

HE LIKED THE BULLY.

GOVERNOR CURTIN TELLS HOW A SOLDIER WON PROMOTION.
 AN OLD LADY'S SOLICITUDE FOR HER SON'S SAFETY ENLISTED CURTIN'S SYMPATHY AND GOT HIM INTO A ROW.

It was several months ago. We were sitting by a cozy fire in the cloak room on the Democratic side of the House of Representatives, when ex-Governor Andrew G. Curtin of Pennsylvania entered. His hair is as white as the plumage of a snowy horse, but he retains much of the fire of youth. He is as straight as an arrow, and his eyes sparkle like the eyes of a canary. And there is full as much music in him. His mind is as clear as an Italian sky, his memory of past events marvellous, and his power of description perfect. A colored boy took his coat, hat and umbrella and he joined the story-telling group at the bright fireside. It was a favorite nook with him while a member of the House. He preferred it to the room of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, of which he was chairman. He was hardly seated before General Frémont of Alabama passed him a fragrant Intimidator. After lighting he crossed his legs, blew wreaths of smoke into the air and listened to past reminiscences.

In the hall outside the droning reading of the Clerk of the House was heard, interrupted at times by the sharp rap of the Speaker's gavel. Through the open door a glimpse at the side gallery was had. Several ladies were leaning forward, evidently regarding the little circle at the angle side with curious interest. Their attention was momentarily distracted by a sharp spat between General Spinola and Louis E. McComas over a district bill, but it again became concentrated upon the group in the cloak room. Governor Curtin was telling a war story. The handsome old fellow was all aglow. His face pictured the emotions of his soul and his gestures were alive with descriptive power. Framed by the doorway with the fire as a background, and such men as Crisp of Georgia and Flower of New York in the circle of listeners, he must have made a more than interesting picture as seen from the galleries.

There was some humor in the Governor's story, but it was almost lost in its strain of sentiment. The incident occurred in the second or third year of the war. The Governor had left Harrisburg and come to Washington on business. A great battle had been fought. The number of killed and wounded had mounted into the thousands. Governor Curtin had been in consultation with the President and members of his cabinet. He had returned to the capitol, where there was a night session of Congress, when an old lady dressed in deep mourning accosted him. She was evidently very poor and nearly distracted. She wore old-fashioned black mitts, and her habiliments of woe were worn and rusty. Her face was wan and wrinkled, and her fingers were toughened with work and gnarled with rheumatism. She had not heard from her boy since the great battle, and had come to Washington in Search of information. He had enlisted in a regiment raised in the mountains of Pennsylvania, and had been at the front for more than a year.

"Oh, Governor," she cried, as tears streamed down her faded cheeks, "my boy never failed to write before. He always sent me a letter after a battle. I haven't heard from him now in more than a fortnight. He's the only boy left me, and I can never live without him. Oh, I fear he's dead or sorely wounded. If I could only get through the lines to nurse him or bring his body back home. Please, Governor, try to get a pass, and God will bless you. My heart will break without my boy."

The Governor said he heard the number of the regiment with a shudder. It had been in the heart of the fight, and had been cut to pieces. His heart went out to the mother. If her boy was alive he was determined that she should see him, or if dead that she should have his body. Upon questioning he found that she was utterly destitute. She hadn't even money enough to pay for a night's lodging. He assured her that he would do what he could for her.

He would see either the President or the Secretary of War in the morning and get her a pass through our lines. Then he took her by the arm and escorted her down stairs. Passing out under the arch of the Senate wing of the Capitol he halted a cab. Gallantly assisting the old lady into it he paid the cabman his fee, and told him to drive his charge to a hotel, where the Governor was well known, and where he had sent many a destitute friend. As the cab rattled away the Governor turned to re-enter the Capitol, when he met John Sherman, Ben Wade and Galusha A. Grow, then Speaker of the House. The Senate had adjourned, and they were on their way home. It was a clear night. The great temple of a national legislation shone in the moonlight like a palace of alabaster. The city lay below them, dotted with gas lights. The music of a drum was heard away off on the right. A railroad train had arrived with a new regiment, and the troops were seeking quarters at the Soldiers' Rest.

The four statesmen descended Capitol Hill together. They drifted down Pennsylvania avenue, conversing on political topics. They had halted on a corner near the National Hotel preparatory to separating, when a cab was driven to the curb near by. Its driver was in altercation with a woman inside the vehicle. Governor Curtin was even then telling the Senators and Speaker the story of his meeting with the old lady in the Capitol. The altercation attracted his attention. The driver was using villainous language. He insisted that his passenger should leave the coach then and there, or he would pull her out.

"Something told me," said the Governor, "that it was my old lady who was in trouble."

He stepped to the door of the hack and looked in. The suspicion was confirmed. She was the old woman whom he had sent to the hotel, and she was in trouble. The driver had not taken her to her destination.

He had stoped at two or three saloons and spent his fee for liquor. Possibly he had forgotten where the old lady was to go, but at all events he had determined to drop her on the street and let her shift for herself. He was filling the air with profanity and threatening the poor old woman with violence. The Governor was indignant. He asked the hackman whether he had not paid him to take the old lady to a specified place of shelter. The driver swore that he had never seen him before, and threatened to punch his head if he did not mind his own business. The Governor's indignation was getting the better of his judgment. Sherman and Grow tried to calm him, but old Ben Wade grew as hot as a bird pepper and swore like a pirate. He not only wanted the hackman thrashed, but he wanted to help Curtin thrash him. The driver was a giant. He laid his whip across the foot-rest of the hack and squared away. He evidently meant to down not the Governor alone, but the Senators and the Speaker.

Things were decidedly squally when a boy in blue came along. He carried a musket and carried the tail of a buck in his cap. The Governor recognized the insignia. The soldier was a member of Colonel Kane's famous Bucktail Brigade. Over six feet tall he was brawny and well-proportioned. He looked like a raftsman, and he swung along the avenue as if the world was too small for him. He was promptly hailed.

"Do you know me?" the Governor asked.

"Yes," was the reply. "You're Andy Curtin, Governor of Pennsylvania. I've seen you many a time at home and in the field."

"I want you to do me a favor," the Governor continued, pointing to the hackman, who had already begun to skirmish with Ben Wade.

The boy in blue sensed the situation in a twinkling. Turning to the Governor, he said: "Hold my musket."

Then he jumped between Ben Wade and the cabman and salied in. It was a rough and tumble worthy of the days of Poole and Morrissey. The raftsman proved too much for the bully. He had a terrific struggle, but finally literally mopped the sidewalk with him. The hackman looked as if he had been through a fanning mill.

Governor Curtin ascertained the name of the soldier, and placed the old lady in his charge. She arrived at her destination without further trouble. On the next day he secured passes for her, and she went to the front for her boy.

Two weeks afterward Private Fox, of the Bucktail Brigade, received an order directing him to report at the Adjutant General's office in Harrisburg. Transportation and supplies were furnished. It was a bright and sunny morning when he entered the city. Without delay he sought the office of the Adjutant General. There he was told that the Governor wanted to see him. The way to the Executive chamber was pointed out. The soldier entered with his haversack swinging at his side. The Governor stood near a table talking with a friend. He saw Private Fox approaching him. The soldier was awkward and very much embarrassed.

"Good morning, Lieutenant," said the Governor, "I'm glad to see you."

"Why, Governor," replied the boy in blue, "you make a mistake. I'm not a Lieutenant. I'm only a private."

Stolen Fruits.
 The Republican politicians have obtained another Governorship without the consent of the people. A partisan court has determined, upon a technical point involving his naturalization, that JAMES E. BOYD cannot be Governor of Nebraska, although the people of the State elected him to the office by a plurality of 1,144, but that JOHN M. THAYER must remain the chief executive of the State, although he was not a candidate for re-election and received no votes.

Without reference to the legal merits of the controversy, no one will regard this decision as anything but partisan and as one more testimony to the universality of the desire of the Republican party to take advantage of every opportunity to defeat the popular will.

Nebraska is the victim of the same dishonorable and unpatriotic tactics that have deprived the people of their choice for Senators in Montana, for Governor in Connecticut and New Hampshire, and are about to give to Rhode Island a Governor who received fewer votes than were cast for his Democratic opponent. And all these robberies rest in the baleful shadow of the Presidential steal of 1877.—World.

Catarrah Can't Be Cured.
 with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrah is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrah Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrah Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrah. Send for testimonials free.

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The Tyrians excelled all other nations in the manufacture of a purple dye, said to have been extracted from a shellfish found on their coast. It is now well known that tin dissolved in muriatic acid produces a brilliant purple dye. It is not unreasonable, therefore, to suppose that the use of tin in dyeing had much to do in the production of the Tyrian purple of the Phoenicians.

"That's a little hint I give my landlady once in a while," said Mr. A. Starboarder; and as he spoke he deposited on the floor the advertising sheet of the *Whirled*, from which half-a-dozen of the "Boarders Wanted" advertisements had been cut out.—Puck.

The Spring Medicine.
 The popularity which Hood's Sarsaparilla has gained as a spring medicine is wonderful. It possesses just those elements of health-giving, blood-purifying and appetite-restoring which everybody seems to need at this season. Do not continue in a dull, tired, unsatisfactory condition when you may be so much benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It purifies the blood and makes the weak strong.

The Number Nine.
 Nine is the last of the significant digits and expresses the greatest amount that can be indicated by one figure. It is the second square number. It is employed but little in the Scriptures. There are nine orders of angels. Grecians taught that there were nine muses. The mystical and significant numbers formed by combinations of the digits are almost without end and cannot be here mentioned, but a student of numbers will find much in them to interest and instruct.—Chicago Herald.

Bankers.
 Doctors, Lawyers, Carpenters, Druggists, Engineers, Mechanics, in fact we have recommendations from people in all stations in life, testifying to the wonderful cures that Sulphur Bitters have effected. Send for testimonials. See another column.

It is hard on a man to have his beard shaved off for fun, just to see if his friends will recognize him, and then to be bitten by his own dog at the front gate when he comes home to tea.—Somerville Journal.

Tommy—"Can we play at keeping a store in here, mamma?"
 Mamma (who has a headache)—"Certainly, but you must be very, very quiet."
 Tommy—"Well, we'll pretend we don't advertise."—Art in Advertising.

Almost Killed.
 I was almost killed by the doctors, who treated me for bleeding piles. It cost me over \$100 without relief. I took Sulphur Bitters for two months, and now I am well.—Gus Hall, Troy, N. Y. 5-15-2-t.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Scrofula and Salt Rheum

The heritage of which every human being is almost as certain as he is of air, sunlight and breath, is Scrofula Humor. Far away in the realms of history we catch glimpses of what a curse upon the people this all-pervading contamination made itself. Poor diet and insufficient food, ill ventilation, filth and dampness, all assist the slumbering germs of Scrofula to overpower the vitality of the body and run riot in the system. The blood in its process of renewing the waste cannot expel any inherited taint of weakness or impurity. It can only be removed by the action of some purifying medicinal agency, which assisted by nutritious food, well digested and assimilated into blood, gradually insures the possession of sound health. Such a renovating remedy has Brown's Sarsaparilla proved itself to be, whether this taint has given rise to Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Liver Complaints, or Kidney Disease, which are the most frequent manifestations of its presence, all have readily yielded to the clean and purifying action of Brown's Sarsaparilla.

A VERY BAD CASE

of Scrofula, cured by Brown's Sarsaparilla, has excited the people living in and around the town of Lees, Mo. Mr. Averill writes us as follows: "My son has now taken fourteen bottles of Brown's Sarsaparilla, and I am sure it has completed a cure. His case was the worst I ever saw. His face was covered with what seemed to be scales or scabs, and the itching was so intolerable that he tossed about in agony through many a sleepless night. He commenced some weeks ago to use Brown's Sarsaparilla in connection with the salve you sent to allay the irritation, and now he is so far recovered that we consider his complete cure as certain." Mr. J. W. Burke of Lees, Chairman of Penobscot Co. Commissioners, says: "It is wonderful what Brown's Sarsaparilla has done for young Averill." In this case Brown's Sarsaparilla threw open the bowels and pores of the skin, at the same time entering the blood, beginning a vigorous warfare on the impure matter found there, and which was a constant source of supply for the scrofulous humor on the surface. In time this was expelled from the system, and only pure matter entered the blood.

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SALT RHEUM.
 On Davis Street, in Bangor, resides Mrs. Edwin Wiley, whose daughter was badly afflicted with Salt Rheum. At times her face and hands would be covered with blotches. So intense was the itching sensation that applications of salt were made to destroy it. For a long time no relief could be obtained. One day some one suggested Brown's Sarsaparilla, and a bottle was purchased. Later Mrs. Wiley brought her daughter to the establishment of Mr. Ans Warren where Brown's Sarsaparilla is made. The face that a short time previous was covered with blotches, burning and itching, presented as fair and smooth an appearance as that of any young lady. LESS THAN ONE BOTTLE WAS USED.

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And all diseases of a rash nature. It is without exception the best for

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A complete wreck of domestic happiness has often resulted from badly washed dishes, from an unclean kitchen, or from trifles which seemed light as air. But by these things a man often judges of his wife's devotion to her family, and charges her with general neglect when he finds her careless in these particulars. Many a home owes a large part of its thrifty neatness and its consequent happiness to SAPOLIO.

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