MRS. MARCHELL'S BOUND GIRL.

"I think I'll take that one," said Mrs. Marine Marchell, pointing with the end of her finger in one particular direction.

It was quite a little life-picture—the row of eager-eyed girls, standing in the stuffy little reception room of the orphan's asylum at Bloomington, each one clad in her dingy gray stuff gown, with a green gingham bib-apron, and hair cut close to the head—a style of coiffure which gave an undue predominance to the ears, and would have made the divine Venus di Milo herself look like a female pickpocket. Just behind them stood the matron, a fat old woman, with a crumbled white cap, and three distinct layers of chin, and a hungry dog, peeping in at the half open door, completed the tableaux. Deborah Dove, a stumpy girl of thirteen, with empurpled fingers and a flunt nose sighed deeply; Sarah Jackson's freckled countenance fell. The others looked stolidly about them, indifferent as to Mrs. Marchell's preference or neglect; and a little gray-eyed lassie at the end of the line who had been balancing herself uneasily on one foot like a crane, started forward with a half-stifled cry of delight.

"Phœbe Locket!" cried the matron.

"Phœbe Locket, if that is her name," said Mrs. Marchell, decidedly.

"Why, she's the smallest of the lot," said the matron.

And at her unconsidered words, poor little Phœbe winced and hung down her head, as if some rude hand had struck her.

"Handsome is that handsome does," returned Mr. Marchell, didactically. "Put up her things, please, Mrs. Jenks and let the lady directress know that I have decided."

As Phœbe Locket rode away in the open farm wagon, sitting beside Mrs. Marchell's simple figure, the farmer's wife looked down and caught the clear eyes looking timidly up into hers, like wells of gray water.

"Come," Mrs. Marchell said, brusquely, "what are you thinking about?"

"Please, ma'am," said Phœbe, "I was wondering why on earth you chose *me* when Carolina Purple was so much prettier, and Deborah Dove a great deal taller and stronger."

"Humph," said Mrs. Marchell.. "I chose you because I like your looks. You're little but you're wiry; you aren't pretty as some of those simpering girls, but you've an honest look in your face. That's why I chose you."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Phœbe, simply.

And she rejoiced fervently in her innocent little heart, in that she had escaped from the iron rule, scanty fare and distasteful drudgery of the Bloomington Orphan Asylum at last.

Mr. Marchell, a stout, good-humored farmer, with a shining bald head and a pair of iron-gray English side-whiskers, welcomed the little girl with a kindly pat on the head, and an admonition to "be sure and do her duty, and it would always be done by her."

And Charley Marchell, the only son, and heir of the red-brick farmhouse, with its acres of golden wheat and emerald stretches of pasture-land, nicknamed her "Miss Midget" on the spot.

"Because you are such a stunted little affair," said he.

Phœbe Locket had not been "bound girl" at the Marchell farmhouse for more than a few months when one day, Mrs. Marchell came into the great airy "keeping room," with a perturbed expression on her countenance.

"I thought I heard a fiddle somewhere," said she.

"Just what you did hear," said Charley, "It's Phœbe, up in the garret."

"Phœbe?" ejaculated Mrs. Marchell. "And where on earth did *she* get a fiddle?"

"Borrowed it from old Mr. Findley," said Charley, laughing. "You never saw such a creature so bewitched after a fiddle as she is.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Marchell, sharply. "What business has a bound girl with a fiddle, or with any sort of music, for that matter?"

"It's no harm, wife—no harm" said the farmer, indulgently.

"But it is harm," said Mrs. Marchell. "And I mean to put a stop to it."

And Phœbe Locket, seated Turk-fashion on the floor of the old garret, with a tattered shawl wrapped around her shoulders, and the red, level light of the winter sunset, weaving itself around her short auburn curls, was interrupted in her musical reveries by the abrupt entrance of Mrs. Marchell.

"Give me that fiddle?" said Mrs. Marchell.

"Ma'am?" said Phœbe dropping the bow in her amazement.

"It's a silly waste of time," said Mrs. Marchell, "besides being sinful."

"But," pleaded Phœbe, "I've done all my work!"

"No matter whether you have or not," said Mrs. Marchel. "There's always your patchwork to do, and 'Blair's Sermons' to read, beside the weekly paper. Give me that fiddle, I say."

Poor Phœbe gave it up, trying hard to choke down the tears and sobs.

Old Moses Findley, the village violinist, who officiated at dances, weddings and merry-makings in general, and filled up the interstices of his time with the making and mending of shoes, looked fairly astounded when Mrs. Marchell bounded into his seven-by-nine shop, and flung the musical instrument on the work-bench.

"Eh?" said old Moses adjusting his spectacles on the bridge of his nose.

"There's your old fiddle," said Mrs. Marchell, "and I wish, after this, you'd be kind enough to keep it at home, and not go putting nonsense into my bound girl's head!"

"But it ain't nonsense," said old Moses. "She has got a capital idea of music, Phœbe has—"

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Marchell.

"And a very decent voice, if it was only cultivated."

"Pshaw!" cried Mrs. Marchell, and she flounced out of the shop in a rage.

But if Mrs. Marchell was the child's temporal mistress, music was her spiritual one. Phœbe Locket went quietly about her work, in the years that followed, but she could not forget the divine strains which the well rosined bow had drawn out of the antique violin, in the red glow of the winter sunset, that January afternoon in the garret.

Mrs. Marchell had done up her front hair in papers, assumed her gray flannel dressing gown, when chancing to look out of the north kitchen window, she saw or thought she saw the glimmer of a light in the top window of the barn.

"I can't have been mistaken," said Mrs. Marchell; "it ain't the time o' year for fire-flies, and will-o-the-wisps don't go dancing and twinkling round our barn. It's tramps—that's what it is."

"Fiddlestick's" said Mr. Marchell, sleepily, from the exact centre of a downy feather pillow.

"There was two men asked for a drink of milk, at the butter door, just about dusk," added the lady, "and I didn't much like their looks at the time."

"It's all right, I dare say," yawned Mr. Marchell.

"Well," cried the farmeress, energetically, "if you don't go into it, I will."

And flinging her husband's shaggy overcoat around her, and taking the lantern in one hand, she started for the barn.

She was right. There was a dim tallow candle burning in the barn-chamber, and by its flickering light, Phœbe Locket was busily practicing on the violin, from some sheets of torn and well-thumbed music.

She started up with a cry at the apparition of Mrs. Marchell in the doorway—an evening spectre, with a shabby overcoat and a dark lantern.

Ungrateful girl?" tragically cried out Mrs. Marchell; "how dared you disobey me?"

"I meant no harm," faltered poor Phœbe. "I hired the violin from the village music store, with the dollar Mr. Marchell gave me for finding his gold spectacles, and Mrs. Musard gave me the music; and I came out here of a night, so that the noise shouldn't disturb you."

"Phœbe," said Mrs. Marchell, "what a goose you are! Why don't you stick to your needle, and your rolling pin, and your scrubbing-brush, as other girls do?" How do you ever expect to find bread in the strings of a fiddle?"

Phœbe hung down her head, and said nothing in reply.

"We may as well break the charm at once," said Mrs. Marchell. "I'll take you to the concert at Bloomington to-morrow night. They tell me there's to be a girl violinist there, as plays *like* playing; and if that don't cure you of your silly ambition, I don't know what will."

Phœbe Locket crimsoned to the very roots of her hair.

"I—I can't go!" said she. "That is, not with you. I promised Mrs. Musard to go to her house; but perhaps she will take me. The Musards are all going to the concert."

"It don't matter how you go," said Mrs. Marchell, "nor with whom so long as you see real excellence and learn the folly of your silly aspirations."

"But," faltered Phœbe, "why shouldn't I be a good player some time, too?"

"Why shouldn't the sky fall, and we all catch larks?" contemptuously retorted Mrs. Marchell. "As for you, the best thing you can do is to go into the house and go to bed."

And crestfallen Phœbe obeyed.

Mrs. Marchell dressed herself in her best silk, to go to the Bloomington concert, the next evening.

"For I suppose it will be something fine," said she. "Where's my eye-glasses Charley? I must take them along, if I expect to see anything, for I do declare I'm getting blinder every day.

"I expect, mother," Charley had answered, with a little laugh, "you'll see a lot of things to surprise you."

The hall was crowded when the Marchell party arrived, and Mrs. Marchell was forced to be content with a campstool at the back of the room.

"Dear, dear! how provoking this is!" "And no eye-glasses, I shant see a thing!"

"But you can hear," said Charley.

"Hush-sh!" said his mother. Isn't that the violinist—a pretty, light-complexioned girl, in white, with roses in her hair? Now, I do hope Phœbe Locket is here to see this."

The violinist was greeted with shouts of applause which died away into silence as the delicious music rose upon the air, floating upward like the halos we see in ancient pictures.

It was a short *capriccio* and, when it ended, Mrs. Marchell was in tears.

"I never thought before that I cared so much for music," said she to Charley. But such music as *that* Do you know, Charley, it seemed exactly as if my little baby that died twenty years ago was whispering in my ear! Oh, if Phœbe could only hear this!"

The female violinist was certainly *the* feature of the night. And at the close of the concert she was again and again called before the curtain to receive the rapturous plaudits of the Bloomington public.

"Where is Phœbe?" said Mrs. Marchell, standing on one of the benches to look around her. Has any one seen our Phœbe here!"

"I have," said Charley, drily. "Shall I take you to her?—here, in the little room, adjoining the stage."

"But what is she doing there?" said Mrs. Marchell, perplexedly.

"Counting her bouquets, I suppose," Charley said, with the same little laugh.

And without further ceremony, Mrs. Marchell was ushered into the presence of the female violinist herself, all in white, with deep red roses glowing in her hair, and cheeks aflame with happy triumph.

"Phœbe!" ejaculated Mrs. Marchell, fairly out of breath with astonishment. "This is never—you?"

"Yes, dear, dear friend," she cried, "it is I!"

"Why didn't you tell me?" said the farmer's wife, reproachfully.

"Because I was so afraid that my first appearance would be a failure," confessed Phœbe.

"I suppose you will never come back to the farmhouse again?" said Mrs. Marchell.

"Yes, I shall!" cried Phœbe. "I shall be your own Phœbe still, if only you'll let me practice in the garret, once in a while."

"You shall practice all over the house?" cried Mrs. Marchell.

"Didn't I tell you, mother, said triumphant Charley, "that you'd see something to surprise you? But you'll be still more surprised when—"

"Charley, don't?" cried out Phœbe, growing rosier than ever.

"You needn't," said Mrs. Marchell, looking brightly from one to the other. I can guess.

"She's such a little darling, mother!" said the young man.

And Phœbe threw both her arms around the elder woman's neck, and whispered softly:

"*Mother!*"

Abraham Lincoln was of Virginia extraction and Kentucky birth. The South gave to the North in the late unpleasantness, three of its greatest men—Lincoln, Thomas and Farragut.

Some Amusing Blunders.

We do not know whether the recipient of the following letter felt amused or enraged on reading it. It was written by a Buckinghamshire farmer to a distinguished scientific agriculturist, to whom he felt under obligations for introducing a certain variety of swine: "Respected Sir:—I went yesterday to the fair at A——, I found several pigs of your species. There was a great variety of beasts; I was greatly astonished at not seeing you there." We must imagine this to have been written in an off hand manner, and without much consideration; as also another, by an illiterate farmer, wishing to enter some animals at an agricultural exhibition, when he wrote as follows to the secretary of the association: "Enter me also for a jackass. I have no doubt whatever of gaining a prize."

A very slight stretch of imagination is required to depict the amazement of that inquisitive old gentleman, of an inquisitive turn of mind, who inquired of the gardner in one of the public places of promenade: "Pray, my good man, can you inform me if this particular plant belongs to the 'Arbutus' family?" when he received for a reply: "No, sir; it don't; it belongs to the corporation!" This same remark applies to that ambitious young lady, who was talking very earnestly about her favorite authors, when one of the company inquired if she liked Lamb. With an indignant toss of the head, she answered, that she "cared very little about what she ate, compared with knowledge of it. Doubtless the party who put the question felt more amused by the answer than the parish priest did, who, observing an Irish girl at play on a Sunday, accosted her with: "Good-morning, daughter of the Evil One;" when she meekly replied: "Good-morning, father."

Many an amusing mistake has been made by people hard of hearing. We are told that a certain Dean of Ely was once at a dinner, when just as the cloth was removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of extraordinary mortality among lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than seven eminent barresters in as many months." The Dean, who was very deaf, rose just at the conclusion of these remarks, and gave the company grace: "For this and every other mercy, make us devoutly thankful." On another occasion, at a military dinner in Ireland, the following was on the toast list: "May the man who has lost one eye in the glorious service of his beloved country never see distress with the other." But the person whose duty it was to read the toast accidently omitted the important word "distress," which completely changed the sentiment, and caused no end of merriment by the blunder.

Another instance may be quoted, if only to show how careful people should be in expressing themselves on public occasions. A church in South London had been erected, when a dinner party was given, at the conclusion of which the health of the builder was proposed, when he very enigmatically replied that he was "more fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking."

On the other hand, some mistakes, although amusing, are not altogether complimentary. Few, for instance, would care to endorse an observation which fell from the lips of a gentleman, after gazing some time at the skeleton of a donkey, and admiring and wondering at the structure of that despised animal. "Ah," said he, "we are fearfully and wonderfully made." Equally as good was that of the greenhorn who at a menagerie was particularly interested in a baboon. Several persons were present, one of whom expressed the opinion that it was the lower order of the human species. This so nettled the countryman, that he immediately exclaimed: "Pooh, pooh! he be no more human species than we be."

The late Lord Lansdowne used to relate that when, after Turner the painter's death, he went to the artist's house on a foggy morning, in the hope of getting a peep at his reserved works, the old woman in charge, looking up through the area railings, took him for the cat's meat man, and bawling up, told him "he needn't come again, as the cat had died the day before.—*Cambers' Journal.*

"Will I Be Like You, Pa."

A gentleman, who for years had been more or less under the influence of liquor, and whose red nose and bloated figure stamped him as an inebriate, had gone home to his wife and children in this condition. He was not unkind in act or words. It was his delight to play at games with his little ones as he was able, and to entertain them with stories. On this occason the family were all together in the sitting room, and the usual games having been played, little Freddie, a lad six years of age, had climbed upon his father's knee, and was asking him questions. He talked—as boys will—of what he would do when he was a "big man!" asked if he would be like papa then; and finally, after a long and serious look into his father's face, with every shade of childish curiosity in his voice and glance, put to him this bewildering inquiry:

"Papa, when I grow up to be a man, will my nose be red like yours, and my face all swelled?"

"Ah!" why should that poor, swollen face grow redder than it was wont to be? Why should his arms so quickly draw that boy to his breast? And why should tears flow and voice tremble as he replied in words and tone that made his mother's heart glad?

"No, Freddie, please God, you won't be like me when you get to be a man; and neither will your father, my boy, for from this hour he will lead a sober life!"

"Be like him!" he had not thought of that before, and the bare possibility staggered him. All the love of his father's heart cried out against such a fate. That boy, his pride, going about with a bloated face and poisoned breath! No, no! He was not prepared for that! Never before had he seen his own looks so clearly; they were reflecting in the boy's—and honor, affection and reason came to the rescue. The child had preached a sermon no orator could deliver; and innocence and ignorance had accomplished what learning and logic had aimed at in vain. Those words "went home."

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A Short History of Wheat.

Our historical knowledge of wheat is more complete than that of any other grain, for the reason that wheat has been more largely used for human food than any other cereal, although historians assure us that barley was used by mankind in the infancy of the world, long before it was cultivated for its fruit. The varieties of wheat, says a contemporary, are almost numberless and their characters very different under the influences of cultivation and climate. There are said to be 180 distinct varieties in the museum of Cornell University. On the slopes of the mountains of Mexico and Xalapa the luxuriance of vegetation is such that wheat does not form ears. In Japan it is said, wheat has been developed by Japanese farmers, that no matter how much manure is used, the straw will not grow larger, though the length of the ear increases. The heighth is rarely more than two feet, and often not more than 20 inches.

Through selection, winter wheat has been changed to summer wheat in three years, and summer wheat converted in the same time to winter wheat. In general, wheat is the most esteemed of the cereal productions, but in Abyssinia, according to Parkins, the flour of the "teff" or "degussa," scarcely palatable to Europeans, is preferred by the natives to any other grain.

Isis was supposed to have introduced wheat into Egypt, Demeter into Greece, and the Emperor Chin-Wong into China about 3,000 B. C. In Europe it was cultivated before the period of history, as samples have been recovered from the lacustrine dwellings of Switzerland. In England it was probably not cultivated by the ancient Britons, but the Anglo-Saxons when Bede wrote, early in the eighth century, sowed their wheat in the Spring, and in the days of Queen Elizabeth its cultivation was but partial.

Indeed, wheat was an article of comparative luxury till nearly the seventh century. In India it seems not to be native, but introduced, for its Sanscrit name signifies "food of the barbarian;" yet three varieties are mentioned in the Bhavaprakasa, one of which, a large grained, is said to have come from the West, and another, a small grained or beardless wheat, it is said to have been indegenous to Middle India.

The first wheat raised in the "New World" was sown by Spaniards on the land of Isabella, in January, 1494, and on March 30 the ears were gathered. The foundation of the wheat harvest of Mexico is said to have been three or four grains carfully cultivated in 1530, and preserved by a slave of Cortez. The first crop of Quito was raised by a Franciscan monk in front of the convent. Garcilasso de la Vega affirms that in Peru, up to 1547, wheaten bread had not been sold in Cuzco.

Wheat was first sown by Gosnold on Cuttyhunk, one of the Elizabeth Islands in Buzzard's Bay, off Massachusetts, in 1602, when he explored the coast. In 1604, on the Island of St. Croix, near Calais, Maine, the Sieur de Monts had some wheat sown, which flourished finely. In 1611 the first wheat appears to have been sown in Virginia. In 1626 samples of wheat grown in the Dutch colony at New Netherlands were shown in Holland. It is probable that wheat was shown in the Plymouth colony prior to 1629, though we find no record of it, and in 1629 wheat was ordered from England as seed. In 1718 wheat was introduced into the valley of the Mississippi by the "Western Company." In 1799 it was among the cultivated crops of the Simos Indians of the Gila river, New Mexico.—*London Live Stock Journal.*

Crushed Limestone as a Fertilizer.

In answer to a correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, who inquires in regard to the use of limestone as a fertilizer, Professor George A. Cook, State Geologist of New Jersey, says:

The use of crushed or ground limestone as a fertilizer has been occasionally suggested for many years past. It was very widely distributed some time ago under the name of Grafton fertilizer, said to have been made in New Hampshire. But its effects are not in anyway marked. It was also ground in Sussex county, New Jersey, a number of years ago, and tried as a substitute for lime; but its results were not encouraging. Clam shells and oyster shells have also been ground and sold for manure, but the business was not successful.

There is no apparent reason why ground limestone should be any better than the calcarous marls which are found in many of the lakes and ponds in New York and New Jersey, or in those deposits along the seashore everywhere from New Jersey to Florida. These marls have been found useful when applied to heavy dressings, but they are too bulky to bear the expense of transportation to any considerable distance. Fine carbonate of lime, either from shell-marl, leached ashes, ground limestone or any other source, is an important constituent of fertile soils; but if sold, it must be at a very low price, or it cannot compete with air-slacked lime, which is much finer, and in the majority of cases would be better.

If ground carbonate of lime is to be used, it would be thought that clam shells and oyster shells would make the best material for the purpose on account of the phosphoric acid and the animal matter in them. But a careful analysis shows that the clam shell contains 95.55 per cent. of carbonate of lime, and the oyster shell 97.14 per cent. And of phosphoric acid, the former contains only .04 of 1 per cent., and the latter .07 of 1 per cent., while of organic matter, neither of them contains as much as 1 per cent. The rest of the shell consists of small quantities of iron, magnesia, soda and insoluble matters. There does not seem to be much in the nature of uses of carbonate of lime as a fertilizer to encourage anyone to erect expensive machinery to either crush or grind limestone rock to prepare it for that purpose.

A Foolish Mistake.

Don't make the mistake of confounding a remedy of acknowledged merit with the numerous quack medicines that are now so common. We speak from experience when we say that Parker's Ginger Tonic is a sterling health restorative and will do all that is claimed for it. We have used it ourselves with the happiest results for Rheumatism and when worn out by overwork. See advertisement.

Peruna had a remarkably good effect on my daughter's paralysis. W. E. Duncan, Sewickly.

Their Wedding Journey.

All Americans travel a good deal, and it is impossible for any American to travel far without falling in with a young couple upon that most momentous itinery of all their lives—their wedding journey. For, while their is no especial reason for believing that we are much more given to marrying than other people are, it is a fact admitting of arithmetical demonstration that no where on the face of the broad earth, where railways go, are brides and grooms so plentiful in railway cars as they are in this our own fair land.

To watch these young lovers, not yet at all settled down into sober certainty of wedded bliss, is better than going to a play. For the life of them they cannot keep in mind that they are more or less on exhibition; and so, insensibly, they drop into a little tenderness which they would be careful enough to avoid could they only remember—bless their innocent hearts!—that they are not in a blooming desert dedicated to love, but in a crowded railway car that is dedicated mainly, to envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. In all simplicity and sincerity, forgetful of everything but each other, they bill and coo—until of a sudden seeing somewhere a grinning, malicious face, they do remember where they are and how unsympathetic are their surroundings, and then they pull up short. In a deliciously conscious way they draw apart from each other as far as the seat will let them go. She turns with a sudden enthusiasm to contemplation of the landscape; though what there is about landscape to give her such a charming color the unprejudiced observer fails to see. He turns to his newspaper with an equal affection of eagerness; and again the unprejudiced observer is puzzled—this time to understand how a man with normally constituted eyes possibly can read a newspaper upside down. Having established these antipodal possitions, the soft young things remains keenly alive to the conventional requirements of society, and for a season are severely decorous. But it does not last. Gradually she turns from the window and he a little turns from the newspaper that he is reading under such ocular difficulties. He edges up and asks a question; she edges up and makes a reply—and before they know it they are spooning away again as hard as ever they can spoon.

Now there are coarse natures which see in exhibitions of this sort only matter for ridicule; and cynical natures which condemn all such too public endearments with a cold contempt. But the true philosopher, mellowed by years and hardhearted enough to sympathize with instead of sneering at the weakness of his fellow-men, does not join in this ridicule; and he even bestows a sincere sorrow upon those so unfortunate as to look with contempt on this pretty game of love. For he feels—and he is right, Heaven knows—there is not so much of simplicity and loving-kindness in the world that we justly may cavil at such as these, who in a sweet simplicity are all for love and hold the world well lost.

The spirit of mortal may not be very proud, but we notice it waxes overly profane in some cases where rheumatism is the moving cause. We use St. Jacobs Oil for ours and are happy.—*Milwaukee (Wisconsin) Evening.*

The Niagara Bridge.

In 1848, Charles Ellet, a brilliant, rather than a profound, engineer, built the first suspension bridge over the Niagra, on the site of the present railroad bridge. The bridge was for carriages and foot passengers. The towers were of wood, and the roadway was only about six feet in width, just wide enough for one team. Mr. Ellet in the beginning had offered a reward of $5 to the first person who should get a string over the river. The next windy day a large number of boys assembled on the bank with kites, and before night one of them, Homan J. Walsh, then a boy of 13 years of age, landed his kite on the Canada side and received the promised reward. By the means of this string larger cords, then ropes and then iron cables, small at first, but increasing in size, were drawn across, until the large cables were thus stretched.

This structure served as a most excellent auxilary in the construction of the present bridge. This was built by America's great engineer, John S. Roebling; and has always been considered one of the greatest of his work. It was commenced in 1852, and the first locomotive crossed in 1854. The iron basket now hanging under the railroad track near the American end of the bridge was first used by Mr. Ellet, and in it the first person who ever crossed the chasm alive, and of his own avill, was crossed over. There is an old Indian tradition that a resisting chief was once carried to the opposite side by a large bald eagle, who swooped down on the great warrior, as he lay ambushed on the ground, and bore him over. Ladies have crossed in this basket. The suspension bridge by Brocks monument was built in 1856 by T. E. Serret. The ice jam in 1866 tore the guys from the rocks to which they were fastened, and before they were replaced a terrific gale broke the roadway, severed the suspenders, and left the structure dangling in the air. The new suspension bridge, as it is called, was built in 1868, the cables being carried over in the winter on the ice bridge. Its length is over 1,200 feet, or a full quarter of a mile, from outside to outside of the towers, and is the longest suspension bridge in the world.

His Answer.

They tell it on one of our citizens who was ambling toward his place of business, that he was approached by a lady acquaintance of the family, who said:

"Mr. ——, I hear you are suffering from rheumatism, is it so?"

"Rumor 'tis m'm," said our citizen of few words, as he proceeded on his way. Over in Chicopee our neighbors and friends have been having quite a time with rheumatism; but according to reports received by our representative the flurry is over, as the sure antidote has been used and thus commented upon: Mr. C. N. Manchester, Cutler street, says relative to his experience: I have just used St. Jacobs Oil, and esteem it the best remedy for rheumatism I have ever tried. It acts like magic, and I cannot over estimate its value, when I pronounce it the greatest rheumatic remedy of the age.—*Springfield, (Mass.) Daily Union.*

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FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL VITALITY AND COLOR.

It is a most agreeable dressing, which is at once harmless and effectual, for preserving the hair. It restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray, light, and red hair, to a rich brown, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use thin hair is thickened, and baldness often though not always cured. It checks falling of the hair immediately, and causes a new growth in all cases where the glands are not decayed; while to brashy, weak, or otherwise diseased hair, it imparts vitality and strength, and renders it pliable.

The Vigor cleanses the scalp, cures and prevents the formation of dandruff; and, by its cooling, stimulating, and soothing properties, it heals most if not all of the humors and diseases peculiar to the scalp, keeping it cool, clean, and soft, under which conditions diseases of the scalp and hair are impossible.

As a Dressing for Ladies' Hair The Vigor is incomparable. It is colorless, contains neither oil nor dye, and will not soil white cambric. It imparts an agreeable and lasting perfume, and as an article for the toilet it is economical and unsurpassed in its excellence.

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO.,
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Made from Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia and many other of the best medicines known to the Best Health and Strength Restorer Ever Used, and is far superior to Bitters, Essences of Ginger and other Tonics, as it never intoxicates, and combines the best curative properties of all.

It Has Saved Hundreds of Lives; It May Save Yours.

Buy a 50c. bottle of your druggist, and to avoid counterfeits be sure our signature is on the outside wrapper. HISCOX & Co., Chemists, N. Y.

Parker's Hair Balsam, Elegantly Perfumed. Perfectly Harmless.

The Best & Most Economical Hair Dressing

Containing only ingredients that are beneficial to the hair and scalp, the BALSAM will be found far more satisfactory than any other preparation. It Never Fails to Restore Gray or Faded Hair to the original youthful color and is warranted to remove dandruff, prevent baldness and stop falling of the hair. *Sold by druggists at 50 cents.*

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September 4.

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