THE CORPSE MOVED.

And the Story of It Sent Four Victims to Hang.

Law reports of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries contain numerous references to supernatural occurrences in the court and on the scaffold. One of the most remarkable records of this kind is connected with a murder trial which took place in England early in the reign of the first Charles. Sir John Maynard, one of the first lawyers of the century, is the authority for the supernatural events of the trial, and in his quaint preface to his notes he says he "thought good to report the evidence which was given, which many did hear that the memory thereof might not be lost by miscarriage of papers otherwise." One Johan Norkett, a farmer's wife, had died, and at the coroner's inquest evidence was given proving that the woman's throat had been cut from ear to ear. At first the jury favored a verdict of felo de se, and the body was interred. But rumors became general pointing to foul play, and the body was exhumed.

Thirty days after the death the jury assembled before the body and four suspected persons were brought in. The only evidence against the prisoners was that they had slept in an adjoining room and that no one had passed through that room; "therefore, if she did not murder herself, they must be the murderers." What took place at the remarkable post-mortem inquiry may best be described in the words of a witness at the subsequent trial, who was described as "an ancient and grave person, minister to the parish where this murder was committed." This estimable gentleman said: "They [the prisoners] did touch the dead body, whereupon the brow of the dead, which was before a livid color, began to have dew of gentle sweat arise upon it, which increased by degrees till the sweat ran down in drops upon the face; the brow turned and changed to a lively color, and the dead opened and shut one of her eyes and shut it again, which she did three several times. She likewise thrust out the ring or marriage finger three times and pulled it in again, and the finger dropped blood on the ground."

Naturally enough such remarkable evidence as this was received with some suspicion by the court, although the witness, to again quote Sir John Maynard, "was a reverend person, about 70 years of age, as could be guessed. His testimony was delivered gravely and temperately, but to the great admiration of the auditory." Ample confirmation of an obviously impartial character, was, however, forthcoming, and the "admiration" changed to horror, so much so that the prisoners were convicted and two of them suffered death at the hand of the common hangman. Neither of the victims, one of whom was an aged woman, could ever be prevailed upon to confess any complicity in the crime.

A DREAM DID IT.

How a Murderer Was Caught and Convicted.

In 1751 an Irish murderer was convicted largely upon dream evidence. A Waterford publican named Rogers dreamed one night that he saw a man murder another man on a green spot on the summit of an adjoining mountain. He was able next day to describe both men with perfect accuracy and did so to many of his friends. One of the men was exceptionally strong, the other weak and puny, but it was the latter who, in the vision committed the murder. Rodgers persuaded the parish priest to accompany him to the spot, which he found without difficulty but there seemed to be no traces of murder or struggle. Hence Rogers got rather laughed at. Next day however two men entered the saloon, and Mrs. Rodgers at once recognized them from her husband's description as the heroes in the vision. Much alarmed, she fetched her husband, who was also certain they were the two men. When they rose to leave Rogers begged the one he expected to be murdered to remain, but without avail. He nearly fainted with fright after the men had left, and finally persuaded a neighbor to accompany him to the green spot on the hill, where sure enough, the tragedy of the dream had taken place in reality.

The murderer was tracked and caught and Rogers was the principal witness. His recital of his dream was so vivid that the prisioner at once confessed, adding that he killed his companion exactly as foretold in the dream. The weapon used was a knife, and as eight stabs were seen by Rogers in his vision, so the murderer admitted that he drove his knife up to the handle in his companion's body exactly that number of times.

Another Case of Predestination.

A few hours before the engagement at Dandridge, Tenn., two members of the First Wisconsin cavalry had a warm dispute over the matter of foreordination. One of them stoutly maintained that the time and place of every man's death are appointed beforehand. With equal fervor the other trooper maintained that the belief in foreordination is the greatest nonsense imaginable. Soon after the engagement opened and the regiment which had been fighting on foot was forced to beat a hasty retreat, and the believer in foreordination and his opponent in the recent debate were two of the most nimble runners among the Union troops. They happened to meet when the pursuit ceased.

The man who had condemned the theory of foreordination thought he had a good joke on the other.

"Look here, Charley," he said, "if the time of your death is foreordained, what makes you run?"

"Well, you see," was the reply, "it was foreordained that I should run, and run like the devil too."—Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.

Politeness vs. Policy.

Lawyer (entering cell): "How are you feeling this morning?" Murderess: "Very well, thank you." Lawyer (furiously): "Very well? What the deuce do you mean by having such brutal, rugged, good health when you know that your life depends on your delicate condition?"

A Lucky Prisoner.

"Old Lawyer: "I can not take your case. Circumstantial evidence is so strong against you that it will be impossible to prove your innocence." Prisoner: "But I am not innocent, I am guilty." "Oh! Then maybe I can clear you."

CATCHING A DEER.

A Boy Who Tackled a Pretty Big Job.

It was my ambition when a boy to catch some does in winter when the snow was deep, and without injury to put them in a park and raise some fawns. One day, with my brother and a three-months-old pup, I went to the hills to catch a doe. From the top of the hills, where was a deer yard, we soon started a deer, but could not overtake it until it reached the river. The stream had been high from a recent thaw, and in that condition had frozen over with three inches of ice. It had suddenly fallen, leaving the middle free from ice, with a strip several yards wide adhering to the banks but a foot or more above the water. The deer was discovered lying on the bank and under the ice nicely hidden. I prepared to cross the river and break down the ice above the deer by jumping upon it, and, as the ice fell, to catch the deer about the neck and hold her until my brother could fasten a birch withe about her neck.

Thus I did, but my doe was a full grown buck, his horns had dropped off some time before. As I caught him about the neck he took me out into the middle of the stream. It was as full of rocks and boulders as could be, with plenty of water rushing between. During our short journey together the deer and I were in all possible positions, and what with the cold water, the bumps on the rocks and kicking received, I was never more bruised nor more angry in my life. But I held the buck; and my brother put on the withe. We then got the deer to a smooth place on the bank, and holding on to the withe let him go. The deer gave a jump high into the air, fell on his back, putting his hind feet into the loop about his neck did his best to break the loop. Not succeeding he got up, and we led him quietly toward home. Several times on the way he cropped buds from the bushes; but after a few days, in spite of the greatest care, he died, and as we said, from homesickness. But if he bruised himself as badly as he did me, his death might well be attributed to another cause.—Forest and Stream.

The Jug was Replenished.

In a village not far from Boston there were three old cronies who had outlived their credit, but not their appetites. They were going on a fishing excursion one day, and they took a gallon jug along for rum. When they came to pool their assets they could not raise enough for even a pint of the longed-for fire water. This was a dilemma. They scratched their heads in dismay until one of them scratched out an idea. Snatching up the jug, he ran to the pump and filled it about half full of water, and then marched into the store and called for half a gallon of Medford rum. The boy filled the measure and the man held the jug. When the two quarts were in the boy asked for his money, and was told to charge it. This was refused, and a few high words ensued, when the angry purchaser said, "Very well, take the rum out, then, but be dashed careful that you do not take more than you put in." The boy measured out the two quarts, and the man, with a half gallon of half-and-half, marched triumphantly back to his trembling companions.

Burial Mounds.

Mr. Reynolds has recently completed the investigation of a burial mound in Georgia, located on a bend of the Savannah about three miles from Silver Bluff. Its contents stamp it as one of the most remarkable yet opened. They consist of human crania, pottery, copper implements and ornaments, galenite pipes, stone implements, pearl and shell beads and textile fabrics.

The crania were in fragments and in an advanced stage of decay.

The pottery consisted of twenty-three pots ranging in size from small narrow-neck jars to large urns of a capacity of some sixteen gallons.

Some of these were elaborately decorated with stamped patterns.

There were four celts of hammered copper. The value and importance of these were indicated by the fact that they had been wrapped in cloth and incased in bark. There were also thin plates of copper with figures in relief similar in type to the Etowah mound species. They were much broken and so brittle that they could scarcely be handled.

Sufficient traces only of the textile fabrics were preserved by contact with the copper to determine their general character.

Eleven pipes, carved to represent human and animal figures, were taken from the mound.

Many stone implements of the usual type, such as spear-heads, celts, chisels, etc., were found.

The Three Classes of Community.

There are but three classes of men in every community, the retrograde, the stationary and the progressive. The first two have little or no regard for the newspaper and its influence, and read it simply to see what is going on, but who could fold their arms and see it die with utmost complacency, leaving the progressive class the only real sufferers. The retrograde and stationary classes of every community are generally the critics of the newspapers, and as Steele says: "Of all mortals a critic is the silliest," for by inuring himself to examine everything, whether of consequence or not, he never looks on anything but with a design of passing sentence upon it.

The Enfant Terribla.

This really occurred three days ago in this city, says the Pittsburg Dispatch.

A lady from Chicago was visiting the family, and it so happened, owing to a chapter of accidents, that the lady of the house met her guest for the first time at the dinner table. The hostess is partial to powder, and in the evening increases her natural pallor with its assistance. After the conventional embrace the lady from Chicago said: "You must have had a very tiring day, Mrs. Blank."

"Yes, indeed, I have, dear, and I feel very fatigued."

"Yes—I never saw you look so pale before."

"Oh, that's powder," broke in the 6-year-old *enfant terrible*, Miss Nellie, who had not been a spectator in her mother's boudoir for nothing.

Gunpowder could not have exploded with greater force.

MOORISH WINTER GARDEN.

The orange gardens of the Shereef of Wazen lie about a mile or so outside the city of Tangier. If the wanderer who happens to stroll that way beguiled by the delights of winter sunshine, chances to be fresh from the huertas of Valencia or the groves of Seville, his first impression will be that it is the most desolate and neglected-looking spot his eyes have ever rested on. Yet it is well worth his while to enter, if only to learn how not to do it—an art fully understood in this country, which, though blessed with a soil so fertile that a few seeds thrust into the ground and left to do their worst return a thousandfold into the hand of the sower, is as yet a *terra incognita* to most of the world. But not long since a too-curious tiller of the soil had his eyes put out for discovering the presence of a valuable mineral, and therefore it may be inferred that the encouragement given to agriculturists in Morocco is but small. Nobody, however, appears to have been digging in the Shereef's garden, for the tangle of wild flowers looks as if it had not been disturbed for many a long year. Tall clusters of white narcissus and pale, scented jonquils rear their beautiful heads in rare profusion, yellow nasturtiums, lemon-colored oxalis, great red mallows, all the spring flowers which with us at home require careful cultivation, are wild here, and flourish well under the shade of the orange trees, whose golden fruit keeps dropping down at your feet in a fashion which constantly tempts you to break the eighth Commandment on this lovely hot winter afternoon. The Arab boy who is silently following you down the walks, which are hedged in outside by prickly pear and climbing geraniums, and who appears to be the only person in charge of the domain, will give you leave to eat the fruit if you offer him a copper; and, bearing in mind the greatness of the temptation, perhaps the sin of yielding to it may be forgiven. The owner of the place will not catch you, for he is being driven along by the seashore in the only carriage in the place, with two black slaves and a "saint" in attendance. It may be mentioned that the Shereef's name is known in Europe through his marriage with an Englishwoman, he being the head of the Mahommedan religion in Morocco, and possessing an influence as great as that of the Sultan of the country, whose rival he is.

The remains of certain autumn fruits and vegetables in one corner near a well show that some faint attempt at cultivation has been made in that particular spot, and, after noting a pomegranate bush or two and a tangle of large white Cape jasmine, you wander back to the sands once more, wishing, perchance that it all belonged to you, so that you might turn in half a dozen English gardeners, and show these strange fanatics what their country would produce under more favorable conditions. If you turn your face towards the town and stroll along the sea-shore till you come to a steep lane leading up the hillside, you can, however, see for yourself what has already been done in this respect by those who have carried out the idea which has entered your mind.

The highways as well as the bye-ways of Morocco are ill sme lling and unsavory. As you climb up the steep lane alluded to, you pass by habitations which can only be described as the foulest of dens, and side by side with these is a picturesque newly built-Moorish house belonging to some one of the Europeans inhabiting the city—one soon gets accustomed to such incongruities here. When you reach the top, and, passing by the Arab cemetery, walk along a much trodden, but uneven and stony way, till you come to an ancient gateway, you will find it hospitably open, and, as you enter, a notice in large letters requests you to keep to the paths, and not to touch either fruit or flowers. Otherwise you are free to wander where you will, and you soon become lost in admiration of the beauty and luxuriance of the scene before you. Shady walks, walled in by box trees, where no ray of sun can penetrate, flower gardens, already gay with roses and heliotrope, fairy-like masses of maiden hair growing in pots of quaint device, huge eucalyptus trees, flowering shrubs of unfamiliar aspect, orange and lemon trees laden with golden fruit—in truth an enchanted garden, even in mid-winter, and the sight of it now begets an intense longing to see it some few months later, when the gentle breath of spring shall have done its perfect work, for it must then be a very Paradise.

As we retrace our steps through the gateway, and follow the windings of the lane a little further, we light upon another green oasis, of a different character from either of the preceding, but interesting from the number of large date palms therein, and also from the copa or Moorish house, at the end of it. In a large age hard by are two little monkeys caught, probably, in the interior, who rush up with intense delight to the Arab gardener, who opens their door and plays with them now and then. But the shadows are growing long, and there is only just time to accept the invitation of one of the gardeners, who wishes to show us his own little place close by. A look through his gateway discloses a few olive trees, some cacti, a tangle of weeds, two or three tall aloes; yet the owner evidently looks upon his estate as a valuable and much-to-be-envied possession, living there in his straw hut, in company with his mule, in complete content. The road homewards leads past the different European Legations, over whole walls are glimpses of well-kept flower beds and overshadowing trees, whose outlines are becoming somewhat ghostly in the short twilight; while the chill of sunset warns the the pedestrian that at this hour he had better hasten homewards.

SPAIN.

THE WORK OF TIME'S SICKLE.

"Ugh!" said the Indian, in disgust.

"What's the matter, Swallow-tail?" asked the agent.

"Big Injun chase white man four mile. Want scalp. Catch white man. Ugh! white man bald."

ONE OR THE OTHER.—Cleverton—"Not long ago I made an agreement with a friend to exercise an hour a day for a year at the gymnasium. I'll be hanged if it wasn't destroyed by fire last night!"

Dashaway—Ah ah! Which one of you burned it?"

A MODERN IMPROVEMENT.—"How's this, Dauber? You've painted Father Time with a mowing machine instead of a scythe?"

"That's all right. We artists of the modern school keep up with inventive progress."

QUESTIONABLE POLISH.—Warden—"One prisoner we received to-day is said by the inspector to be an old offender; yes he seems to be a polished gentleman."

Turnkey—"I know him well; he has been ironed enough times to account for his polish."

THEIR GODFATHERS TO BLAME.

"Theirs is one thing I don't like about the attaches of the Russian legation—something I don't think is consistent with good breeding.

"What is that?"

"They are forever calling one another hard names."

AFFECTATION in any part of our carriage is lighting up a candle to our defects, and never fails to make us to be taken notice of, either as wanting sense or wanting sincerity.—*Locke.*

Parent—"And you dare to tell me you kissed that young Hankinson last evening?"

Weeping Daughter—"Yes, but the mean thing k-kissed me first."

SHE AGREED WITH HIM.—Father (coming in upon them at 11.30)—"Jennie, don't you think it's time to go to bed?"

Daughter—"Why yes, papa, what on earth keeps you up so late?"

NOT TO BE CHANGED.—"I can't change my mind," said Chapple.

"I might have known that," retorted his exasperated partner. "There is no lower denomination in minds than yours."

IT WAS A CRUSHER. — Sympathetic Cousin—"Yes, it must have been a terrible disappointment when Miss Golding refused you."

Jack Van Broken—"It was a crusher. I felt exactly as though I had been sentenced to hard labor for life."

The blackened teeth of the Malays and Siamese are not produced, as has been supposed heretofore, by coating them with a mixture of betel and lime, but by rubbing the teeth with a paste made from charred cocoanut kernels. This is carefully applied to the teeth again and again, until a black varnish hides the white.

ECONOMY IN HIGH LIFE.—Mrs. Forundred—"We must retrench on our expenses this year, my dear."

Mr. Forundred—"Very well; I'll begin by telling my friend that my $500 Russian poodle only cost $250."

Tourists.

Whether on pleasure bent or business, should take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50c and $1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.

There were 1500 different orchids at the New York orchid show, and no two alike.

Everybody knows that at this season the blood is filled with impurities, the accumulation of months. All these impurities and every trace of scrofula, salt rheum, or other diseases may be expelled by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to get Hood's.

It is claimed that sheep furnish the most profitable live stock industry in North Dakota.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY. }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The battle of Waterloo was fought on Sunday, June 18, 1815.

Can the sale of an inferior article constantly increase for 24 years? Dobbins' Electric Soap has been on the market ever since 1862 and is to-day as ever, *the best and purest* family soap made. Try it. Your grocer will get it.

Ice cream in the form of asparagus, is made to order by New York caterers at the rate of $3 a dozen.

Cann's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. 831 Arch Street, Philad'a. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5, or druggist. 1000 certificates of cures. Try it.

The expenditures for the first fifty years of the Government amounted to $600,000,000.

For strengthening and clearing the voice, use **"Brown's Bronchial Troches."**—"I have commenced them to friends who were public speakers, and they have proved extremely serviceable."—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.*

A bell Napoleon stole in Switzerland is now used in a schoolhouse in Paterson, N. J.

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St. Phila., Pa.

It was President Madison of whom it was said that he could not be kicked into a fight.

No Equal in Existence.

For many centuries while the doctors have been experimenting and theorizing, the St. Bernard Vegetable Pills have been quietly curing people by counteracting the causes of disease, stimulating torpid livers, kidneys and bowels, promoting digestion, nutrition and excretion, purifying the blood, restoring vitality and aiding nature gently, quickly surely and safely. A sample of the St. Bernard Vegetable Pills will be sent free to all applicants, address St. Bernard Box, 2416, New York.

Thoreau graduated at Harvard, but declined to take his diploma. He said it was not worth $5.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phil'a, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail, advice free, send for circular.

The first ten kilometers of the Congo (African) Railway are completed and traffic is steadily increasing.

The hottest of the "big foreign cities" is Calcutta, India, with a mean annual temperature of 82.4; the coldest is St. Petersburg, which averages only 36.6 the year round.

In China less than 30,000 officials suffice to rule, in a most perfect manner, one third of the world's inhabitants.

17 730

"August Flower"

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. The doctors told me it was chronic. I had a fullness after eating and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. I suffered frequently from a Water Brash of clear matter. Sometimes a deathly Sickness at the Stomach would overtake me. Then again I would have the terrible pains of Wind Colic. At such times I would try to belch and could not. I was working then for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Cor. Irwin and Western Ave., Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. Finally I used August Flower, and after using just one bottle for two weeks, was entirely relieved of all the trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I would like to refer you to Mr. McHenry, for whom I worked, who knows all about my condition, and from whom I bought the medicine. I live with my wife and family at 39 James St., Allegheny City, Pa. Signed, JOHN D. COX.

G. G. GREEN Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Too large—the old-fashioned pill. Too reckless in its way of doing business, too. It cleans you out, but it uses you up, and your outraged system rises up against it. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets have a better way. They do just what is needed—no more. Nothing can be more thorough—nothing is as mild and gentle. They're the smallest, cheapest, the easiest to take. One tiny, sugar-coated granule's a gentle laxative—three to four are cathartic. Sick Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels are promptly relieved and permanently cured.

EVERY MOTHER

Should Have It in The House.

Dropped on Sugar, Children Love

to take JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT for Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis, Colic, Cramps and Pains. Relieves Summer Complaints, Cuts, Bruises like magic.

THINK OF IT.

In use over 40 YEARS in one family.

Dr. I. S. JOHNSON & Co.—It is sixty years since I first learned of your JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT; for more than forty years I have used it in my family. I regard it as one of the best and safest family remedies that can be found, used internal or external, in all cases. O. H. INGALLS, Deacon 2nd Baptist Church, Bangor, Me.

Every Sufferer From Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, Diphtheria, Coughs, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Lameness, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints or Strains, will find in this old Anodyne relief and speedy cure. Pamphlet free. Sold everywhere. Price 25 cts., by mail, 6 bottles, Express paid, $2. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD. NEVER FAILS TO RELIEVE

PAIN.

Cures and Prevents Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Inflammation, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic or prostrated with disease may suffer, Radway's Ready Relief will afford instant ease.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

50c. Per Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

RADWAY'S PILLS.

An Excellent and Mild Cathartic. Purely vegetable. The safest and best medicine in the world for the cure of all disorders of the **Liver, Stomach or Bowels.**

Taken according to directions they will restore health and renew vitality.

Price, 25c. a box. Sold by all druggists, or mailed by RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren Street, New York, on receipt of price.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Applied into Nostrils is quickly Absorbed, Cleanses the Head, Heals the Sores and Cures

CATARRH

Restores Taste and Smell, quickly Relieves Cold in Head and Headache. 50c. at Druggists.

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAY-FEVER ELY'S CREAM BALM

FOR FIFTY YEARS!

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used by mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

SICK WEAK, NERVOUS, WRECKED mortals get well and keep well. *Health Helper* tells how. 50 cts. a year. Sample copy free. **Dr. J. H. DYE,** Editor, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Many sorrows shall be to the wicked."—Ps. 32:4

ICANOR: Positive cure, Nervous & Physical Debility, Mental Depression, Lack of Confidence, Palpitation Heart, Weak Memory, etc., by mail, $3 one mo. treatment. Dr. Dunlevy's treatise (sealed) free. DUNLEVY MEDICINE Co., 194 Washingt'n Ave, Scranton, Pa

$100 per month and expenses to sell Nursery Stock. $ Hustlers wanted now. O. D. GREEN, Syracuse, N.Y.

PATENTS W. T. Fitzgerald, Washington, D. C. 40-page book free.

Dr. Bowsted's PENNYROYAL Pills

SAFE, SURE AND RELIABLE.

Sent by mail, securely sealed, Price, $1.00. Address, *Confidentially*, DR. BOWSTED, 206 N. Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

HUMOROUS.

A COMPREHENSIVE TERM.—Small Boy—"What is an egotist?"

Big Man—"One who talks about himself while you are aching to talk about yourself."

AND LASHINGS OF IT.—"I should think poor Peckt would be mad to find himself tied for life to such a virago."

"Yes, he's lashed to a perfect Fury.'

ENFORCED ABSTINENCE.—"Do you play the banjo?"

"Not when there are any people around,"

"Why not?"

"They won't let me."

"Relieved by the First Dose."

MEAGSVILLE, TENN., April 10, 1890.

I am under many obligations to you for sending me the sample bottle of *Floraplezion*. It did me more good than any medicine I ever saw. I would like to have a large bottle, and and I sincerely believe that it will do all that you recommend it do. The first dose relieved me, and I am so much better than I was.

MISS S. ARMSTRONG.

Floraplezion is the speedy and permanent cure for Sick Headache, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility and Consumption. It is the only sure cure for these complaints. Ask your druggist for it, and get well.

NOT GROUTY ENOUGH.—Cumso—"I think I will become a literary critic."

Fangle—"You can't! You have not got the dyspepsia."

JUST SUITED HIM.—Charlie—"Cloth covered books are too common, don't you know. Now the binding of that book just suits me."

Amy—"What is it, Mr. Sappy—calf?"

REPARTEE.—"I'm on to you," said the drop of ink to the blotter, in a tone of considerable asperity.

"Dry up," replied the blotter, savagely.

THREE ARROWS.

JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

Once on a day, so poets say,
Love took the fillet from his eyes
And aimed free, his arrows three
He shot them straight into the skies.

One arrow lay, the poets say,
Deep in the waters, years and years,
And there it shone like precious stone,
—But with the light of many tears—

One arrow fell—the poets tell,
And lay deep hid through sun and storm,
So it grew old and sharp and cold,
And chilled the hearts that once were warm.

The last one lies where Love's dim eyes
Had gazed that day so long ago.
And poets say it took the way
That none besides the angels know.

—*N. E. Homestead.*

A SOFT ANSWER.

The soft answer turneth away wrath, and the meek of spirit inherit where the contentious are cast out.

There is no greater cause of unhappiness in married life—in all home life, indeed—than the snappy answer to the surly word. If Fate and a cross-cut Fortune have decreed between them that we are to be mated with a Snarley Yow, or set down by the side of a human Stromboli, or a never cooling geyser, we ought in common sense to make the best of our bad bargain, and to slip round the pointed angles which we cannot rub down into smooth planes. If we are bent on giving our tit for that other's tat, and letting loose a savage Roland to meet an exasperating Oliver, we shall never come to good ends, and never know the blessing of domestic peace. The gentle acceptance of injustic which in a nation would be self-destruction is in a housemate general preservation. The soft answer, which with a body of men would encourage insubordination and send the whole affair to ruin, in the home makes only for the better accord of elsewise jarring notes and the better fitting in of elsewise misfitting bits. The "Angel of the House" is always the peacemaker because of her gentleness. She uses the soft answer and not the hard snap; and when other are sore and rasped, takes care to apply anodynes, not irritants, after the manner of so many.

The soft answer is often the measure of a woman's wisdom. She may not be of good in active counsel—she may not have the initiative which belongs to energy and courage; but if she has the wisdom of gentleness and the power to keep silent when provoked, she is in very deed and truth wise and blessed among her sex. She who has this power brings the whole Temple of Concord tumbling to the ground. Do we know them, those tart-tempered, sharp-tongued, porcupine-quilled creatures, who never let an occasion pass when they might, if they would, bring the blessing of peace by silence or sweeter soothing, and do instead make bad into worse by their bitter words and sharp retorts? Say what you will to them in the hours when you think to find them unruffled and amenable to reason—say what you will by way of counsel and exhortation—the next time the same circumstance occurs so will they use the same method of angry word; and the soft answer that would have turned away wrath is as little to be found as last year's snows.

Such a woman calls her brusque unwisdom, having a proper spirit, and when remonstrated with, asks, disdainfully if she is to be a slave and a crushed creature? In all probability she is a Christian by conviction, and would be utterly abashed if told that she was a traitress to her creed. It is only when she is called on to put the Christian precepts into practice that she fails so signally—that the crooked temper shows itself so far stronger than the sweet saintliness of her creed—that what she was enjoined to do by the Master Himself she refuses to do at the bidding of pride and anger.

Of what use is it to fly into a rage when things go wrong? Human beings are fallible at the best; and even machines, like sewing-machines, watches, and typewriters, get into that state which many call "out of temper." Much more so then the machines of flesh and blood and nerves and all the rest of it called men and women! But where is the good of that outbreak of anger? And suppose Betty and Molly fire back in return? More than the original deficit falls then on the exchequer of peace, and perhaps what gentleness would have nullified into a mere breath becomes a living blizzard that desolates and devastates all whereby it passes. The "soft answer" stands for more than itself. It stands for all the sweetness of woman and all the gentleness of man—and without this sweetness, this gentleness, the world must go back to barbarism, and the brute man become once more the normal type of the race.

APPEALED TO HIS SELFISHNESS.

Mrs. Cobwigger—"However did you induce your husband to get that nice electric motor to run your machine?"

Mrs. Younghusband—"I told him it would rock the cradle as well."

STRAINED RELATIONS.—"You are related to her by marriage, are you not?"

Frigiday—"No; I'm her brother by refusal."

A WANDERER.—"I am a wanderer on the face of the globe," he said with a sigh.

"Your crime must have been a bad one"

"Yes, ma'am; but some body has got to paint signs of Smith's soap along the highways and byways."

NOMENCLATURE ONLY AT FAULT.

Husband (just married) "You want to know what I like best? Of all things I like liver dumplings, sauer-kraut and blood pudding."

Wife—"Oh, for shame, Adolph! So prosaic and common."

"Can I help it if such divine-tasting things have prosaic names?"

THE SARCASTIC CONDUCTOR.—"I'll have to ask fare for him ma'am," said the conductor as he went through the railway train.

"That little fellow?"

"Yes'm."

"Why, he is only in his childhood, sir."

"Is he," inquired the conductor, thoughtfully. "First or second ma'am?"

WHAT HUNGER CAN DO.—Mrs. Knickerbocker—"There was a policeman in the kitchen counting our ugly old cook."

Mr. Knickerbocker—"What! Why, she is sixty years old, and as ugly as a crazy quilt. Well, that policeman must have been hungry for a fact."

A PURELY BUSINESS MOTIVE.—Mr. Lozier Hope.—"May I—may I—speak to your father, Miss Cole?"

Miss Vera Cole—"It is useless, Mr. Hope—I can never be your wife.

Mr. Lozier Hope—"Excuse me, I wish to speak to him about that fifteen dollars he borrowed of me week before last. Im getting a little nervous about it."

Herodotus, the celebrated Greek historian, is called the Father of History.

Suicide in hotels has come to be a great evil.

PRIDE requires very costly food—its keeper's happiness.

To study mankind is not learning to hate them; so far from a malevolent end, it is learning to bear and live easily with them.

This is the Season

In which to purify and enrich the blood, restore the lost appetite, and build up the nerves, as the system is now especially susceptible to benefit from medicine. The peculiar medicinal merit of, and the wonderful cures by, Hood's Sarsaparilla have made it the most popular spring medicine. It cures scrofula, salt rheum and all humors, biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, kidney and liver complaints, catarrh, and all affections caused or promoted by low state of the system or impure blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"When my boy was two years old he was attacked and suffered a long time with scrofula sores. The physician at length told us to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla, which we did. Two bottles cured him. He is now 10 years old and has not had any sign of scrofula since. We recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. E. C. CLIPPER 8 Kidder Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as the best spring or fall medicine ever known. I was troubled with that tired feeling, particularly in the morning. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me strength and made me feel well." ALEX. OEHLER, 624 West Cross Street, Baltimore, Md.

That the people appreciate the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla is shown by the fact that this medicine has **The Largest Sale** of any sarsaparilla or blood purifier in this country. If you doubt this ask any honest jobber or retail druggist Hood's Sarsaparilla is to-day on the full tide of popularity, and has reached that preeminence by its own intrinsic, undisputed merit.

"I take Hood's Sarsaparilla every year as a spring tonic, with most satisfactory results." C. PARMELEE, 349 Bridge street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Spring Medicine

"When I lived in Piqua I was sick a long time, from what the doctor said was ague or malaria fever. I decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it brought me out all O. K. I take it every spring, and any time my appetite is poor I go for Hood's Sarsaparilla, which always does me good." H. E. COLLINS, of Wightman & Collins, 5 Bolivar St., Cleveland, Ohio.

The Spring Medicine

"I consider Hood's Sarsaparilla the best spring medicine, and can truly say that it 'Makes the Weak Strong.' I take it all seasons of the year when needed and would give five dollars for a bottle of it, if I could not get it for less." ALBERT A. JAGNOW, Douglaston, L. I. N. Y.

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100 Doses One Dollar.

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"When slovens get tidy they polish the bottoms of the pans."—When

SERVANTS are given SAPOLIO they are never tired of cleaning up.

Two servants in two neighboring houses dwelt,
But differently their daily labor felt;
Jaded and weary of her life was one,
Always at work, and yet 'twas never done.
The other walked out nightly with her beau,
But then she cleaned house with SAPOLIO.

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