The Evening Hour.

"Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening.—*Psalm civ.*, 23.

Oh, calm, sweet evening hour,
What lulling charm doth o'r my senses flow,
As fans your cooling breath my fevered brow
With soothing power?

Oh! sweet to sit and muse—
As wanes the day o'er dell and meadow fair,
While song-birds' swelling throats are hushed and still,
And flowers diffuse

Chioce fragrance on the air—
One line of yellow light lost into pink,
Rims the horizon round as pictures set
In borderings fair.

The picture is thus fair
I gaze upon; and God hath made it so;
And now He wills I rest from labor done,
With grateful prayer.

—*Good Words.*

LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

"I'm called Little Buttercup," she answered, looking up into his face, with a gay little half-defiant laugh.

It seemed the best name for her, certainly, as she sat there on the mossy meadow bank, beside the brook, with the small golden blossoms starring all the sward about her. She had thrown her hat by, on the grass, and had tucked a bunch of the same gold-burnished cups into the loose knot of her hair, which here and there had much the same bright glow and glint. And as bright as sunshine was the light in the round laughing eyes she lifted to the young man who had just paused across the brook, with only that babbling hurry of ripples between him and her sunny resting-place.

He looked more than half-minded to set the barrier at naught.

"Dear Little Buttercup," he quoted in his turn, half under his breath; at least in a tone which the girl need not hear if she did not choose.

Whether she did or not he was at a loss to guess, her next quotation being as applicable to her own preceding speech as to his.

"'I'm sure I could never could tell why'—" demurely plucking at her lapful of flowers, with the prettiest rosy tips of fingers. "But my name," she said, presently, looking up at him again, "won't help to guide you to Woodvale, where you say you want to go. You must follow this brook—no, no, not on this side," she added, hastily, seeing him glance about him for a convenient spot at which to spring across to her. "You must keep on, along the bank you are on, until you come to where two pathways fork."

"But, you see, I lose myself so easily!" He shot a furtive, laughing glance at her from under the slouched brim of his straw hat; a glance which he meant her to miss, and which he fancied from her unmoved face, she did. "Your namesakes, all the little buttercups, are climbing up my side of the bank, and I think you ought to be among them to insure my not straying from the right road."

She got up, dropping him the demurest of courtesies, taking hold of the skirt of her brown Holland frock, with her two hands full as they were of the field-flowers she had gathered.

"I'll show you the way with pleasure, sir," she said—"only you must keep on that side, on your own side, or you can't go right. There is no need for me to cross, thank you"—drawing back as he would have reached forward to help her. "I can show you the way from here; and our paths don't lie in the same direction."

"I am sorry to hear that; but won't they sometimes cross?" he asked, with a touch of meaning in his voice, at which many a rustic coquette would have bridled or looked conscious. But this girl lifted her eyes to him innocently, shaking her head.

"No, indeed; how should they, with the brook growing wider and wider between? You see, it is too wide already"—for they had both been walking on as they spoke. "And here we are at the fork. This is your path, to the left; it takes you straight to Woodvale."

With a hasty nod, before he knew what she would do, she had turned and pushed her way midst a clump of alders straggling toward the stream just there upon her side. Upon the other, the young man stopped short; but all that he could see was only the shaking of the green boughs that screened her from his view, as she went through them.

If he could have had a glimpse between those boughs he would have been surprised by the pantomime enacted there. For little Buttercup no sooner found herself alone in her green covert, than she let fall all the golden blossoms she had been carrying, and brought her two empty hands together with a soundless clap of delight; then she executed a pirouette, unmistakably expressive of the same feeling, and lastly, wheeling round lightly a tip-toe, until she faced in the direction the stranger had taken, she blew an airy kiss daintily from the tips of her fingers—a kiss, no hint of which, she knew, could possibly reach him through the intercepting branches. Then, demurely picking up her hat, which had dropped from her arm during all this display, she struck into a path which led her back in the very direction whence she had come. It was easy enough to spring across the brooklet there; and after awhile, but slowly, she was following the self-same way which he had taken an hour before her. So soon, for all she had said to the contrary, did their paths cross!

The man, meantime, after standing disconcerted for a moment, gazing blankly at the spot where she had disappeared, and where that pantomime was being enacted for the benefit of the birds and a small squirrel peeping out among the leaves, had turned and taken to his designated path. It led him quickly and easily into the well-kept and handsome grounds of Woodvale, and to its doors, which he had once thought would open to him as the master, but which he entered now as guest.

For Ralph Wood's story was a somewhat strange one. His father, who had died in Ralph's infancy, was the younger of the two sons of the old master of Woodvale, and had estranged himself from his family by his marriage with the "prettiest low-born lass" that ever made a man forget family and fortune. Though estranged, his father at his death had not left this younger son quite penniless, though Woodvale had gone to the elder son, an eccentric scholar and traveler, who had been spending years in wanderings and researches in the far East. About a year ago young Ralph Wood had received tidings through the family lawyer of his uncle's death in one of those Eastern lands, and of his succession as the only one of that name. Ralph was at that time hard at work studying in a German university, and he did not allow the news of his improved fortunes to disturb him, unless it were with golden visions of a bright future in store for him when he should have finished his course. But before he did finish it there came another letter from the lawyer, inclosing one from his uncle himself, who was not dead, but living, and on his way back to Woodvale the mistake having arisen from the death of another Englishman of the same name in the East also. This was some four or five months ago; and to-day Ralph had come, at his uncle's invitation, to take his first view of the inheritance which for a few months he had supposed to be his own.

"You'll not begrudge it to me for a little while, eh, Ralph, my boy?" the old man was saying to him, as the two were seated in the library together, an hour or so after the young man's following of the path pointed out to him by Little Buttercup had brought him to Woodvale. "It will only be for a little while; and then the old place will go to you, I hope. For though it is not entailed, I cannot approve of land going out of the name. With other property, of course, it is different—a man must provide for his own. But Woodvale should go down to a Wood; a girl counts for nothing there."

Ralph looked at him rather vacantly; what had a girl to do with the question? But he had not time to think it over, for his uncle was resuming:

"There is only one condition I shall make, Ralph. That you shall marry in your own rank of life. There, you need not frown—I did not mean the least reflection on your mother, who lived and died a very estimable woman, I have heard. But—call it a whim of an old man, if you will—my father had it before me—I do not mean that Woodvale which is mine absolutely, to leave as I please, shall be yours unless you do marry in your own rank. I tell you this now, that hereafter there may be no disappointment."

"There could be no disappointment in any case," Ralph answered, calmly. "I came here to see you, not your lands. But I must tell you, Uncle Gilbert, the inheritance would not stop me if I wished to marry."

"Would not stop you? Heavens, boy, don't tell me that already—"

"No," he said, laughing and coloring all over his handsome young face. "Not already, sir; and I hope never; for I confess to a liking for being the master of Woodvale when the hour comes for it to change masters—an hour which I trust is far away."

There was a hearty ring in the words, at which the old man looked pleased. He was about to make some answer, when a servant entered to announce dinner—giving his master at the same time a little twisted note, which, when he had read, the old man put into his pocket with a puzzled air. Ralph would have been still more puzzled, could he have glanced over his shoulder, but perhaps the reader will understand more at a glimpse of it:

"Dear Papa—If you havn't told him anything about me, don't. I am not coming in to dinner. It is just a whim of mine, which you must obey."

So the two men went into the old dining-hall together, and there was no mention of any absentee.

During the week that ensued Ralph found his time very much on his own hands. His uncle did not attempt to make a change in his studious habits upon his nephew's account; and his long wanderings abroad had made him so thoroughly un-English, that there was absolutely no intercourse between him and his neighbors. The very servants were all Orientals, brought here by him on his home-coming; so that Ralph, for conversation however limited, was restricted to his uncle's society, in the few hours which did not find the latter engrossed in books and papers.

Entirely restricted, the old man might have said, if he had thought about it at all. But in reality there was one exception.

Down in the meadow, by the brookside, the buttercups were blooming still; and Ralph found himself there among them day after day. Perhaps he was becoming a botanist; at any rate, the buttercup is said to be very useful to the student of botany, as being an excellent type of all flowers.

He was saying this to Little Buttercup just now, and she was listening between a laugh and a blush. Certainly the roses and the lilies were in her face, as well as the yellow gold in her hair, and the violet-blue in the soft eyes which lifted themselves to him and then dropped shyly under their long lashes.

"So, you see, if I might gather the Little Buttercup for my very own"—he was adding—"I would have all that is sweetest and loveliest upon earth."

She did not answer him; what could she say? and he bent forward—he was leaning on his elbow beside her, on the mossy bank—and took in his the small hand that was plucking at the mosses.

"Dear Little Buttercup, do not keep me in suspense. Tell me if I am to go empty-handed away?"

She turned her eyes upon him then, with a strange, searching gaze.

"Empty-handed?" she said. "Empty-handed? If you take me will you not have to let fall everything else? I have heard it said that the old master of Woodvale is a proud man; will he not be angry if you marry a little country girl, not of your own rank? and one, indeed, of which you know so little; for what have our chance meetings, when our paths have crossed in the woods and fields, really taught you of me?"

"That you are the one thing needful to me in the world," he said, promptly. "Anything else I am content to learn when you are ready to tell me. Am I so blind as not to see for myself what a good, true girl you are, my darling? As for my uncle"—he said, still meeting her gaze frankly—"I am sorry to vex him, for the old man has been good to me; but I do not propose to sell myself for Woodvale. No; if I may have my little Buttercup I shall have all I want on earth."

She drew herself away from him suddenly, with a shy laugh, and sprang to her feet.

"You mean to intimate that I shall prove a handful?"

He had risen, too. He was standing before her, pale with his earnestness.

"Do not trifle with me," he said. "Answer me. It is no jest to me."

"I am not trifling"—gently, but not making any movement to put her hand in his, outstretched for it. "I am not trifling; but I cannot answer you just yet. You must see your uncle first. Then I will answer you."

"But surely—"

She did not wait for him to finish. As on the first day, she brushed hastily in among the alders which closed round her, leaving Ralph alone.

He did not linger there. It was but a little later when he stood in the Woodvale library, and startled the old man out of a curious-looking folio he was poring over.

"I have come to tell you, Uncle Gilbert," the young fellow said, abruptly—"I am going away from Woodvale. I am soon to say good-bye to you, doubly sorry if it vex you—but I must be going."

"Going away!" The old man leaned back in his chair and took off his spectacles as if he could read the young one better without them. "What is the matter, Ralph? What has happened? Going away? When?"

"When you please," said the other, with a short laugh. "I am afraid it is the only way I can please you now, sir. The fact is"—stammering a little, and then angry with himself for it—"I am not ashamed of it, Uncle Gilbert, though I am sorry to vex you—but the fact is I mean to marry—if she will but have me—a little village girl of this neighborhood; and I can't stay any longer under your roof under false pretenses, you thinking that I mean to please you in this matter of my marriage."

He had gone straight on to the end, apparently unheedful of such commentary on his words as the old man's surprised and angry gestures and his listless sinking back into the chair might make. But he had not really been unheedful; there was a troubled look in his eyes that showed he had not lost the meaning of one movement.

"I thought something would go wrong!" cried the old man, feebly. "I had a misgiving that I should have spoken out right from the first. But it may not be too late now. Ralph, you have not had altogether an English education; you are not bound down by insular prejudice?"

Ralph did not know what to answer to this; he stood leaning against the chimney-piece, waiting for the sequence of this preamble. It came hurriedly and nervously.

"You must often have heard, when abroad, of marriages arranged by the heads of families; and you must have known that they often turn out more happily than so-called love matches. Now, I have a marriage in my mind for you—"

For very amazement Ralph forgot to interrupt, save by a gesture, which the old man disregarded, hurrying on:

"My own was a love-match—yes, you start at that; you did not know I had been married. It was before I went abroad; soon after your father's death. We did not resemble each other, we two brothers; but I was like him in this, that I, too, fell in love with a girl lowly born, and married her. But—I don't know how it was with your father's marriage, Ralph, mine did not make me happy. Perhaps the fault began with me," he went on moodily; "perhaps it was that I did not come out boldly, as my brother had, but feared to tell my father, and trusted to bringing matters round. But meantime my poor Matty died—her life had been spoiled, too, for it was her vanity which had made her pleased at being courted by a fine gentleman, as it was her pretty face which had attracted me. She left me a child—a little girl, whom I had to intrust to her kindred—good, homely folk in a distant county, who had no clear idea of the identity of poor Matty's husband, but were willing to undertake the charge for Matty's sake and a liberal remuneration. You see now, Ralph," he went on, looking earnestly at the young man, "why I sent for you to come to me here. I always meant to tell my father of my marriage, that he might see how both of his sons were on the same footing; but he died while I was still putting it off; and then I thought of this way of righting the matter. If you should marry my little Maud—the child is rarely lovely—"

Ralph had been trying now to stop him in good earnest.

"Do not let us bring her name in, Uncle Gilbert. I have come to tell you of the girl I hope to marry."

"But you have not seen Maud," said the old man, testily. "She has been keeping out of your way; she will not see you. And she is such a willful little minx"—his features relaxing in a smile half pleased and half abashed—"I can do nothing but just let her have her way. I thought in time all must come right. I never thought that in one week—"

"You must not regret it," said the young man, gently. "My Cousin Maud—I'm afraid I have been exiling her from home all this while—will not be so willful when you find some one better worth her having."

"But—Woodvale—and the girl is, after all, my child—"

"And rightful heir, Uncle Gilbert. Let her have Woodvale, and welcome. And now, that is settled, perhaps you will not be angry with me that I take my own way—"

"Ralph—"

There was a stir amidst the heavy lace curtains which screened the library from the picture gallery. And then the curtain was pushed aside, and a small white figure stood against the crimson.

"Ralph, perhaps your uncle will let you introduce me to him?"

The young man sprang forward eagerly, though in his bewilderment it seemed to him as if he were in a dream. He took her two hands in her own, and drew her toward him proudly.

"Uncle Gilbert, you see—"

The old man put on his spectacles, as if not sure that he did see.

"Maud!"

"Or Little Buttercup," she said, with a charming blush, turning her face round on her lover, while she disengaged one hand and held it out to her father.

Boer Marksmen.

On my first shooting expedition to the Bontebok Flats I was accompanied by a soldier servant who had gone through his course of musketry instruction at Maidstone with credit, had passed all drills and was fit to fight the foe. He carried my spare rifle. I left him in charge of the horses, and tried to stalk a herd of springbok. They took alarm and ran round to within five hundred yards of where I had left him. Instead of waiting till I could get back, he fired without result. On my blaming him he said: "It was not a bad shot, sir; I saw the bullet strike. It was only a hundred yards short, and a little to the right!" Now, there were at least 200 deer in that herd. I bagged nothing that day, and toward evening met a Dutch farmer, followed by his after-rider, returning to camp. They had three springbok and one rehbok on their saddles, and these animals are not very much larger than goats. I found him very friendly, and I told him I had not been able to get within 400 yards of game all day, though I had had considerable experience in India. He said: "That is quite near enough. I shot one buck 500 yards, one at over 400 yards; the other was very near, only 200 yards." He asked me to come to his camp, and told me that judging distance was the great difficulty, and having rifles properly sighted. He pointed to an ant hill on the opposite side of several ravines, and said: "That is 500 yards off," set his sights, fired, and the white dust flew in the air. He pointed to another in an opposite direction, and said: "That is 400 yards," altered his sights and the dust flew again. This rifle was sighted at one hundred yards, at which distance, he told me, he had often killed single deer. I bought it of him. There are several reasons why the Boers should be what they are as a nation—without exception the finest shots in the world. They carry rifles from boyhood all the year round, having no close season for game, the countless herds from the interior of Africa constantly invading their farms. The clearness of the atmosphere enables them to see a great distance, and the almost constant dryness of the soil enables them to see where their bullets strike, and to know if they have judged the distance accurately. This is an incalculable advantage, as in Scotland it is almost always impossible to see where the missing bullet strikes, and few sportsmen pretend to kill even the great red deer at much over 200 yards. I knew a Cape farmer constantly kill bushbok no bigger than a fallow deer from his dressing-room window on a sunny grass field at a measured distance of 400 yards, where they would come to feed at dawn.—*London Field.*

Youthful Heroism.

A year ago, in the summer of 1880, a deed of heroism was performed by a young lad at Alessandria, in Piedmont, for which he has just been rewarded in a characteristically Sub-Alpine and Latin manner. Some children were playing upon the bank of the river Tanaro, when one of them, a boy four years old, toppled over into the stream, and, as it chanced, at a most dangerous spot, where practiced swimmers had already lost their lives. Eduardo Pozzi, a lad of twelve, who saw the accident, determined to venture upon the task of rescue. He knelt down, made the sign of the cross and jumped boldly into the raging waters. He was seized by the torrent, but not until he had tightly grasped the little boy. The two were sucked under by the waters, but rose again to the surface, and the young hero, with great resolution and daring, forced his way into still water, from whence a policemen drew him to the shore. He fell down exhausted and unconscious, but kept a firm grip upon the little fellow whom he had saved.

The king of Italy heard of the deed, and directed that the silver medal of the Order of Merit, with his king's thanks, should be sent to the little hero. The actual bestowal of the gift, however, was reserved to the present year, when the anniversary was made the occasion of a public ceremonial. The courtyard of the Collegio Nazionale was adorned with flowers and banners; the municipal authorities were convoked; the whole population was invited to take part in the function; and Senator Zopp fastened the medal upon the boy's breast, while the mayor of Alessandria gave him a kiss upon his forehead in the name of the whole town. When Pozzi was questioned about his deed he said, with touching modesty: "I knew that if I were drowned he and I would have gone into Paradise together." His father, who is a railway servant, was invited to dinner by the prefect, and the sons of that functionary solemnly divided bread and salt with the hero of the day, as a token of perpetual alliance. The father refused to receive a sum of money which had been collected.—*London Globe.*

Better break thy word than do worse in keeping it.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

M. Munkacsy, the Hungarian painter, has just declined to take less than $160,000 for his new picture of "Christ before Pilate." It is not so long ago that this brilliant and now wealthy artist was a cabinet-maker's apprentice, and was thankful to earn small sums in his leisure hours by painting flowers upon the furniture of the peasant farmers of his native town, taking his commissions from them as he stood in the market-place with his master's wares. A chance talk with two art students, who stood with him under a gateway during a heavy shower, first opened to him the way to a regular academical education.

"If it were only possible," Mrs. Garfield said, "for my husband and me to go around and see all these dear people who have been so grateful in their remembrance for us here of late days, I would be so happy; and I know he would, too. I want to thank them—to tell them all how kindly I feel toward them for what they have said to me. I never could understand anything about politics, and if I liked a person it made no difference whether they were Republicans or Democrats; and now I have grown to think that there is not much difference between the two great parties, for one says just as kind words in our present affliction as the other. It makes me feel like forming an opinion as to what I would do were women permitted to vote as well as men. I believe I would get two tickets, fold them together so as to look like one, and drop them back in the ballot-box."

A wealthy land-owner at Gonesse, France, has founded upon his estate a private asylum for superannuated animals, which, except for his protection, would perish of neglect. Many of the inmates of this strange establishment have attained extraordinary ages; indeed, the figures representing the number of their years, which their benefactor carefully records, severely tax credulity. The patriarch of the family is a mule in his seventy-third year; next come a cow thirty-six years old, a pig of twenty-seven, and a goat of eighteen summers. In the quarters assigned to fowls the visitor is introduced to a goose in its thirty-eighth year, whose paunch touches the ground and whose feet are disfigured by countless warts. In the aviary are a sparrow in his thirty-second year, and a bullfinch reputed to be twenty-eight years old. Young and frolicsome creatures need not apply for admittance to this asylum, for only the aged are received.

A curious provision of the criminal code of Germany, for which there is no analogy in English or American legislation, makes deliberate homicide, where it is perpetrated at the request of the victim, a lesser grade of crime than murder, and places it within the discretion of the court to impose as low a sentence as three years' imprisonment for the offense. Under this law a miller's apprentice of Berlin has just been sentenced for cutting his wife's throat. He was out of work and money, and he and his wife formed the resolution to commit suicide by taking poison. His wife, however, drained the cup containing the mixture alone, leaving none for him, and after a while begged him to kill her at once, to put an end to the suffering that ensued. He complied with her request by making several gashes in her throat. This state of facts was deemed sufficient to warrant a sentence of only four years' imprisonment.

The Atlanta Industrial exposition, to open October 5, promises to be a great success. The entries already number over 1,100, representing all branches of industry and production. Foreign exhibits are being offered freely, and two steamers are under charter to sail from Liverpool for Savannah with goods for the exhibition, while other exhibits will follow either in specially chartered vessels or by the regular channels of commerce. Some of the machinery and processes to be exhibited will be of an unusually interesting character, and some will be entirely new developments of industry. The exhibition of cotton and silk fabrics will be especially attractive. The associated railroads of the South will make a representative display of woods, soils and minerals from all sections of the Southern States, and the planters of the Mississippi valley will make a typical exhibition of sugar, cotton and tobacco. The last will be seen in all stages of growth and manufacture, from the springing plant to the finished cigar and plug. One of the largest and most active displays will be a competitive exhibition of fifty cotton gins, by as many different manufacturers. The influence of this exposition upon the prosperity of the South, and, indeed of the whole country, in the stimulus it will give to enterprise and invention, and the enlargement of existing fields of competition, will undoubtedly be very great.

Mayor Richmond, of Pueblo, in the mining region of Colorado, tells the Philadelphia *Times* that many of the stock companies are operated without honor or decency, being merely schemes to beguile unsuspecting people in the East. He gives the following account of how the trick is usually played: "A company will be formed representing a cash capital of perhaps $100,000, for the purpose of opening new mines and of carrying on the business of mining generally. A claim is bought and opened. Suppose the mine shows up or 'sights' for $100,000, the capital stock. The company then proceeds to put the mine on the Eastern market at a capital of $1,000,000, or possibly, if the company is unusually sharp, at $5,000,000. This is done by going to a few prominent capitalists and saying: 'Here, we will let you in on the ground floor of this company if you will take some stock and help us along by your influence.' The capitalists buy the stock and lend their names, and in a short time the entire stock is taken by Eastern investors, who are deceived by seeing the prominent capitalists as heavy stockholders. When the stock has all been taken the money is divided between those on the 'ground floor,' and operations go on as in all well-regulated companies. The concern never pays a dividend in the world, and the second class of stockholders never see a cent of their money."

John Chinaman has made, literally, a new departure in which we are more interested perhaps than anybody except himself. The Sydney (Australia) *Herald* states that in a fortnight over 2,000 Chinese arrived at that port, and that they described themselves as but the pioneers of an immense body of emigrants who were en route from Hong Kong. Both pioneers and main body were of the poorer class, "who had scraped together the £8 for their passage and landed penniless." They received almost as cool a reception in Sydney as they would have done in San Francisco, and were as unwelcome to no one as to the rich Chinese merchants and traders in Sydney, who were compelled to keep them from starving until work could be found for them. These traders declared that 20,000 of their less lucky brethren would pour in on them before the year was out, and that there would be no cessation to this flood of paupers unless prompt and decisive measures were taken to stop it. No books have ever given us an idea of the insufferable poverty which eye-witnesses describe as existing in the rice district of the north of China, a poverty so extreme that fathers not lacking in domestic affection sell their children for less than a dollar to save them from slow starvation, and strangle the new-born babe to keep it from further knowledge of a life which has in it nothing but torture. It is no wonder, says a New York paper, that this torrent of misery seeks every outlet of possible escape. It will escape, no matter how it is driven back. It has never been found in history that any starving horde remained within enforced limits to die while there were fat untilled spaces of the earth's surface lying vacant.

NEWS EPITOME.

East and Middle.

One of the smaller hotels and a railroad depot at Coney Island have been destroyed by fire.

A man with an old-fashioned gun on his shoulder was noticed going up the steps of the old capitol at Albany, N. Y., and was halted by the superintendent of the building and asked where he was going, to which he replied: "I am adjutant of this State." The superintendent, fearing that harm was intended, asked for the gun, but the stranger declined to give it up, whereupon a desperate struggle ensued for its possession. The gun was finally secured, and the stranger, who had not yet recovered from a spree, was locked up. The affair gave rise to a rumor that an attempt had been made to assassinate Governor Cornell.

A fifteen-year-old New York schoolgirl drowned herself the other day because she had been scolded by her mother.

While William G. De Turk and his family were out riding at Reading, Pa., their horses became frightened at a dog which ran out at them and ran away, breaking the carriage into small pieces. Mr. De Turk was instantly killed, his wife and son were seriously injured and Mrs. H. H. Hall, his sister, was severely injured.

Mrs. Van Vorst was killed by lightning at Carbondale, Pa., and four other persons were seriously injured.

John McCombe and Miss Isabella Wright, his affianced, were walking on the railroad track near Providence, R. I., when a train came up behind them. To avoid the danger they stepped hastily on the other track. Just at that moment an express train came sweeping around a curve, and striking the two crushed them into a shapeless mass.

Leo Hartmann, a leading Russian Nihilist, has arrived in New York, and is giving an account of the operations of his order to the papers.

A fire at Deep River, Conn., destroyed Pratt, Read & Co.'s piano factory, doing damage to the extent of $150,000.

West and South.

Bright Eyes, the daughter of a Ponca Indian chief, and who spoke in the East two years ago on the wrongs of her people, has been married to T. H. Tibbals, of Omaha, who took up and fought through the courts the cause of the Poncas who had been arrested for leaving their reservation.

At Muir, Mich., a small house occupied by Alonzo Derrick with his wife and six children caught fire in an upper chamber where three of the children—a deaf mute, aged eleven, and two other boys, aged respectively eight and five—were sleeping, and they were burned to death.

Twenty-five tenement-houses, two sawmills, the depot stores, boarding-houses and stables in Wallace, Mich., were burned recently; also the year's stock of logs, a large lot of piled lumber and thousands of ties, posts and telegraph poles. One school-house and two small tenements are all that remained standing.

Intense excitement was created in the Chicago exchange by a corner in wheat and other staples. Every staple in the market was bought in and cornered by some clique.

Professor Ormond Stone, of the Cincinnati Observatory, and his assistants are watching the new comet, discovered a few days ago, with much interest. They devote all their available hours to observing the stranger. They say the comet will be in perihelion about a month hence. It is at present about 150,000,000 miles from the earth, and is approaching the earth very rapidly. When it reaches its perihelion it will be distant about four-tenths of the distance between the earth and the sun. No tail was visible when the comet was first seen, but the observations of Professor Stone indicated that a tail was becoming visible. The tail is now perceptible by the aid of the telescope. Whether the comet will become visible to the naked eye cannot yet be determined, but the professor thinks there is at least some probability that such may be the case. Its location seems to be nearly the same as that of the comet which appeared some weeks ago. It seems to be making in a northerly direction. Professor Stone thinks it very probable that this is the great comet which was observed by the Chinese in 1337. The orbits of the two are very nearly the same.

Lightning struck and killed a telegraph operator at Madison, Wis., as he sat at his instrument.

A monument to the Confederate dead was unveiled a few days ago at Culpepper, Va.

Colonel R. M. Edwards, Greenback candidate for governor of Tennessee at the last election, was assaulted at Nashville by Albert Ackers and severly beaten. Ackers had sued his brother, George F. Ackers, and Colonel Edwards, for $50,000 for slander.

Thomas H. Goodale, a wealthy building contractor and respected citizen of Minneapolis, Minn., has become insane from Guiteau's act and has been assuring his friends that he was called for to shoot Governor Pillsbury. His declarations of late became so frequent that he was the other day taken to the asylum at St. Peter to forestall a possible assassination.

Miss Minnie Reeve, telegraph operator and agent of the Minneapolis and St. Louis railroad at Hopkins, Minn., was killed by a collision between an empty train and a locomotive on which she was riding.

J. L. Jennings, who recently murdered a man on the Animas river, New Mexico, to secure the latter's wife, was lynched at Tierra Amarilla.

John J. Bagley, ex-governor of Michigan, is dead.

Three men at Napa, Cal., were instantly killed by the explosion of a boiler attached to the engine of a threshing machine.

A sheriff's posse came upon the Williams brothers, outlaws, who had taken refuge in the woods near Eau Galle, Minn. In the fight which followed Sheriff Doolittle and two of his men were killed, while the outlaws escaped.

Bishop Philip Klingen Smith, at one time of high standing and influence in the Mormon church, and the exposer of the Mountain Meadow massacre and a participant therein, is dead. His body was found in a prospect hole in Sonora, Mexico, under circumstances indicating murder. Bishop Smith has died as he expected. After convicting John D. Lee of the Mountain Meadow massacre he said: "I know the church will kill me sooner or later—it is only a question of time." After returning from the trial by order of the church his wife left him, and he started South and lived in Arizona. In that Territory two attempts were made to kill him.

Montpelier, in Virginia, the former home and burial-place of President Madison, has been sold at public auction for $20,000.

At Tiptonville, Tenn., Felix Wylie, who had assaulted a young woman, was taken from jail by a crowd of 150 men and hanged to a tree.

A United States marshal has captured Thomas Andrews, called "King of the Moonshiners," who has long been operating in Baxter county, Ark. Andrews has caused the government great trouble, and the stories of his career would fill a volume. He once murdered a United States marshal in Tennessee, after which he fled to Arkansas.

The first legal execution took place at Leadville, Col., a few days ago, Frank Gilbert and Merrick Rosencrantz suffering the extreme penalty of the law for murder.

United States troops have been sent to the Indian Territory to aid in expelling white intruders.

A fire at Whitehall, Mich., swept almost the entire length of the main business street. Nearly every business house was burned out, the damage being estimated at $150,000.

The desperate condition of affairs in Perry county, Ark., and the defiance of law and order, have resulted in Governor Churchill's placing the county under martial law. A few outlaws, by threats and intimidation, have inaugurated a reign of terror, and the officers of the law are powerless to punish them.

The steamers Idlewild and Osceola Belle, at Memphis, were destroyed by fire.

George W. Tabb, foreman of the jury that convicted John Brown on October 31, 1859, died a few days ago at Harrisonburg, Va.

From Washington

A consular report from Aix La Chapelle says that the outlook for the crops in Rhenish Prussia is very bad, and that American wheat has successfully competed with German rye.

The United States government has intimated its disinclination to join in the proposed general representation on the subject of the treatment of the Jews in Russia, on the ground that it has already instructed its minister to Russia on the subject.

The secretary of the treasury has issued orders to the collectors at New York and Boston instructing them to make every effort to discover the consignors of the infernal machines shipped to Liverpool.

Colonel John C. Burch, the secretary of the United States Senate, died suddenly a few days ago from disease of the heart. Colonel Burch was a well-known politician and journalist of Nashville, Tenn., and had held his office since March, 1879.

During the last fiscal year the exports of merchandise from the United States amounted to $902,000,000, the largest on record, and the imports to $642,000,000.

The *Law Reporter*, a weekly published in Washington, has an editorial article on "Assault with Intent to Kill," in which the inadequacy, defects and incompleteness of the criminal code of the District of Columbia are pointed out, but which reaches the conclusion that instead of the maximum penalty for Guiteau's offense being eight, or in case of two indictments sixteen years, it is, according to law, twenty years' imprisonment.

On the 1st inst. Secretary Blaine had become so confident of the President's recovery that he cabled to Minister Lowell at London, informing him that no more daily telegrams concerning the President's condition would be sent.

Foreign News.

Fresh persecutions and pillaging of Jews in the Russian government of Pultava are reported. Seventeen villages have been entirely deserted.

The leading English papers have articles on the shipment of infernal machines calling the attention of the United States government to the case.

A great cattle plague is causing much alarm in Russia.

Three vessels were wrecked and thirty persons drowned during a terrific gale at East London, South Africa.

Midhat Pasha and all the others convicted of the murder of the late sultan, except the two actual assassins and Izzet Pasha and Syed Pasha, who were implicated in the crime, have been sent to Arabia as exiles for life.

Another plot to assassinate the czar has been discovered in St. Petersburg and many arrests have followed. An ex-Nihilist who betrayed his companions was murdered.

Thirty houses belonging to Jews at the villages of Borispol and Birizan, in the Russian government of Poltava, have been destroyed. The troops fired upon the rioters, four of whom were killed and two wounded.

The British ship Oriflamme, from London to San Francisco, took fire from the spontaneous combustion of the cargo and was burned off the Peruvian coast.

Within a fortnight five duels have been fought in Germany, the last one being between a student and an army officer. The men fought with pistols, and the student was killed.

The census returns show the population of Canada to be 4,350,933, an increase of 680,498 during the past ten years.

An Irish landlord named Swanton was shot and mortally wounded near Ballydehob.

The French consul at Constantinople has arrested an Arab sheik upon whom were found documents showing the existence of a vast Moslem conspiracy against the French in Africa.

Chemical Paradoxes.

We are accustomed to associate the idea of combustibility with paper. If it be wrapped tightly around a metallic rod it can be held in a gas-flame without burning. The metal carries the heat away from it as fast as applied, becoming hot itself. After a while it will reach a temperature, provided the flame is large enough, at which the paper will burn. The same phenomenon can be more strikingly exhibited by making a vessel of paper, filling it with water, and applying heat. No matter how hot the flame over which it is placed may be, it will not burn. The water will boil, and the heat be absorbed, or rendered latent, in the production of steam. An egg can thus be boiled in a paper saucepan. A sieve may be made to hold water or to float. If the interstices are very fine and the wire bright and dry, the water will not wet it, because a film of air will adhere to the wires. The lower surface of the water is divided by the meshes into a number of little spheroidal projections, in which the capillary force or internal gravitation and also cohesion come into play. These hold the water together so that some considerable power is required to force the water through the meshes. Thus we can put quite a quantity of water in a fine sieve, or place one in water, and it will float. If the wires are not perfectly bright we may distribute over their surface some powder which water will not wet. The dust of bituminous coal is excellent. Carrying out this principle, needles, if bright, may be made to float without the least trouble, and will float for a long time.

Water is to be made to boil by cold. A flask half full of water is maintained at ebullition for some minutes. It is removed from the source of heat, corked, inverted and placed in one of the rings of a retort stand. If cold water is poured on the upturned bottom of the flask the fluid will start into violent ebullition. The upper portion of the flask is filled with steam which maintains a certain pressure on the water. By cooling the upper portion of the flask some of this is condensed, and the pressure reduced. The temperature at which water boils varies with the pressure. When it is reduced, water boils at a lower heat. By pouring the cold water over the flask we condense the steam so that the water is hot enough to boil at the reduced pressure. To assert that water boils by the application of cold is a chemical sophism.—*Scientific American.*

The Line of Beauty.

Professor Muller, in a course of lectures in Berlin, offered a simple and mechanical explanation of the universal admiration bestowed on circles. The eye is moved in its socket by six muscles, of which four are respectively employed to raise, depress, turn to the right and to the left. The other two have an action contrary to each other, and roll the eye on its axis, or from the outside downward, and inside upward. When, therefore, an object is presented for inspection, the first act is that of circumvision, or going round the boundary lines, so as to bring consecutively every individual portion of the circumference upon the most delicate and sensitive portions of the retina. Now, if figures bounded by straight lines be presented for inspection, it is obvious that but two of these muscles can be called into action; and it is equally evident that in curves of a circle or ellipse all must alternately be brought into action. The effect then is that if two only be employed, as in rectilinear figures, those two have an undue share of labor; and by repeating the experiment frequently, as we do in childhood, the notion of tedium is instilled, a distaste for straight lines is gradually formed, and we are led to prefer those curves which supply a more general and equable share of work to the muscles.

Smoking in Mexico.

A correspondent, writing from Mexico, says: The one universal habit in Mexico is smoking. Cigars are very cheap and very bad, and everybody smokes. Pipes are unknown, but cigarettes are rolled and smoked constantly. A good cigar costs five cents, the best ten cents; *puras* are three or four for a real—twelve and a-half cents. Everybody carries a cigar in his mouth and a handful in his pocket, and they smoke on the cars and at dinner and everywhere. Calling by appointment at the house of a wealthy gentleman I threw away my cigar at the door, before being shown into a very handsome library. Our host came in smoking, shook hands and immediately looked around, turned over two or three boxes, selected a couple of pure Havanas and offered them as a matter of course. The president's reception hour is from 1 to 2, and at 1:30 we found the linen floor-cloth in the ante-room littered with cigarette ends. I have heard that the last appeal of a beggar is to tell you that he has not had a smoke for two days, but that extremity of destitution I have not yet seen. Smoking covers a multitude of smells, fortunately, and for my part I think I could not stand the glorious climate a week if I had not the protection of a cigar.

[Wilmington (Del.) Daily Republican.]

Mrs. Adam Grubb, 231 Walnut street, has been a great sufferer for a number of years from extreme pain in the feet, something like rheumatism. She was also very much troubled with corns and bunions. It was with great difficulty that she could walk, and sometimes when she would visit her husband's shoe store or any of her children, she could not get home again without assistance, and often when she was walking along the streets she would be seized with such acute pain that she was compelled to stop in at the neighbors on the way until she got better. Some two weeks ago she heard of the wonderful cures St. Jacobs Oil was effecting, and she at once commenced to use it and experienced great relief immediately. The pains have left her feet and ankles and the inflammation has left the corns and bunions. She is now tripping up to her husband's shoe store and out to see her children without experiencing any pain.

Ex-Queen Isabella, of Spain, is a great admirer of the Paris *Figaro*, and frequently drops in of an evening to see the staff at work, always ending her call by inviting the force out to a banquet at her expense. We don't see how an editor can work with a queen rummaging round the office knocking over type and reading manuscript that is none of her business. It would annoy us to death.—*Peck's Sun.*

[Cambridgeport (Mass.) American Protestant.]

A lady friend of ours called the other day and stated that her husband had seen St. Jacobs Oil advertised in our paper; he used it for rheumatism and was convinced of its merits.

Secretary Kirkwood has appointed Frank La Fesche, a brother of Bright Eyes, the Ponca maiden, to a clerkship in the Indian bureau.

Miserableness.

The most wonderful and marvelous success, in cases where persons are sick or pining away from a condition of miserableness, that no one knows what ails them (profitable patients for doctors), is obtained by the use of Hop Bitters. They begin to cure from the first dose and keep it up until perfect health and strength is restored. Whoever is afflicted in this way need not suffer when they can get Hop Bitters. See "Truths" and "Proverbs" in another column.

Two persons have given $5,000 and $10,000 respectively, to carry out the plan for a homœopathic hospital for women and children at Boston.

25 Cents Will Buy

a Treatise upon the Horse and his Diseases. Book of 100 pages. Valuable to every owner of horses. Postage stamps taken. Sent postpaid by New York Newspaper Union, 150 Worth Street, New York.

Vegetine.—"The life of all flesh is the blood thereof." And no one can possibly be healthy when the blood is diseased. Vegetine is composed of substances identical with healthy blood; and when taken into the system for the cure of disease it is absorbed, and replaces the deficiency which caused the disease.

Flies and Mosquitoes.

15c. box "Rough on Rats" keeps a house free from flies, bed-bugs, roaches, rats, mice, etc.

Deacon Smith buys Carboline, the deodorized petroleum hair renewer and restorer, and since its improvement recommends it to all his friends as the perfection of all hair preparations.

HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE

is the BEST SALVE for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all kinds of Skin Eruptions, Freckles and Pimples. Get HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE, as all others are counterfeits. Price 25 cents.

DR. GREEN'S OXYGENATED BITTERS

is the best Remedy for Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Malaria, Indigestion and Diseases of the Blood, Kidneys, Liver, Skin, etc.

DENTON'S BALSAM cures Coughs, Colds, Rheumatism, Kidney Troubles, etc. Can be used externally as a plaster.

Use RED HORSE POWDER for Horses and Cattle

WARRANTED FOR 34 YEARS

AND NEVER FAILED

To CURE Croup, Spasms, Diarrhœa, Dysentery and Sea Sickness, taken internally, and GUARANTEED perfectly harmless; also externally, Cuts, Bruises, Chronic Rheumatism, Old Sores, Pains in the limbs, back and chest. Such a remedy is Dr. TOBIAS' VENETIAN LINIMENT.

☞ No one once trying it will ever be without it; over 600 physicians use it.

25 Cents will Buy a Treatise upon the Horse and his Diseases. Book of 100 pages. Valuable to every owner of horses. Postage stamps taken. Sent postpaid by NEW YORK NEWSPAPER UNION, 150 Worth Street, New York.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.			
Beef Cattle—Med. Nat. live wt.	9¼	@	11¾
Calves—Poor to Prime Veals	5½	@	8
Sheep	4	@	6
Lambs	4½	@	7¾
Hogs—Live	6½	@	7
Dressed, city	8¼	@	8¾
Flour—Ex. State, good to fancy	5 15	@	6 50
Western, good to fancy	5 40	@	8 60
Wheat—No. 2 Red, July	1 25¼	@	1 25¾
No. 1 White	1 23½	@	1 24½
Rye—State	98	@	1 00
Barley—Two-rowed State	80	@	80
Corn—Ungraded Western Mixed	45	@	58
Southern Yellow	57	@	57
Oats—White State	45½	@	49½
Mixed Western	42	@	45
Hay—Medium to Prime	65	@	90
Straw—No. 1, Rye	75	@	80
Hops—State, 1880	12	@	23
Pork—Mess, new, for export	18 25	@	18 25
Lard—City Steam	11 60	@	11 60
Refined	11 75	@	11 75
Petroleum—Crude	6⅞	@	7¼
Refined	7¾	@	7¾
Butter—State Creamery	22	@	23½
Dairy	20	@	22
Western Im. Creamery	16	@	19
Factory	11	@	18
Cheese—State Factory	8	@	11¾
Skims	4	@	7
Western	8	@	10¼
Eggs—State and Penn	17½	@	18
Potatoes—Early Rose, State, bbl	1 25	@	1 50
BUFFALO.			
Steers—Extra	5 90	@	6 10
Lambs—Western	6 25	@	6 75
Sheep—Western	4 75	@	5 30
Hogs, Good to Choice Yorkers	6 50	@	6 50
Flour—C'y Ground, No. 1 Spring	5 50	@	6 00
Wheat—No. 1, Hard Duluth	1 26	@	1 26
Corn—No. 2 Mixed	53	@	53
Oats—State	37	@	38
Barley—Two-rowed State	90	@	90
BOSTON.			
Beef—Extra plate and family	15 00	@	16 00
Hogs—Live	6¾	@	7¼
Hogs—City Dressed	8¾	@	8¾
Pork—Extra Prime per bbl	14 50	@	15 00
Flour—Spring Wheat Patents	6 50	@	8 00
Corn—Mixed and Yellow	58	@	60
Oats—Extra White	49	@	51
Rye—State	1 20	@	1 20
Wool—Washed Comb & Delaine	42	@	44
Unwashed " "	29	@	30
WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET.			
Beef Cattle—Live weight	3½	@	5¼
Sheep	3½	@	5¼
Lambs	6	@	8¾
Hogs, Northern	8	@	8
PHILADELPHIA.			
Flour—Penn. Ex. Family, good	5 62½	@	5 62½
Wheat—No. 2 Red	1 24	@	1 26
Rye—State	90	@	90
Corn—State Yellow	57	@	57
Oats—Mixed	38	@	38½
Butter—Creamery, Extra Pa	24	@	25
Cheese—New York Full Cream	11½	@	11½
Petroleum—Crude	6¾	@	7
Refined	7¾	@	7¾

Vegetine.

The Barks, Roots and Herbs

FROM WHICH VEGETINE IS MADE

IN POWDER FORM,

50 CENTS A PACKAGE.

Full Direction in Every Package.

Each package will make, in quantity, *two bottles of Vegetine liquid*, or about *three pints*, after the *Barks, Roots and Herbs* are steeped.

Vegetine in Powder Form is sold by all druggists and general stores. If you cannot buy it of them, inclose 50c. in postage stamps for one package, or $1 for two packages, and I will send it by return mail.

Vegetine.

A PERFECT REMEDY.

Baltimore, Md., May 24, 1879.

Mr. Stevens:

Dear Sir—I have used your *Vegetine*, put up in powder form, preparing it according to directions found in the *Package*, and I must say it was just what I needed. I have been a great sufferer from *Female Weakness* and complaints peculiar to women, and I find in the Vegetine a perfect remedy. Yours respectfully, MRS. HENRIETTA MASON, No. 119 No. High street.

Vegetine.

DR. W. ROSS WRITES:

Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness.

H. R. Stevens, Boston:

I have been practicing medicine for 25 years, and as a remedy for Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness and all diseases of the blood, I have never found its equal. I have sold Vegetine for seven years, and have never had one bottle returned. I would heartily recommend it to those in need of a blood purifier.

DR. W. ROSS, Druggist, Wilton, Iowa.

September 18, 1878.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

The Passage From the Liver

Of bile into the intestines at proper intervals, is essential to health and regularity of the bowels and stomach. When this important function is interrupted by the failure of the gland to perform its secreting duty properly, constipation and indigestion result, bile is injected into the blood, and dyes the skin a dirty yellow; there are nausea, headache, pain in the right side, furred tongue and other annoying symptoms. For these and for their cause, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a far more rational and pleasant remedy than the drastic, violent purgatives sometimes taken. It relaxes the bowels without pain or annoyance, and imparts the requisite stimulus to the liver, promoting its activity, and that of its associate organ, the stomach. These combined beneficent effects are speedily appreciable.

Thackeray's idea of a dandy is given in the following note: My Dear Edward—A 'dandy' is an individual who would be a lady if he could, but, as he can't, does all he can to show the world he's nto a man."

It Seems Impossible

That a remedy made of such common, simple plants as hops, buchu, mandrake, dandelion, etc., should make so many and such marvelous and wonderful cures as Hop Bitters do, but when old and young, rich and poor, pastor and doctor, lawyer and editor, all testify to having been cured by them, you must believe and try them yourself and doubt no longer. See other column.

The total number of newspapers now published in Greece is 129, fifty-five of which appear in Athens alone. Most of them are of very little value, either from a literary or political point of view.

Certain Knowledge.

We know whereof we affirm when we say that Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure has performed more wonderful cures than any medicine ever brought before the American public.

Prince Bismarck says world's fairs are largely responsible for spoiling the world, and is obstinately opposed to the holding of one in Berlin.

For dyspepsia, indigestion, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms, also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya Bark, made by Caswell, Hazard & Company, New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

PERRY DAVIS'

Pain-Killer

A SAFE AND SURE REMEDY FOR

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cramps, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Dysentery.

Sprains AND Bruises, Burns AND Scalds, Toothache AND Headache.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

NYNU—31

For Hay Fever, Catarrh, Cold in the Head, etc., Insert with little finger a particle of the Balm into the nostrils; draw strong breaths through the nose. It will be absorbed, cleansing and healing the diseased membrane.

For Deafness, Occasionally apply a particle into and back of the ear, rubbing in thoroughly.

HAY FEVER.

I have been afflicted for twenty years, during the months of August and September, with Hay Fever, and have tried various remedies for its relief without success. I was induced to try your Cream Balm; have used it with favorable results, and can confidently recommend it to all similarly afflicted.

Robert W. Townley (Ex-Mayor), Elizabeth, N. J.

Price—50 cents. On receipt of 50 cents will mail a package free. Send for circular, with full information.

ELY CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y.

Sold by all Druggists.

At Wholesale in New York, Philadelphia, Syracuse, Chicago, Boston, and other cities.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN

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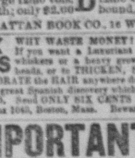
GEORGE E. LEMON, Att'y at Law,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

References given to actual clients in nearly every County in the U. S. Correspondence invited. Send sketch or model for opinion as to patentability. No charge for services unless successful. Est'blish'd 1865.

Everyone who owns a wagon wants a **Eureka Folding Canopy Top.** Folds up like an umbrella. Weighs less than 12 lbs. Can be taken off or put on in one minute. Affords superior protection from sun and rain. Made in different sizes to fit business wagons, pleasure wagons, and buggies. Send for illustrated circular and price list. Agents wanted everywhere. State where you saw this. D. G. BEERS & CO. Patentees and Manufacturers, Sandy Hook, Ct.



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A permanent practical road vehicle, with which a person can ride three miles as easily as he could walk one. Send 3-cent stamp for 24-page catalogue.

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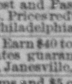

SIX CTS WHY WASTE MONEY! Young man or old. If you want a luxuriant moustache, flowing whiskers or a heavy growth of hair on bald heads, or to THICKEN, STRENGTHEN and INVIGORATE the HAIR anywhere don't be humbugged. Try the great Spanish discovery which has NEVER YET FAILED. Send ONLY SIX CENTS to Dr. J. GONZALEZ, Box 1040, Boston, Mass. Beware of all imitations.

IMPORTANT to Students of Music. THE NEW CALENDAR of the New England Conservatory and College of Music is sent FREE. Apply to E. TOURJEE, Boston, Mass.

ALLEN'S Brain Food—cures Nervous Debility & Weakness of Generative Organs, $1—all druggists. Send for Circular. Allen's Pharmacy, 313 First av., N.Y.

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest Selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per ct. National Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

YOUNG MEN Learn Telegraphy. Earn $40 to $100 a month. Graduates guaranteed paying offices. Add's Valentine Bros., Janesville, Wis.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Add's H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

St. Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, GOUT, SORENESS OF THE CHEST, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS AND SPRAINS, FROSTED FEET AND EARS, BURNS AND SCALDS, General Bodily Pains, TOOTH, EAR AND HEADACHE, AND ALL OTHER PAINS AND ACHES.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims. DIRECTIONS IN ELEVEN LANGUAGES.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO. Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Card Collectors!

1st. Buy seven bars DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP of your Grocer.

2d. Ask him to give you a bill of it.

3d. Mail us his bill and your full address.

4th. We will mail YOU FREE seven beautiful cards, in six colors and gold, representing Shakspeare's "Seven Ages of Man."

I. L. CRAGIN & CO., 116 South Fourth Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your duties avoid stimulants and use Hop Bitters.

If you are a man of letters toiling over midnight work, to restore brain nerve and waste, use Hop B.

If you are young and suffering from any indiscretion or dissipation; if you are married or single, old or young, suffering from poor health or languish on a bed of sickness, rely on Hop Bitters.

Whoever you are, whenever you feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating, without intoxicating, take Hop Bitters.

Thousands die annually from some form of Kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of Hop Bitters.

Have you dyspepsia, kidney or urinary complaint, disease of the stomach, bowels, blood, liver or nerves? You will be cured if you use Hop Bitters.

If you are simply weak and low spirited, try it! It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco, or narcotics.

Sold by druggists. Send for Circular.

HOP BITTERS MFG CO., Rochester, N. Y. & Toronto, Ont.

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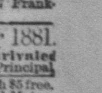

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