

WINTER.

Dear Winter cometh forth again,  
Sternest he of stern-brow'd kings;  
And 'neath his tread, despoiled and bare,  
Lie Summer's beauteous things.  
Snow-crown'd are brows of pleasant hills—  
Brows wreathed just now with emerald light;  
Ice-bound are leaping, laughing rills,  
Fast in his grasp of might.

He stalks into the forest groves,  
All filled just now with life and light,  
But when 'air Nature hears his tread  
She girds herself for flight;  
And hides her sweet and beauteous face  
From the bar-b tyrant, pale and cold,  
And weeps in sad and faded grace  
For sultry days of old.

But little heads he smiles or tears,  
Relentless warri-r, rough and grim,  
Heeds not dead flowers on lowly biers,  
Or hush of forest hymn;  
Nor grieves to see the kindly oak  
Stripped of his glory and his crown,  
But mud the ruins of dead joys  
He builds his cruel throne.

And oh, how desolate appears  
The once fair realm where he holds sway,  
Where things of beauty and of life  
Once lived a royal day!  
And laid, strong trees in glory stood,  
With loving leafy arms entwined,  
And music made of song birds' notes  
Lay in the branches shrined.

But now the song birds all have flown,  
And withered arms hang rent in twain,  
Like hallow'd friendships roughly hewn,  
Which ne'er may bloom again.  
And through the stripped and rugged boughs  
The wind keeps a peetual moan,  
While mid the dreary solitudes  
He holds weird court alone.

Yet soon shall end the despot's sway,  
Low lie his sceptre and his crown,  
And spring's warm sunbeams on their way  
Shall melt his ice-built throne.  
Even now mid forest avenues  
A feather'd warbler sits and sings  
His melancholy requiem,  
And welcome to the spring.

O soul of mine, has winter's touch  
Frozen thy life fount in its play?  
And have the flowers and songs of life  
Died out with summer's day?  
And though thy avenues all dear,  
Do wither'd hopes like leaves be sown?  
And 'mid the ruin of dead joys  
Has winter reared its throne?

Yet hearken, for an angel sings  
To thee a song of joyful note:  
Arise and to thy spirit's depths  
Its melody shall float.  
Oh spirit tried, yet God beloved,  
Thy long, drear winter took wing,  
And through thy by-ty shall flow  
The new, glad life of spring.

—[M. Annie Foskett.]

A GOLDEN ALLY.

Mr. Samuel Slickens walked down the main street of Aberdeen one morning with downcast mien. Perhaps he was studying the probable durability of his shoes, for his mind was occupied with ways and means.

It is said that the stomach influences the brain. If so, little wonder was there in his case that his thoughts were serious. He had had no breakfast; his regimen the day before had comprised a few greasy potato chips.

There ought to be some one who would go at least a soup ticket on me," he murmured; but even as he did, a long line of forbidding faces answered, "No one."

And yet there were few young men on the street of finer appearance than Samuel Slickens, few indeed of a more harmless and amiable disposition. He was one of those unfortunates of whom his friends say, with a shrug, "He is his own worst enemy," and find this a precedent for their own treatment of him.

It had not been always thus, however. When he first came to Aberdeen, after graduating from the law school, he was regarded as the possessor of unbounded possibilities. He was an orphan. He had inherited a snug fortune, which fame had made snugger; he had a bright eye, a winsome smile, an engaging manner. Who was there so apt of anecdote, so quick at repartee, so tuneful of voice, as he? To know Sam Slickens was a distinction, to visit at his rooms an event.

One, two, three, four, the years had glided away, and at the beginning of each Sam had regretfully said, "I wish I were as well off as I was twelve months ago," and then had thought no more about it. But Fortunatus without his purse is Fortunatus no longer, so now his friends agreed that it was a wonder that he had kept going so long. Perhaps it was, but no such foreboding had troubled them over his dinners and cigars.

This walk down street on this particular morning was chiefly induced by habit, for his extensive law offices were now confined to his hat; his elegant apartments for a week and more had been within one of the city's parks. It was a lone walk, too, interrupted by no hearty greeting or vigorous slap upon the back. For some reasons his friends preferred the other side of the street, and their gaze was concentrated upon the architectural beauties of the buildings that lined it.

"I swear," resolved Sam, "I'll call upon Campbell. He's a crank, so he's sure to differ from all the others."

Now, Lionel Campbell was an unpleasant enigma to the average citizen, who could not understand exclusiveness towards his affable self. His wealth required millions to calculate, and engrossed his entire attention. Since he minded his business, and barely vouchsafed a surly nod to the gilded youth whom he might meet, he was popularly voted "the meanest man." His father had left his

son the gross results of a lifetime of thrift and energy, less the pittance which bare existence had cost him. People said that in Lionel his subtlety and avarice were intensified. In reality they knew little about him, for he had led the life of a recluse, and returned with interest the dislike which he engendered.

Sam entered the vast general office, filled with clerks busied with the affairs of the Campbell estate, and diffidently gave his name to an usher.

"I'll take it in," this functionary said, dubiously, "but it's no use I reckon. They wonder he's waiting to see him; and he's designated with his finger a portly group, among whom Sam recognized a railway magnet, an insurance president, a promoter of national reputation, and the pastor of the United Presbyterian Church; but to his surprise Mr. Campbell returned word that he would see Mr. Slickens immediately.

As Sam passed this group they all bowed respectfully, an amenity which they had neglected upon his entrance. When he was enclosed within the hand some private office Campbell grasped him cordially by the hand.

"Hallo, Sam!" he cried. "Glad to see you. This is something like old times at Harvard! Why have you kept away so long?"

Now Sam did not care to give his reason—which had been a long and tiresome acquiescence with the popular judgment—so he feebly said that he didn't know.

"Well, I can guess," replied Campbell. "You always float with the tide. You've gotten among the breakers, too, I hear, and no life-boat has put out for you."

"No," said Sam, with a faint smile. "My friends are all too busy. One has married a wife, another has purchased a yoke of oxen, don't you know?"

"Oh, yes, I know. I could have weighed them all for you long ago in a two-penny balance. Now, I needn't ask you what you want. You are hard up. How much, old fellow, how much?"

"I am hungry."

"Now, look here, Sam. This sort of thing won't do. You did me many a favor at Harvard with your aptitude for Greek and Calculus, though you've forgotten all about it by this time, I suppose; but I don't forget. I would give you half my income willingly, but it wouldn't benefit you, you are so deucedly impracticable; besides, you don't want to be a dependent, do you?"

"Indeed, I don't. I tell you I'm hungry."

"You want to rehabilitate yourself, now don't you? You want to be respected in this blessed burgh, and have your fellow-citizens speak of you as our promising young townsman?"

"I want something to eat worst of all; but of course I do."

"Well, look here. I'm a philosopher, and I have my theories of life. I'd like to exploit one, if you've no objection. Follow my advice and I'll make an orthodox model of you. Here's five hundred dollars. I lend this to you for three months, on interest, mind. Go and appease that yearning stomach. Buy new clothes and shoes first of all, hire your old apartments and offices, then come to me to-morrow morning. By this time my theory will be formulated and ready for practice. Good-day."

Sam rushed from top to bottom of a neighboring restaurant's bill-of-fare. The next morning he called upon the young millionaire, and was ushered at once into his presence.

"Just look over this package," said Campbell, carelessly.

Sam gingerly fingered the crisp contents.

"Fifty one-thousand-dollar bills!" he gasped.

"I thought so. That's right. Now I'll explain what you are to do. Have you a bank account?"

"I had one."

"Well, go to the bank and deposit these bills to your credit. Do it in the most matter-of-fact way. Make no explanations, answer no impertinent questions. Let it stay there. Live on the five hundred dollars, stick conscientiously to your office, and six months will settle the business, I wager."

"But—" began Sam.

"There's no but. I don't give you one cent of it; I expect it back when I ask for it. You are trustworthy, aren't you? Why, of course. Now do as I say."

And Sam, nervously buttoning his coat over the precious bundle, hastened away as if each shadow were a lurking robber.

He went straightway to the Lockit Bank. As he entered, the bookkeeper called sharply to him:

"Mr. Slickens, your account is over-drawn sixty-nine cents. The president wishes me to direct your particular attention to it."

"Very well," replied Sam. "I'm just going to make a deposit."

The clerk rolled his tongue in his cheek and winked toward his admiring associates.

Sam made out his deposit-slip with the deliberation of a capitalist, and then handed the book and the money to the teller.

"Well, I'll be blanked!" muttered the surprised official as he wet his fingers thrice in his count.

"Did you speak?" questioned Sam, severely.

"Oh, no, sir; not at all."

"Are you quite sure?"

"I beg pardon, sir, but I just rubbed my favorite corn; it's enough to make a church swear. Will you draw against this to-day, sir?"

"Oh, no; it's not necessary."

"Very good, sir. Good morning, sir. But beg pardon, by the way, wouldn't you like to step behind and see our new time-lock? It's really wonderful."

"Not now, young man, I'm busy," said Sam, grandly, as he walked toward the door.

On the porch he met Mr. Cashleigh, the bank president, entering. That dignitary looked upon him with an unfriendly eye.

"Morning," he grunted in reply to Sam's polite salutation.

"Old Bricks and Mortar will never weaken," mused Sam, as he gazed toward the office. "Poor Agnes! Poor me! There is no hope in that quarter."

Now the Agnes to whom he referred was the only daughter of Mr. Cashleigh. He had formed her acquaintance three years before through those somewhat unusual circumstances. It was one blustering day that Sam had strided up

Main street with all the importance that weighty legal business demands. He was, in fact, going to get shaved, but he advertised it? He gazed upon houses and wayfarers, and seemed to see the homes and the persons of future clients. But a little distance ahead of him there tripped a dainty figure that soon concentrated wandering eyes and thoughts. Surely, if outlines told the truth, this young girl embodied a poet's dream of grace. She was richly clad in dark-gray vesture, and she sheltered herself from the eager sunbeams with a large, heavily-fringed parasol. Anticipations assailed Sam that her face was lovely; he hastened his steps to realize them.

Down the street there was approaching a conveyance know to its owner and his admiring friends as "a right slick buggy." It was drawn by a high-stepping, rat-tailed nag. Underneath the rear axle ambled a bandy-legged bulldog. The driver sat upon his lofty seat in all the glory of a Sunday suit and the most precious heirloom of his race, a fuzzy "beaver," which the event of coming to "town" had caused him to don.

He was a young man, of ungainly figure and mammoth hands, upon whose vermilion face self-consciousness and its resulting irritability could plainly be read. Perhaps he thought that he would make an impression, for as he drew near he reined his Pegasus into a walk. Alas! the impression was made, but not by him.

A gust of wind swept around the corner. It whirled the parasol from the young lady's grasp; it sent it hurtling through the air like a missile from a catapult. It struck the venerable hat with its lance-like point; it spitted it, and dashed it prone in the dust.

"Geewhittaker!" snarled the driver as he leaped from his perch to rescue this precious memento of grandfather. "I wudn't hev hed thet happen for a gud deal."

He recovered possession; but he uncovered a wreck, rent and ruined, unfit for future descendants. He turned toward the helpless maiden in a rage.

"God dam ye!" he shouted. "Ye did thet a purpose. I'll hev the law on ye. You jest cum along with me to the 'quire."

"Don't lay a finger on that lady," said Sam, coming up at this critical moment.

"Who's to pervert, thet's what I wanten know? D'ye think I'm agoin' to hev my valuable property spoiled by any seck?"

Whang! Sam struck with such effect that the speaker stumbled back over his dog and rolled with him in a disorderly mass through the mud.

"Come!" cried Sam. He half lifted the bewildered young lady in the "slick buggy," he whipped up the rat-tailed nag. Away they sped down the street.

In their hasty passage to her home he learned that her name was Agnes Cashleigh; he also learned that she had, for him, the most beautiful face, the most charming manner in the burgh.

The adventure caused a certain sensation. The driver of the buggy threatened arrest. He began five distinct suits for damages—to his hat, his horse, his buggy, his dog, and himself! The first three were against Mr. Cashleigh, the others against Sam. But they served no other purpose than to awaken a general laugh and to deepen this acquaintance into intimacy.

They loved, the more readily, perhaps, since circumstances were so forbidding. For the stouter Sam's affections grew, the slimmer grew his purse. But they hoped; that is to say, they unwittingly courted disappointment.

When Father Cashleigh perceived the situation he did what irate parents seem to acquire a night achievement, though babies ascribe it; he put his foot down. He informed Sam that his absence would be deemed his most delectable quality. He sent his daughter inconspicuously to boarding-school. So no wonder it was that Sam murmured "Poor Agnes! Poor me!"

He now entered his office and strove to impart an air of business to it. He spread his few books with open pages upon the desk; he bound together folds of blank paper with pink tape, and indented them with titles of suppositions; cases; he thrust a quill over his left ear and soaked his right forefinger in the ink.

While he was thus laudably engaged the door opened and the bank messenger came in; he who erstwhile would present an impossible barrier to him with such haughty mien. He doffed his hat, he bowed low. "From President Cashleigh," he said, proffering a bulky package. He withdrew amid the throes of a salutation.

Sam examined the bundle. It contained several legal documents and a note, with an inclosure, —ah, unusual inclosure! The missive read as follows:

"My Dear Sir:—I beg to send herewith papers in the suit of the Shaken Railway Company against the Lockit Bank which I desire you to defend. I enclose cheque for \$250 retaining fee. Trusting that your engagements may yield you a few moments."

Very respectfully yours,  
CASHLEIGH.

"P. S.—Drop around to the house, my boy, some day this week in a friendly way. Agnes returns to-morrow. C. C."

Sam stayed within his office until late that night, working upon the case until the wisped-out books, the thoughtful quill, the inked fingers were an unconscious reality. When he returned to his room the floor seemed covered with drifted snow; it was strewn with visiting cards. All his old friends had called. "So sorry, old fellow, to miss you." "Be at the club to-morrow night." "Sister is anxious to see you." "Can you lend me a twenty until Saturday?" were a few of the indorsements, Sam carefully tore them into shreds.

The succeeding weeks always seemed hereafter to Sam like the pleasant stages of a dream of good fortune. Social and professional demands were constantly made upon him. The former, with a single exception, he ignored; the latter he assiduously accepted. He worked as he had never worked before, and perhaps his success was due more to his industry than to Campbell's tallismen; but that at least gave him the opportunity; he was wise enough to improve it.

The most extravagant stories were widespread about him. He was the solo heir of a millionaire uncle recently deceased in England. He had drawn the principal prize in a lottery. He owned a gold mine in Mexico. He had written

a novel. Alas! his vain imagining no bounds? But he preserved a discreet silence and wooed Themis untiringly.

Nor were all his pains lavished upon that frigid virgin. He called upon the Cashleighs, yes, again and again, and they received him as if he were a long-lost son returning in honor. As for pretty Agnes, delight overwhelmed surprise. He whom she so fondly loved had come back to her. She was content. How it had happened she cared not a whit; for of course he could do everything.

His practice speedily increased from nothingness into mammoth proportions. He was especially consulted regarding investments, and in this way found fertile fields for the results of his industry. The fifty thousand dollars still remained on deposit; but this no longer was a conspicuous sum, for it had plenty of company.

He called upon his friend Campbell, and explained the pleasant situation to him. "Return ten thousand dollars a month to me," he directed. At the expiration of six months Sam had repaid the full amount, and still had at the bank a balance to his credit that required more than four figures to express it. He was counsel for nearly all the business corporations of Aberdeen. His tin box was filled with crisp shares and debentures. His engagement with Agnes had been announced; their marriage was the anticipation of society.

Filled with gratitude and delight, he sought the one whose faith and shrewdness had saved him, and begged him to act as his best man.

"Oh, yes," replied Campbell. "I'll be there; it will be a merriment. There are nice people in Aberdeen, aren't there? They will dance as readily at your bridal as they would have jumped upon your grave."—[Frank Leslie's.]

PEARL MAKING.

How to Produce Real Pearls by Artificial Means.

A European writer is responsible for the statement that an ingenious American has applied for a patent for making real pearls by artificial means. The material of which the oyster makes its pearl is certainly cheap and plentiful enough. If you take the shell of a pearl oyster and scrape or grind off the outer coat, you find a sheet of about one-eighth of an inch in thickness of the precise substance which the oyster deposits around any foreign body, as a grain of sand, etc., which gets caught under its mantle, thus producing the pearl of commerce.

Why not, says the experimentalist, take this sheet of nautilus, dissolve it in acid, and then re-deposit the pearl in layers about a shot or a pea suspended in the solution, thus copying the process of nature? The idea seems to open up vast possibilities; for in this way pearls of any size or shape might be procured at the fancy of the operator. There would be no difficulty in turning them out as large as billiard balls, or as footballs even, for the matter of that. The trouble is that concretions thus obtained are mere lumps of carbonate of lime, which entirely lack the iridescence which in the pearl is due to structure. This little difficulty has always stood in the way of the successful imitation of the oyster's production; but this latest inventor claims that he has entirely overcome it, so as to be able not only to manufacture pearls, but also to coat articles with the material, just as spoons and forks are plated with silver. Whether the claim will or will not be made good in practice remains to be proved.

A possibly easier and certain mode of pearl production is indicated by an extraordinary treasure which was lately shown at the Smithsonian Institute. This was a pearl, the size of a pigeon's egg, of an exquisite rose color, and the receptacle containing it was the original fresh-water mussel in which it had been formed. The nucleus of this gem beyond compare was nothing more nor less than an oval lump of beeswax, which had been placed a few years ago between the valves of the mollusc, which, to protect itself from the irritation caused by the presence of a foreign body, at once proceeded laboriously to coat it with the pink nautilus it secreted for lining its shell. The mussel was kept in an aquarium while engaged in its lengthy task. It belongs to a species common in American rivers, and it is suggested that the success of the experiment opens to everybody the possibility of establishing a small pearl factory for himself by keeping a tankful of tame mussels and humbergung them into making "great pink pearls" for him. Only the intending experimentalist is warned against avarice; the "nucleus" must be well introduced under the mantle of the creature, or it will not irritate sufficiently; and, above all, it must not be too large. A great surface takes a long time to cover, and multiplies the risk always attendant on artificial culture. If one will be satisfied with pearls the size of peas, the chances of success will be so much the more promising.—[Jewelers' Circular.]

Winter Houses of the Eskimos.

The igloos, or winter stone huts, were not far from the summer tupiks. They were built upon the hill-side, a portion of which is dug out to form the interior. The domed roofs were made of large pieces of flat sandstone, carefully arranged and held in place by pieces of bone. These protruded somewhat into the hut, and were utilized as hooks upon which hang harpoon lines, pouches of seal and bird skin, skin drinking-cups, bone-drills, etc. At the back of the hut was a platform raised about a foot from the floor. Opposite this, which served as the bed, was the opening of a tunnel six or eight feet long through which the family must crawl to enter their abode; and here the dogs find shelter during the storms of winter. The tunnel slopes down from the floor, so that water from the melting snows of spring may not run into the house. Over the inner entrance of the tunnel, about four feet square, is another opening of about the same dimensions, which allows light to enter the dwelling. This hole is closed in winter by having stretched thin and soaked in oil. At Herbert Island, several of the igloos were double, that is, two igloos were built close together, each with a separate tunnel, but the dividing, inside partition was left incomplete.—[Scribner

INTERIOR OF THE EARTH.

What Is to Happen at Some Remote Future Date.

One of the most interesting questions relating to the earth, considered as a planet, is that of its interior constitution. Observations made in deep mines and borings indicate that the temperature increases as we go downward at the average rate of 1 degree Fahr. for every fifty-five feet of descent, so that if this rate of increase continued the temperature at the depth of a mile would be more than 100 degrees higher than at the surface, and at the depth of forty miles would be so high that every thing, including the metals, would be in a fluid condition. This view of the condition of the earth's interior has been adopted by many, who hold that the crust of the earth on which we dwell is like a shell surrounding the molten interior. But calculations based upon the tidal effects that the attraction of the sun and moon would have upon a globe with a liquid interior have led Sir William Thompson and others to assert that such a condition is impossible, and the interior of the earth must be solid and exceedingly rigid to its very center.

To the objections that the phenomena of volcanoes contradict the assumption of a solid interior, it is replied that unquestionably the heat is very great deep beneath the surface, and that reservoirs of molten rock exist under volcanic districts, but that taking the earth's interior as a whole the pressure is so great that the tendency to liquefaction caused by the heat is overbalanced thereby. The whole question, however, is yet an open one. According to the nebular hypothesis, which assumes that the bodies of the solar system once existed in a nebulous form, and by gradual condensation and loss of heat have attained their present condition, it is probable that the earth is still slowly cooling off, and that, as we see it, it represents an intermediate stage between the hot vaporous globe of a planet like Jupiter and the cold and barren moon. If we accept this theory—and it is yearly gaining strength—then the habitable period in the earth's career appears to be but one chapter in its varied history. When it was yet molten and vaporous it could not support life, but it shed light like a star. Now it possesses a cool and solid crust on which innumerable tribes and species of animal and vegetable life swarm and flourish. Anon it will become cold and inert, its waters and its atmosphere retreating into its interior, and with them the life that depends upon their presence will disappear. This possible cause of the cessation of the life-supporting energies of the earth, it will be observed, is independent of the withdrawal of the light and heat of the sun, an ultimate catastrophe to which we have heretofore referred.

—Prof. Garrett P. Serviss, in the Chautauquan.

Vain Precautions.

Meringen, the Swiss village which has just been destroyed by fire, met a similar misfortune in 1879. Since that date, a native of the village tells a correspondent, the precautions against fire have been extraordinary. Whenever the wind blew from a dangerous quarter smoking was forbidden, and at dusk, with few exceptions, all fires were ordered out, the village smithy was stifled, the bakery ovens had to be damped down, and the shops would then be besieged with customers anxious to buy what bread they could. The reason for this was the extraordinary destitution to which the inhabitants were reduced after the last fire, and fears are entertained that the consequences may be equally disastrous now.

The Bankers' Assistant.

The bankers' assistant is a small indiarubber thimble, open at both ends, however, which is put on the second finger of the right hand, and greatly facilitates the counting and sorting of coupons, cheques, and other documents, and turning over leaves of books rapidly and accurately without soiling or creasing the paper. It entirely does away with the use of the damp pad, and is very useful in the counting house.

An Important Difference.

To make it apparent to thousands, who think themselves ill, that they are not affected with any disease, but that the system simply needs cleaning, is to bring comfort home to their hearts, as a positive condition is easy cured by using Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

The medusa is a fish so fragile that it melts and disappears when thrown on the beach.

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You might think that a case of Scrofula of 30 years' duration would be very difficult to cure. And so it is, but Hood's Sarsaparilla is reasonably sure to cure every case if given a

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Mr. Clapp, an old resident of Easton, says: "I am now 52 years of age and for the past 30 years have suffered with running sores on one of my legs. A few years ago I had two of my toes amputated, physicians stating that I was suffering from gangrene and had but a

Short Time to Live

Eight months ago, at the recommendation of a neighbor I began using Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have taken about a dozen bottles. When I began taking it nearly the whole lower part of my leg and foot was a running sore. Now the sore has almost completely healed and I can truthfully say that I am in better health than I have been for many years. I owe all my improvement to

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How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

W. J. CHERRY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cherry for the last 15 years, and believe him to be perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

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150,000 Peach Trees For Sale.

Besides this we have an enormous stock of every variety of fruit and shade trees, vines, plants, etc., best quality, in any quantity at prices that defy competition. No yellow, no contagious diseases. Catalogs and best terms free to all readers of this paper. Address Frederick Nursery, Frederick City, Md.

The largest quadruped of California is the grizzly bear.

Mr. John C. Feriman, Alton, Illinois, writes on Jan. 16, 1881: "My wife has been a great sufferer from headaches for over 23 years, and your Brainacure is the only medicine that has ever relieved her. I can't say you all the recommendation you want from here. We take great pleasure in recommending it on all occasions."

A Texas man has three buttons worn by Lord Cornwallis, at Yorktown, Va.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORE. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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For Coughs and Throat troubles use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL THROAT— "they stop an attack of my asthma very promptly."

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The worst cases of female weakness readily yield to Dr. Swan's Pastilles. Samples free. Dr. Swan, Beaver Dam, Wis.

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when applied into the nostrils will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions, relieving inflammation, protecting the membrane from additional colds, completely healing the nose and restoring sense of taste and smell.

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