A MIDNIGHT MURDER.

I had scarce uttered these words when, through the silence that followed, and through the whole length and breadth of the brig, as it seemed to me, there rang out so wild and shrill a cry of anguish that the like of it I could never imagine deliverable by human lips. You would have sworn it was a woman's voice, and had not Miss Grant been by my side I must have thought it was she—the only one of her sex on board—who uttered it.

"Great heavens!" I cried, "what has happened?"

Captain Broadwater started to his feet at the sound, but then appeared to be stricken helpless, for he stood staring with a sort of gape in the set of his lips toward the companion ladder. Miss Grant's face was full of consternation, and she kept her eyes fixed on me with a wild look of consternation in them. I listened, expecting to hear a second cry.

There was a sound of swift running overhead, a sharp, angry shout in the voice of the boatswain; a minute after the chief mate came staggering down the ladder with his hand to his side, his dark face dreadful to see with the ghastly coloring upon it. He stood while you could have counted ten at the foot of the ladder, swaying, his left hand upon his heart, his right hand extended, his ashen lips inarticulately moving; then dropped without a groan, and lay motionless.

A voice hollo'd on deck. I could not catch the words, but it was easy to recognize Gordon's tone, and it seemed to me that he was bawling for assistance from the wheel or close to it. The light burned dully in the cabin-lantern; I turned the mesh high that we might see what was the matter with the mate, and then went up to him. He lay on his side, and when I looked at his face I could not question that he was dead.

His left side was dark in the lamp-light with the saturation of blood, and already there was a large dusky patch slowly sifting out, like ink upon blotting-paper, over the sand-colored planks on which the man rested. His head was uncovered, his eyes half closed, his lips had not yet had time to soften down out of the rigors of their grinning twist of agony and terror; the gleam of his white teeth was as though he snarled, spite of his lying still. Broadwater appeared to have been bereft of reason. A professional danger might have found him equal to its confrontment. But here was something wide of his experience, a sudden violent shock—a frightful menace too, for it was impossible to say what greater tragedy yet lay secret behind this first and most bloody one.

"Captain!" I cried, suddenly, angered by his posture of helplessness, "here is murder—murder, do you hear, sir? If your crew have not mutinied, what else should this signify? There is no leisure at sea, sir, for goggling. For God's sake go on deck, man, and find out what's the matter?"

Had I run at him with a pitchfork, the action could not have started him more effectually than my speech.

"Goggling! who's a-goggling?" he roared. "By this and by that," and here he bellowed out a whole volley of curses, "the man who's done this thing will swing for it! From my own yard-arm he shall swing for it, though there's ne'er a pair of hands on board but mine to run the villain aloft! Murder! Murder aboard of me! Why, what do they hope to do?"

He made for the companion-ladder with fury in his looks and gestures; but at that instant down thundered the second mate, with his face as white as its dark tincture of weather would suffer it to be, as wild in his manner as a demented man; so distractedly agitated that his quick, distressful breathing broke up his words as they rolled hoarsely from his lips.

"Captain! captain!" he cried, "there's been a murder done. The mate—ay, there he lies—stabbed, sir, stabbed by the half-blood Charles!"

"Where is he?" bellowed Broadwater, who had come to a stand on seeing the boatswain, but who now gathered himself together afresh for a spring on deck.

"Hold, sir!" cried Gordon, "hold! hear me out. For God Almighty's sake deal with them as though an ill word now should turn 'em all into wild beasts! Mr. Musgrave—sir—you've been to sea. You know that when sailor-men are ripe for mischief the sight and smell of blood will change the most peaceable of them into devils. Tell the captain this, sir! beg him to listen to me, sir, or there'll be not a life of one of us now here collected as'll stand the chance of that flame there if you was to try and blow it out."

"Captain," said I, half wild with the thoughts such talk as this put into my head, as I looked for an instant at Miss Grant to mark what effect the incoherent consternation of the boatswain produced upon her, "you must listen to this man. He has something to tell you. There are three of us; I have weapons of my own, and you will not be without arms." And with that I grasped him by the arm, with a quick sense of satisfaction coming to me, somehow or other, out of the feel of the mass of muscle my fingers gripped, and shoved him toward a locker. He sat down, with his face as dark as the stain on the cabin-deck, without speaking, with fixed glare of his little eyes at Gordon, and a kind of suffocated heaving of his breast.

"Now, Gordon!" I exclaimed.

"Captain," he said, "this is how it happened. Charles, the half-blood, was at the wheel. When you went below, the mate"—here he turned his eyes with a sickly roll upon the body, and a sharp catching of his breath—"came up to me, and talked of the craft that had nearly run us down. He spoke in a passion, gave me hard words—told me I had no eyes, wasn't fit to take charge of the deck, and swore cruelly that he'd reckon his own eyesight to have been blasted if he'd have missed the shadow long afore they showed the binnacle-light over the side. We argued, and I fell as hot as he. After a long spell of jawing he went forra'ds, and I heard him talking to some of the men there. His words went with a snap in them—bitter, hard words they was, sir!—a sight too fierce for flesh and blood; and the men took courage, I suppose, from the blackness and gave it him back, till forra'ds it grew into a whole growl of curses, and then," he continued, with another sickened look at at the figure, "he steps aft, threatening them with a hundred work-up jobs for to-morrow. He comes up to me, and lets fly again. He talked as if he hadn't his right mind, and I tell ye that I peered for the gleam of a knife in his hand, dark as it was, for he acted as if he was going to run amuck. It was his watch below; there was nothing to keep him on deck; while, if I couldn't boast of his education, there was nothing on God's ocean in the seafaring line as he was competent to teach me." He cast another look of dismay and disgust at the dead man, and stopped to take breath.

"I could follow him," continued Gordon, "by the white of his shirt a-flitting about the deck, and after a bit he walks to the wheel where Charles was, and spoke to him. There was some muttering; then I heard him"—pointing with his finger at the body without looking at it—"talking shrill as a fish-wife, while the half-blood answered sulkily, as a man struggling with his temper; and this went on till, of a sudden, Mr. Bothwell made the cry ye must have heard, and before I could run aft he had slipped to the companion, where I lost sight of him. I found the wheel deserted. The half-blood had gone forward in the murky blackness along the line of the larboard bulwarks, and though I noticed the slapping of shoes, yet, not seeing him, I supposed he was still at the helm. I holloaed for some one to lay aft and take the wheel. The moment he came, I says, 'Where's Charles?' 'In the fo'k'sle,' he answers. 'What's he done?' says I, for I couldn't guess at the truth of the matter from the noise of Mr. Bothwell's yell. 'He's knifed the mate,' says he. 'How do you know that?' says I. 'Why,' he says, 'afore dropping down the scuttle he sings out, "Nat—Dan—Terence—is there e'er a one of you on deck?" 'I am,' says I. "By God!" says he, "the mate'll trouble us no more; my knife has found his heart out? It'll be the skipper's turn next!" '"

"When I heard this," continued Gordon, throwing a look up the companion-ladder as if he suspected listeners there, "I went forra'ds, put my head into the scuttle, and called to Charles. He answered without showing himself. I says, 'In God's name, what have you gone and done? 'I've sent a villain to hell!' he answers, 'let him come back if he can.' Some of the chaps laughed at this. They had trimmed the fo'k'sle lamps afresh, and all hands seemed wide awake, as no doubt they would be after the row of the pig and the danger we scraped clear of; but I tell ye, Captain Broadwater," he continued, with another look up to the ladder, "that there was a sound in them men's laughter which gave me to know that a cask of gunpowder, with the head knocked off lying clear for the first spark, wouldn't be a bigger danger in the hold of this vessel than's her fo'k'sle to her as it now stands, sir."

He paused, dried his face on a great blue handkerchief, and then went on speaking, hurridly. "I says, 'Charles, you must come out of that! No use skulking below. There's no stabbing men in this here craft and lying snug after it. Up with ye now! —don't give me the trouble to fetch ye.' He bawled out a curse, keeping hidden all the time. I put my leg over, but ere I could lift the other, four or five men sprang under the hatch, and one of them said: 'See here, Mr. Gordon. We don't owe you no grudge. These are your quarters as they are ourn; but the man's not to be touched. Understand that! By the eternal! If so be a finger's laid upon him the capt'n 'll answer for it with his life! so aft with ye, sir, and give him this piece of news from the fo'k'sle.' I got out of the hatch, and came away to tell ye what's happened."

I had made up my mind to offer no suggestions, and so contented myself with watching Broadwater, wondering what measures such a head as his would be able to devise for the remedying of the horrible mess into which he and his mate had plunged us. He seemed to wake up when the boatswain ceased, and fell to pacing the cabin in silence, measuring twenty or thirty strides before he spoke. He then said: "Better return on deck, Mr. Gordon, and look after the brig, sir. Send Billy here." Broadwater resumed his walk.

One wants a paint brush instead of a quill for such a picture as this. The dead body of the mate; Miss Grant motionless and composed; the short, square, muscular figure of Broadwater pacing the length of the cabin, staring ahead of him with the blind, wooden look of a figure-head; the play of shadows set dancing by the lamp; the midnight silence on deck; the soft, washing sound of water running in some sobbing black fold along the bends; the creak and jar of the fabric as she rolled on the light swell, with many a muffled note like the short laughs or sullen grumblings of a company of giants below, stealing to our ear from the freighted hold—I say there is nothing in ink to give you the color, the horror, the strangeness of this picture.

TURA'S FAIRY WIFE.

A Pretty Polynesian Legend--Why Gray Hair Shocked an Immortal.

Tura, coming from over seas, found himself in a land named Otea, and leaving his canoe, journeyed inland. Traveling through the dense forest, he saw fairies sitting in the flowers of the climbing plants and swinging on the lianas which trailed from the high boughs across the vistas of the wood. These faries were curiously-shaped beings, having small heads and large bodies, while their hands and feet were attached to limbs so short that they seemed as if extruding from their bodies.

Tura had brought with him the sticks wherewith fire is produced by friction, and he proceeded to kindle a fire and to cook some food, much to the astonishment of the fairies who had always consumed their food in its natural state. Tura fell in love with one of the fairy women and married her. His wife reciprocated his affection and they lived happily together; but one day, when the elfin spouse was combing out her husband's hair, she suddenly cried out:

"Oh, Tura, what is this white hair among the black ones?"

He told her that it was the sign of age and of approaching decay, the forerunner of death. Then his wife wept bitterly and refused to be comforted. It is a touching story, the sudden surprise and grief of this child of the immortals on her discovery of that which to us, poor sons of clay, is so common and obtrusive a fact.

The old legend has given rise to a proverb saying, "the weeds of Tura," as a synonymous expression for gray hair.

Pandora's Box.

Pandora was the first woman on earth, according to the Greeks. The name means "all gifted." Aphrodite (Venus) gave her beauty, Hermes (Mercury) gave her boldness and cunning, and each of the gods gave her some gift by which she should bring misery to man. Her husband had a jar in his house, which Pandora opened; from it escaped all the miseries and ills of mankind. Pandora closed it again just in time to prevent Hope from escaping also. According to later writers, Pandora brought down with her from Heaven a box, given by the gods with instructions not to open it; her curiosity overcame her, and she opened it with the result above described. Later writers say that the box contained blessings for mankind, and that all of them escaped except Hope.—*New York Sun.*

HUMOROUS.

It is a wise hen that knows her own set.

The cyclone actually takes a town by storm.

No man is a hero to his valet. He is a martyr.

Merit may win, but it makes awfully slow time.

A progressive spirit.—The alcohol in the thermometer.

The prettiest thing in gloves is the pretty hand of a pretty girl.

The man who lives by his wits seldom finds that life is a joke.

The music of a drum is always on tap, usually with a "stick" in it.

The saddest feature of the day we celebrate is the week we recuperate.

Time is money, but we never realize it until we have to pay for some one else's.

The wise man is not disposed to father every idea that "pops" into his head.

The angler first lies in wait for his catch and then lies in the weight of his catch.

When a baby gets a feather in its throat the mother feels down in the mouth.

Do not imagine that the young lady means yes when she nods after midnight.

The man who carries his heart on his sleeve doesn't display an equal amount of brain.

When some men discharge an obligation you can hear the report for miles around.

Ideas are like beards; men not having any until they grow up, and women none at all.

"Though I speak but one language, I am familiar with many tongues, said the physician.

An Albany man recently stole an eight-day clock. The judge made it ten days for him.

An economical bartender can make two lemonades with one lemon, but it is a tight squeeze.

Man may want but little here below, but he usually keeps up a fearful kicking unless he gets it.

"I get your views," said the sheriff as he proceeded to seize the photographer's stock in trade.

Sunshine is better than medicine, and you don't have to pay a $1.50 for five cents worth of it, either.

A carpenter may be a first-class boarder, and yet be very far from finding favor in the eyes of his landlady.

"I hear Gus is going to get married."
"Yes."
"Is he in love?"
"No; in debt."

When a girl is in love she inevitably compares the object of her affections to the heroes of all the novels she reads—greatly to the heroes' disadvantage.

Judge—I understand that you prefer charges against this man?

Grocer—No, sir; I prefer cash, and that's what I had him brought here for.

Maybe there is something worse than electricity in store for the man who said that this new method of capital punishment is revolting.

The girl with money can have anything she likes. She can also have anything she loves.

"Young Chumpleigh is quite versatile, isn't he?" "I guess so; he never does anything right."

WOMEN writers are doing an immensity of excellent work on the New York *Press*. It is always gratifying to find a new field for woman's wit, intelligence and industry and, not counting the woman's column especially, but the ordinary ongoings of a well-conducted newspaper office, it is found that in many respects women are quite the peers of their brothers of the quill. The best writer on horses and cattle in New York is Miss Midy Morgan of the *Times;* among the best describers of race horses, race tracks and races Mrs. Elizabeth Tompkins. It would be difficult to find in any journal of to-day more interesting matter than that furnished to *The Recorder* daily by the Marquise de Fontenoy; or its Woman's Page, edited by Mrs. E. P. Heaton And so it goes greatly to the satisfaction of all men who believe in the brainy equality of the sexes and the social superiority of that which is ordinarily denominated the weaker of the two.

"We must draw a line somewhere," muttered the leaders of a vigilance committee as he looked for a limb to throw the rope over preparatory to putting an end to a horse thief.

Henry—Don't you think Stella has a fine complexion?
May—Yes; I selected it for her myself before we left New York.

"German Syrup"

J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Eufaula, Ala.: "My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of Boschee's German Syrup. I can recommend it without hesitation." Chronic severe, deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Boschee's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted as this lad was, will do well to make a note of this.

An Episcopal Rector.

J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn. writes: I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior.

G. GREEN Sole Man'fr Woodbury N. J.

The Elixir

Of life, is what my wife and I call Hood's Sarsaparilla. She was in delicate health two years, at last confined to her bed, caused by dyspepsia and neuralgia. She has taken three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and has regained her health and strength, can eat anything without distress." S. STOVER, Ex.-U. S. Marshal, Charlestown, Jefferson County, W. Va.

N. B. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best blood purifier, the best nerve helper the best strength builder.

HOOD'S PILLS—Invigorate the liver, regulate the bowels. Effective, but gentle. Price 25c.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

A FLOWERY EMPIRE.

Many of our most beautiful garden shrubs and greenhouse plants come from the East, notably China and Japan, where chrysanthemums, asters, azaleas, etc., are brought to perfection.

Concerning the beauty of the gardens in Japan, Helen Thompson in the Brooklyn *Magazine* says:

The Spring and Summer in Japan is full of picturesque beauty, and yields an atmosphere of delicious comfort. The skies drop gladness, and the earth teems with lovelness. Its garden pictures are enchanting as a kaleidoscope. The terraced hillsides rank with verdure, vie with wheat-fields bending 'neath their load of grain; some just cut and supplanted by rice, in fields flooded with water, while others, green with the tender shoots, are ready for transplanting. When the seasons are unusually dry nothing is left to suffer. The reservoirs are so large, and the irrigating system so complete, that Japan's wondrous garden smiles on beneath scorching rays.

The trees of Japan are a wonder. Here is the "mocknngi," with its purple, bell-shaped flowers; also the magnolia, with its rich white and purple clusters. Queen among the trees towers the camellia. Some of these are sixty feet high, and are covered with blossoms from January to May, of many varieties, from the large pure white, resembling a double rose, to various shades of pink and red. The cherry and plum trees are cultivated solely for their blossoms, and are trees of rare beauty. The former grows thirty feet high and as many broad, its branches covered with red and white flowers, two inches in diameter and perfuming the air at a great distance. Its petals of snow and cream, falling in showers, spread many a carpet for the feet on the stone-paths leading to the temples, verifying the native poet when he says: "There are snow showers which do not descend from the skies." The plum tree is par excellence the poet's tree. Often it is seen standing leafless in the snow, yet adorned with blossoms like a bride. The tree bursts into soft clouds of bloom and fragrance in February but without leaves.

Along the hillsides, maples and pines are covered with vines of exquisite loveliness, trailing and intertwining with bewildering intricacy; among these are the wistaria and thumberg'a, with their purple stars and tufts. From the verdant valleys to the tops of the mountains are seen lilies, pinks, and roses of endless variety. The grass is studded, and flowers spring even from the quaint, artistic thatched roofs of the tea houses, asking leave only to draw and bless the light. These tea houses seem idyllic. They are a national institution, for they are everywhere, as the people are everywhere; along the city streets, by the roadside, in the groves, woods, parks, valleys and up the mountain side.

"Mignonette's meek, humble form,
Without one tint upon her modest garb,
To draw the idle stare of wandering eyes; rich
In precious fragrance is that lovely one,
So loved for her sweet qualities, that I
Should woo her first amid a world of flowers."

It is a little more than a century ago since the mignonette was brought to us from Egypt, blooming from early Spring to late Autumn in the open garden and of most delicious fragrance, it is a universal favorite. Indeed Mr. Henderson, the noted florist, considers it the most popular annual grown.

Having but its perfume to attract our notice, the Turks who are famous for associating sentiment with flowers attribute to it the language, "Your qualities surpass your charms," thus making it the emblem of one who without claim to beauty attracts by those qualities which command respect and affection.

The blooming of this plant may be delayed until winter and it is said that by proper means it may converted into a ligneous plant, so as to form a small shrub and live for years.

There are several species, white, red, yellow and the Machet, a dwarf French variety which is considered one of the very best.

A writer in *Gardening Illustrated* some years ago gave careful directions for winter blooming of this favorite flower:

I take it for granted that every one who loves flowers would wish to extend the season in which the fragrance of Mignonette may be enjoyed, and I am sure that were it more generally known how easy it is to have it in bloom in winter, few windows would be without it. It is merely a matter of sowing some seed at the proper time, and sheltering the plants from cold and damp, and Mignonette but little inferior to that grown in the summer season may be had in winter. Put a good-sized crock in the bottom of a four and a half inch pot, with a pinch of soot therein to keep worms out; fill the pot with good fine soil to within half an inch of the rim, make the surface firm and water moderately. Sow the seed thinly and place it in a shady position till it germinates, after which time the young plants should get all the air and sun they can. The last week in August and the first week in September form the seasons for sowing for winter bloom, and it is as well to sow two or three pots at intervals, as the character of the autumn will determine the time of the plants coming into flower. When very fine, the August sowings are apt to come into flower by the beginning of the winter, and when rather under the average in this respect, as regards warmth, the later sowings do not come into flower till the season is well advanced. Five plants will be enough to each pot, and when they are four inches or so in height, four slender stakes should be inserted round the pot and a piece of fine raffia passed from one to the other, which will keep the growing shoots in place. From the time they begin to grow freely, attend well to the watering, for if they suffer from want of moisture at the root, the lower leaves are sure to turn yellow, and Mignonette loses half its beauty when not well clothed with healthy foliage to the rim of the pot. At the same time, some care is needful not to make the soil sour by watering when unnecessary. A cool room is the place for Mignonette in winter, as it dislikes warmth and much confinement. An enemy which attacks Mignonette, and soon ruins good plants if left alone, is a green caterpillar, so much the color of the foliage that a sharp eye is required to detect it. If not discovered, one will destroy a pot of Mignonette in a single night. When the plants are housed it is quite small, and only comes to full size during the winter, and, concealing itself on the undersides of the leaves, it is not seen unless sought for there.

—Corrigan's Hawthorne track has closed, the losses of the meeting having been about $60,000.

A woman "run-down," overworked, weak, nervous and debilitated—that's a woman that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is made for. It gives her health and strength. All woman's weaknesses and all woman's ailments are cured by it. It's a legitimate medicine—not a beverage; an invigorating, restorative tonic and a soothing and strengthening nervine, free from alcohol and injurious drugs. It imparts tone and vigor to the whole system.

For all functional irregularities, periodical pains, organic displacements and uterine diseases, it's a positive remedy.

And a *guaranteed* one. If it doesn't give satisfaction, in every case, the money paid for it is refunded. No other medicine for women is sold on these terms. That's because nothing else is "just as good." Perhaps the dealer will offer something that's "better." He means that it's better for *him*.

IMPURE BLOOD.

Nearly all diseases of long standing have their origin in the unnatural and unhealthy condition of the blood, or as this condition is very properly denominated, impure blood. Inflammations of long standing, rheumatic pains, lingering and scrofulous diseases and all skin diseases, such as eruptions, pimples, and blotches, are all caused by impurities in the blood. If the blood flows through the vessels in a pure, fresh and powerful stream, it carries to every part of the body and to every organ new and fresh vitality and carries the waste matter away from them. The chief care of parents who are desirous of promoting the physical well-being of their children should therefore be to guard the tender bodies of their children against susceptibility to the attack of germs of all kinds of diseases through impure blood. It is a well known fact that people young as well as old whose blood circulates freely can expose themselves with impunity to the dangers of contagion, while persons with impure blood will succumb to it at the first opportunity. All skin diseases in particular are the consequence of impure blood. No matter how many external remedies may be applied they will always return as long as the blood remains impure though they may disappear for a time. Scrofula and scrofulous diseases such as swellings of the glands, boils and abscesses cannot be eradicated with salves and ointments so long as the blood remains in its impure state. They will disappear however by themselves when the blood flows fresh and pure. For that reason a remedy that will remove all impurities from the blood which so rapidly deteriorates it in children, must be regarded as a genuine blessing for the human race. Such a remedy is now offered us in the St Bernard Vegetable Pills. They are prepared exclusively from wholesome medicinal herbs of the Alps and should be kept on hand in every house as the first and foremost family medicine. A few St. Bernard Pills taken at the right time may prevent much suffering and large doctor's and druggist's bills. They can be obtained of every first class druggist. If your druggists haven't them, send 25c. to ST. BERNARD, B. 3. 24.6, New York City, and you will receive same by return mail.

PILES ANAKESIS gives instant relief and is an INFALLIBLE CURE for PILES. Prices $1; at druggists', or by mail. Samples *free*. Address; "Anakesis," Box 2416, New York City.

CHARCOAL TABLETS

Sure Cure for Bad Breath, Sour Stomach, Headache, Dyspepsia, Heart Burn, all Bilious and Malarial Affections of the Stomach. Wholesale Tonic in Malarious Districts. Chemically prepared from purest charcoal of the willow. Guaranteed to be perfectly pure. Price only 25 cts. per box sent by mail.

BUTLER'S PHARMACY, Broadway and Bartlett Street, New York.

"He sat on my joke."
"That was safe."
"Safe?"
"Yes. There wasn't any point to it."

Will Fight to a Finish.

As long as the fight lasts among the wall paper manufacturers, the Fidelity Wall Paper Co., of No. 12 N. 11th St., Philadelphia, will give the public the advantage of the drop in prices. We get this from them direct. Send four two cent stamps for samples of their 8, 10 and 12 cent gilts.

Nicaragua is the largest of the Central American States. Area, 51,600 miles.

Diseases Many, Causes Few.

All functual diseases are attended with congestion and torpor of one or more of the great organs of digestion, nutrition and excretion and the only known combination of safe and effective medicine able to restore healthy action to the liver, kidneys, bowels, lungs and skin is the old time honored pill of our fathers, St. Bernard Vegetable Pill, approved by all schools of medicine. A sample of St. Bernard Vegetable Pills will be sent *free* to all applicants. Address St. Bernard, Box 2416, New York.

When a man overflows with animal spirits the animal represented is generally of the long-eared kind.

"Helped His Lungs and Stomach."

PETERSBURG, ILL., March 13, 1890.

That you may think I am trying to deceive you in regard to your medicine Floraplexion, I will explain. Wishing to patronize my druggist (Mr. Watkins), I had him send for 6 bottles. I am now on my fifth bottle, and it has helped me wonderfully in my lungs, stomach and nerves. M. J. FATLETT.

Floraplexion 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.

The words "sunstoke" and "nervous prostration" cover a multitude of plain drunks in the summer season.

For a 2c. stamp, sent with address to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., ladies will receive free, a beautiful illustrated book, "Guide to Health and Etiquette."

Last year the imports of cheese from Canada into England exceeded fifty thousand tons.

RUPTURE. I, Jacob Gensheimer, of Clayton, N. J., have been thoroughly cured of my rupture by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phila. I do the hardest kind of lifting and wear no truss. Go to see him. Dr. Mayer also gives treatment at Hotel Penn, Reading, Pa., on the 2d Saturday and following Sunday of each month.

An egg pickling concern in Michigan has over half a million of the fruit stored away in vats.

How a Student Makes Money.

DEAR READERS—I am able to pay my board and tuition, wear good clothes and have money in my pocket by spending my odd hours and vacations plating jewelry and tableware and selling plateers. I have made $20 per day; never less than $4. I paid $5 for my plater to H. K. Deino & Co., Columbus, O. Any one can profit by my experience by writing there for circulars. A STUDENT.

Eda Davis, a child, fell over a precipice 150 feet high, in Washington, and was only slightly hurt.

PICKLES AND CATSUPS.

MIXED PICKLES.—Take one peck of green tomatoes, sliced, five large onions, chopped, and one head of celery, picked up fine. Put in a jar or earthen bowl with salt sprinkled evenly through. Let them stand 24 hours, then drain thoroughly and boil fifteen minutes in two quarts of water and one quart of vinegar. In a porcelain kettle put four quarts of vinegar, two pounds of brown sugar, half a pound of white mustard seed, two tablespoons of cinnamon, one tablespoon of cloves, two tablespoons of ground mustard; when hot add the vegetables, which have been well drained, and cook together ten minutes.

PICCALILLI.—Take one peck of green tomatoes, ten onions, one cauliflower and one peck of small cucumbers. Slice the tomatoes and drain through a coarse linen bag. Pick up the cauliflower (a head of cabbage chopped can be substituted) and chop the onions. Mix altogether. Sprinkle half a pint of salt over them and let it stand until next day. Mix together one pound of white mustard seed, one ounce of whole cloves, one ounce of cinnamon broken up fine, two ounces of whole peppers. Add to the vegetables half a teacup of grated horseradish and place them in a porcelain kettle in alternate layers with the spices, cover with cold vinegar and boil ten minutes, stirring constanly. After putting in a jar, cover with green horseradish leaves and an inverted plate.

GREEN TOMATO CATSUP.—Take one peck of green tomatoes, ten large onions and half a pint of salt. Chop the tomatoes and onions and thoroughly mix; then place in an earthen dish in layers with the salt and let them remain twenty-four hours. Mix together one-fourth of a pound of white mustard seed, one tablespoon of allspice, one of cloves, one of ground mustard, one of ginger, two of black pepper, and a half a pound of brown sugar. Put the vegetables, after being drained, in a porcelain kettle, add the spice mixture, cover with vinegar and boil slowly two hours, stirring almost constantly.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Slice up one peck of ripe tomatoes; boil until tender and drain through a wire sieve. Add to them one tablespoon of ground cloves, one of allspice, two of cinnamon, one teaspoon of cayenne pepper, two tablespoons of salt, two of ground mustard and one pint of vinegar. Boil slowly three hours, stirring often.

PLUM CATSUP.—Wash and cook one peck of sour blue plums until tender; then sift through a wire sieve. Add half a pound of sugar, one pint of vinegar, two tablespoons of ground cinnamon, one of mace, and one of allspice. Cook together slowly for two hours.

SPICED TOMATOES.—Scald and peel one peck of ripe tomatoes. Add four pounds of brown sugar, and one quart of vinegar, two tablespoons of cinnamon, one of cloves, one of mace and one of allspice. Boil slowly two hours stirring often.—*Catherine Johnson, in Agriculturist.*

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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PEN, INK, AND PAPER.

ADELAIDE L. ROUSE.

I spent a month with Elmira last summer. Elmira is an excellent housekeeper; her bread is perfect, her linen is as white as snow, and she has a place for everything and everything in its place, except pen and ink. A trifling exception, you may think, in an otherwise perfect *menage*, but it did not seem trifling to John one hot, sticky July day. John is Elmira's husband, and one of the most patient of men; but let the most patient man in existence leave his haying and come to the house with a neighbor to sign a paper, if pen and ink are missing the chances are that something will be said that would not look well in print.

John came in with a neighbor who was to sign a receipt. He went to the sitting room closet, where writing materials are found when an occasional letter is written (their's is not a literary household); he found a bottle of ink, mostly dried away, and a penholder minus a pen. Elmira's hands were in the bread, but she ran in answer to John's call. After some searching in a jar of lamplighters a pen was found and fitted in a holder. The ink was improved by the adition of a few drops of water, and as no other paper was at hand a leaf was cut from one of the children's copybooks. John wrote the receipt, stopping once to remove a hair from his pen, and as he had no blotter he passed the damp paper to his neighbor, who wrote his name and blotted it with his square thumb, and then wiped the thumb on his hair. After John had made the remarks alluded to, and vowed that if he lived through haying he'd have a place under lock and key where he could find writing materials without scouring the neighborhood for them, Elmira went on with her bread, John returned to his hayfield, and I, who had always lived with writing materials at my elbow, made a mental memorandum of the incident for future use.

Elmira's is not the only household where it is a work of time to "drum up" the necessary things to do a bit of writing, and oftentimes when these are found a table must be cleared to write on. How much trouble and friction would be saved if there could be a desk in the living room filled with everything needful. The key should hang over it, and every member of the family should have access to it. It should be supplied with paper and envelopes of different sizes, postal cards, stamps, pens, ink, both red and black pencils, eraser, mucilage, paper cutter, cards, a box of rubber straps, and one of "H" fasteners, newspaper wrappers, and if possible a scales for weighing letters. There might also be a ball of cord, wrapping-paper, pasteboard for doing up photographs, and all the paraphernalia for wrapping up packages.

If such a store of conveniences was at hand how many thing that are neglected would be done at once. The acknowledgment for the little gift would not be delayed till you are almost ashamed to send it; the paper you marked to send to a friend would go at once if you could lay your hand on a stamped and glued wrapper; it would not be such a task to mail that photograph or the little package if that ever-handy desk stood in the room. Of course it will cost something to get a desk and stock it, but many of the things will last a long time, and it will pay in the saving of time and temper. —*Agriculturist.*

Causes no Nausea.

Dr. Hoxsie's Certain Croup Cure is universally conceded to be the only sure and safe remedy for croup or sold. It speedily allays inflammation to throat or lungs. Sold by druggists, or address A. P. Hoxsie, Buffalo, N. Y. Price 50cts.

A Floor of Gems.

The following description of what may be seen in the Colorado Desert where the inland sea has appeared of which so much has been said of late is from the Boston *Transcript*. It reads like a description of the valley of gems in the Arabian Nights:

The northern portion of the desert is paved with the most wonderful pebbles in the world—in many parts so exquisitely laid as to defy successful imitation by