The Canine Craze.

Of all the valuable dogs the mastiff is considered foremost. Possessed of the highest courage, it is also equally docile and companionable, and, though it grows to an immense size, when well bred it will not, even on provocation, hurt a child or small dog, and is inclined to be friendly with large dogs. Circumstances, however, might alter the case with regard to the latter. There is no more reliable dog for watching, where reason is considered, for, though forcible in its attack upon a marauder its violence is spent on having conquered the enemy, if the latter remains quiet and submissive—the mastiff keeping guard until assistance arrives. Crossed with the New Foundland or blood-hound they are fine watchdogs, but inclined to be more aggressive and savage without provocation than the straight bred.

The true bull dog is rare, comparatively speaking. This brute is said to have a smaller brain and consequently less intelligence than the average dog; still, some valuable specimens have been known to exhibit rare understanding, and certainly show greater outward affection than many dogs of a less savage and generally more affectionate nature. The tenacity of the bull dog, once its hold is secure, is really remarkable, and it would seem impossible to make him lose his grip without seriously injuring him. To choke him off is the only way, but even that is often a difficult performance. A well bred bull dog is remarkably neat and clean cut in appearance, and is not of such a savage nature as many suppose. He makes, probably, next to the mastiff, the best watch dog. The pure breed is, however, on the wane, which, considering their value in guarding property, is surprising. There is a gentleman in this country who breeds them, and is now the possessor of thirty, but he is probably the exception.

The bull terrier is more common, and partakes largely of the true qualities of the bull dog, but of a slighter build. The popular color seems to be brindle, and by some a short nose is preferred, but in bench shows white with long nose is the standard. The skye terrier is not over popular in this country, although admirers are not wanting, it being superseded by the Yorkshire, which has a better coat of hair, weighing from five to twenty pounds, and makes a smart little watchdog and ratter.

The Siberian blood-hound, or Ulm dog, though possessing some good qualities, is not a favorite on account of its ferocious nature. They are not favorites with the sportsmen or with the people, although the Germans, whose companions they are mostly, think a good deal of them. The stag-hound is a noble type of a dog. The true English breed, however, is rarely seen in this country, it being for some unaccountable reason dying out. Yet this is the dog which delighted and became the companion of Sir Walter Scott, who did honor to it in many a verse; and in our times this was the favorite hound of the late General Custer, accompanying him on many excursions over the vast plains and through the Western forests, where eventually that gallant officer met his sad fate. The English greyhound is noticeably more absent in this part of the country, but it is a favorite in California and on the Pacific slope.

The most common of the larger dogs in this country is the noble New Foundland; common because of its adaptability to different situations, be it the farmyard or household, and also because of its intelligence and faithfulness. Much might be said of the wisdom, forethought and patience of these animals under the most trying circumstances, and of the alertness and intelligence of the hound, setter, pointer, spaniel, fox-hound, fox terrier and other valuable dogs, equally useful in their various fields.

The St. Bernard, as a large bred dog, is, in the minds of good judges, next to the pure English mastiff in docility of temper, and is, in some respects, more intelligent, yet lacking the noble combinations of the latter. It resembles the mastiff in head and body, having longer hair, however, which varies both as to length and color.

Of the pet dogs in great demand, and of which there are but few, comparatively speaking, in this country, are the King Charles spaniel and the English pug. The King Charles is even rarer than the latter and is a toy dog. The Blenheim spaniel is a trifle smaller, but is not by any means considered so handsome. Black and tan are the two colors of the thoroughbred. The pug ranks foremost as a pet dog, especially in New York, although Boston is not far behind in the demand. These gentle dogs are most liked from the fact that they never bite, and may be trusted with an infant, adding to this great quality a most playful and affectionate disposition. They weigh from ten to twenty-five pounds, are of fawn color, with black mask, which it clearly defined and accompanied by the warts, wrinkles and other shadings peculiar to it, adds to its value.

If there are only one or two puppies, or even three, they can be reared at home, especially if in the country. If in the city, it is advisable to have them sent where they may have plenty of space, pure air and sunshine, which are so conducive to and necessary for their health. Whether boarding out or reared at home, the same kind of food is required, and should be given regularly, both as regards time and quantity. Milk, with bread broken in, is a good diet, although many prefer a mixed diet of meal and animal food. For the first three months, and, with pet dogs, even longer, give the former diet. When about four months old the puppies may be fed like adults, but with judgment as to the bread and the quantity given. They should be fed three times a day until about six or seven months old, at which age they should be fed morning and evening only. Adults should be fed but once a day, although some prefer to feed them twice.

A Lawyer's Removal.

"Say you all—come here, quick!"

"What's up?"

"Fun! Here's a lawyer going to move!"

The boy was correct. A lawyer was changing his office. Some men who had never seen a lawyer remove gathered around with the boys to watch proceedings.

An old man with a lame back and a woman blind in one eye constituted the force. They first brought down a table, inkstand, scratched, cut and one leg broken. A second-hand man remarked that it might be worth thirty cents.

Next came a book case, one drawer gone, all the glass broken, and one door hanging by a single hinge. The value of this was set down at $3 25. Then came articles, described and valued at $11.90.

After the second-hand man had sharpened a pencil and made some figures on a piece of brown paper a boot-black inquired the sum total.

"I make the whole thing $15 45," he answered.

"Is that all? And he is a first-class lawyer?"

"I believe he is."

"Woof! that settles me! I've got $20 in the bank, and to-morrer I'll shake this kit and set up a law shop!"

Harem Beauty

The wife of Minister Wallace of Constantinople gives the following account of a visit to the Sultan's palace.

A broad low divan of pale blue silk ran round the apartment. No pictures on the marble walls, no books, no bric-a-bac, no "trumpery" collections, ceramics, aesthetic trash, grave or gay, nor muffling hangings. These are not Oriental luxuries, but instead a cool, shady emptiness, plenty of space for the breeze to flutter the gauzy curtains, and carry the echo of the plash and drip of the fountains.

At the furthest end, and reclining on pillows, of silk and lace, rested the lady we sought. One little foot in a red velvet slipper was first seen below white trousers of yellow silk; a loose robe of white silk, embroidered with gold thread, was perfectly covered by a sleeveless jacket of crimson dotted with seed pearl; a broad variegated sash wound the slender waist. Half concealing the arms was a light scarf, airy as the woven wind of the ancients. A headband, with diamond pendants, fringed her forehead, a reviere of diamonds circled the bare throat, and here and there solitary drops flashed in the braids of her night-black hair. Among the billowy cushions and vaporous veilings rose the young face—oh, what a revelation of beauty—uplifted in a curious questioning way, to see what manner of women these are, who come from the ends of the earth, with unveiled faces, and go about the world alone, and have to think for themselves—poor things. The expression was that of a lovely child waking from summer slumber in the happiest humor, ready for play. A sensitive, exquisite face, fair as the first of women while the angel was yet unfallen. A perfect oval, the lips a scarlet thread, and oh, those wonderful Asiatic eyes!—lustrous, coal-black, long rather round, beaming under the joined eyebrows of which the poet Hafiz sings.

Nourmahal did not rise, but held out one jeweled hand, dimpled as a baby's, with nails and finger ends dyed pink with henna—five clustered rosebuds. The magic of beauty made up her subjects. We kissed the little fingers loyally; and yielded ourselves willing captives ready to be dragged at the chariot wheels. My life-long notions of the subjection of women (see Stuart Mill) and the wretchedness of prisoners pining in palatial splendors vanished at the first glance—went down at a touch, like the wounded knight in the lists of Templestowe. She smiled and hoped we were well; then followed suitable inquiries as to health and journeys, and expressions of the charm of finding it all out. I ventured the high assertion that we had sailed 6,000 miles to lay our homage at her blessed feet; which rhetorical flourish was received with a childish nod at about what it was worth. Somehow she did seem so enchanted with her new worshipers as they were with her. It seemed the Beauty had never seen the sea except from the shore.

At the signal the slaves disappeared, except one old woman and the negroes, silent as ghosts beside the Lahore drapery. In a few minutes five slaves returned, each carrying a small round table of cedar, inlaid with scraps of mother-of-pearl. Five others followed with lighted cigarettes, lying each in a silver saucer; and coffee in tiny cups, about the size of a giant's thimble, resting in a silver filagree holder, set round with diamonds.

"My new friends have come so far," said Nourmahal, "they must be tired. Take a cigarette and refresh yourselves."

I rather awkardly adjusted the holder of amber and ventured one faint whiff. Imagine my astonishment at seeing my friend, whose name with difficulty I suppress, puff away like a dissipated old smoker. The Armenian was native and to the manner born. Nourmahal smoked, of course, and a lulling calm succeeded the excitement of the brilliant conversation reported above. While feeling around my brain for a subject of common interest, adapted to my hostess' capacity and mine, I tried a sip of the coffee. It was strong enough to bear up a egg, thick with grounds and bitter as death. I pretended to deep enjoyment of the dose, and sipped it drop by drop, to the bitter end.

Nourmahal clapped her hands again and the ten virgins took away the saucers. I think none of them were foolish, for they fell into line without effort, each one treading in the footsteps of her predecessor, at an interval to avoid her train.

"In this charming palace you must be very happy. How do you pass the time!"

The dimples deepened in the cheeks of Beauty.

"Pass the time, pass the time?" she dreamily repeated, playing with the knotted fringes of her scarf. "I do not pass it, it passes itself!" and again she laughed, and the laughter was as sweet as the tenderest voice can make it.

"Are you fond of music?"

Three ladies in black: "Oh! very."

"Oh! very. "Oh! very."

"Then you should be amused." She clapped the rose-leaf palms, and in marched eight women musicians (we saw no men that day but the harem guard), bearing stringed instruments, curious-looking things, like overgrown violins and half finished guitars, and a round shell, with strings across, beaten with two sticks.

Didst ever hear Arabic music beloved?
No? Then never hast thou known sorrow.

Since Jubal first struck the gamut, there can be no improvement in these compositions. How long the exercises lasted I am unable to record, but I do know we grew old fast under the beat, beat, hammer, hammer, in the terse, unmeaning notes of the banjo. In the bright interval at the end of a peculiarly agonizing strain, sung by a mulatto, I seized the moment to ask what were the words of the song, and was told it is a serenade, very ancient, dating back to the times of ignorance, before the coming of Mahomet, whose tomb is covered with the splendor of unceasing light.

A Mexican Pyramid.

The pyramid of Cheops is dwarfed by that near Magdalena, Mexico. It has a base of 1,850 feet, and is 750 feet high. There is a winding roadway from the bottom leading up on an easy grade to the top wide enough for carriages to pass over, said to be twenty-three miles in length. The outer walls of the roadway are laid in solid masonry, huge blocks of granite in rubble work, and the circles are as uniform and the grade as regular as they could be made at this date by our best engineers. The wall is only occasionally exposed, being covered with debris and earth, and in many places the sahuaro and other indigenous plants and trees have grown up, giving the pyramid the appearance of a mountain.

A pious old gentleman was expatiating to a class of Sunday school boys on the superiority of moral excellence over memeremental capacity, but as it was near lunch time and the lads were feeling pretty hungry, there was a notable lack of interest in the discourse. Presently he turned to a little fellow who was looking out of the window and said:

"My son, which had you rather have, a big heart or a big brain?" The lad answered promptly:

"A big doughnut."

There's nothing that should be despised so much as cant of all kinds; it's a sure sign of a tricky disposition.

AGRICULTURE.

VENTILATING STABLES. — Too often when the farmer makes the stable warm he excludes light. Is it any wonder that so many horses have defective eyesight or else are partially blind? They are kept in dark stables and then brought out to endure the sunlight reflected from snow or the dust of long stretches of dry roads. The eye is a very sensitive organ, and no animal, man not excepted, has a more sensitive eye than the horse. It soon adapts itself to surrounding conditions, and if the horse is kept in a dark apartment the eye will soon be in no condition to stand the rough usage of work in the sunlight or dust. More than this, existing in the dark affects the general health of the body injuriously. Plants grow pale and soon cease to grow when kept in the dark, but they regain their freshness and vigor when brought into the sunlight. Human beings dwelling in dark houses are pale and sickly, those whose occupations brings them much into the sun and whose houses are well lighted are rosy and healthy. It is the same with the lower animals. If confined in darkened quarters their health suffers. The stable for horses must be tight that it may be warm, but that is no reason why it should be as dark as a dungeon. Instead of closing the windows with boards through which no light can enter, let a few panel of glass be put in the openings. They will cost but very little and will not only admit the light of the sun but its warmth also. But in the effort to make horse stables tight ventilation is forgotten. There must be no cracks and holes to admit cold draughts, it is true. But there should be ample opportunities for foul air to escape and pure to enter. When confined the air of stables soon becomes foul. It circulates over manure, solid and liquid, and the lungs and pores of the animals are continually throwing off effluvia to contaminate it. Breathing this foul air is as unwholesome for horses as for man. The way to provide for its escape and for its replacing by pure air is to have lattice-work cupolas on the roof. This foul air is always heated air, and being heated air, is always lighter, and will rise and pass out above, while the colder, purer and heavier air will rush in and take its place. In conclusion the horse-stable should be warm, light and ventilated—a tight apartment, with glass in the windows and lattice-work cupolas on the roof.

A NEW YORK farmer, who has been testing Holsteins as milkers, states that in a herd of twelve the highest yield was twenty pounds and the lowest fourteen pounds of butter. The daily yield of five of them was over three pounds for the highest and two and a half pounds for the lowest. He thinks the Holsteins can be made to rival the Jerseys in production of butter, while for milk, butter and beef combined, they are superior to all other breeds.

THE sorghum works at Champaign estimate upon large yields of sugar equal to that from Cuba. An important saving in fuel has been effected by burning the begasse. In feeding swine with the refuse a lot of twenty hogs, that had been kept on grass during summer, were allowed nothing but seed and skimmings. They gained five pounds each per day for three weeks. The seed is said to furnish nearly the same food elements as corn, while the skimmings are rich in nitrogen.

EUROPEAN horticulturists have lately adopted a mode of making root cuttings root with more certainty by bending the shoots and inserting both ends into the ground, leaving a single bud uncovered at the middle and on the surface of the ground. The cuttings are about ten inches long, and are bent over a stick laid flat on the ground, holes being dug on each side of the stick, for the reception of the ends of the shoot. The roots form only at the lower end of the shoot, but the other end being buried prevents evaporation.

AS A protection to plum trees against the attacks of the curculio it is suggested that the trees be inclosed and the orchards devoted to poultry. Mr. Hawkins, of Lancaster, Mass, the largest poultry breeder in the world, plants plum trees for shade almost exclusively and finds the method very successful against curculio, as the fowls destroy the insects as fast as they emerge from the ground, where they mature after the injured fruit has dropped. By combining plum growing and poultry upon the same location the profit from a single acre of ground can be made very large.

THERE is so much difference in cellars, that while some will keep fruit well, in others a large proportion of the fruit will decay before winter is half over. Fruit to keep well should be kept in a cool place, where the temperature is very even. To attempt to keep fruit where one day the temperature is 30 degrees and the next 60 degrees is to invite a failure. For this reason the fruit should never be kept in the open air where the sun will shine on the barrels; in fact, to have fruit keep well it should not be disturbed after being gathered and stored away until wanted for use or sale.

WHEN you find a dairyman who pronounces winter dairying a failure the chances are that you have found one who does not make the greatest success of any kind of dairying. Any one with any skill at all should be able to make winter dairying pay and pay well, when its products sell at about double the price for which they sell in the summer, while it costs but little more to carry the cows through the winter in milk than dry. While there is some inconvenience about dairy work in the winter there are many very serious hindrances to summer dairying, such as hot weather, flies, etc,, which are avoided.

ON very cold, damp nights the fowls should be given a good feed of whole corn before they go to roost, as it is more promotive of heat than any other kind of food that is usually fed. It is also advisable to change to wheat occasionally, for the sake of variety.

A simple and effective dust ring for watches has recently been patented by a resident of Kingsland, England. The ring, which is of peculiar form, is fitted in the case before the movement and secured by screws, after which the movement is fitted to the ring. The ring does not afterward require to be removed, the movement alone being taken out for cleaning, leaving the ring permanently fixed in the case.

THE same farmer who willingly pays a good price for the services of a stallion in order to raise a good colt is often very indifferent regarding the calves intended to be kept for beef or the dairy, and yet one class of stock demands the same judgment in the matter of improvement as the other.

FOR SOUP.—Sage is a delicious addition to soup; use it in place of rice or barley.

An improvement in means for oiling cylinders of steam engines has been patented by a resident of Browning, Mo, It is intended to obviate the waste of oil ordinarily carried off by the steam, and while being economical secures the perfect lubrication of the cylinders.

DOMESTIC.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING — Stir three-quarters of a cup of butter and the yolk of four eggs together. Add one cup of molasses and two cups of warm milk, with two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in a teaspoonful of boiling water, and add to the milk. Season with a teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of cloves, a little nutmeg and salt. Add flour to make it as stiff as pound cake, and lastly two pounds of raisins stoned and chopped fine, one-quarter of a pound of citron, and the whites of four eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, Tie in a floured bag, leaving room for the pudding to swell, and steam six hours. Serve with a wine sauce.

BROILED KIDNEYS.—Mix together in a deep plate the following ingrdients, which will cost about 3 cents: One ounce of butter, half a level teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful each of mustard, and any table sauce or vinegar, and as much cayenne as you can take up on the point of a small penknife blade; toast half a loaf of stale bread, (cost 3 cents) cut in slices one inch thick; wash, split, and broil one pound of pigs' or sheep's kidneys, (cost 10 cents or less;) while the kidneys are broiling dip the toast in the first named seasonings, lay it on a hot dish, and lay the kidneys on it as soon as they are broiled; season them with salt and pepper, and serve hot with one quart of plain boiled potatoes, (cost 3 cents.) The cost of the entire dinner will be less than 20 cents.

BOILING FISH.—After washing thoroughly in salted cold water, sprinkle the fish with salt and pepper, and tie in a clean cloth with a sprig of parsley. Cover with cold water, except in case of salmon, when luke-warm water must be used to preserve the color. Cod requires fifteen minutes for each pound. A fish weighing one pound will be done in ten minutes after the water begins to boil. Drawn butter sauce, with a hard-boiled egg chopped fine and stirred in at the last, is very nice for bass. Oyster sauce is the best for cod.

PICKLED APPLES.—Take sweet apples fully ripe, core and quarter them. Take two quarts of vinegar, two pounds of sugar, one-half ounce of mace, one of cloves and one of cinnamon, with a spoonful of allspice. (These spices should not be ground.) Let it boil together ten minutes. Then put in enough of the apples to cover the sirup and let them boil until clear. Skim them and lay on a platter; put fresh to cook until you have as many as your sirup will cover when placed in a jar. These, after a few days, sometimes need to be brought again to the boiling point, and then will keep any length of time.

TO PERFUME NOTE PAPER.—To perfume note paper get a few quires of blotting paper and sprinkle the sheets with the perfume desired, then put them under a weight until they become dry. When dry put note paper, envelopes, etc., between the sheets and place them under a weight for a few hours; when removed they will be found perfumed. The blotting sheets may be utilized again, and can be made to retain their perfume for a long time by keeping them free from exposure to air.

LAUNDRY HINTS.—It is not a good plan to have the white lawn and cambric dresses "done up," as the phrase is, to lay away for the winter, for the expectation that they will look fresh and be ready for immediate wear in the spring will be disappointed. Of course, they should not be put away dirty, but the starching and ironing may well be left till spring; only common calicoes should be starched and ironed before packing away."

TO PICKLE MEAT IN ONE DAY.— Take a tub of rain or river water and put two pieces of thin wood across it and set the beef on them, distant about an inch from the water; heap as much salt as will stand on your beef, and let it remain twenty-four hours; then take off and boil the water having drawn the salt completely through the meat.

GOOD DOUGHNUTS.—Seven coffee-cupfuls of light bread dough—it should be sponged with milk. Into it mix one and one-half cupfuls of melted shortening, one of sugar and a teaspoonful of saleratus. When this has again become light, roll it out—not too thick—cut into small squares, or any shape you please, and cook in boiling fat.

GRANDMOTHER'S MINUTE PUDDING.—Let some sweet milk come to a boil, then stir in flour which you have salted; this must be done very briskly or it will be lumpy. Stir every moment until the pudding is about like mush. Serve while hot, with sugar and cream; flavor the cream with nutmeg or vanilla.

PRUNE PUDDING.—Prunes, the friend in need of the boarding-house landlady, make a very good pudding. Stew a pound until they are soft, remove the stones and add the whipped whites of three eggs, beating them together until they are thoroughly mixed. Pour into a dish lined with puff-paste and bake half an hour.

A VERY NICE FRUIT CAKE.— One pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, four eggs, one teacup of sweet milk, three and a half cups of flour, one teaspoon of saleratus, nutmeg, cinnamon, and cloves, and as many raisins as you can afford.

TICKLING IN THE THROAT.—For a cough or tickling in the throat, take the juice of two lemons, the beaten white of one egg, enough powdered or granulated sugar to make a thick paste. A teaspoonful of this mixture will allay the irritation and cure a cough in its early stages.

Purpose is the edge and point of character; it is the superstition on the letter of talent. Character, without it, is blunt and torpid.

TO PRESERVE EGGS.—A pound of lime and one pint of salt to three gallons of water. Put all eggs not wanted for daily use into this brine, and they will keep all the year round, and the whites froth almost as well as fresh eggs.

HEALING POWERS OF CHARCOAL —Charcoal has been discovered to be a sure cure for burns. On laying a small piece of charcoal on the burn the plain subsides immediately; and if the charcoal is held on for some time the wound is healed.

A fish net, or netting, made of metal instead of thread or twine, has been patented by a gentleman living in Louisiana, Mo. Copper or other wire is used, of moderate flexibility, bent in zigzag manner to make loops, each loop having one rounded closed end, and being twisted at its opposite end, round the closed end of a loop in a succeeding row.

A HINT AS TO BEDS.—Those who find an excelsior mattress too hard, feathers too warm, and a hair mattress too expensive, may make a feather bed very comfortable by lay a piece of straw matting covered with cotton cloth upon it.

A MYSTERY OF THE SEA.

The Fate Which Overtook the "City of Boston,"—Captain Murray's Ideas and Experiences.

A few years ago, the *City of Boston* sailed from harbor, crowded with an expectant throng of passengers bound for a foreign shore.

She never entered port.

The mystery of her untimely end grows deeper as the years increase, and the Atlantic voyager, when the fierce winds howl around and danger is imminent on every hand, shudders as the name and mysterious fate of that magnificent vessel are alluded to.

Our reporter, on a recent visit to New York, took lunch with Captain George Siddons Murray, on board the *Alaska*, of the Guion line. Captain Murray is a man of stalwart build, well-knit frame and cheery, genial disposition. He has been a constant voyager for a quarter of a century, over half of that time having been in the trans-Atlantic service. In the course of the conversation over the well-spread table, the mystery of the *City of Boston* was alluded to.

"Yes," remarked the Captain, "I shall never forget the last night we saw that ill-fated vessel. I was chief officer of the *City of Antwerp*. On the day we sighted the *City of Boston* a furious southeast hurricane set in. Both vessels labored hard. The sea seemed determined to sweep away every vestige of life. When day ended the gale did not abate, and everything was lashed for a night of unusual fury. Our good ship was turned to the south to avoid the possibility of ice-bergs. The *City of Boston*, however, undoubtedly went to the north. Her boats, life-preservers and rafts were all securely lashed; and when she went down, everything went with her, never to re-appear until the sea gives up its dead."

"What, in your opinion, Captain, was the cause of the loss of the *City of Boston?*"

"The *City of Limerick*, in almost precisely the same latitude, a few days later, found the sea full of floating ice; and I have no doubt the *City of Boston* collided with the ice, and sunk immediately."

Captain Murray has been in command of the *Alaska* ever since she was put in commission and feels justly proud of his noble ship. She carries thousands of passengers every year, and has greatly popularized the Williams & Guion line. Remarking upon the bronzed and healthy appearance of the captain, the reporter said that sea life did not seem to be a very grea physical trial.

"No? But a person's appearance is not always a trustworthy indication of his physical condition. For seven years I have been in many respects very much out of sorts with myself. At certain times I was so lame that it was difficult for me to move around. I could scarcely straighten up. I did not know what the trouble was, and though I performed all my duties regularly and satisfactorily, yet I felt that I might some day be overtaken with some serious prostrating disorder. These troubles increased. I felt dull and then, again, shooting pains through my arms and limbs. Possibly the next day I would feel flushed and unaccountably uneasy and the day following chilly and despondent. This continued until last December, when I was prostrated soon after leaving Queenstown, and for the remainder of the voyage was a helpless, pitiful sufferer. In January last, a friend who made that voyage with me, wrote me a letter urging me to try a new course of treatment. I gladly accepted his counsel, and for the last seven months have given thorough and business-like attention to the recovery of my natural health; and to-day, I have the proud satisfaction of saying to you that the lame back, the strange feelings, the sciatic rheumatism which have so long pursued me, have entirely disappeared through the blood purifying influence of Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure which entirely eradicated all rheumatic poison from my system. Indeed, to me, it seems that it has worked wonders and I therefore most cordially commend it."

"And you have no trouble now in exposing yourself to the winds of the Atlantic?"

"Not the least. I am as sound as a bullet and I feel specially thankful over the fact because I believe rheumatic and kidney disease is in the blood of my family. I was dreadfully shocked on my last arrival in Liverpool to learn that my brother, who is a wealthy China tea merchant, had suddenly died of Bright's disease of the kidneys, and consider myself extremely fortunate in having taken my trouble in time and before any more serious effects were possible."

The conversation drifted to other topics; and as the writer watched the face before him, se strong in all its outlines and yet so genial, and thought of the innumerable exposures and hardships to which its owner had been exposed, he instinctively wished all who are suffering from the terribe rheumatic troubles now so common might know of Captain Murray's experience and the means by which he had been restored. Pain is a common thing in this world, but far too many endure it when they might just as well avoid it. It is a false philosophy which teaches us to endure when we can just as readily avoid. So thought the hearty captain of the *Alaska*, so thinks the writer and so should all others think who desire happiness and a long life.

A GERMAN farmer was on trial in one of the justice courts the other day for assault and battery, and had pleaded not guilty. When the cross-examination came the opposing counsel asked:

"Now, Jacob, there was trouble between you and the plaintiff, wasn't there?"

"I expect dere vhas."

"He said something about your dog being a sheep-killer, and you resented it, eh?"

"Vheil, I calls him a liar."

"Exactly. Then he called you some hard names?"

"He calls me a sauer-kraut Dutchmans."

"Just so. That made you mad."

"Of course. I vhas so madt I shake all oafer.'

"I thought so. Now, Jacob, you are a man who speaks the truth. I don't believe you could be hired to tell a lie."

"Veil, I plief I vhas pooty honest."

"Of course you are—of course. Now, Jacob, you must have struck the first blow. You see——"

The other lawyer objected, and after a wrangle the defendant turned to the court and said:

"I don't exactly make ouht how it vhas. I like to own oop dot I shtruck first, but I haf paid my lawyer $5 to prove de odder vhay. I don't like to tell a lie, but I feel badt to lose der money!"

THE three ply love of Gladys and Harold: Harold leads her to a fauteuil and kneels in his beautiful glad manhood beside her. "May I kiss you?" he murmurs. She does not speak, but the love-light in her eyes makes answer more eloquently than could any words. For a moment she closes her eyes, as one faint with a bliss whose keenness makes it cross the border-land and become pain, and so is gathered into his strenuous embrace. For one second she lies on his heart. For one second the breath of her sweet sighs stirs his hair. Their faces are nearing each other slowly, in the sweet luxury of a passionate delay, to make yet more poignant the pleasure of their supreme meeting at last, when suddenly Harold starts to his feet. Gladys springs from the fauteuil. "My God!" she cries, what is the matter?" Bending aver her and pressing her closely to him Harold whispers in low, strained tones: I have broken my suspender."

Sweetest melodies are those that are by distance made more sweet.

HUMOROUS.

The Widow's Mite.

In compliance with your request I send you a statement of my case. I will write you with a double purpose, first to thank you for the great amount of good your medicine, Hunt's Remedy, has done me, and secondly, with the hope that my recovery will induce some sufferer to do as I did, "use the great specific and be cured." For nearly a whole year I was an invalid, unable to go out of the house, and a great part of the time confined to my bed, a living, powerless subject of the most dreadful of all diseases—kidney complaint. From the long suffering I became weak from the loss of strength, with a lack of vitality, and very much reduced in flesh. All this time I was taking various medicines, and under the care of our family doctor, and not receiving a particle of help. I had almost despaired of getting well when my attention was called to Hunt's Remedy by a boarder in my family. I commenced taking it (unknown to the doctor) with but little hopes of relief. This non-belief was soon expelled, however, as I daily began to improve. I continued the use of Hunt's Remedy (and to make a long story short) used eight bottles, dispensed with the doctor, and to the surprise of all who knew me, and my own great satisfaction, became as well as ever, all pains and aches vanished, appetite returned, strength and flesh, and to-day I consider myself as well as ever, and only too glad to place my testimony with that of many others.

That your medicine, Hunt's Remedy, brought me from a sick bed I well know, and many people who know of my condition pronounce my cure almost miraculous. I am happy to say I am enjoying excellent health, thanks to your valuable medicine, Hunt's Remedy.

MRS. L. W. CLARK, 109 Main Street.
Hartford, Conn., May 21, 1883.

To endeavor to work upon the vulgar with fine sense is like attempting to hew a block of marble with a razor.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

No man ever regretted that he was virtuous and honest in his youth, and kept away from idle companions.

Don't you forget it, that *prevention* is much cheaper, safer, and less painful than to cure disease. Unless you *really enjoy* colic, boils, rheumatism, headaches, fevers, dyspepsia, &c., don't fail to take the old classic remedy, "St. Bernard Vegetable Pills." Upon the first symptom of indigestion, clear out the sluices before the rising waters devastate the country. Diseases, like fires, should be quenched when small and the remedy applied promptly to the place of beginning. All diseases begin in the blood, and the great remedy of the celebrated monk, commences at the fountain head.

Do not try to force yourself into the confidence of others. If they give their confidence, never betray it.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

There is no such change of scene and air as a new thought in the head and a fresh hope in the heart.

Was afflicted with Catarrh and Cold in the Head. I tried many remedies without any beneficial effects, at last I used Ely's Cream Balm, which effectually cured me.—W. H. I. HILLARD, Dentist, Bordentown, N. J.

A friend cannot be known in prosperity, and an enemy cannot be hid in adversity.

Millions have died with Bright's kidney disease and rheumatic diseases. Dr. Elmore is the first to discover a cure. He has treated thousands with his Rheumatine-Goutaline and never lost a case. It always cures.

The superiority of some men is, merely local, because their associates are little.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer.

It is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which sulphur, sugar of lead and nitrate of silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. SMITH, KLINE & CO. Wholesale Agents, Philadelphia, Pa. and C. N. CRITTENTON, New York.

Anything that makes the heart deeper, anything that makes gratitude and love and honor and truth and faith stronger, makes the man stronger.

Why don't you cure your Heart Disease? Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator will do it. Price $1.

It is some consolation to comprehend that the greatest sorrow of human memory will finally fret itself to sleep.

Phœnix Pectoral breaks a cold and stops cough, 25cts.

One of the most effectual ways of pleasing and making one's self loved, is to be cheerful; joy softens more hearts than tears.

Mother Swan's Worm Syrup.

Infallible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic; for feverishness, restlessness, worms. 25 cents.

Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves.

Ladies and children's boots and shoes cannot run over if Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners are used

Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa

A NEW book is called "Songs Unsung." It ought to be very popular- that is much more so than if the songs were sung.

"Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick relief; complete cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

Love depends on the loving, and not on the loved.

Why don't you use St. Patrick's Salve? Try it. Use it. 25c at all druggists.

The years write their records on human hearts as they do in trees, in hidden inner circles of growth which no eye can see.

ST. BERNARD VEGETABLE PILLS
TRADE MARK.

The pills are warranted to be PURELY vegetable, free from all mineral and other poisonous substances. They are a certain cure for Constipation, Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Torpid Liver, Loss of Appetite, and all diseases arising from the

Liver, Stomach, Bowels or Kidneys.

They remove all obstructions from the channels of the system and purify the blood, thereby imparting health, strength and vigor. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps by

P. NEUSTAEDTER & CO.,
83 Mercer St., New York,
Sole Manufacturers of ST. BERNARD VEGETABLE PILLS.
Send for circular.

Phœnix Pectoral will cure your cough. 25 cts

Who has not seen the fair, fresh young girl transformed in a few months into the pale, haggard, dispirited woman? The sparkling eyes are dimmed, and the ringing laugh heard no more. Too often the causes are disorders of the system which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would remedy in a short time. Remember, that the "Favorite Prescription" will unfailingly cure all "female weaknesses," and restore health and beauty. By all druggists. Send three stamps for Dr. Pierce's treatise on Diseases of Women (96 pages). Address WORLD'S MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

A cynic's mockery: "How old would you take me to be?" asked a bewigged and superanuated coquette. "Several years older than your hair, madame," was the remorseless answer.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headaches, mouth tastes bad, poor appetite, tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver, or "biliousness." Nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By all druggists.

"My son," said old Precept, "don't take to writing poetry. When I was young like you I was smitten with a beautiful creature, and wrote her a poem. I never saw her again."

The Bilious,

dyspeptic or constipated, should address, with two stamps for pamphlet. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Ruskin says that youth is a period of building up in habits, hopes and faiths. Not an hour but is trembling with destinies—not a moment once passed of which the appointed work can ever be done again, or the neglected blow struck on the cold iron.

The Mind Dependent on the Body.

Hypochondria is a far more common malady than is generally supposed. It has its degrees, it is true, progressing from mental depression, or the "blues," to mental hallucination; but they are all forms of the same malady. It is a significant fact that this mental ailment is invariably accompished by dyspepsia and nervousness, and the fact that it readily yields to the alterative action of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which are peculiarly adapted to the eradication of indigestion and nervous debility, proves that it originates in those complaints. It will thus be seen how dependent the mind is upon the body for the preservation of a cheerful equilibrium, and also how readily the causes of mental gloom may be removed. There is no surer or pleasanter way of shaking off a fit of depression brought on by indigestion, than by swallowing a dose or two of this agreeable medicine.

ACTUAL inscription on a postal card received at Valley Mill: "Mary come home at once. The doctor says Charley has got the color and phantom."

Rescued from Death.

William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with bleeding of lungs followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. I got a bottle, when, to my surprise, I commenced to get well, and to-day I feel better than for three years."

He that leaves certainty and sticks to chance, when fools pipe he may dance.

Life, like the waters of the sea, freshens only when it ascends toward heaven.

CHRONIC CATARRH.—I have suffered for years from Chronic Catarrh. Six weeks ago I was induced to try Ely's