

THE PANGS OF LOVERS' PARTING.

Their Grief as It Seems and as It Really Is—Giving Birthday Presents.

He had said good-bye. The tears had fallen like rain, the kisses like thunder and lightning. Her hair looked as if she had been through a prize fight, and he had squeezed the engagement ring through three fingers. But she loved him all the same. As he was borne off in the flying cars, he took out a little package, on which was written in a trembling hand:

"For Alfred.

"Don't open it till you are on the train."

He broke the seal and kissed passionately the fracture. The note read:

MY OWN, OWN DEAREST—When you are reading this you will be far away from me. I shall be weeping in my chamber, with your ring firmly pressed to my lips; for, darling, I will sleep with it there. Oh, my beloved, how hard it is to part—how hard. But it is for the best, and I must bear it. Think of me, my own darling, and when you use this which I have made with my own hands for him I love so dearly, it will be part of me you touch and hold. It is a little thing, but oh so full of my heart and my love. Keep it, darling, for my sake.

He kissed the package frantically and opened it. It was a powder puff. She had given him the wrong box.

What nonsense people talk. The fellow goes off. She says: "When you are far away I will be weeping in my chamber."

He fancies to himself how she will scout up-stairs and lock herself in her room, throw herself on the bed, and sob and sob, as if her heart would break. He hears moans, he hears her call upon him, and he pictures to himself what a scene it would be if he suddenly threw open the door, called "Kliza" and felt her rush into his arms. It's a good thing he doesn't go back. He would not have standing calmly before the glass fixing her back hair and putting cold cream on her lips. But it isn't all on one side.

"I will not cease to think of you. I am walking on air. I know no earth, no world. Oh, my angel! I cannot speak to any one. I dare not meet any one. My heart is so full."

And he stops in the first saloon and has a drink, goes home, packs his trunk, jams her picture into his valise, and stops in at the club to have a farewell bottle of champagne with the boys. He's full when he goes off—but it isn't the same kind of full.

Then her birthday comes off. He thinks of it a week or two ahead and buys something for her. He ties a knot in his handkerchief and leaves the present where he can't forget it, because he knows he may.

He sends it on two or three days early to get rid of it, as he says, to get there on time. Then he forgets her birthday, when it comes, and sits down and writes to her that he thought of her so much, but has not had time to write before. And she, well, she always remembers his birthday; because she is afraid if she did not he would not give her anything at Christmas.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Possible Danger in Cow's Milk.

Koch's discovery of the active living agent that produces tuberculosis (consumption) in man, has verified the existence in beef and milk of a long-suspected danger. It has been experimentally proved that the same disease exists in cattle and that it can be conveyed from them to some of the lower animals. It is well known that a consumptive nurse can transmit tuberculosis to her nursing, and we can not avoid the inference that a tuberculous cow can give the same disease to whoever partakes of it in an unboiled condition. The cows of all dairies where they are closely shut up are liable to tuberculosis. All city dairies are of this description.

The sanitary precaution of boiling all milk, the source of which is unknown, before it is used for food is too strongly evident to require any argument in its support. A close official inspection of dairies is not sufficient. Inspectors are careless, easily deceived, and the profits of the milkman are large enough to justify him in using strong inducements to secure a favorable report. Heat kills the microbe of tuberculosis as surely as it does all other microscopic disease germs, and should be thoroughly applied, especially to all food designed for infants and debilitated persons.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Persistence of an Ancient Type.

Gen. Logan was born in Jackson county, Illinois, in 1836, and both his parents were pure Irish. His father was an Irish physician. There are many Irishmen who are of the same swarthy, straight, black-haired, high-cheek-boned, Indian type of men as is Logan. There are several of this type of Irishmen now residents of Troy. Ex-Mayor Carroll is one of these Indian-looking Irishmen. The ancestors of the "Indian" Irishmen, as they are sometimes called, were, it is ascertained, Phoenicians who visited England and Ireland before the Roman invasion, and there are many of their descendants now living in both countries. The Phoenician type reasserts itself from time to time in their descendants; it being only another evidence of the truth of the proverb that "Blood will tell."—Troy Telegram.

A Remedy for Damp Cellars.

Houses built on some soils are penetrated by damp vapors and noxious gases from the earth below. To prevent this, what is necessary is a layer of concrete, about six inches thick, over the entire bottom of the cellar. This concrete should be made of one part of cement and six parts of broken brick and stone, and spread over the cellar bottom with care. Sand should not be used. When the cement is hard a thin coating of asphalt or tar and sand spread over it will make it quite proof against ground air.—Herald of Health.

Money Received in Answer to Prayer.

Mr. George Muller, the well-known head of the orphan homes at Bristol, announces that during the last year he has received \$41,558 "in answer to prayer," not a single donation having been solicited.—Inter Ocean.

Gen. Butler's Readers for His Employees.

Gen. Butler has secured the services of several good readers, who are placed on little platforms in different parts of his mills and read to the operatives as they work.

The Virtues of a Ventilated Hat.

Dio Lewis says that for thirty years he has worn an ordinary silk hat with nearly 300 holes through the top. He says the ventilation is perfect and his hair is perfect.

Cotton seed pressed into blocks has just been put upon the market as "kindling wood."

One-fourth of the Indians in this country die of consumption.

Another Anecdote of John McCullough.

McCullough frequently told good stories about himself, but none of them were better than that concerning an incident which occurred at Richmond, Va. The story has been published, but it is forgotten now. "The Lady of Lyons" was the play, and among the players was a maiden amateur who had the stage on the brain, and had it bad. She tore passion to tatters, and threw a fire and fervor into her love scenes which both amused and excited the audience. At times she fell from the sublime to the ridiculous, and where Claude Melnotte, in the shape of McCullough, was describing his palace on the lake of Como, repeating those tenderest words of Bulwer, the maiden's bosom was seen to heave, her eyes fill with fire, and, when he closed with the tender sentence, "Prithee, love, dost like the picture?" she threw herself in McCullough's arms, crying out in tones of superlative affection: "Oh-h-h-h C-I-a-u-d-e," lingering sweetly long drawn out. She then collapsed like a balloon, and hung, as McCullough said, like a porous plaster to his form.

At this moment a disgusted newsboy in the gallery, in the same tones in which she had uttered her last exclamation, howled out: "Oh-h-h-h s-l-u-s-h."

The house came down. The audience roared, clapped, howled, and howled again. McCullough burst into a ha, ha himself, and nearly dropped the lovely maiden. The girl, however, showed no signs of laughter. She carried out her part, but the next moment, with a caressing gesture, thrust her fingers into McCullough's hair at the side away from the audience, and pulling a bunch nearly out by the roots, hissed into his ear: "How dare you laugh, sir, at that vulgar remark." The pain in his head brought the tears to his eyes, and McCullough resumed his part in the scene of love.—Chicago Times.

A Restaurant on the House-Top.

Another curious hole which I penetrated to the other night is the restaurant which is run for the benefit of The Tribune employees. The Tribune is one of the tallest buildings in town, and the roof which rises from its tower is, on a plane of imposingness with the spire of Trinity church itself. The composing room of the newspaper is on the top, or ninth floor. Just off the composing room is the small and vapor-filled stereotyping room. In the wall of the stereotyping room about half way to the ceiling is a small door, reached by a short ladder, which leads to a narrow, iron spiral staircase.

Following this to the top you find yourself in the basement of the tower of The Tribune building, and another short flight of half a dozen steps brings you into the restaurant, a very comfortable appearing room with a door opening on the roof of The Tribune building. A trip to The Tribune restaurant is almost as tortuous as the windings of the fugitive young Charles II through fair Rosamond's labyrinth at Woodstock with Cromwell's soldiers on his heels; almost too tortuous to please the common sense views of the business men in the neighboring offices who patronized it for awhile, but have given it over to the compositors and reporters of The Tribune. The keeper and his young wife live here in a manner curiously commingling the romantic with the badly practical.—New York Cor. Kansas City Times.

Shrewdness and Tact to the Last.

"You people are missing the more interesting features of Uncle Billie Sharon's death-bed," said a recent arrival from San Francisco. "The deed of trust by which he gave all his property out and out to his children and grandchildren had a string to it. The old man preserved his business shrewdness and tact to the last. Sharon is a good deal of a Shakespearean student, and when—in his prime—he had knocked off the necks of a couple of the Widow Clicquot's jugs he could quote the bard by the hour. He remembered King Lear, and so, after he had made and signed the trust which virtually left him a pauper he suddenly raised his head, beckoned to Gen. Barnes, his attorney, and whispered: 'Wait a moment. I guess you'd better put in there something like this. That in the event of my recovery from this illness I stipulate that the sum of \$10,000 a year be first set aside from the income of the estate for my personal support until I die. Do you understand? You remember, general, how old King Lear once remarked: 'Fathers that wear rags do make their children blind.' I would avoid that. Put it in the deed—\$10,000 if I get well—ten thousand—and then the little old millionaire fell off into a doze."—Chicago Herald.

The Influence of a Great Man's Name.

A few years ago Senator Lamar, finding that he had a weak-looking Jersey bull calf on his hands, decided to name it Senator George C. Vest, thinking that perhaps this great title would put life blood into its veins. He was not mistaken. The poor ragged calf, under the influence of milk, Mississippi air, and Vest's name, grew rapidly, and in a year became a goodly animal. It was not of the purest breed, however, though it had some good ancestors, and Senator Lamar finally sold it to Senator McPherson, of New Jersey. The change of climate helped the young bull, and in the course of a year or two it became the chief of McPherson's herd. The other day it was taken to the state fair of New Jersey and it has taken the first premium of the Jersey cattle of that state.—Cleveland Leader.

The Truffle Industry in France.

This is the season for gathering French truffles, and the truffle-growing districts between the Alps and the Rhone are very busy, the single department of Vauchuse yielding nearly \$500,000 worth in a good year. The finest, however, come from Perigord. Truffles are often adulterated and "jockeyed." Hollow pieces are filled with clay, or several small ones made to appear as a single large one. In Paris, even, imitation truffles are made of potatoes coated with earth from the Perigord district, or pale ones are blackened with oak dyes.—Paris Letter.

Net Profits of 350 Per Cent.

In the trial of a case at Glasgow, Scotland, recently it came out that a clothing manufacturer was employing a number of girls, aged from 15 to 18 years, at 50 cents a week for fifty hours' work, and he consequently was able to reckon his net profits at about 350 per cent. on work and material.

Good Cobbler Ne'er Forsake Your Last.

In 1855 each operator in a shoe factory (according to Massachusetts labor commission statistics) made 453 pairs of shoes and earned \$205 a year, 1875 he made 1,305 pairs, and his wages had risen to \$497, though he worked 19 per cent. less in time.—Boston Budget.

It is stated that there are now 3,004 breeders of pedigree short-horn cattle in Illinois.

Chronic Dysentery.

Mr. James Brannan, Second avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., writes: "For two years I have been constantly troubled with a chronic diarrhoea, or dysentery, having had, on an average, from twenty to twenty-five passages every twenty-four hours, and every one bloody. I had thoroughly tried all the prominent physicians in Pittsburgh, was twice in the West Penn Hospital, the first time thirteen weeks, and though I left it much better, yet in five days I was as bad as ever. I then tried two other great doctors in this city, and one of them finally assured me I was not long for this world, and advised me to write to my friends about it. I next went to Dr. Hartman, without the least confidence that he could do anything for me. He examined me, smiled, and said, he could stop the bloody discharges in less than two weeks, which he did with PERUNA, and I have now been entirely well for several weeks, and never felt better in my life, though I am still taking his PERUNA. I will take it whenever I need medicine.

Mr. Patrick Burns, Pittsburgh, writes: "I have suffered intensely from piles and chronic diarrhoea. I was treated by five of the best physicians and surgeons in the city of Pittsburgh, and with all grew constantly worse. Finally three of them said my only hope was an operation. This frightened me, and I went immediately to Dr. Hartman, who has entirely cured me with PERUNA. I have been at work now for three months, and never in my life felt better. Call and see me at corner of Twenty-seventh and Mulberry streets, Twelfth ward, Pittsburgh."

Mr. Patrick Cunningham, S. S., near Siney street, Pittsburgh, Pa., writes: "For five years I have suffered incessantly from internal and external piles. I have tried the best physicians of Pittsburgh and Allegheny without relief. I went to Dr. Hartman, who cured me without detention from work with PERUNA."

Charles Frank, of Emrichville, Jefferson county, Ohio, writes: "I had piles and fistula in ano for four years. I had suffered constantly with a discharge of matter from the parts, and sometimes from the contents of the bowels through it. I could not have borne it much longer. I had heard so much of the ill effects of a knife operation that I resolved to go to Dr. Hartman. He ridiculed the silly idea of cutting it, and at once performed his own original operation without the knife, and without pain. I am thoroughly cured, though of course I took PERUNA."

A VALUABLE BOOK.—We have just received from the enterprising publishers A. H. Andrews & Co. a most useful little volume, suggestively called "LOOK WITHIN FOR FIVE THOUSAND FACTS THAT EVERYBODY WANTS TO KNOW." It contains 75 pages of condensed information on Mechanics, Statistics, History, Medicine, Astronomy, Finance, Mythology, Education, Mathematics, The Bible, Politics, Agriculture, Religion, Science, Temperance, Trade, etc., etc. In fact there seems to be something for everybody and nothing that some one will not be glad to know. It is embellished with a number of colored diagrams, and is by far the most valuable and complete Pocket Cyclopaedia we have yet seen. It is offered for sale at the exceedingly low price of 15 cents, for which sum in stamps it will be sent postpaid by the publishers, A. H. ANDREWS & CO., CHICAGO.

PERUNAS sold by all druggists. Price \$1.00 per bottle, six bottles \$5.00. If you cannot get it from your druggist, we will send it on receipt of regular price. We prefer you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it do not be persuaded to try something else, but order from us at once as directed S. B. HARTMAN & Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Rough on Rats. Clear out rats, mice, roaches, flies, bed-bugs.

Heart Pains. Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness, cured by "Wells Health Renewer."

"Rough on Corns" 15. Quick complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"Buchu-Palpa." Quick complete cure, all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. Scalding, Irritation, Stone, Gravel, Catarrh of the Bladder. \$1. Druggist.

Files, roaches, ants, bed-bug, microgophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

"Thin People." "Wells Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility. \$1.

"Rough on Pain." Cures Cholera, colic, cramps, diarrhoea, aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. 20c. Rough on Pain Plaster 15c.

Mothers. If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells Health Renewer." \$1 Druggist.

Life Preserver. If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

Rough on Piles. Cures Piles or Hemorrhoids, Itching, Protruding, Bleeding, Internal, or other. Internal and External Remedy in each package. Sure cure, 50c Druggist.

Frettful Women. Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Wells Health Renewer."

Rough on Itch. "Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frost-bite, chilblains.

Rough on Catarrh. Correct offensive odors at once. Complete cure of chronic cases, also unequalled as gargle for Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Foul Breath. 50c.

The Hope of the Nation. Children slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate, use "Wells Health Renewer."

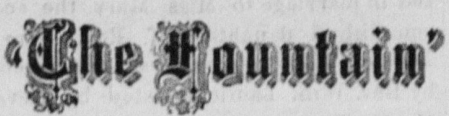
Catarrh of the Bladder. Stinging, Irritation, Inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary complaints, cured by "Buchu-Palpa."

"Water Bugs Roaches." "Rough on Rats" clears them out, also Beetles, Ants.

A Valuable Farm For Sale. A small farm containing 45 acres, situated in College township, Centre county, Pa., bordering on Spring Creek near the Houserville woolen factory, with a two story frame house and a small barn and other out buildings, and small orchard of good bearing trees. There is also about six acres in timber. This small farm is under good cultivation, and will be sold on reasonable terms. For particulars call on, or address, Barbara Snyder, Hrserville, Pa.

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Best quality, Iron Stone China: warranted not to craze

Tea Sets (58 pieces) \$3.50

Dinner plates—largest size—per doz 1.25

Dinner plates—medium do 1.10

Tea Plates do .90

Tureens—round or oval each .60

Sauce dishes—round or oval—each .20

Sauce Tureens—4 pieces .50

Sauce boats 25

Cups and saucers—handled—12 pieces .60

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Fruit saucers—per doz .50

Chamber sets—10 pieces 3.00

Pitcher and Basin 1.00

Covered chamber 75

TABLE GLASSWARE.

Tumblers, each, .04c

Goblets, " .06c

Fruit Bowls " .25c

Cake stands .35c

Glass Sets, 4 pieces .35c

Full Stock of Decorated Tea, Dinner and Chamber Sets.

Best English ware. Tea Sets, Decorated in Blue, Black, Brown or Claret, 56 pieces \$5.00—regular price \$7.00.

Full assortment in Majolica and Fancy Goods, &c.

Majolica Pitchers, 20c; Bohemian Vases height 10 inches, \$1.00, and everything else just as cheap in proportion.

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