"It is not Yesterday."

(THE ANSWER OF A CHILD.)

Poor red flower of a mouth, you quiver so;—
What is the matter? Tell me—if you know.
Why don't you laugh out in your own one
way?
"Because—because it is not yesterday."

I know, I know. Oh, yesterday was sweet.
It laid its one blue blossom at your feet.
It let you see that gracious old man pass,
Leading his cow to find the glad first grass.

To-day is dark, dark, dark. Somewhere I see
Quick lightning, and the sleet is on the tree
Where the bird, fluttering, thought about a
nest.
And so you cry. Well, sometimes tears are
best.

I do not know but I could hide my face
Deep in my arm, if I but had your grace,
And shed more tears than you can count,
I say,
Because, ah me, it is not yesterday!

—*S. M. B. Piatt, in the Century.*

John Merrivale's Wife.

CHAPTER I.

It was 2 o'clock in the morning, and John Merrivale still sat before the library fire, alert and anxious. Whenever the sound of approaching wheels was heard he held his breath till they passed, and then almost breathlessly waited for others to draw near. Most men would have eased their anxiety by pacing the floor or looking out of the window; but John Merrivale was too much ashamed of his nervousness to even admit it to himself. He had entered his house at 12 o'clock to find his wife away. She had not spoken to him of any engagement or intention of spending the evening from home. Mr. Merrivale did not ignore the fact of hard words the morning previous. He had told his wife that he should not be home till late that night. She had wept and he had called her a baby and a simpleton.

It seemed to him, as he looked over the two years of his life as a husband, that his wife had wept every day since they were married. Of course she had no cause for tears. A ghost of a smile played around his stern but handsome mouth as he thought of her overweening fondness for himself and of her jealousy of every person and pursuit that kept him away from her. Now she had undoubtedly planned to make him jealous by going to some ball or party without his knowledge.

The sound of wheels grew less and less frequent, and now the little clock on the mantel struck three. This was horrible! Ten minutes past three, and the soft click of a latch-key was heard. Very slowly and deliberately Mr. Merrivale rose from his chair and opened the door leading into the hall. He was deadly pale, but his face was iron in its rigidity.

A gentleman in full evening dress had entered the house and was removing his overcoat when the library-door opened.

"Hallo! Jack is that you?" the newcomer inquired, in an off-hand manner.

"Yes, it is I," Mr. Merrivale replied; "but where have you been so late?"

"To one of the Barrington crushes," the young man responded, following his companion into the library, "and I didn't know as I should ever get back."

"It wasn't so far," Mr. Merrivale remarked.

"You see I had two ladies to take home, living in totally opposite directions, and out of regard for horse-flesh I walked the last mile."

Clarke Denning was an old friend and chum of John Merrivale's, and had been his guest for several weeks.

A very natural pride, natural at least to John Merrivale, restrained him from immediately speaking of his wife's absence. Then, too, there was something else. How strange that Clarke had not remarked upon his being up so late. He did not usually find him in the library at 3 o'clock in the morning. Mildred had doubtless made a confidant of Clarke and he had felt it his duty to respect her communication. This was of course disloyalty to him.

For a moment there was silence between the men, when Clarke said, suddenly:

"I'm going to bed, Jack."

"Yes, presently," Mr. Merrivale replied, in a curious tone, "but first I should like to ask you if you know anything of Mildred?"

"Mildred!"

There was surprise enough in Mr. Denning's tone, but his face was crimson and his eyes did not readily meet his friend's.

"Yes, Mildred," Mr. Merrivale responded. "She has not been home to-night."

"When did she go out?"

This was a practical question that had not occurred to Mr. Merrivale. He had been so sure of his wife's motive in going away that he had not thought of inquiring into details.

"I don't know when she left the house; I only know that she is not here now, and that is quite enough," he replied.

"Haven't you spoken to the servants?"

"That is the last thing I should do. Did she tell you that we had quarreled this morning, Clarke?"

"She didn't need to tell me that. One look at her face was sufficient."

"Did she say anything about leaving or punishing me, Clarke, or anything of that sort?"

"Why don't you ask me if I have run away with your wife?"

Clarke Denning's eyes flashed fire, as he instinctively drew a step nearer his companion.

"I beg your pardon, Clarke. I only thought she might have poured out her woes, and, perhaps, given you a hint of what she intended to do."

"Jack, your wife could no more plot against you than she could poison you. She idolizes every hair of your head, and you know it. How do you know but something horrible hasn't happened to her? Neither you nor I have been home since morning. I cannot conceive why you did not rouse the servants at once and find out what time Mrs. Merrivale went out. You would make a bad judge, Jack. You would never want to hear but one side of a case."

"Mildred dismissed her maid day before yesterday. That looks suspicious. Yesterday morning she told me she was no longer a baby and was defiant for the first time. To-night I came home and she is not here. I wait till dawn and she does not return. Two and two make four, Clarke, and all the information I can get will not alter the mathematical fact."

"You are cruel and unjust, Jack. If you will not inquire about her I will, and—"

"No, you will go to bed," Mr. Merrivale interrupted. "The fact is, Clarke, the whole thing is so exclusively my business that you must pardon me for saying that I shall be compelled to manage it in my own way."

There was nothing for Clarke to do but submit, and the two men departed with a cloud between them.

"Unjust and cruel!" These words had struck deep. It was plain that Clarke's sympathies were entirely with his wife. Mildred had doubtless complained to him and acquainted him with her plans.

At breakfast Mr. Merrivale condescended to ask a question or two of the servant who waited on him. Mrs. Merrivale had left the morning previous. Did the servant see her go? Yes, and thought it strange that Mrs. Merrivale did not order her carriage as usual. She wore a black dress and took nothing with her.

The last was an entirely unnecessary piece of information, as Mr. Merrivale had carefully examined every nook and corner of his wife's apartments, even to the little safe in which she kept her jewels.

Every jewel she possessed was there, with the exception of two diamond rings which she had before her marriage. Her engagement and wedding rings were the first pieces of jewelry that met his eyes as he opened the safe.

Clarke came down before breakfast was over looking frightfully haggard and anxious, and Mr. Merrivale informed him of the result of his interview.

"Perhaps she has gone home," Clarke suggested.

"Did she mention such a possibility to you?" Mr. Merrivale inquired.

"Hang it all, Jack! Haven't I said that she didn't tell me anything?" Clarke replied. "And is it possible that you think I could keep anything I might know from you at such a time as this? Upon my word, you must think I have suddenly developed into a villain!"

"If Mildred had seen fit to throw a little light on the subject," Mr. Merrivale remarked, entirely ignoring his companion's earnest disclaimer, "it would have simplified things considerably; but women are as destitute of business capabilities as they are of logic. I should not have put a straw in her way if she had told me she wanted to leave me."

What use to talk to a man who had so fully made up his mind?

Clarke once more asked to be allowed to assist in the search, and was again refused, and quite as peremptorily as before.

There was one chance in one hundred, Mr. Merrivale told himself, that his wife might have met with an accident or been the victim of foul play, and on this chance he must work.

The fact was John Merrivale cared too much for the opinion of the world not to do his part toward discovering the whereabouts of his wife, but there was a look in the man's face which once seen could scarcely be forgotten.

Clarke Denning saw it, and wondered could it be possible that he had loved his wife and was really sorrowing for his loss?

Sometimes there seemed little doubt of it, and then again a few satirical words pointed as plainly to another conclusion.

Clarke made several attempts to get away, but each time his determination had been overruled.

One day, about two months after Mrs. Merrivale's flight, he broached the subject again.

"If I were of the slightest use to you," he told his companion—"but I am not, and I really think I must go, Jack."

"You are of use to me," Mr. Merrivale replied.

"You are very good to say so, but I don't see it," Clarke responded. "Upon my word, Jack," he added, with considerable feeling, "I would give several years of my life if I could do something for you, but you have tied me up so that I don't feel at liberty to say my soul's my own."

Mr. Merrivale smiled, but made no answer, and Clarke gave up once more his intention of leaving in obedience to the superior will.

CHAPTER II.

Detectives were balked at every point. Mrs. Merrivale's father had been traveling abroad for several months, and the old housekeeper was interviewed with her knowledge and without her knowledge by these remorseless individuals, but it was plain that she was as ignorant as everybody else. More than once Mr. Merrivale had been summoned to the morgue, with the expectation of recognition, but Mildred was not there. Once a mass of long fine hair was the first thing to meet his eyes, and for an instant the strong, stern man succumbed to his anguish.

"Mr. Merrivale groaned quite like other folks," the detective said. "I didn't suppose 'twas in him."

But the beautiful hair was not Mildred's; and when John Merrivale walked out into the sunshine again it was with his usual stoical composure.

During all these miserable weeks he had nursed the thought of Clarke's knowledge of Mildred's secret until now he was sure of it as of his own existence.

He would gladly have been in the great house alone, free to think his own thoughts and indulge his misery in his own way, but he was entirely dominated by the thought that some time, like "murder," Clarke's complicity would "out."

With this feeling stronger than ever in his mind he, one afternoon, walked into Clarke's room during his absence and looked about.

He felt like a sneak thief as he did so, for his guest's quarters were certainly as sacred in his eyes as his own private rooms.

But he was the head detective, he told himself, and everything was fair in such an emergency as the present.

Mr. Merrivale started several times as he turned over the accumulation of letters on Clarke's writing table, thinking he heard a step approaching, and more than once decided to leave the room with his purpose unaccomplished. But here was Clarke's memorandum book, with ever so many items carefully erased, as it was on the very day that Mildred left.

This was suspicious, of course. Here was part of a letter in which Clarke had written of the great trouble of Jack, with a slight criticism of Jack's manner of managing the dreadful business.

Mr. Merrivale was about to abandon the search, when, upon taking up a portfolio of sketches, he came upon a scrap of writing which was as familiar to him as his own. It was the tag end of a note, and read as follows:

"——and shall be obliged to name another day. Never mind. It will be just as well. M. M."

John Merrivale had found more than he had looked for. No wonder that his guest was anxious to leave his house. And this was the sequel to it all. His wife had left him for another man, and that man his best friend, living as a brother under his roof and partaking of his bountiful hospitality. Mildred's tears were easily explained now. There was no necessity of looking further. This was evidence enough, and now, with his teeth set and his eyes full of a deadly determination, the outraged husband stalked out of the room.

It was after 10 o'clock that evening when Clarke returned, and John Merrivale awaited him in the library with the same fever of impatience that he had watched for his wife two months before.

"I am glad you are home, Jack!" the newcomer exclaimed as he drew a chair close to his friend's. "I've heard some news."

"Ah!"

"Mr. Harding returned from Europe to-day, and Charlie Wellington says there was a lady in the carriage with him whom he could almost swear was Mil— Mrs. Merrivale."

There was something in his companion's face and manner that didn't seem exactly favorable to first names, and Clarke awkwardly corrected himself.

"It does seem though," he went on, "that if Mrs. Merrivale had taken passage on a steamer from New York that you would have found it out."

"Yes," Mr. Merrivale responded, with singular deliberation; "but my wife did not go to Europe and you know it."

The speaker did not see the color die out of his companion's face, for it was an impossibility for John Merrivale even to accuse his friend of crime and look him in the face at the same time.

"I know it," Clarke repeated, with a pitiful quiver in his voice. "Your wife did not go to Europe and I know it?"

"Yes, and you know it," Mr. Merrivale responded, driving back with a supreme effort the demon that thirsted for quick and summary vengeance. "I have found you out," he went on, "and all I now ask is that you tell me where Mrs. Merrivale is hiding."

"Oh, Jack, can it be?" Clarke began, imploringly.

"Drop that," his companion replied, sternly. "I want to know where my wife is, and then, heaven help me, I never want to see your face again in this world or the next. Speak quickly, man"—this hissed between set teeth—"or my patience will give out."

"Let it give out and be hanged to it!" Clarke exclaimed, now fairly wild with rage. "My patience has given out, and what are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing, but ask you to read this," and Mr. Merrivale passed him the scrap of paper.

Clarke took it, looked at it like a man in a dream, then walked over to the table and examined it by the light.

"Letters from my wife must have been frequent if you cannot remember the occasion of this," Mr. Merrivale remarked, in his coolest manner.

"And shall be obliged to name another day," Clarke read aloud in a bewildered fashion, which, if assumed, was certainly an excellent piece of acting.

"Oh, I know!" he exclaimed at last, all the anger dying out of his face. "Why, Jack, that note was written when you were in Albany and Mrs. Merrivale was in Atlantic City. A party of us was going down to spend the day, and—"

"You lie!"

"Jack!"

"I say you lie and I say more, you are an infernal coward as well as a scoundrel. Tell me where my wife is or, by heavens, I'll shoot you as I would a dog."

John Merrivale pulled a pistol from his pocket and deliberately cocked it.

At that instant the silken portiere that separated the library from the drawing-room was thrown one side and Mrs. John Merrivale appeared on the scene. No sweeter vision could possibly be imagined as the beautiful woman glided swiftly to the side of her husband.

Fair, petite, graceful, childlike, yet with a womanliness that made itself felt above even the passion and wretchedness of this critical moment, she held out her hand for the pistol.

"It will be safer with me," she said, simply.

John Merrivale laid the pistol on the table without a word.

"Clarke is right about the note," she went on. "You see, I have overheard some of your conversation. It was a business communication, the first, last and only one. I left this house, John, because I could not live in it any longer and keep my self-respect. I ought to have written you, but I was too wildly wretched for that. You have been a tyrant and I a slave. I went to London to my father, and he did not approve of my course and advised my immediate return. He came with me to-night. I am sorry, Clarke, that you have had to bear so much on my account, and please try and forgive me."

Mrs. Merrivale extended her hand to her friend and then turned to leave the room. Her husband placed himself in her way.

"You haven't asked me to forgive you!" he said, in an unsteady tone.

"I tried to be a good wife," she replied, simply. "I failed sometimes. Forgive those times if you can."

Clarke turned to leave the room.

"For heaven's sake, Clarke, don't go!" Mr. Merrivale exclaimed. "I have been a brute and a fool. Forgive me, old fellow, and try and remember the awful provocation I thought I had. Say yes, Clarke."

For answer the magnanimous fellow extended his hand in token of full forgiveness.

"Now Mildred"—Mr. Merrivale was getting back a little of his old manner—"I entreat you to try and forgive me. It seems to me I have suffered most enough. Here are your rings, dear," and Mr. Merrivale drew the jewels from his pocket and placed them on her fingers. "Mildred, I will be a tyrant no longer. I will love you and cherish you as my own precious wife, so help me God, as long as we are spared to each other. Mildred, darling, you did right to leave me. It was a lesson I sadly needed. But forgive me and trust me now, or I cannot bear it."

For answer a radiant face was upturned to him and a pair of loving arms encircled his neck.

Two Singular Men.

A stranger with long hair, a white coat, a white hat with a crape band and other evidences of lunacy, entered a Griswold street restaurant yesterday and said to the proprietor:

"Sir, let me explain in advance that I am a singular man."

"All right, sir. A singular man's order is as good as any one else's."

"I want six oysters on the half-shell—on the left hand half, if you please."

The oysters were opened and placed before him, and when he had devoured them he said:

"Now take six oysters, run them through a clothes-wringer to remove the dampness, and fry them for me in olive oil."

This order was also filled, when he called for a cup of salt water, added milk and sugar and drank it down and asked for his bill.

"I also desire to explain in advance that I am a singular man," replied the proprietor. "Your bill is $2."

"Impossible!"

"Just $2, sir."

"But that is monstrous!"

"Perhaps it seems high, but that's my singular way of charging for singular lunches."

"I'll never pay it!"

"Then I'll sadden your heart!"

The sad proceedings were about to begin when the long-haired man forked over and walked out. The lesson seemed to sink deep into his heart, for he halted at a fruit store and, without any explanations in advance, paid the usual price for a banana and carried it off without asking the seller to dip the ends in rose-water.—*Free Press.*

Cannot Stand Civilization.

The population of Honolulu is 10,000, nearly half of whom is American, the other half being made up of natives, of Chinese and some English. Of the merchants and commercial men a majority are Americans, the balance are English. There are also a few Chinese merchants. The natives, when the missionaries first visited them, numbered 400,000, but to-day there are not over 30,000 natives on the islands. Like all Indians or aborigines, they cannot stand civilization and progress. The descendants of the old missionaries fall in with new modes of life. When the missionaries first settled on the islands they brought up their children with puritanic strictness, but other people coming in among them they were soon infused with the spirit of enterprise and took up grants of land and learned how to make money. Most of the missionaries sent their children to this country to acquire an education, and they returned with modern ideas. This, with the infusion of the foreign element, has produced a society in Honolulu which is equal in education and refinement to that of any other city.—*St. Louis Republican.*

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

Fifteen lives are lost on the British coast each week on an average, and thus in twenty-six years about 20,000 persons have perished. These losses have generally been regarded as inevitable, but a society has been formed for providing places of refuge on the coast for fishermen and other marines. Convict labor is to be used in the construction of these harbors.

If the *Sanitary Engineer* can be credited, the consumption of the smoke from locomotives is just as practicable as the consumption of that from stationary boilers. An engine invented by a California mechanic has been experimented with, and not only consumed the smoke, but saved fifty per cent. of fuel in doing so. The consumption is effected by a downward draft which throws smoke and cinders into the fire box. If the invention really is a success it will rob railway travel of one of its worst terrors.

St. Isaac's, the great cathedral at St. Petersburg, which was finished in 1859 and cost $25,000,000, is slowly sinking into the ground, and the authorities do not know how to stop it. The Russian capital is built upon a marsh, and the site of St. Isaac's is on one of its softest parts. Over $1,000,000 was originally spent in driving piles, but the building has never been firm, and now threatens to topple over at one corner. A recent examination showed that on one side the columns had separated from the architrave, leaving a space of three inches between. The roof was at once lightened by removing large stones, but new fissures appeared as the work went on; the workmen left in fear and the engineers gave up the job as a bad one. Since then nothing has been done except to hold consultations and reject unpractical plans for saving the building.

The prospects of Mexico were never more encouraging than at this moment. With the introduction of American capital and enterprise the country seems to have started upon a new career of prosperity and peace, and the message of President Gonzales to the congress of the republic, at its recent opening, does not in the least exceed the probabilities of the case when it predicts for it a future of substantial progress in all the elements of prosperous statehood. An official statement shows that the revenue of the republic for the last fiscal year was $30,000,000, while from 1867 to 1877 it averaged only $16,000,000. As the country is opened by the railways now being constructed, and its resources are made accessible, the present prosperous pace will be greatly accelerated, and men now in middle life may live to see the completion of the transformation which American influence has so happily begun.

Another myth is going the way of all the earth. A scientific investigator says that the stories of the pomp, the riches, the palaces, the gold and silver of the Aztecs was a Spanish lie told by Cortez to enhance the romance of his conquest. The scientist reasons that it would be utterly impossible for a race to disappear and take with it all the evidences of its civilization as the Aztecs must have done if they are what the Spaniards represented them. The ruins found in Central America belonged to an older and different race. The Aztecs were never civilized. In the time of Cortez they were precisely like the Pueblo Indians of modern days; their cities were nothing more than vast communal houses like those in which the Pueblos live, and all the stories of their magnificence and of the wealth and civilization of the Aztec empire were invented by the Spaniards. They adopted the methods of building employed by the Spaniards; suffered their old communal houses made of sun-dried brick to crumble into shapeless mounds, and learned the art of revolution, and so became the Mexicans of modern times.

The Japanese are making very rapid progress in education. It had its beginning not quite eleven years ago. In 1872 not less than 53,000 government schools were established, conducted on European principles, the average of schools being one to every 640 inhabitants. In two years the number of schools was augmented until the pupils exceeded 400,000. If at the commencement of this wonderful educational movement there was some confusion, owing to the incapacity of European teachers and the want of interchange of language, these troubles passed away. The number of pupils immediately after 1873 rapidly increased, until in 1877 in the seven school districts nearly 57,000 male teachers, with 1,275 female teachers, were educating 1,552,410 male and 543,768 female pupils. There is, then, an elementary school for every 1,345 inhabitants and for every four and one-eight square miles of the empire. Taking the total children in Japan of an age to go to school as 5,251,807, seventy-one per cent. derive the benefits of instruction. Leaving out of consideration the higher branches of knowledge, only derivable from special schools, the effort seems to tend toward the education of the masses. Looking at the expenses, some five years ago, with an appropriation of $5,364,870, the cost of education was ten shillings, say $2.20 per pupil. The liberality of the Japanese and their firm belief in the great advantages to be derived from this general education becomes manifest when it is learned that in five years about $8,500,000 of our money has been bestowed by private individuals for the school fund, together with a great deal of valuable real estate. Three years ago there were 2,319,000 pupils, and, from such accounts as may be gathered last year, the total number was near 3,000,000. There is one point which, in an educational sense, requires correction, and that is in regard to the Japanese girls, as the number of these is very small in proportion to the boys.

Boys Attacked by a Hawk.

Three boys, children of a planter in Banks county, Ga., were playing in the houseyard when a large hawk swooped down, and, seizing a chicken in its talons, flew away.

The boys were very much excited by the occurrence, and followed the hawk some distance. To their delight the bird dropped his prey, and the boys soon were standing around the chicken. The little fellows did not suppose that the hawk would be bold enough to attack them. But the bird was so angry at the loss of his meal that he circled around the heads of the children, and finally pounced down upon the eldest of the boys, whose age was ten years. The hawk fastened his talons in the lad's chin, and beat the poor little fellow's head with his wings. The other boys went to the rescue. The hawk thrust out his disengaged talon and caught one of them by the arm, flapping his wings meanwhile and pecking at his prisoners with his beak. The third boy got out his knife and gave a thrust, which seemed to take the hawk by surprise, for he then tried to get away. But the courage of the boys was up, and they held fast until they had killed the ferocious bird. The hawk measured twenty-four inches from tip to tip.

The figures given of the losses by the strikes this summer are large. The loss to employes is estimated at $6,000,000; to employers, $12,000,000; and to the general public, $30,000,000.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Eastern and Middle States.

The fifty-first annual fair of the American Institute has been opened in New York.

A satisfactory settlement has been made in the famous Newburg (N. Y.) poker case between Francis P. Reed, the victim, and Dr. M. Hedges and W. M. Scott. By the articles of agreement not only the criminal proceedings against Hedges and Scott are to be discontinued, but the civil suits against them are also stopped. Weed is understood to have accepted $20,000 in full settlement, and comes out of the affair a loser to the extent of about $70,000.

Miss Elizabeth Crommelin, a New York school-teacher, is the third victim of the collision in the Fourth avenue tunnel, having died from the result of her injuries.

Albert E. Smith, a Yale college student of the senior class, has been arrested on a charge of obtaining money from other students under false pretenses. Smith, it is charged, collected money to pay the expenses of a baseball nine and then appropriated it to his own use.

A fire which broke out in the *Democrat* office at Ridgeway, Pa., destroyed seventeen of the principal business places, including the *Democrat* and the *Advocate* offices, before it could be controlled. The aggregate loss is estimated at $150,000.

A Buffalo dispatch says that a dummy engine crossing the International bridge, which connects Black Rock with Fort Erie, plunged through an open draw into Niagara river thirty feet below. Six persons were on the engine, and of these William Rowan, engineer, and Edward Hershey, a farmer, were killed; the others were injured.

While Assemblyman Amasa J. Parker, Jr., accompanied by his wife and two other ladies, was driving a spirited team at Albany, N. Y., the horses ran away. Mr. Parker was thrown out of the carriage and had his leg broken, and it was feared that his skull was fractured. The horses kept on until they ran against a tree, throwing out the three lady occupants of the vehicle, one of whom, Mrs. Lewis Rathbone, wife of a prominent retired manufacturer of Albany, was instantly killed.

At Utica, N. Y., Judges Wallace and Cox refused to grant a writ of habeas corpus in the case of Sergeant Mason, imprisoned for shooting at Guiteau during the assassin's trial.

Hon. A. Barton Hepburn, nominated by the New York Republican State convention at Saratoga for Congressman at large, has written a letter declining the nomination.

Miss LaForge, who was betrothed to Lieutenant Chipp, of the Jeannette expedition, died recently at Ocean Grove, N. J. When news came of the Jeannette's loss Miss LaForge fell ill and became a wreck physically and mentally. She was taken from her home on the Hudson river to the sea shore, where she died.

At a meeting of the State committee of the New York Anti-Monopoly party held in Albany an address supporting the Democratic State ticket was adopted.

A passenger train on the Mont Alto railroad ran over a cow about seven miles east of Chambersburg, Pa. One passenger car was thrown from the track, and nine passengers were injured, none fatally.

South and West.

Mrs. Bush and her five children were drowned by the sweeping away of a dam near Heathsville, Va.

General Bradley T. Johnson has been appointed by the Baltimore circuit court a receiver for the Yorktown Centennial association.

A slight shock of earthquake was felt the other day at St. Louis and other parts of the West. At Vincennes, Ind., the shock rattled the windows of houses and lasted three minutes.

At Huntsville, Texas, five convicts who were attempting to escape from the penitentiary were fired upon by the guard, and one was killed, another wounded, two others were captured and dogs put upon the track of the fifth.

James Cummings, a prominent member of the notorious James gang of robbers, has been arrested at Princeton, Ill.

A row at a political meeting in Lancaster, S. C., culminated in a fight between white and colored men. Four colored men were killed and many more wounded.

Diamonds and valuable jewelry worth $12,000 were stolen from the Cincinnati exposition building, shortly after the doors were opened the other morning, from the exhibit of C. Oskamp. The diamonds were insecurely kept in a show case, which was opened with ease by two men, who helped themselves and then quietly walked away.

A fire which broke out on the Mississippi steamer, Robert E. Lee, while on a trip from Vicksburg for New Orleans, resulted in a terrible loss of life. The steamer left Vicksburg in the evening for New Orleans with 500 bales of cotton and a good list of passengers. While opposite Point Pleasant at 3:30 A. M., she was discovered to be on fire and was immediately headed for the Louisiana shore, landing at Yucatan Plantation, thirty-five miles below Vicksburg. In a few minutes she was completely enveloped in flames. About twenty-one persons lost their lives, including several cabin passengers and many of the crew. At the time the alarm was given the boat was under way. She was immediately headed for the shore, and struck the bank in a very short time—not more than three or four minutes. The Robert E. Lee was the fastest and most magnificent boat on the Mississippi, and cost about $200,000.

Later reports state that at the political riot in Lancaster, S. C., seven persons instead of four were killed and twenty-one wounded.

Near Clarksburg, W. Va., John R. Boggess, Jr., during a fit of mental derangement, induced by strong drink, killed his wife and daughter, aged thirteen.

A passenger train on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad was stopped one mile west of Granada, Col., by armed men, who helped themselves to express matter, but took nothing from the passengers, owing to the presence of two sheriffs and a deputy.

A fire at Magnoketa, Iowa, destroyed a brick business block and three frame buildings, inflicting losses which aggregated more than $200,000.

James Rhodes, the murderer of J. O. Massie and wife, was taken from jail at Charlottesville, Va., by a body of armed men and hanged to a tree.

The third annual convention of the North American Bee-keepers' society was held at Cincinnati and lasted three days.

A notorious negro murderer named Jerry Cox, who was under sentence of death, set fire to the jail in which he was confined at Nashville, N. C., and was burned alive.

A misplaced switch on a railroad near Hutchinson, Kansas, caused a collision between an express and a passenger train. Both engineers, the firemen, a baggageman and another man were buried in the wreck, which took fire, and all six perished.

From Washington

Secretary Teller has decided to reopen for settlement 10,000,000 acres of land in Northern Dakota which were withdrawn by Secretary Schurz.

The interior department has made the following distribution of funds for the education of the Indians during the present fiscal year: Support of non-treaty schools already established and to be established, $317,000; increased attendance at schools now established, $50,000; establishing new industrial schools, $150,000; contingent expenses of agency schools, $75,000; purchase of stock cattle for industrial school, $80,000; completion of school building, outhouses, etc., for industrial school near Arkansas City, $15,000; support of above school $31,500; support of industrial school at Genoa, Neb., $31,500; support of Indians in schools in States, $17,000.

A statement prepared at the postoffice department shows the gross receipts of the department for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1882, to have been $41,265,317.10, against $36,217,511.55 during the previous year, an increase of $5,047,805.55. The receipts from the sale of postage stamps, postal cards, envelopes, etc., amounted to $39,533,317.21, against $34,678,812.30 for the previous year, an increase of $4,854,504.91. The issue of stamps, etc., amounted to $40,978,053.42, an increase over the previous year of $6,362,617. These figures, it is thought at the department, justify an estimate of about $1,000,000 net revenue for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1882.

The last national debt statement shows the decrease of the public debt during September to be $14,805,948.83.

Cash in treasury	$246,836,064 93
Gold certificates outstanding	4,907,440 00
Silver certificates outstanding	71,569,210 00
Certificates of deposit outstanding	10,670,000 00
Refunding certificates outstanding	436,800 00
Legal tenders outstanding	346,681,016 00
Fractional currency outstanding	7,028,078 77
Cash balance available	141,682,415 52

The payments made from the treasury by warrants during September were as follows:

On account of civil and miscellaneous	$5,401,976 69
On account of war	4,684,495 89
On account of navy	1,334,320 58
On account interior—Indians	928,534 36
On account interior—Pensions	5,561,394 54
Total	$17,910,722 06

The above does not include payments made on account of the interest or principal of the public debt of the United States.

The total funded indebtedness of the District of Columbia is $21,669,600.

Of the whole number of letters and parcels opened in the dead letter office during the year ended June 30, 1882, 19,989 contained money.

The coinage executed at the various mints of the United States during September amounted in value to $8,009,252.

Professor W. C. Tilden has submitted to District Attorney Corkhill his official report of a chemical examination he has concluded of the poisoned bouquet that was given to Guiteau by his sister, Mrs. Scoville, the day before his execution. The report says that the large bud (a half-opened flower) contained over five grains of "white arsenic" (arsenious acid). This quantity was not only sufficient to cause death to any human being had it been swallowed, but, owing probably to ignorance, was so largely in excess of a fatal dose that the intent of the person who prepared the flowers would have been defeated by emetics. Mr. Corkhill says that he is trying to discover who poisoned the flowers, and then, if the person can be discovered, he will be held to answer the charge.

Foreign News.

A farmer named Saverd, his wife and a child aged three years were drowned near St. Anne, Quebec.

A revolution that broke out in Nicaragua was quelled by the seizure of the two leaders by the people and their summary execution.

The son of a land agent named Keane has been found dead on the roadside near Kildysart, Ireland. His father had recently ejected some tenants.

James Hickey, a farmer, was found murdered near Templemore, Ireland.

A Vienna newspaper publishes a story to the effect that the emperor and empress of Russia were secretly crowned during their recent visit to Moscow.

A train from Bena-el-Asal had arrived at Cairo, Egypt, with the Sixtieth rifles when an ammunition wagon in the station exploded, killing a doctor, who was in the train with invalids and some men. The train was ignited and the fire spread to the railroad station, which was quickly burned. The flames next reached the commissariat depot adjoining, and thence extended to some of the British magazines, which exploded. The pecuniary loss is estimated at $500,000.

Anti-Jewish riots have occurred in Pressburg, Hungary.

Alderman Henry Edmond Knight has been elected lord mayor of London.

The floods in the Tyrol have reduced hundreds of wealthy land-owners to poverty, and the laboring class is in terrible distress.

Stanley, the African explorer, has returned from Africa to Belgium.

Much damage has been done by a hurricane in the south of Ireland. The American ship Harvey Mills, from Liverpool for New York, lying at Queenstown, was driven ashore and several yachts were sunk in the harbor. At Newry a large number of houses were greatly damaged and the town was flooded.

A grand review of the British troops was held in Cairo the other afternoon in the square before the Abidin palace, in the center of the city, where the troops assembled after marching through the streets. The khedive and his ministers and a large number of notables were present. The streets were crowded with natives.

Mr. E. Dwyer Gray, sheriff of Dublin and publisher of a leading newspaper in the Irish metropolis, has been released from confinement upon the payment of a fine of £500. It will be remembered that Mr. Gray was imprisoned and fined because his paper contained a letter reflecting upon the actions of the jury in a recent murder trial. Judge Lawson, while defending his act in imprisoning Mr. Gray on legal grounds, said he felt that justice had now been vindicated, a better state of things being observable.

Ten men have been arrested near Crossmaglen, Ireland, for treason felony and committed for trial.

A telegram from Granada, Spain, reports a great outbreak of fire in the suburb of Zacatin. Nine persons have been injured and the loss is immense.

Six hundred Jewish families have left Presburg, Hungary, on account of the riots. The Hungarian prime minister says that the whole power of the state will be used to aid the municipal authorities to suppress the agitation.

Two farmers were murdered in Ireland the other day—one named Hunt, in county Roscommon and the other named Browne, in county Kerry.

A Dublin dispatch says: "The police here now believe that the murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Under Secretary Burke numbered ten, and that they are still in Ireland; but that unless the aid of an informer can be secured the crime cannot be brought home to the guilty persons. The weapons used in the commission of the murders were found some weeks ago."

An Appalling Death.

On the track between South San Leandro and the High street station, Alameda, half a mile on the San Leandro side, is a long trestle bridge over an estuary of the bay. For over a mile the trestle runs over marsh lands, the tide rising on each side of the embankment. Ever since the railroad has been built there has been trouble keeping the railroad bed from sinking. A few weeks ago the track at this point sunk for one hundred and fifty feet, and traffic was suspended for a short time. Last evening as the through freight train from Alameda, drawn by engine No. 10, a large and heavy machine, and six cars, arrived at this particular point the track sunk, apparently more on one side than the other. The engine was overturned and the cars piled on top.

The fireman, Dan Driscoll, died a horrible death. When the engine turned over he was held to the ground by an iron bar across his breast, and one foot was caught by another. He was fully conscious at the time of his death. He was held fast and the tide was rising rapidly. It was evident he would be drowned in a short time. Six men were on hand and labored to save him. They wrapped sheets about his body and exerted their combined strength to pull him from his appalling position. He cried piteously that they were killing him. They tried again and again, but with the same result. A levee was built about his head to keep down the rising tide. Buckets were brought and by faithful bailing it was attempted to keep the water from reaching his head. He was lying under the cab, and a hole was cut through the cab through which he could put his head. They raised his head above the water as much as possible.

He remained thus for two hours, but at last the levee broke, and the men who were bailing out the water found that they could do no more. They held his head above the water, which rose slowly about his body. The men found they must make a final effort. Then his head was lowered and they all caught a hold and pulled desperately. It was in vain. They could not move him. They raised his head again. The water rose slowly but surely. It reached his chin. A friend held his hand over the drowning man's mouth. The water rose to his nostrils. Nothing more could be done, and he was drowned.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

WISE WORDS.

Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world, insincerity is the most dangerous.

Hypocrisy is shaking hands with your neighbor, and then, when his back is turned, kicking his dog in the ribs.

Don't be suspicious of everybody. The man who is everlastingly looking for evil can find the greatest quantity in his own life.

There is no nobility like that of a true heart; for such never stoops to artifice nor is wanting in good offices when they are seasonable.

Let us never measure the worth of a man, be he ever so chilly, by his conduct toward us. How many rich souls are lost to us through pride!

"Insults," says a modern philosopher, "are like counterfeit money. We cannot prevent their being offered but we are not obliged to take them."

No man is a gentleman who, without provocation, would insult the humblest of his species. It is a vulgarity for which no accomplishment can ever atone.

If a man is determined to do the very best he can, whether he drives a cart, conducts the business of a million dollars, or preaches the gospel, he cannot fail.

In the minds of the best men there is, always has been, and always will be, some difference of opinion as to what is true; but everybody knows and feels what is kind.

You will be not sorry for hearing before judging, for thinking before speaking, for holding an angry tongue, for stopping the ear of a tale bearer, for disbelieving most of the ill reports, for being kind to the distressed, for being patient toward everybody, for doing good toward all men, for asking pardon for all wrongs, for speaking evil of no one, for being courteous to all.

Female Stock Speculators.

A New York correspondent, writing up the city's female stock brokers, says: Men are not allowed to enter, for very good reasons. Women who deal in stocks as a rule do it surreptitiously, and they consequently wish to have as much privacy as possible. As a rule they buy on margins, as this requires a smaller amount of money than to buy the stocks out and out. I have heard of women who became so fascinated with speculation—why should they not when men do?—that they invested every dollar they could get. They deny themselves necessary things that they may have money for investment, and some women go so far as to carry on a system of pilfering—that is, they extract small sums of money from their husband's pockets. There are several women who have been successful in stock speculations, and who are well-known figures in Wall street. One of these is Mrs. Parnell, the mother of the Irish agitator. She goes downtown every day, carrying a hand satchel, and does not return to her lodgings until business hours are over. Her dress makes her somewhat conspicuous, as she is very fond of color, particularly green, because it is the national color of Ireland, probably. She has bought and sold stocks for years, and has made money. But the most successful female speculator is Grace Courtland. She has made a fortune, and is as radiant in diamonds when dressed for a reception as a popular prima donna. But most women who engage in speculation are not successful, and some of them are not able to sustain their losses without tears.

In the *Times* of Philadelphia we observe: Mr. John McGrath, 1236 Christian street, was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of severe rheumatism.

Ninety-nine locomotives and 11,697 car wheels were exported from the United States last year. During the same period there were exported 2,164,648 pounds of iron rails.

Gave instantaneous relief. St. Jacobs Oil. Neuralgia. Prof. Tice.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

One pound of green copperas dissolved in one quart of boiling water will destroy foul smells. Powdered borax scattered in their haunts will disperse cockroaches.

Frazer Axle Grease.

One greasing lasts two weeks; all others two or three days. Do not be imposed on by the humbug stuffs offered. Ask your dealer for Frazer's, with label on. Saves your horse labor and you too. It received first medal at the Centennial and Paris Expositions. Sold everywhere.

No poisonous drugs enter into the composition of Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, the natural hair restorer and dressing as now improved and perfected. It is the perfection of the chemist's art.

Flies and Bugs.

Flies, roaches, ants, bedbugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, a medical work for every man—young, middle-aged or old. 125 invaluable prescriptions.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TO LIVE.

From John Kuhn, Lafayette, Ind., who announces that he is now in "perfect health," we have the following: "One year ago I was, to all appearance, in the last stages of Consumption. Our best physicians gave my case up. I finally got so low that our doctor said I could not live twenty-four hours. My friends then purchased a bottle of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, which considerably benefited me. I continued until I took nine bottles. I am now in perfect health, having used no other medicine.

DR. DEWITT C. KELLINGER'S LINIMENT is an infallible cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Lameness and Diseases of the Scalp, and for promoting the growth of the Hair.

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, good to prime, l w	10	@	11½	
Calves, com'n to prime veals	8	@	9½	
Sheep	4½	@	5¼	
Lambs	6	@	6¾	
Hogs—Live	11¾	@	13⅜	
Dressed, city	11⅝	@	11⅞	
Flour—Ex. St., good to fancy	4 55	@	7 00	
West., good to choice	5 05	@	8 50	
Wheat—No. 2 Red	1 05	@	1 07¼	
No. 1 White	1 06½	@	1 11¼	
Rye—State	74	@	79	
Barley—Two-rowed State	1 07	@	1 12½	
Corn—Ungrad. West. mixed	65	@	70½	
Yellow Southern	92	@	92	
Oats—White State	49	@	51	
Mixed Western	30	@	40	
Hay—Med. to ch. Timothy	75	@	1 00	
Straw—No. 1, Rye	60	@	60	
Hops—State, 1881, choice	60	@	65	
Pork—Mess, new, for export	21 70	@	21 90	
Lard—City Steam	12 25	@	12 25	
Refined	12 75	@	12 75	
Petroleum—Crude	6⅝	@	6¾	
Refined	7⅝	@	7¾	
Butter—State Creamery	28	@	32	
Dairy	17	@	25	
West. Im. Creamery	18	@	26	
Factory	15	@	18	
Cheese—State Factory	8	@	11¼	
Skims	2	@	5	
Western	5½	@	10¼	
Eggs—State and Penn	25½	@	26	
Potatoes—L. I., bbl	2 50	@	2 62	
BUFFALO.				
Steers—Good to Choice	6 00	@	6 50	
Lambs—Western	5 00	@	5 50	
Sheep—Western	4 25	@	4 65	
Hogs—Good to choice Yorks	8 40	@	8 80	
Flour—C'y ground n. process	7 25	@	8 25	
Wheat—No. 1, Hard Duluth	1 20	@	1 21	
Corn—No. 2, Mixed	72	@	74	
Oats—No. 2, Mixed Western	64	@	65	
Barley—Two-rowed State	90	@	90	
BOSTON.				
Beef—Ex. plate and family	17 50	@	18 00	
Hogs—Live	8	@	9	
City Dressed	11¼	@	11½	
Pork—Ex. Prime, per bbl	21 00	@	21 50	
Flour—Spring Wheat patents	7 25	@	8 75	
Corn—High Mixed	85	@	86	
Oats—Extra White	51	@	52	
Rye—State	80	@	85	
Wool—Wsh'd comb & delaine	44	@	48	
Unwashed	28	@	30	
WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET.				
Beef—Extra quality	7 50	@	8 37½	
Sheep—Live weight	5¼	@	6¼	
Lambs	5¼	@	6½	
Hogs—Northern, d. w	11	@	11¼	
PHILADELPHIA.				
Flour—Penn. ex family, good	5 25	@	5 75	
Wheat—No. 2, Red	1 02	@	1 02	
Rye—State	97	@	97	
Corn—State Yellow	82	@	82	
Oats—Mixed	69	@	69	
Butter—Creamery Extra Pa.	32	@	32	
Cheese—N. Y. Full Cream	11½	@	12	
Petroleum—Crude	6	@	7	
Refined	7⅜	@	7⅜	

Who has not seen the fair, fresh young girl transformed in a few months into the pale, haggard, dispirited woman? The sparkling eyes are dimmed, and the ringing laugh heard no more. Too often the causes are disorders of the system which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would remedy in a short time. Remember, that the "Favorite Prescription" will unfailingly cure all "female weaknesses," and restore health and beauty. By all druggists. Send three stamps for Dr. Pierce's treatise on Diseases of Women (96 pages). Address World's Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

John Shea, who was once worth $15,000,000, now lives in comparative poverty in a rude cottage near Soda Springs, Cal.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headache, mouth tastes bad, poor appetite, tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver, or "biliousness." Nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By all Druggists.

Moses McLane, a colored man of McMullen county, Texas, has made $30,000 since the war in raising cattle.

The Bilious,

dyspeptic or constipated, should address, with two stamps for pamphlet, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

In digging a well in Pierce county, Neb., the trunk of a large tree was struck at a depth of fifty-six feet.

Happy and Thankful.

103 Tenth Street,
Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 1, 1880.

H. H. Warner & Co.: *Sirs*—I was almost blind, and was given up to die by my doctors, when your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure restored my sight, cured my liver of its torpidity and freed me of the distress of constant constipation, biliousness and general debility. Miss Delia Sherman.

A boy died in Carthage, Jefferson county N. Y., from the effects of a bee sting on the hand.

Mensman's Peptonized beef tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties*. It contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., prop'rs., N.Y. Sold by druggists

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.

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,

Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, 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. 13

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

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

N Y N U—39

An Only Daughter Cured of Consumption.

When death was hourly expected, all remedies having failed, and Dr. H. James was experimenting with the many herbs of Calcutta, he accidentally made a preparation which cured his only child of Consumption. His child is now in this country, and enjoying the best of health. He has proved to the world that Consumption can be positively and permanently cured. The doctor now gives this Recipe free, only asking two three-cent stamps to pay expenses. This herb also cures Night Sweats, Nausea at the Stomach, and will break up a fresh Cold in twenty-four hours. Address Craddock & Co., 1032 Race Street, Philadelphia, naming this paper.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

That terrible scourge fever and ague, and its congener, bilious remittent, besides affections of the stomach, liver and bowels, produced by miasmatic air and water, are both eradicated and prevented by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a purely vegetable elixir, indorsed by physicians, and more extensively used as a remedy for the above class of disorders, as well as for many others, than any medicine of the age. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS are certainly best, having been so decreed at EVERY GREAT WORLD'S INDUSTRIAL COMPETITION for SIXTEEN YEARS; no other American Organs having been found equal at any. Also CHEAPEST. Style 109; 3½ octaves; sufficient compass and power, with best quality, for popular sacred and secular music in schools or families, at only $22. ONE HUNDRED OTHER STYLES at $30, $57, $66, $72, $78, $93, $108, $114, to $500 and upward. *The larger styles are wholly unrivaled by any other Organs.* Also for easy payments. NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

PIANOS This Company have commenced the manufacture of UPRIGHT GRAND PIANOS, introducing important improvements; adding to power and beauty of tone and durability. *Will not require tuning one-quarter as much as other Pianos.* ILLUSTRATED CIRCULARS, with full particulars, FREE.

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AGENTS WANTED. A rare chance to make money rapidly selling our NEW BOOK: NEW YORK BY SUNLIGHT AND GASLIGHT

Showing up the New York of to-day, with its palaces, its crowded thoroughfares, its rushing elevated trains, its countless sights, its romance, its mystery, its dark crimes and terrible tragedies, its charities, and in fact every phase of life in the great city. Don't waste time selling slow books, but send for circulars giving full table of contents, terms to Agents, &c. Prospectus now ready and territory in great demand. Address DOUGLASS BROS., 53 N. Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take one pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere or sent by mail for eight letter stamps.

I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

FIVE-TON WAGON SCALES $60

All Iron and Steel, Double Brass Tare Beam. Jones he pays the freight. All sizes equally low, for free book, address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, Binghamton, N. Y.

ASTHMA CURED

German Asthma Cure never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases, insures comfortable sleep; effects cures where all others fail. A trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 50c. and $1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE for stamp. Dr. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY. Prof. MARTINEZ, the Great Spanish Seer, Astrologer and Psychologist, will, for 50 cents with age, height, color of eyes and lock of hair, send a CORRECT PICTURE of your future husband or wife, with name, time and place of meeting, and date of marriage, psychologically predicted. Money returned to all not satisfied. Address Prof. L. Martinez, 10 Mont'y Pl., Boston, Mass.

KEY WILL WIND ANY WATCH AND NOT WEAR OUT. SOLD by Watchmakers. By mail, 25 cts. Circulars FREE. J. S. BIRCH & CO., 38 Dey St., N. Y.

THRESHERS The Best is the cheapest. Illustrated price list free. THE AULTMAN & TAYLOR CO., Mansfield, O.

YOUNG MEN If you want to learn telegraphy in a few months and be certain of a situation, address Valentine Bros., Janesville, Wis.

Watches JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, retailed at wholesale rates. Price list free. T. W. Kennedy, P. O. box 850, N. Y.

ANY energetic man that wants to make money fast and honorable address C. Marshall, Lockport, N. Y.

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MACHINERY AND TOOLS FOR TYPE FOUNDERS, PRINTERS, ETC.
PRINTING MACHINERY A SPECIALTY.
OSTRANDER & HUKE,
81 and 83 Jackson St., Chicago.
J. W. Ostrander, late of H. Hartt & Co.
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WOMAN CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH WOMAN. HEALTH OF WOMAN IS THE HOPE OF THE RACE.

"Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham"

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

A Sure Cure for all FEMALE WEAKNESSES, Including Leucorrhœa, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Flooding, PROLAPSUS UTERI, &c.

☞ Pleasant to the taste, efficacious and immediate in its effect. It is a great help in pregnancy, and relieves pain during labor and at regular periods.

PHYSICIANS USE IT AND PRESCRIBE IT FREELY.

☞ For all Weaknesses of the generative organs of either sex, it is second to no remedy that has ever been before the public; and for all diseases of the Kidneys it is the *Greatest Remedy in the World.*

☞ KIDNEY COMPLAINTS of Either Sex Find Great Relief in Its Use.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the Blood, at the same time will give tone and strength to the system. As marvellous in results as the Compound.

☞ Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. The Compound is sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3 cent stamp. Send for pamphlet. *Mention this Paper.*

☞ Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents

☞ Sold by all Druggists. ☜ (3)

KIDNEY-WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated KIDNEY-WORT as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

RHEUMATISM. For this it is a WONDERFUL CURE, as it is for ALL the painful diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels. It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in a short time PERFECTLY CURED.

☞ It cleanses, Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully.

☞ It Acts at the same time on the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS. ☞ SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. $1. LIQUID or DRY. Dry can be sent by mail. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt. (27)

KIDNEY-WORT

MERCHANT'S GARGLING OIL

A LINIMENT FOR MAN & BEAST.

MERCHANT'S GARGLING OIL is the oldest and the standard liniment of the United States. Large size, $1.00; medium 50 cents; small, 25 cents; small size for family use, 25 cents; Merchant's Worm Tablets, 25 cents. For sale by every druggist and dealer in general merchandise.

For Family Use.

The Gargling Oil Liniment with WHITE WRAPPER, prepared for human flesh, is put up in small bottles only, and does not stain the skin. Price 25 cents.

The Gargling Oil Almanac for 1883

Is now in the hands of our printer, and will be ready for distribution during the months of November and December, 1882. The Almanac for the coming year will be more useful and instructive than ever, and will be sent free to any address. Write for one.

Ask the Nearest Druggist.

If the dealers in your place do not keep Merchant's Gargling Oil for sale, insist upon their sending to us, or where they get their medicines, and get it. Keep the bottle well corked, and shake it before using. Yellow wrapper for animal and white for human flesh.

Special Notice.

The Merchant's Gargling Oil has been in use as a liniment for half a century. All we ask is a fair trial, but be sure and follow directions.

The Gargling Oil and Merchant's Worm Tablets are for sale by all druggists and dealers in general merchandise throughout the world.

Manufactured at Lockport, N. Y., by Merchant's Gargling Oil Company.

John Hodge
Secretary.

"HAINES" PIANOS

ARE USED AND INDORSED BY THE GREATEST ARTISTS IN THE WORLD.

PATTI! GERSTER! MARIMON!
VALLERIA! KELLOGG! LABLACHE!
CAMPANINI! GALLASSI! RAVELLI!
BRIGNOLI! ABBOTT! MARIE ROZE!
OLE BULL! PEASE! CASTLE!

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