AN APRIL GIRL.

The girl that is born on an April day
Has a right to be merry, lithsome, gay,
And that is the reason I dance and play
And frisk like a mote in a sunny ray,—
Wouldn't you
Do it, too,
If you had been born on an April day?

The girl that is born on an April day
Has also a right to cry, they say;
And so I sometimes do give way
When things get crooked or all astray.—
Wouldn't you
Do it, too,
If you had been born on an April day?

The girls of March love noise and fray;
And sweet as blossoms are girls of May:
But I belong to the time mid-way,
And so I rejoice in a sunny spray
Of smiles and tears and hap-a-day,—
Wouldn't you
Do it, too,
If you had been born on an April day?

Heigho! and hurrah! for an April day,
Its clouds, its sparkle, its skip and stay!
I mean to be happy whenever I may,
And cry when I must; for that's my way.
Wouldn't you
Do it, too,
If you had been born on an April day?

A RACE FOR A WIFE.

BY JULES CLARETIE.

I have this story from a friend who was dear to me. He related to me one day when we were talking of the hazards of life, more astonishing and more romantic a hundred times than the inventions of fiction. He had seen this little drama develop itself, he still knew the actors in it. "I will present you," he said to me, "and we will go together to Mezieres, where we shall find one of the heroes of this narrative still living. All the romances have not been written; the most marvellous have still to be published. And who knows how many romances each one of us takes away with him profoundly buried in the secrecy of his conscience, painfully smothered under the tombstone?" Eugene Decary did not know how true his words were, and the story of Jean Chevaucheux was the last that he told me. It is he who will tell you the story.

My father used to live at Rethel, in the high street, in a house I can still see before my eyes with its slate roof and projecting beams, a hospitable house if ever there was one. Poor folks knew the way to it. They entered with their wallet empty and went away with it full. We were all seated one night at the fireside; my father was smoking his pipe and watching the fire burn, my mother was ironing, and I was reading, when we heard a noise at the door, and saw enter a boy with frightened looks.

"What is the matter?"

"It is a soldier very tired who has just fallen exhausted before the door."

My father loved soldiers. He rose brusquely, ran out, and there he was, before I had taken a step, coming in again with a young soldier leaning upon him or rather my father had taken him up and was carrying him like a sack of corn.

My mother hastened to draw the big arm-chair up to the fire. The soldier was made to sit or rather to recline in it, and my father said, looking at the poor fellow:

"Is it possible! Walking in that state!"

The fact is that the soldier was very thin and pale, his hair flattened on his forehead, the veins of his temples big as your little finger, his face black with dust. We were then in the month of October, and the weather was beginning to grow fresh, but the poor fellow was nevertheless sweating big drops as if it had been dog-days. He must have had a long tramp; his shoes were in shreds; you could see where the stones had torn the leather; the left foot was bleeding. The soldier did not move but remained in the arm-chair with his head thrown back, his eyes half open, and white as a sheet.

My mother had already put some soup on the fire and a pan full of wine.

"Bah," said my father, "the first thing to be looked after is the feet!"

And kneeling down, he began to tear and cut away the shreds of leather. The soldier's feet, all swollen and full of blisters, looked like the feet of cords, which we see in the pictures of the Spanish painters.

My father dipped his handkerchief in vinegar and washed the wounds.

"You," he said to me, "make some lint."

And I began to tear up some old linen that my mother had taken out of the big cupboard.

Meanwhile the soldier had come to himself. He looked at us, at my father, my mother and myself, and the two or three neighbors who had come in one after the other. His wandering eyes seemed to interrogate everything. It was no longer the road, the stones, the great deserted woods that he saw before him, but a gray room, with a ceiling of shining oak, a cloth on the table, a knife and fork laid, and a brown earthenware soup-bowl emitting a savory smell of cabbage soup.

Then he raised himself up, leaning on the arms of the chair, and said to my father, with confused emotion:

"Ah! monsieur! But you do not know me!"

"Ah! well that does not matter; we will become acquainted at table."

We had already dined, but my father wished to bear the soldier company. He sat down to table opposite him, as it were brooding over him, and looking at the regimental buttons that shone on his cloak. The soldier ate, and heartily; my mother served him. My father took charge of the wine, and the glasses did not long remain empty.

"Well," said my father suddenly, pointing to the tin box that the soldier carried slung on a cord, "you have finished your time, for there is your *congé*. Then why do you go and kill yourself by toiling along the highway? I see how the matter stands. You have no money to pay for the diligence?"

"I?" replied the soldier. "I have received my pay and my bounty, and my mother had sent me enough to pay for a place in the *coupé*, if I had liked. But I could not!"

"I understand," said my father, who did not understand at all. Then he asked for another glass of wine.

When the meal was over, the soldier tried to walk. He tottered, uttered a smothered cry, and fell back into the chair. I then saw a tear in his eye. He was a young man rather thin, but nervous, dark and with an energetic look. He was not a man to shed a tear for a little, and that tear puzzled me.

"Ah," he said, with a movement in which there was a little anger and a good deal of grief; I shall not be able to walk until to-morrow morning.

"Walk!" cried my mother, terrified.

The soldier shook his head.

"You don't know, you, I must."

It was a vow.

In our Ardennes those primitive souls have respect and faith. I saw my father look at the young man in the face without astonishment, and with mute interrogation.

"Yes," said the soldier. "I will tell you the whole story. You have, perhaps, saved my life: I ought at least to tell you who I am. My name is Jean Chevaucheux, and my father is a wood-splitter at Mezieres. He is an honest man, like you, monsieur. Seven years ago, when I drew for the conscription, I was madly in love with Marguerite Servan, a good hearty girl and a pretty one. I had already asked her in marriage, and her father had not said no; but, you see, Pierre Puvioux had asked her in marriage at the same time that I did. Pierre Puvioux is a man of my age, who carries his heart in his hand, as the saying is, gay and well looking. Well, Farmer Servan said to me as he held out his hand:

"'You are worthy to be my son-in-law, my lad;' but first of all you must please my daughter. I will ask her."

"Marguerite, when asked, said that she would gladly consent to be my wife. But she said the same when they talked to her about Puvioux. She loved both of us, one as much as the other; she hesitated, she did not dare to decide. But still she could not marry both of us.

"Time went on. When the time of the conscription came we drew lots, Puvioux and I, on the same day. I had number 3 and he had number 7, and so we both of us became soldiers. For a moment I was in a state of great fright, I confess. People at Mezieres said that Puvioux had a rich aunt, and that she would buy him off. If Puvioux did not join the army, Puvioux would marry Marguerite, and I, knowing that I should be obliged to go, for I was poor, I thought I already heard the fiddler at the wedding, rending my ears and my heart.

"I must tell you that Marguerite Servan has not her equal. If I lost her now, after having waited seven years for her, upon my honor, I think I should blow out my brains!

Luckily, Pierre Puvioux was not bought off. His aunt died leaving debts instead of a fortune. He had not a penny more than I had! We were obliged to shoulder our guns, and we were expected on our way-bill every moment. One night Farmer Servan took us each by the arm and led us to an inn, and this is what he said to us as we emptied a bottle of Moselle wine.

"'My boys, you are good and faithful Ardennias, equal in merit. I love you with all my heart. One of you shall be my son-in-law; that is understood. Marguerite will wait seven years. She has no preference either of you, Puviox, or for you, Chevaucheux, but she loves both of you, and she will make happy the one whom fortune shall choose. These are the conditions on which one of you shall marry my daughter; you start the same day, it is probable that you will return on the same day. Well, the one who first comes and shakes hands with Farmer Servan, and says: "Here I am, my time is out": he, I swear, shall be the husband of Marguerite."

"I was astonished. I thought that I had misunderstood. I looked at Pierre Puvioux and he looked at me, and, although we were certainly ready to burst out laughing.

"But Farmer Servan was not joking. He had discovered this means of getting out of the difficulty, and he meant to stick to it. I held out my hand and swore to act neither by ruse nor violence, and to let Pierre Puvioux marry Marguerite, if he returned to Mezieres before I did. Pierre stood up and swore the same, and then we shook hands while Farmer Servan said:

"Now the rest is your affair. The only thing is to escape bullets and to return safe and sound."

"He filled our glasses once more and we drank a parting draught.

"Before leaving I wished to see Marguerite. Just as I was arriving under her window—it was at dusk—I saw some one in the shade coming in the same direction. I stopped short. It was Pierre Puvioux. He seemed vexed to find me there. I was not particularly pleased to meet him. We stood there a moment like two simpletons looking at the toes of our boots. Then with a moment of courage I said to pavioux:

"Shall we go in together?"

"We entered and took our farewell of Marguerite. She listened to us without saying anything, but there were tears at the tips of her blonde eyelashes. Suddenly Pierre, who was talking, stopped and began to sob, and I to do the same. Then Marguerite joined in, and there we were all three shedding tears and pressing each other's hands.

"When the diligence that took us away from Mezieres began to rattle on the pavement the next day, I felt inclined to throw myself down from the imperial and get crushed under the wheels. The more so as there was a Lorraner at my side who was singing in a melancholy voice a song of his country, and I said to myself: "It is all over, Jean, you will never see her again."

"Well, you see. Time passes. The seven years are over, and who knows? Perhaps I am not only going to see her again but to marry her.

"There are indeed strange chances in life," continued Jean Chevaucheux. "Pierre and I started on the same day and at the same hour, and we were placed in the same regiment. At first I was vexed. I should have liked to have known that he was away. As you may imagine, I could not love him much. But I reflected afterward that if Puvioux was with me I could at least talk about her. That consoled me. Well! I said to myself, I am in for seven years of it. After all, one gets over it.

"In the regiment I became a fast friend of Pierre Puvioux. He proved to be an excellent good fellow, and at night, in order to kill time, we used often to talk of Mezieres, of Father Servan and of Marguerite. We used to write to Mezieres often, but each told the other the contents of his letter. It was a struggle, it is true, but it was loyal. When Marguerite or old Servan replied, the letter was for both of us. An equal dose of hope was given to each of us, and so we went on hoping.

"One day the Colonel took it into his head to appoint me corporal. I was vexed and proud at the same time. You see, I was no longer the equal of Puvioux. My stripes gave me the right to command small advantage. But I did not glory in my rank; on the contrary, it made me ill at ease. I did not dare to talk to Puvioux any more. Then I reflected that there were more ways than one of getting rid of my new rank. I neglected my duty and was forthwith degraded. But who should be made corporal in my stead but Puvioux. But Puvioux was not to be outdone; at the end of a week he resigned. After that there was no danger of any propositions being made to us to make any change in our uniform. We were condemned to remain common soldiers

"'So much the better,' said Puvioux. 'What luck!' said I.

"When we had served our seven years—for I do not mean to tell you our history day by day—I said to Puvioux:

"'Well! now is the time to start, eh?'

"'Yes' he replied, 'we are expected.'

"'You know,' I said 'the game will not be finally won until both of us have arrived at Mezieres, and until the loosor has declared that the combat has been loyal.'

"'Agreed,' said Puvioux.

"And so one morning, with good shoes on our feet, and stick in hand, we set out for Mezeires from Angers, where we were in garrison. At first we walked along in company, not saying much, thinking a good deal and walking above everything. The weather was terribly hot and dusty. Half way on one of our marches I sat down on the roadside overwhelmed.

"'Are you going to stay thre?' said Puvioux to me.

"'Yes.'

"'Adieu!' he said continuing his march.

"'Au revoir!'

"I watched him as he went on with a firm step as if he had only just started! When I saw him disappear at a bend of the road, and when I was once alone, as it were abandoned, I felt a great despair. I made an effort. I rose and began to walk again. That little halt had done me good. I walked, walked and walked until I had caught up Puvioux and passed him.

"At night too I was well ahead, but I was worn out. I entered an inn to sleep. I slept all night. In the morning I woke up. I saw that the day was getting on; I was furious and called someone:

"'You have not seen a soldier pass on foot?'

"'Yes, *monsieur le militaire*, very late last night. He asked for a glass of water.'

"Ah! I was out stripped in my turn! I started hurriedly. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon I had not caught up Puvioux, nor at 6 o'clock either. At night I took my rest while I ate, and started to walk again. I walked a good part of the night, but my strength had limits. Once more I stopped. I knocked at an inn. The door opened, and there sitting in a chair I saw Puvioux, pale as death. He made a movement of displeasure when he saw me, that was natural. We did not talk much. What could we say? We were both tired! The great thing was to know who should get up first the next morning. It was I.

"The next morning was this morning. Since this morning I have been walking, taking a rest now and then, but only a very short one. We are getting close. Rethel is the last stage between Angers and Mezieres. I know my map of France now! The last stage! Good heavens, if I arrived too late!"

"And Pierre Puvioux," asked my father, has he caught you up?"

"No," replied Chevaucheux, "I am ahead! If I could start now I should be saved."

"Start? In this state! Impossible!"

"I know—my feet are swollen and cut—and provided that to-morrow—"

"To-morrow you will be rested. You will be able to walk!"

"Do you think so?" said the soldier, with a look ardent as lightning.

"I promise you."

My father then advised the soldier to go to bed. Chevaucheux not did refuse. The bed was ready. He shook hands with us and went to his room. It was 10 o'clock.

"I will wake you at 5 o'clock," said my father.

It was not yet daylight on the following morning when my father, already up, looked out of the window to see how the weather was. While he was at the window he heard some heavy footsteps on the road below, and in the obscure light that precedes daybreak he perceived a soldier who was walking in the direction of Mezieres.

"Up already?" asked my father. The soldier stopped.

"Well? continued my father, "are you off?"

The soldier looked up and tried to make out who was speaking to him.

"You are Jean Chevaucheux, are you not?" asked my father.

"No" said the soldier, "I am Pierre Puvioux!"

And as if that name of Chevaucheux had been the prick of a spur, he resumed his walk more rapidly and was soon lost in the obscurity. When my father could no longer see him he could hear the noise of his shoes on the road leading to Mezieres.

"Ah!" said my father to himself. "Chevaucheux must be sharp if he means to catch up to that man." and he went straight to the room where Jean had slept. He was already up and looking at his feet by the light of a candle.

"Victory!" he cried when he saw my father, "I feel fresh and strong, and I suffer no more. *Enroute!*"

"And quickly!" replied my father. "Puvioux has just passed through Rethel."

"Pierre Puvioux!"

"I have just spoken to him. He passed under cur window' going as if the devil were after him."

"Ah! *mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Chevaucheux, as if he had been struck down. He repeated once more:

"Ah!" *mon Dieu!*" Then he buckled on his knapsack and cried: "After all, what you have told me gives me courage. Let me be off!"

In the room below, my mother, already up, was filling a wallet with provisions for Chevaucheux. But he refused. He was not hungry. Nevertheless he let her fill him a flask of brandy, and putting on a pair of father's shoes he started, blessing my mother and leaning on my father's arm to take the first step.

Three or four years after this we had heard no news of Chevaucheux. We used often to talk of that evening when the soldier had come into our house bleeding and weary. What had become of him? What had been the end of that romance of love so strangely begun?

One day my father had to go to Mezieres on business. He took me with him. At Mezieres he wished to enter the first barber's shop that he saw to get shaved. On the doorstep a little child was sitting with its legs apart and smiling at the sun.

"Will you allow me to pass?" asked my father laughing.

"No! I won't!" replied the child with a little lisp.

At that moment the door opened and a man in shirt-sleeves appeared—the father—and took the child up in his arms saying:

"Pierre, Pierre! do you want to drive away the customers?"

I recognized the voice, and so did my father. The barber looked at us. It was Jean Chevaucheux!

He laid down the child at once and held out his hand. His face was all red and beaming with pleasure.

"What, is it you?—Ah! and to think that I have never written to you!—Ah! you don't know—It is I who married her, I arrived first."

And rushing into the back shop: "Marguerite! Marguerite!" he cried, "Come! Come!"

He was wild with joy. A young woman appeared, blonde, pretty, blue-eyed, with a pensive and gentle air, a little sad.

"You do not know?" said Chevaucheux to her. "It was this gentleman who took care of me so well at Rethel the night before I arrived at your father's house.—I have often and often talked to you about him—this is the gentleman."

Marguerite fixed her large calm eyes upon us, saluted us and thanked us softly; then, as her husband continued to evoke the past, she looked at him tenderly with a look that supplicated and was not without repoach. But Jean saw nothing.

"Ah! it is to you that I owe all my happiness. monsieur!—my child, my little boy, look at him, my little Pierre! It was my wife who wished that he should have that name! Isn't he a fine boy? and strongly built! and my shop is going on first-rate. My wife! I adore her! and all this I owe to you!—"

"And the other?" asked I imprudently.

"The other?" said Chevaucheux, He curled his lower-lip, did not see that Marguerite turned her head away, and answered:

"Pierre Puvioux? Poor fellow! He arrived second, and that very evening—it made me cry, I can tell you—that very evening, he threw himself into the river.—*Parisian.*

Tested and found Worthy.

In order to bring more fully before the notice of the people the value of a true and tried remedy, we hereby give the following reliable testimonial from one of the many who have been cured and whose reputation for veracity cannot be questioned.

WOODBURY, N. J., March 20.
Swedish Bitters Co.:

GENTLEMEN:—I have suffered with dyspepsia and its horrible effects for many years. Have spent hundreds of dollars, with physicians and in patent medicines, with no avail. I have been unable to eat meat of any kind, and could not retain water on my stomach, and could not sleep at nights. I was induced to procure and try a bottle of your Swedish Bitters, and conscientiously say its use was followed by beneficial results. I can now sit down and enjoy a hearty meal of meats and vegetables of any kind, and have gained sixteen pounds in three weeks, and can cordially recommend it to others.

Yours respectfully,
AUGUSTUS PREHL,
Proprietor of Woodbury City Coach Line, Prehl's Livery and Accomodation Stables.

Strike of the Pittsburg Coal Operators.

PITTSBURG, April 3.—The railroad operators of the Pittsburg district, in accordance with a resolution passed two weeks ago, reduced the price of mining on Saturday from 4 to 3½ cents per bushel, and to day 3,000 miners in the Panhandle mines struck against the reduction. The miners in a number of pits are still working at 4 cents per bushel, with the understanding that they will accept lower prices when the strikers resume work at the reduction. The operators claim that they cannot pay more than 3½ cents for mining and compete with other districts.

Mrs. C. Whipple, 371 Croghan Street presents these facts: For six years I have suffered beyond all expression with Sciatic Rheumatism and tried every known remedy, but all to no purpose. At last I saw in the *Free Press* an advertisement of the St. Jacobs Oil, tried it and am well. I can walk without limping and sleep free from any pain.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Little Child Burned to a Crisp.

LANCASTER, April 5.—After a pile of brush had been burned on the farm of Heber Hardwork, in East Earl township, several of Mr. Hardwork's children, with three of Charles Killian's, supposing the fire to be entirely extinguished, ventured into the ashes. In stirring them up little Rachel Killian's clothing took fire, and she was burned to a crisp from the feet to the waist. She lingered in intense agony for a few hours, when death ensued. This is the second accident of a similar nature in this county during the past few days.

"Merit Must Reap its Just Reward."

Of the many Catarrh, and Hay Fever remedies we keep in stock, there is none of which our customers speak more highly than of Elys' Cream Balm. We have never handled a remedy that has increased so rapidly in sales or given such universal satisfaction.

C. N. CRITTENTON,
115 Fulton St., New York.

A Blind Thief's Trick.

LA SALLE, Ill., April 7.—Frederick Markles, of Pittsburgh, Pa., was last night robbed of a satchel which he claims contained $100,000 in mining stock, while on an eastern bound passenger train on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railway, by a blind man whose name is said to be Davis, and who got off the train at this point. Davis was arrested in the Harrison House with the securities in a basket, while he, with the boy who accompanied him, was engaged in burning them in a stove. Sixteen thousand dollars' worth were destroyed in this way.

Never before has a remedy of so much merit as Elys' Cream Balm, for the cure of Catarrh, Hay Fever, and Colds in the head, been offered to the public. No dread attending the application. Price 50 cents. Apply into nostrils with little finger.

Gambetta.

Since M. Gambetta has risen to power, his enemies have been busy weaving a fanciful web of fable about his life and his habits. The Palais Bourbon and its portly occupant have been begirt with an aureole of entertaining and menacious libels. The Palais Bourbon has been refurnished *en prince* to suit the taste of the scandal-loving public; the rose-coloured salons have reflected in their mirrors the seductive charms of houris; the Turk of the seraglio bathes daily in a silver bath-tub, and is given over to a Lucillian taste for the pleasures of the table. As Nepoleon the First courted Talma's intimacy that he might learn the secret of the great tragedian's imposing bearing and gesture, so Gambetta *noulant so former*, as the French descriptively put it, frequents the society of the celebrated Coquelin, the finished actor of the Theatre Francais, that he may model his own manners after so admirable a pattern.

All these bubbles of falshood collapse at touch of the Ithuriel spear of truth. Gambetta remains, in truth, perfectly simple and democratic in his habits. He leads a bachelor's life, surrounded by his intimate political and personal friends, whom he receives with a warmth of hospitality peculiar to his southern nature. The favorite gathering hour is the mid-day breakfast, at which the leading politicians, men of state, distinguished English or foreign visitors, are frequent guests. Small parties of friends are also always to be found at *les Jardier*, or at his villa in Switzerland, where Gambetta throws off the cares of state, lives with the utmost simplicity, and enjoys a somewhat lately developed love of sporting But, as in his earlier days, he is a tremendous worker. His *valet de chambre* has strict orders to call him at nine in the morning, at which hour he rises, no matter at what time he may have retired. It is then all the newspapers are read, with a lightning rapidity for which he is noted. To those who find pleasure in knowing the personal tastes of great men, it may be a matter of interest to learn that Gambetta's favorite authors are Rabelais and Montaigue, in whose plain-spoken company, however, the busy statesman finds few leisure hours to enjoy himself He possesses also the true Italian's love for the fine arts, and that nicety of critical taste which distinguishes both the Gaul and the "children of the sun."

M. Gambetta at forty-two has the prematurely aged look of a man who had made in youth heavy drains on his mental resources. Far from appearing like a man in his prime, he looks like one who has passed it some time since. The figure is heavy and obese, although Gambetta's movements are still vigorous, active, and alert, and the gesture is as fluent as ever. But the face in repose wears habitually fatigued expression. It is when he speaks that his Italian fervor returns to him. His greatest personal charm now is to be foundin his voice, that wonderful, stirring, magnetic voice, whose sonorous qualities seem to belong peculiar to itself. It has in it the piercing, puissant vibrations of a fine brass instrument, making the air thick and yet sweet with sound. Gambetta's intonations are such also that he seems to add something to the "delicate idiom of Paris." He imparts to its lightness and grace an indefinable but noticeable quality of richness and depth.—A. B. BLAKE, in *Harpers' Magazine.*

A Mother's Terrible Crime.

PINE BLUFF, Ark., March 29.—On Monday last Mrs. Ballard of Lincoln county, broke the necks of two of her children, aged respectively seven and four years, threw them into the pond and jumped in herself with a baby in her arms. The mother and child were drowned. Disagreement with her husband was the cause.

W. T. Lee, Esq., of this paper says: Being convinced of the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in curing rheumatism, I have no hesitancy in recommending it.—*Mt. Clemens, (Mich.) True Record.*

The "Shoe-String" District.

WASHINGTON, April 4.—The House Committee on Elections to-day adopted a report that James R. Chalmers was not entitled to a seat in Congress from the Sixth district of Mississippi, and that John R. Lynch was elected and is entitled to represent the "Shoe-string" district.

The highest hopes and interest of the race rest on the purity, health and strength of womanhood. We take pleasure in referring our readers to the remarkable efficacy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in all that class of diseases from which women suffer so much.

What a Milwaukee Physician Wears.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., March 29.—Quite a breeze has been occasioned here by the discovery that a prominent physician daily wears a pair of shoes made from the tanned hide of a negro named Samuel Stenberg, who not long ago hanged near Albany, N. Y. Stenberg willed his skin to the physician's father, an attorney, for defending him.

Whenever your doctor would give you Iron and Cod Liver Oil, the homeopathist would give you sugar and similia similibus curantur. Smile at both and take Peruna.

The Wadesville Shaft on Fire.

POTTSVILLE, March 29.—The fire in Wadesville shaft, operated by the Philadelphia and Reading coal and iron company, has gained such headway that orders were issued to take out the rails and live stock and flood the mine. This will throw three hundred men and boys out of work for several months.

Personally and in my family I have used Ely's Cream Balm for cold in the head and nasal catarrh, with the most satisfactory results.

C. M. EGGLESTON,
Pastor M. E. Church, Linden, New Jersey.

Wife Murder.

PITTSBURGH, Pa, April 7.—Joseph Hess, a German saloon keeper of Allegheny City, shot and killed his wife early this morning. On hearing the shot neighbors entered the room and found Hess standing over the dead body of his wife with a pistol at his head, evidently with the intention of suicide. He was disarmed and arrested. Hess refused to assign any reason for the crime, but his daughter states that he was jealous, and frequently threatened to kill her mother.

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TRADE MARK.
THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY.
FOR
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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.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.
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KIDNEY-WORT
THE GREAT CURE
FOR
RHEUMATISM
As it is for all 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, in a short time
PERFECTLY CURED.
KIDNEY-WORT
has had wonderful success, and an immense sale in every part of the Country. In hundreds of cases it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.
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. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.
KIDNEY-WORT
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