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LED BY PREJUDICE.

For years I was prejudiced to a thoroughly [illegible] prejudice even to [illegible] disadvantage. For many years the symptoms of "constipation, neuralgia, costiveness and dyspepsia" have been by some [illegible] opinion, and, therefore, without mapping to think that the origin of these troubles [illegible] necessity, be instead the weary sufferer continues to rule, [illegible] and find no relief. Although [illegible] generally, and it is proof that this is the correct principle, it [illegible] and quickly. The statement of [illegible] ought to convince the incredulous.

C. F. Beyer, Morristown, N. J., says: "My mother had the complaint in her heart, and was cured by Alleck's Cures. She says there is no medicine like it."

James W. Reed, 1428 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., says: "My mother, although [illegible] years of age, was entirely cured by the use of Allekphoria."

Miss Carrie Purton, Eagle Village, N. Y., says: "My [illegible] was nearly a cripple in her arms, not being able to dress herself for three months, being in great pain most of the time. The [illegible] after taking three bottles of Allekphoria, for she continued to take it until six weeks of treatment, was quite broken down. She used 12 bottles in all. She has not taken a dose last May, and can use her arms as well as ever. A number of friends have taken it, and in every case it has given satisfaction. Inclosed find [illegible] for one bottle, for a friend in Middlefield."

John M. Walton, Pittsford, N. Y., says: "I got a bottle of Allekphoria [illegible] and has not been troubled with the rheumatism since."

Allekphoria is for sale by every druggist in the country, or address Allekphoria Co., 412 Wall st., New York, will send either postpaid on receipt of price, which is $1.00 per bottle.

HAM FILSON'S DRESS SUIT.

I.

A woman thrust her uncombed head out of a second story window. "Oh, Hank Smith? Hank! Oh, Hank Smith!"

"Hello, Mis' Cutler," the man called back from a skiff he was freeing from a gate post.

"Our wood-house's jest gone off. Won't you ketch hes?"

The man rowed off, presently returning with the runaway wood-house fastened to the stern of his boat.

"Mis' Cutler," he shouted, "I got her. She was cavortin' down Second street with Rache Thomas's chicken coop. I know'd it, because I helped Rache git the chicken's out; she's got 'em all in an old trunk upstairs."

"I'm sure I'm 'bleeged to you, Hank. I had jest tied to the kitchen door, but she kreep gettin' off. Give me the line."

"Mis' Cutler," said Hank, in a hard whisper, "the brats have been over to the railroad, and such a sight of tar'ls an' boxes ye never seed. They're takin' 'em to the school house. The teacher have lottin' of 'em. If I was in your place I'd be on hand."

"Ye don't say, Hank! Wait till I stick up a little, and take me up."

"Nobody's dressin', Miss Cutler. I want to warn sister Liza. Her and the young 'ins are up to Mis' Jones George's. They're ten families thar livin' like lightin', cooks, walkin' on flowered carpets, an' settin' on stuffed chairs."

"Lookey hyar, Hank, I wouldn't be too free pellin'. In course I don't mind your sister Liza, bein' allays for my own family, as sisters should. But folks lodged at Mis' Jones George's, it stands to reason, ain't neetin' like them 'pointed, you might say, in their own garret."

Mrs. Cutler, while she was speaking, climbed out of the window into the boat and they rowed away over the back yard.

The recent habit of floods in the Ohio Valley had brought about a systematic organization. Millport was districted. The committee of investigation, wearing badges name and sent, reporting to secretaries. Committees on distribution carried out their suggestions. Young boys, decorated with bits of ribbon, acted as messengers. The school-rooms were resolved into offices. Young men with their coats off, opened the barrels and boxes. Young women on their knees unpacked them, and made note of their contents. There was much laughing and chaffing, and also most likely some flirting.

"Girls, girls! look! what a beautiful box!" cried a young girl in an adoring attitude, before a newly opened box. "One, two, three, six flannel petticoats, three Cardigan jackets, flannel wrapper. Did you ever see anything so lovely? The last box I unpacked had in it a faded silk evening dress, and a pair of satin slippers."

"Slippers, Bessie? Where? Bah! Those satin? I want carpet slippers—shevrette."

Bessie took up a package tied up in layers of blue tissue paper. Inside, neatly folded in the original creases, lay a man's dress suit. It was of the most approved fashion, silken bound, silken facings. Between the folds lay a card

F. Hamilton McK. Filson,
101 West 23d Street.

"Here, Bessie, you're tired," said Col. May, the president of the Relief Society. "Suppose, for a change, you go with me in the boat to take some things to Lewis Elwood's mother? They tell me she is down with pneumonia. Hello! my good woman. No one is allowed in here; give me your name and address, and the committee shall visit you. Come, go."

It was Mrs. Samantha Cutler, who, against the rules, had invaded the depot of supplies. What Mrs. Samantha lacked in the shapeliness of her clothing she now made up in the woe-begoneness of her countenance, which but a few moments before was alive with curiosity.

"Be in' as we ain't 'confered nobody," said Mrs. Samantha, moving slowly forward the door, impelled by the broad hand of Colonel May at her back, "an' livin', one might say, on the road, an' all our out-houses goin' off an' 'kwin we aren't had nothin' yet, an' nobody carin', an' me an' old father, ninety odd—"

Mrs. Samantha, thus talking, with her hand turned backward, had her speech broken unawares by the front door step. The sudden movement resumed the Colonel's hand and his responsibility, and Mrs. Samantha met with her usual spightiness to a group disposed about the outer door. Hank Smith leaned against a post, chewing tobacco, and sister Liza balanced herself on the fence, but with difficulty, owing to the children hanging on to her skirts.

"Hank! Hank!" said Mrs. Samantha, breathless from running. "I've seed sich gyarments as 'ud make your eyes water."

"Ye don't mean ye've been 'in, Mis' Cutler? It's agin the rules."

"Hang the rules! Them things is orn. But Hank, lemme whisper in yer ear. They're a spiked tail suit, the finest thing ye ever seed. If I was you, I'd have it."

Sister Liza got off the fence, that she might hear better. "Do tell me, Samanth, what did ye see that would do for me? I heard there was some stylish dresses. I'd like a mantilly, an' sumpin' for little Mandy."

"I didn't see any wimmen's clothes for much. But there's piles of blankets. If I was you I'd have a pair. An' don't you take them blue or gray ones. They can give them to the Airish or niggers."

Hank Smith had thus far let the women do the talking. Finally he straightened himself.

"Mis' Cutler, did you get any idea of the girth of them clothes?"

"No. I'm see, Hank, Col. May edged me right out when he seed me 'lookin'. I tell ye that room is heapin' full. Ye needn't tell me we are agoin' to get 'em, neither. I seed Mis' Colonel May takin' off flowered comforts in her kerridge. Mark my words, this winter will find 'em on her beds. Phily Mason told me for a fact that Mis' Dr. Morton got a party dress for Mellis out o' them boxes."

Again Hank spoke meditatively. "Did ye say, Mis' Cutler, that Bessie Dean had the 'lottin' of them gvarments?"

"Yes; an' there she comes, Hank. Her mind's kind o' runnin' on somebody for 'em, an' ef I was in your place I'd just hang round."

With this advice Hank hurried to the place, and began to "hang round."

Bessie Dean came down the walk with Colonel May, and Hank placed himself conspicuously in the path.

Colonel May slapped him on the back. "Hank, I'll give you a quarter to row us down to West Millport. You won't earn a quarter easier."

To Hank the pain of exerting himself was compensated for by the desired opportunity of placing his broad person in line with Miss Dean's eye. Otherwise the earning of a quarter Hank would have disdained when things were going for nothing. They walked to the end of the block, where the water met them, and the jo-boat was ready. They were only seated when a smal boy with a red ribbon came shouting for Colonel May.

"You are wanted. Committee. Gen. Jackson!" he shot out of his mouth like projectiles.

A young man came sauntering lazily down the street.

"Hello, Allen! Come, take my place; just in time."

Bessie turned her head. "Colonel! I can't go; I forgot something." She stood up.

But the Colonel was off, and the young man called Allen, who jumped into the boat more eagerly than he walked, and sat down in the Colonel's place, said:

"Good morning, Miss Dean; you had better sit down."

Bessie was still standing, waiting for somebody to give her a hand. Allen, taking an oar, pushed the boat style from the shore, and swaying it gently with his body, forced Bessie in self defence to sit down.

"There is Mrs. Murtroyd. I wonder if she wouldn't like the ride." He put up his hands, trumpet fashion, "Go jo-boating!"

A tired young woman came running down in answer. "Only too glad. Good morning, Miss. This is enough better than unpacking boxes."

As she talked, Mrs. Murtroyd sat down by Bessie. Allen with a pair of oars faced them, and Hank rowed behind. Allen was satisfied with this arrangement, Mrs. Murtroyd no less so. But Bessie sat silent, and apparently absorbed in everything rather than her neighbors.

The boat approached the window of Mrs. Cutler's house, out of which an old man peered.

"How d'ye, Uncle Zias?" Hank called.

"Hank, is that you? Where's Samanth' I'm most starved."

"Oh, give him something to eat. Dear sir, haven't you anything to eat?" the sympathetic committee woman cried. "What district are you in?"

"I'm not a-weedin'. I'm older'n anybody. I've summered and wintered with floods. I can tell 'em all things. We've plenty to eat. I want my darter, Samanth Cutler, to come home; the risin's run all over the stove. She's up to stin' on the school house times. She will never come home till somebody gives her a josie, or sumpin'."

"Oh, it's clothing she needs. I'll write it down."

"No, she don't, neither. But I heard her say she'd like to have a feather fan." The old man stopped, and shut the window with a bang.

"What a dreadful old man!" Mrs. Murtroyd exclaimed.

"I take my hat off to him," said Allen, gravely, putting down his oars.

A skiff crowded past them, and moved into the window of a house.

"Howdy do?" they said to Hank.

"Howdy do?"

"How are you this morning?"

"How are you this morning?" Hank returned.

These greetings accomplished, they proceeded to let a cabinet organ that had been drawn up to the ceiling on pulleys down into the skiff. Rowing out again, they lifted it into the second story window of the same house.

"I don't believe there is a piano left below Fourth street," commented Mrs. Murtroyd. "Aunt Anna put her's on blocks; then they stood it on chairs, and lastly they got it on tables, and now it is paddling around, a free and independent piano."

"Duck your heads, girls! Look out for the telegraph wire! Here we are, Hank."

The boat drew up alongside an upper window. An old woman in a short gown and petticoat was at a table eating. As she saw the window darkened by the boat, she dropped her knife and ran to the bed. It was high, from an accumulation of beds that had emigrated from below. But the old woman was short and fat, and in vain she tried to climb into bed. She grasped wildly at the clothes, that yielding, let her down again on the floor. One foot tried to reach the bed rail for vantage ground, but failed.

"If you will only wait, a moment, madam," said Allen, gravely, "Hank Smith will get in and boost you."

But the old woman seized a chair, and rolling in, drew the clothes over her head, leaving her shoes and ankles uncovered.

"I've been looking for ye," she whispered, faintly. "I was most starved, and got up to git a bite."

Allen walked over to the table and inspected the feast—remnants of bacon, molasses and corn bread. "Pneumonia, I think, is her disease, Bessie?"

"I am glad you are better, Mrs. Elwood," said Bessie.

"We have brought you down some things, and if you like I'll make you some nice arrowroot."

"Law-a-massy!" said the old woman, sitting bolt upright. "Ef you will bring mea bit of salt pork and some cabbage, I think I might get well. But ef I die, I won't die on messes."

"Mrs. Elwood," said Allen, getting in the window, "don't you know you are in the hands of a committee that means you're to eat nothing but arrowroot? That's one of the rules. The best thing you can do is to get well and out of their clutches. I promise you, Mrs. Elwood, you shall have what you want. And what do you say, Mrs. Elwood, to some tobacco? Yes, I think I understand—you shall have it. Ladies, if you are ready, I think Mrs. Elwood prefers to be alone. Mrs. Murtroyd, steady."

Allee gave a jump, with a little shriek. Allen turned, but Bessie had given her hand to Hank, and was in the boat. Allen shrugged his shoulders, and took up the oars.

"The old humbug!" said Alice; "isn't it awful to see to what depths of deceit those old people will descend?"

"And what can you expect when you offer them a premium on it?"

"And what did you do, Allen Taylor? Tobacco, indeed!"

"I fought the devil with his own weapons. I offered her a prize package of old Durham to return to her dirt and diet, and cease inveigling more girls and innocent young men into her shanty by shamming sickness."

Hank, who had begun to be weary and discouraged, looked up with interest and poked Allen in the back.

"Say a word for me, won't you, captain?"

Allen gave him an assuring nod.

"Don't you think, Alice, it would be a good thing to give them to Jesse Doak," Alice continued.

"The very thing! He could preach in them, and marry people and bury people. How jolly!"

"I believe Mrs. Murtroyd would call war, pestilence, and famine jolly," said Allen; "but I can tell you that little nigger preacher couldn't keep in them. He'd slip through."

"I'm going to have them taken in," said Bessie, with dignity.

"Taken in! but you can't take in, and let out, and splice men's clothes; nobody ever heard of such a thing."

"Then all I've got to say is, Mr. Allen, if men can never wear made-over clothes they've missed one of the great joys of life," chimed in Alice.

"There you do have the advantage of us. But if my opinion is of any value, I will give it. I think those clothes ought to go to some young man."

"Are you speaking for yourself?"

"You haven't heard me—to some honest young fellow who's going to get married. Hank, have you a girl?" Allen asked, in a low tone over his shoulder.

"No, cap."

"Then get one."

"I declare, that isn't a bad idea, Bessie."

"I think my mind is quite made up," Bessie answered, with dignity.

Hank sighed, but Allen encouraged him with a wink.

The jo-boat landed, and the girls started to the school house.

"What's the matter between you and Allen Taylor, Bessie? Don't you speak?"

"Of course we speak, as you call it."

"Well, not often, if I'm a judge. It isn't about Lulu George?"

"No," exclaimed Bessie, indignantly.

"But what about Lulu George?" she asked, more mildly.

"He had her at Blind Tom's the other night."

"Do you think I am jealous, Alice Murtroyd?"

"Well, then, what is it? You might tell me; I'm married."

The reason did not seem adequate, and Bessie was silent.

"I always told you everything. It can't be that old affair. Gracious goodness! haven't you got over that? well, I never! If you were married, you'd get tired making a fuss about a little thing so long."

Then you think it is a little thing to come to one's house, and before a girl's father and mother, too, after having taken too much wine?"

"What did he do, Bess?"

He said: "Mr. Dean, you have a very nice daughter. I've been telling my friends about her, and they said they'd like to see her. So we're here."

Mrs. Murtroyd shrieked with laughter.

"What did your father say?"

"Afterward he said my friends were slightly exhilarated."

"That wasn't much. He's a man: he knows. You see, Bess," she said, taking Bessie's arm, confidentially, "where men are concerned, you have to look at everything all around. It isn't like women, who have everything cut and dried for them."

"But you don't seem to see, Alice—perhaps it's because you're married—that I demand for my presence a little respect."

"That's a natty little speech, Bessie Dean. But I am married, and I'll give you a little bit of advice. In this world you've got to take things by small and large. Allen always did like you better than any other girl in town, and I've an idea you like Allen; so don't go and make yourself wretched for nothing."

"Nothing!"

"Well, a little thing, as things go," said Mrs. Montroyd, out of her own large experience.

Allen meanwhile stepped behind.

"Did you hear what I said, Hank?"

"Yes, cap."

"Well, heed it. Go courting, and I'll see you through."

"She seems mightily set."

"Miss Dean? Yes. But I'm softer."

II.

Finally the water stopped rising, and its subsidence was more rapid than its rise, and to the eye more terrible. The houses were left coated with yellow slime and the town a mud hole. Men mounted the tallest horses and went out to seek their possessions. Four farms sat down on one lot like gossips swapping stories. A house went down the road and placed itself plumb on the foundations of another house. The smaller houses, as if to escape detection, turned upside down as they skipped beneath their owner's eyes, and now hid under sand and drift piles. The chicken coops and pigstiles were released from the back doors, where they had been tied like children to keep them from playing truant.

Whereas there had been no work, there was now more than could be done. But the crowds around the school house were greater, and scorned $4 a day offered for house cleaners. The supplies still poured in, against the protests of the telegraph to stop supplies. It became necessary to protect the overworked committees, and sentinels armed with rifles paced between the school house and the murmuring crowd. Stories passed from lip to lip of stores secreted and carried away by the committees. "Aristocrats," "Blue-nosed Yankees," were the mildest epithets hurled at them as they passed. The sun at last came out on the steaming mud, and disease, physical as well as moral, threatened the now ill-fated place.

By this time the bestowal of Ham Filson's dress suit divided attention with the supplies. The contest was finally narrowed down to Hank Smith and Jesse Doak. The town was divided into two factions. Bessie was astonished to find herself at the head of one, while Allie Allen secretly commanded the other. For reasons more than Hank's happiness, Allen was glad to interest himself in the matter, since he hoped to be able to bring some personal work to bear.

"Of course, Hank," Allen said at a rendezvous appointed to ascertain the girth of the clothes—"of course I can't say they are for a worthy young man who is going to be married until I can produce the man, and particularly the girl. You see, these clothes are a sort of public bequest, and everybody has a right to know. Oh, Hank, you're too big!" Allen exclaimed, throwing down his tape measure.

"Cap, I'll buckle myself in."

"That won't do; you'll have to be pared down generally if you get into 'Squire Filson's clothes. You must take some reefs in your diet."

Hank departed, a sadder and wiser man, to find Mrs. Cutler, and sister Liza, as usual, on the school house fence. He laid the case before them, feeling signally unable to steer himself through such complicated circumstances.

Mrs. Cutler and Liza shook themselves like old war horses, having that love of match-making which comes with years, the last of the catching diseases.

"There's Jake Wilkins's Suse; she's a likely gal, Hank."

"Onst for all, Lizy, don't help me to red haired gals."

"Thar's Almiry Dixon," suggested Mrs. Cutler. "Her hair's black as a sloe, an' she's got a height to walk arm in arm."

"I ain't goin' to have any giantess, either."

"Well, give us a notion of 'bout what you'd like. Does your min' rest on looks or behavior?" urged sister Liza.

"As of I knew I'd come to you! thar's jes' where I'm needin' help. An' it's got to be done to-day, or I'll be worn to a shadder with it on my min'."

"I'd git one with a big lot of kin that'll speak up for ye," said Mrs. Cutler, with forethought.

"Yes, an eatin' ye outin' house an' home," commented sister Liza. "Look at me an' Jeemes's folks. Now my word's for Cline Beasley, Hank. She's been disapp'inted, an' would be easy to git."

"She's freckled. I don't hanker after her, either."

"Lawsy, Hank, you're too all-fired partic'lar," said sister Liza, in a sisterly way. "When you've got to snatch a bean from the burnin', as the Scriptures say, ye can't pick an' choose that a-way."

"Hank, I've the very girl fur ye—Ginnie Troup. She's trim in walkin', an' can make a pone o' bread equal to done."

"But, hank, her an' Sam Smithy's sweethearts. I'd let her know that the gyarments is thrown in," added sister Liza.

Hank sniffed significantly. Although sly, his shyness did not result from any doubt as to his own personal advantages.

"Ef I was you, Hank, I'd go immejut. Ef you say, I'll tote off Sam Smithy."

Mrs. Cutler disappeared. Hank straightened himself, threw away his tobacco and took a fresh piece. He started, and turned back.

"Lizy, you 'ain't a pocket-handkerchy, have you?"

"Laws, what a question!" his sister exclaimed.

But Hank did not feel quite up to it. He came back again.

"Jes' hol' my pocketbook, will ye, Lizy?"

"Jeemes's Rivers, Hank! ye ain't goin' in swimmin', are ye?"

There seemed to be no reason for longer delay, so Hank plunged into the crowd.

Mrs. Cutler came back. "I had everything fixed for him handsome, but I 'ain't seen him."

Very soon they saw Hank coming across the grass hand in hand with Cline Beasley, and both grinning sheepishly.

"I've got her," cried Hank.

"Ginnie Troup?" inquired Mrs. Cutler.

"No; Cline."

"I tol' him," said sister Liza, triumphantly, "Ginnie an' Sam Smithy's sweethearts. I was for you all the time, Cline. Says I, 'Clin's bin disapp'inted, an' she'll be easy to git.' Didn't I, Hank?"

Nothing could now disturb Hank's serenity. As for Cline, circumstance, whatever they might be, had made her easy to get, and being got, was so evidently preferable to not being got, that even sister Liza's reminiscences could not discom pose her.

Hank's case was now made out. The Beasleys, Cutlers, and Smiths managed to get in a good deal of work. But the most effective influence was Cline herself, who went to house-cleaning with a zeal inspired by an impending trousseau, and thus won over Col. May and Mrs. Jones George.

Meanwhile Jesse Doak's cause had not languished. Jesse had taken to holding evening meetings, and during the day his musk little presence was to be seen eloquently mute, seated on a stump in the school house yard, his legs wrapped in gray blankets. But Jesse's most powerful advocate was Aunt Ann, cake-maker in extraordinary to all the quality, and great on any unusual domestic occasion. At this time she was unusually active, and her privileged position always gained her a hearing. At this point she was making the most of it, and with Jesse Doak meekly in tow and a covered bowl in her hand attempted to pass through the crowd to the school house door.

"Clear the way, hyur! It 'pears like a mighty sight o' folks cumbrin' these flags. Bror Doak an' me hev a call hedo' an' I spec' I hev to stomp on some 'un. Bror Doak, keep a tight hold on my frock."

Aunt Ann squared her elbows, and the crowd gave way before her powerful arms. The movement jostled the outer rows into the mud; and among those whose shoes were thus bespoiled were Mrs. Cutler and sister Liza. These ladies however, were as much incensed at Aunt Ann's manner as at their mud-dyed shoes.

"It's a purty time o' day if we're to be knocked into the mud by a brace o' niggers. Stan' over, Jake Brown."

The crowd swayed, and Aunt Ann was pressed so closely that she raised her bowl, which contained pickled red cabbage—intended as a persuasive offering to Mrs. May—and the vinegar ran down the neck of Jake Brown. Naturally startled by the cold trickle, Jake threw up his hand, and unwittingly knocked the bowl out of Ann's hand. The red shreds fell in a shower. A dozen eyes smarted from the vinegar, and two dozen hands struck out wildly.

The occasion only needed another grievance. Those on the outer edge were ignorant of the cause of the stir, but threw themselves into it. Some one cried "The things are orn; he's take 'em." A rush was made on the building. Bessie Dean coming through the door, a burly fellow seized her. Allen, from within, saw her reel and stumble. Dashing out, he lifted her by both arms, like a child, and carried her inside. Then he flung himself on the crowd which the sentenial was trying to beat back with his rifle. Hank ran from the side to Allen's help; and sister Liza, seeing him trough a torn slat in her bonnet, shouted:

"Hank, Jes Doak's a-goin' to git your clothes."

Ann, to whom the trembling Jesse was still clinging, was experiencing a sort of ecstacy such as she sometimes enjoyed in the exercise of her religion. There was a wild light in her eye as she pummelled her way forward. "The sword of the Lord and Gideling! O Moses an' the Red Sea! Mir'm come a-dancin' a clashin' o' the tumblers! O Moses an' the Red Sea!"

Colonel May from the doorway, saw her. "Back, all of you. Aunt Ann, ain't you ashamed of yourself, leading a mob?"

The crowd slunk back except Aunt Ann and Mrs. Cutler and sister Liza, who did not wish to lose the joy of the situation, since they saw Hank as an ally of Allen Taylor.

"Lor' bless me, Colonel May! I was only comin' to bring Mis' Colonel May some o' my pickled cabbidge, an' some pore white trash done broke my bowl."

"Suppose the next time you take yourself to the house. Now clear the yard, everybody. Nothing more will be given out. We propose to issue labor tickets, and only those who will work will receive anything hereafter. This is the last word. Now go."

Allen went into the house, and Bessie, still pale from fright, ran and grasped him by the hand.

"Allen!"

Allen gave a little cry. "By Jove! my thumb!"

The blood came back into her face. She dropped his hand and turned away.

Allen caught her hand awkwardly with his left. "Bessie, forgive me!"

"Oh, Allen, you are hurt!" She turned pale again as she saw his thumb hanging helpless.

"It's only out of place. I didn't even know it until you took it."

"Bessie," said Colonel May, advancing, "it's those clothes of Ham Filson that have made all this racket. In the name of all the lovers of peace and quiet, give them to somebody. Six deputations white and black, have waited on me this morning. Flesh and blood can't stand it. No matter what happens, if anybody ever dares to send anything again to this town, I'll—" Words did not seem adequate to express his feelings, so the colonel walked away.

"Oh, Allen, forgive me!" said Bessie again in turn.

"Bessie, I deserved it, you know. If women held themselves less cheap, men would hold them dearer. But, Bessie, a little would have gone just as far."

"It wasn't only me, Allen," Bessie answered, trampling her grammar under her feet. "You were so silly before pa."

Allen lifted her hand to his lips. "If he doesn't think me wise now, I shall not respect his opinion."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Why Need You Suffer?

Gilmore's Aromatic Wine cures chronic diarrhœa, cholera morbus, dysentery and all bowel complaints; female weakness, nervous debility, dyspepsia and loss of strength. It is the best tonic known for men, women and children.

Gilmore's Magnetic Elixir cures coughs colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, and is the best remedy ever produced for all diseases of the throat and lungs. One teaspoonful will relieve the worst case of asthma in one minute.

Gilmore's Neuralgia cure is a positive remedy for sick headache and neuralgia in all its forms.

Gilmore's Pile Specific is one of the best and most reliable special remedies ever introduced. It never fails to afford relief.

The Gilmore Remedies are for sale by Biesecker & Snyder.

Butler and Mrs. Mumford.

It is very well remembered that Mumford was hanged in New Orleans in 1862 by General Butler's orders, for hauling down the flag on the United States Mint, but there is a sequel to that historical fact that has never been published. A few years after the war General Butler was a member of Congress and learned that Mrs. Mumford was in a small Virginia town with her children in an almost destitute condition. A week after that Mrs. Mumford was appointed to a clerkship in the Interior Department. She had no idea where the influence came from that put her in the position and could not learn. It enabled her to live comfortably and to educate her children.

With the first change of administration she lost her place and was in great distress. Again the unknown influence came to her aid and she was given another place and her salary was increased. A year or two afterward by accident she found out who had been her unknown friend. When she found out that he was the man she had always considered the wanton murderer of her husband she had a terrible struggle with herself, but at last sought General Butler to thank him. It is said the scene between them was a most moving and pathetic one.

What True Merit Will Do.

The unprecedented sale of *Boschee's German Syrup* within a few years, has astonished the world. It is without doubt the safest and best remedy ever discovered for the speedy and effectual cure of Coughs, Colds and the severest Lung troubles. It acts on an entirely different principle from the usual prescriptions given by Physicians, as it does not dry up a cough and leave the disease still in the system, but on the contrary removes the cause of the trouble, heals the parts affected and leaves them in a purely healthy condition. A bottle kept in the house for use when the diseases make their appearance, will save doctor's bills and a long spell of serious illness. A trial will convince you of these facts. It is positively sold by all druggists and general dealers in the land. Price 75 cents, large bottles.

The Whale's Tail.

Sir William Turner, the eminent professor of anatomy in the University of Edinburg, says "Engineering," recently delivered a lecture to the members of the Philosophical Institution of that city on "Whales; Their Structure and habits," in the course of which he referred to a point of considerable interest to engineers, which was the horse power exerted by the tail of a large whale. Regarding the length of full grown whales, Prof. Turner remarked that the porpoise was four or five feet long, whereas the Greenland whale was from 50 to 60 feet long, and he said that the great finner whale, which frequently visited the British seas, reached the length of 80 feet, or even more. An animal of the latter sort was stranded at Longnidbry some few years ago.

After speaking at some length on the structure of whales, the lecturer made some remarks on the rate of speed at which they traveled. It had been estimated, he said, that the Greenland whale could attain a speed of nine or ten miles an hour, and that the finner whales attained even a greater speed. In all probability the Longnidbry whale could propel itself through the water at the rate of 12 miles an hour, and the sperm whale was said to be capable of driving itself at the same rate of speed. He had asked Mr. John Henderson of Glasgow, the well-known builder of the anchor liners, to assist him in arriving at the horse power which must be exercised by one of the great whales even at so slow a speed of 12 miles an hour, and he got the case of the Longnidbry whale before him. It was 80 feet long, weighed about 74 tons, and had a girth 18 to 20 feet across from the extreme ends of its flanges. With these data Mr. Henderson calculated that a whale of the dimensions mentioned, in order to attain a speed of 12 miles an hour, would require to exercise a propelling force of 145 horse power.

Shay's Rebellion.

The city of Springfield, Massachusetts, celebrated recently the centennial anniversary of the suppression of Shays' Rebellion, as it is called in the history of that Commonwealth. Strange as it may appear, there were Socialists and Anarchists at that early day in this country, and it was not necessary to go abroad to import them. They were natives of the soil of Massachusetts, and some of their schemes of anarchy were quite as extravagant as those which are advocated in the Socialist clubs of New York and Chicago. There were no armed Pinkerton braves for hire at that period, but there was a sturdy militia that mobs could not withstand.

Daniel Shays had held a captain's commission in the Revolutionary war, and does not seem to have had much heart in the rebellion to which he has given his name. When the war of the Revolution closed Massachusetts was in a wretched financial condition from her efforts in the cause of Independence. Her state debt was large, and the pay of her soldiers was heavily in arrears. Besides she had undertaken payment of $5,000,000 of the debt of the Confederation. Commerce and industry were prostrate. Money, except depreciated paper, had disappeared from circulation, and prices of the necessaries of living were exorbitant. While the people were impoverished, the courts and the lawyers were kept busy in endeavoring to enforce the payment of debts.

In this condition of affairs popular discontents arose. As there was no surplus in the Massachusetts treasury for pensions, it was proposed that the defenders of the county should be paid out of the property that had been saved in the war. The Courts and the lawyers were special objects of resentment, and it was proposed in many county conventions to abolish lawyers and deprive them of the right to hold office. The advice was largely followed. In many places Courts were not permitted to open their sessions, the judges were driven from the bench, and the services of writs was obstructed. It was proposed to issue irredeemable fiat money as legal tender for private debts, and to repudiate the state debt altogether.

In the midst of the popular ferment the Legislature met and the House passed some of the most extravagant measures of the malcontents, but they were rejected by the Senate. This resistence only increased the popular fury, and an insurrectionary army of about 2000 men gathered in Springfield, under command of General Shays. Governor Bowdoin, who was around by this formidable movement, at once called out the militia, under General Lincoln, and suspended the writ of habeas corpus. In Springfield the attempt to hold a session of court was prevented by the insurgents. Gen. Shepard, who commanded a militia force in Springfield, took possession of the arsenal. On the 25th of January, 1787, the army of the insurgents marched upon the arsenal in contemptuous defiance of the warning of its commander. When the insurgents advanced to the forbidden point General Shepard ordered his troops to fire. Four men fell from the discharge of a howitzer, and three were killed. Upon this warm reception the rest fled in the utmost confusion, and never halted till they were ten miles from Springfield.

This practically put an end to the rebellion of Shays, although some of the insurgents lingered in the field for several months. Though the insurrection was thus easily crushed, it was not without an important influence upon the political history of the country. It caused not only the people of Massachusetts but of the other colonies to realize the loose character of the Confederation, to become more and more convinced of the political necessity "to form a more perfect union," in the words of the preamble of the Federal Constitution, "establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense and secure the blessings of liberty." For the unwitting share of Shays' Rebellion in contributing to this beneficent consummation due recognition should be given.—*Philadelphia Record.*

The popular blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla, is having a tremendous sale this season. Nearly everybody takes it. Try it yourself.

Kate Sanborn says "there is too much of everything in this world." That is so, but the great difficulty is to get hold of it.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

A SQUAW'S SLAVE.

A stranger will not be long in the quiet village of Sandy Hill, Washington county, N. Y., before some accommodating citizen will recall for his entertainment the peculiar reminiscence of Sybrant Quackenboss's terrible ordeal and strange experiences during the French and Indian war. As there is not in the whole history of the American colonists a recorded incident of the trials and sufferings of the inhabitants possessing a more peculiar interest than this unrecorded incident is dear to Washington county, no stranger ever yet regarded his time as wasted who listened to its recital. It was told to the writer on a recent visit to Sandy Hill, and runs as follows:

Sybrant Quackenboss was the son of one of Albany's early Dutch residents, and was born in that city. In 1750, on the day he was to marry a young lady of Albany, he was impressed into the colonial service as teamster, and was put in charge of a load of provisions, which was to be sent to Fort William Henry from Albany. Lieutenant McGinnis of the colonial army, with a number of New Hampshire militia, accompanied Sybrant as escort. While passing through the then unbroken forest at the great bend of the Hudson, near the present village of Sandy Hill, they were attacked by a band of Indians, said to be under the command of the notorious and fiendish Marin. The little party of colonists, taken in ambush, were soon overpowered. The others were made prisoners. The captives were securely bound with thongs and taken to an Indian camp. The village green in Sandy Hill now occupies the site of that camp. The prisoners were seated in a row on the trunk of a fallen pine tree.

A pow-wow was held by the Indians which resulted in the savages forming a circle around the unfortunate whites. A stalwart brave stepped from the circle, and, staring at the head of the row of prisoners, sank his tomahawk in their brains, one after another, until none remained but Lieut. McGinnis and Sybrant Quackenboss. They sat side by side at the foot of the row. None of the nine prisoners who had fallen down beneath the savage blow of the Indian had offered any resistance, and when he raised his tomahawk above the head of Lieutenant McGinnis, the latter threw himself back yard from the log, at the same time plunging his feet in the stomach of the executioner and sent him flying several feet away. Although this sudden and unexpected movement on the part of the lieutenant finished the red butcher it only made his own end the more horrible for as he lay bound upon the ground a dozen Indians sprang upon him and chopped him to pieces.

Quackenboss, who had sat a helpless and horrified victim to the butchery of his comrades, now closed his eyes to receive his death blow from the tomahawks that were held over his head by the now infuriated Indians, but before one of them fell he was knocked from the log by something heavy falling against him, and opening his eyes he saw the hideous face of a squaw, who interposed between him and the poised weapon. It was a repetition of the Pocahontas episode, but lacking every element of its romance, for the squaw, being dirty and fiendish in appearance, had interfered in his behalf simply because she wanted him spared to become her dog, or beast of burden. After much parleying the squaw's request was granted and Sybrant was handed over to her, a fate as he afterward remarked, that he thought but little better than that of his comrades.

The Indians soon afterward broke camp and took the trail. Quackenboss was laden with the burden of the band which would have fallen to the lot of the squaw whose foresight had stood her in such good need, while she walked by his side, goading him with a spear whenever he faltered, and showing him no mercy. They reached the shores of Lake Champlain, where they embarked in canoes. At the foot of the lake there was an Indian village, and there Sybrant was compelled to run the gauntlet. He was nearly killed by the clubs of the two lines of Indians, and was again placed in possession of the squaw. She dressed his wounds until he was entirely well. The Indians went to Canada, where they were bound to report the possession of their prisoner to the authorities. The governor of Canada took an interest in Quackenboss, purchased him from his Indian mistress,