a large blanket made of sail cloth, with hand holes for ten men on a side. Then he was sent flying to the ceiling. Down he would come and up he would go at the rate of thirty times in sixty seconds, and such a shaking up as the poor fellow experienced cannot be realized by these who have not been similiarly favored.

And thus the "initiation" continued until the resources of the lodge were exhausted, one grand sell following another in rapid succession, each one more stupendous than the one preceding. Finally, as a grand wind-up, the candidate was informed that, in view of the fact that he had suffered so many indignities and passed through such a trying ordeal, the lodge had decided to confer upon him the honorary title of G. R. J. A., judge, or colonel, or general so and-so having resigned the position in his favor.

With a lengthly and florid speech from the master of ceremonies, and a deal of adulation and mock tokens of respect from the now unmasked members of the order, the candidate was presented with his credentials, which it was made obligatory upon him should be immediately opened and examined. Hastily the "great seal" of the order would be broken, the certificate taken from the envelope and opened, when the victim would discover the picture of a jackass in bold relief, with various accouterments and accomplishments, and would pocket his credentials and his chagrin amid the roar of the frolicksome gang that surrounded him.

This expose could be greatly extended, but enough has been given to let those in Louisville, who were members of the "noble order," know that one of the G R. J. A.'s has been "giving away" their cussedness.

Did She Die?

"No; she lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years, the doctors doing her no good; and at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about. Indeed! indeed! how thankful we should be for that medicine."

WORK AND WAGES.

Emigration and the Servant Question in Feudal Germany.

Berlin Correspondence of the Evening Post.

Some time ago business called me to the eastern provinces, and, on my arrival, I found the little town, the place of my destination, in a regular turmoil of excitement, because a newly appointed minister had dared to preach open rebellion of servants against their masters. Upon inquiry, it turned out that all this reverend gentleman had advocated was kind treatment, enough to eat and a warm bed to sleep in, for which unreasonable demands he was hauled over the coals and torn to pieces by the evil tongues of all the old women of both sexes the little town could boast of. Their number was not small by any means, I can assure you. One gentleman especially, a high government official, in receipt of a comfortable salary of 4,000 thalers a year, was loud, above all others, in his denunciations of the unlucky parson who, in his zeal to do right, had made such an unpropitious entry in the zeal for popular favor.

"Why," cried this worthy functionary, "it is simply absurd; servants have bettered themselves fully 50 per cent since I was a boy, and it seems there is no end to their pretensions. Formerly a cook used to get twenty-four thalers a year, now it is thirty-six."

"Let me see; how much is that in American money?"

"I don't know."

He was quite right. Fashionable society here is profoundly ignorant on American subjects. They know that the United States is a good place to send their bad boys to; but beyond this all is darkness and blissful ignorance. Having gone through a severe process of mental arithmetic by computing every one of these precious thalers into groschen pfennings, and these again into Uncle Sam's money, I came to the conclusion that the wages of a German cook were $25.74½ a year."

"Of course," continued my authority, "these are cooks who know their business as well as our tastes. Housemaids get less, and nurses, who take care of our children, least."

"May I ask, please, what you pay such a nurse?"

"About eighteen thalers a year."

"That means a little over three cents a day?"

"I am ignorant of the value of American money."

"In Helena, Montana, in Portland, Oregon, and, in fact, throughout the entire golden Northwest, they pay an ordinary servant girl $30 a month, besides board and lodging."

"How much is that in our money?"

"One hundred and twenty-five marks a month."

"Hush!"

A neatly-dressed servant girl approached us, all smiles, with a tray, on which she carried some cups of tea, a sugar-bowl, several flagons of cut glass containing choice brandies to flavor the tea with, and an assortment of cakes. When we had helped ourselves the girl proceeded to the next group, for it is the custom at all evening parties in Germany that tea precedes supper, which is partaken of by the gentlemen hat in hand and standing. We resumed our conversation.

"You don't say so!"

"I can assure you",

"Thirty dollars a month! That is fearful!"

"Those are only ordinary wages; a cook gets fifty."

"Fifty!"

"Yes; and so does a cowboy and a laundress, or, what is pretty much the same, a Chinaman."

"I am perfectly amazed."

"Well you may be."

He stood silent for a moment, then said in a whisper:

"My dear sir, will you do me a very great favor?"

"With all my heart."

"You will not be offended by my request?"

"By no means."

"Well, then, don't tell us anything more about America."

Here is the whole emigration question in a nutshell. The German "upper ten" want to keep their cheap labor. Moreover, they want to keep their labor cheap, and for this reason they are deaf to all reasonable demands, and do not want to know anything about the home of the brave and the land of the free, where labor finds its true reward and honest laborers are respected by everybody.

A family in tolerably easy circumstances in New York will get along with one girl, and pay her decent wages. A family, surely not better off, in this country, want six, and pay them what Americrns would call nothing at all; but they are bound to have them all the same; a cook, a nurse, a maid, a washer-woman, an ironer, a coachman, perhaps.

I will not slander the noble German nation, whose many beautiful traits of character I fully appreciate; but nowhere, except in Germany, have I found so many gentlemen too proud even to take a brush in their hands, but not too proud to pay next to nothing for services rendered them. Such a German paterfamilias, especially when he belongs to a class of hereditary officeholders, is the incarnation of selfishness. H'll go, all slick and trim, to his club in the afternoon, to play a rubber of whist, to enjoy a game of nine-pins, and to eat a partridge, a quail, or a fried steak—in fact, something he does not provide for his family; and when he peruses his so called newspaper in the morning, he does not want to read anything unpleasant to himself. If he does, he will threaten to stop his subscription at once. This the editors know and act upon.

*Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a most valuable medicine for ladies of all ages who may be afflicted with any form of disease peculiar to the sex. Her remedies are not only put up in liquid forms but in Pills and Lozenges in which forms they are securely sent through the mails.

Women's Tailor Made Waists.

Clara Belle: I hold that the putting together of women's wear should be as secret as Freemasonry, so far as the admission of men to any knowledge of the business is concerned. That is why I hate a man-milliner, and cannot mourn when he dies. Speaking of men in connection with women's clothes, tailors are being encouraged to meddle with these affairs. There is a notion that they can make a waist fit better than any ordinary dressmaker; but the real superiority of their work lies in the pressing and finish. Tailor made suits of cloth have a distinctive look, and are extrely popular. Objection is sometimes made by sensitive women to being measured by men. The male dressmaker has introduced a machine to obviate this difficulty. It consists of a sectional jacket, with more tabs, hook and eyes, numbered tapes, slotted openings, and other adjustable devices than I could undertake to describe. He puts it on you, lets it out here, takes it in there, and finally gets it fastened quite snugly all over. Then he consults the figures on the tapes, records them in his book, and you have been thoroughly measured for the waist of your dress. I took a friend with me on the occasion this machine was applied to me, just as though I was going to a dentist or some other disagreeable operator. But there was nothing unpleasant about my experience. I was sent into a dressing room to remove my dress waist and put on the patent one. Then I emerged fully incased in the latter, and had to submit to no handling whatever.

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They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm. To all whose employments cause irregularities of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, being highly curative, tonic and stimulating, without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are, what the disease or ailment is, use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable, use Hop Bitters at once. It may save your life. Hundreds have been saved by so doing. $50 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.

Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged, drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "Invalid's Friend and Hope," and no person or family should be without them Try the Bitters to-day.

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