HE CAME OUT OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

There is a small town in North Carolina, near the boundary line of Virgina, that is noted as a railroad junction, seven different roads meeting there. Doubtless people are born, live and die in Weldon with independent histories, but the outside world only speaks of the town in this way, "Did you make the connection at Weldon?"

There was a disjointed period when it seemed exceptional to make this necessary connection promptly, in travelling South, and it was my lot to miss it by half an hour. They told me at the depot that there was nothing for me to do but to wait twenty-four hours at the hotel. The one I hit upon proved very dreary, having the barren air of a restaurant in which no one has stayed long enough to make it feel inhabited. To add to the loneliness, the rain was pouring down in great torrents outside, and the only books I could discover in the hotel parlor were a ponderous gilt-edged Bible, a moth-eaten copy of "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy," "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted" and some old census reports.

I cherished my fascinating illusions about the South; its romantic social life beckoned to me invitingly through the perfumed vistas of orange groves to come on and get initiated into the beguiling ways of dark-eyed women with soft speech, and a strong under-tow of easy-going men, whose chivalric dalliance formed but a light coating for the volcanic energies of Cœur de Lion. I loved this land of extremes, but it might be a "Great Tropical Delusion" today, for all that was visible of it at Weldon. My tour must be a short one. Delay was irritating. Could nothing be done to make this day count?

Glancing at the negroes who were waiting on me at the table, I had to confess, that, though attentive, they were far from picturesque. There appeared to be a great many of them. Judging hastily from this dining-room, one might infer that the staples of the South were negroes and flies; the latter charging at me in battalions from their ambush in the fringed arsenic-green papers attached to the chandeliers. The fried chicken and corn bread, however, were compensating.

When embowered in my solitary bedroom I began to count the hours to be spent there—twenty-three; and it would be impossible to sleep away more than eleven of them.

Hark! Somebody was crooning snatches of a quaint tune in the back premises.

An idea broke in upon me—I disrobed my banjo from its "traveling ulster."

Why not spend the time learning the songs the negroes were singing over their work down in the yard and kitchen? In all the accounts of Southern life I had read in novels and magazines the negroes were represented as always singing merrily, except when they were drowsy and nodding.

I tuned the banjo; then the song stopped. Not another note did I hear for an hour; there was plenty of noise, but it came from the clatter of dishes, the slamming of doors, the steady rainfall and the shrieking of the locomotives on the seven roads.

I was not to be balked in my project. I rang for the chambermaid, and asked her to get some colored man who could sing and play the banjo to come up and give me a lesson—I would pay him well.

She first gazed at me vacantly for a moment, as if her brain were busy enlarging to receive a brand-new idea; then she grinned from ear to ear.

"Yes, miss, I'll see if I kin find you one of de good singahs; ef you had only a sont word fo' you arrove, and got it norrated roun' dat you want 'structions in de banjer—dat would 'a been de bes' way. But Louvinia 'll do de tes' she kin for you. I gwine ter be a real good darkey to you while you heah—dat I is; you can put 'pennance on dat, miss."

She talked to herself all the way down the hall about what she meant to do for my comfort while I was at the hotel.

Imagination now began to work; I expected to see a lively young fellow with laughing eyes and dancing feet ushered into my room. It would be jolly; he should teach me all he knew.

Presently a muffled knock came at my door.

"Come in!"

A large, middle-aged negro, with a very grave and very black face, stood on the threshold, making a low bow with all the "deportment" of a Turvey-drop, hat in one hand, banjo in the other. He wore a shabby blue tweed suit, his toilet getting poorer as it went down, the coat still attempting to make an impression of style, with its double row of white china buttons, the pants well patched about the knees and threadbare in spots, and the shoes broken into gaping holes, and tied with red twine strings.

"Yes, come right in. I sent for you. What's your name?"

"Simon Barjona, dat's my proper name, m'am; but dey mostly calls me Roy'l (Royal) 'bout heah, 'kase I come out o' de Roy'l fam'ly in Fahginy fo' I come to Weldon."

"I hope you are well, Royal?"

"Pretty well, m'am, cep'n I subjic' to typhoid fever and consumption; when I gets het up I is attacted wid de fever, an' ef I gets cold, I breaks out wid de consumption; but I makes out to keep a goin'; my health is tol'able good now, m'am."

"I'm glad to hear it; sit down there."

The negro looked doubtfully at the chair indicated, as if it would be disrespectful for me to take it.

"I want you to make yourself comfortable, Royal, so you can teach me some of your best songs. You sing don't you?"

"Oh, yes'm!"

"Did you ever live on a plantadon?"

"Sho'ly I did. I ain' live nowhar' else, clear o' dese las' two years I been refugeein' down heah in Weldon. I was riz on de ole Roy'l plantation, an' I nuver come away twull ole Mis' die. You heerd how she met with a turrible accident? I tole her dat was a superstitious ladder, an' she mustn't set her foot on it agin—I seen a ha'nt on dat same ladder one moonlight night in de barn. Sperrits is mighty quiet folks mostly; dey stays whar day put, dey ain't a gwine ter meet up wid you less'n dey come for 'kump'ny;—but ole Mis' she wont listen ter me, she full o' whimsiss, an' she got ter hang up dem greens wid her own hands, Christmas, an' sho' enough, she tumble down an' broke her spinal bone, so she couldn't get up no mo'!"

"Ole Mis', she set a heap o' sto' by me; white folks 'Hers did like me; I nuver had no [illegible] an' coggin', 'kase dey soon see t[illegible] people's property aint got no chewins for my principles an' character. I bewar' 'o covishness, I does. I too much enamoled wid Christianity for dat. Well, w'en dey sell de ole place, I coms down heah ter work on de railroad; but dey tu'n me off las' wintah when dey done layin' de new track. I keep a hangin' on, a hopin' to git sump'n ter do on de road agin—but I got to scratch roun' an' make out ter live in de meantime."

"What are you doing now?"

"I aint got no speshual employmun, M'am: only w'at I kin pick up a whitewash'n an' a mendin' cha'rs an' tables at de hotel, w'en dey gits so onsteadfas' can't do nuffin wid 'em. Times is gittin' harder ev'y day now." He scratched his head and looked down on the floor with a becoming reserve.

"Have you any family?"

"Yessum, I has had consid'able family;—my wife she present me wid fo' o' de fines' an' de blackes' niggah babies in the State o' Fahginy, fo' de wah, an' to make shorts out of a mighty long tale—we raised 'em all, 'an dey tu'nd out scamps, dey did, its de naked trufe, an' its a scannel an' a shame. I ain' kep' track of all of 'em. I don't wan't hear no mo' 'bout 'em. I ain' got much use for niggahs no how." He gave a deep sigh. "Den after all our sufferment, de Lawd he greed ter make a compromise, an' he sont down a l'il lamb f'om de gret white frone, ter be de pride of our life. Dat was des fo' years ago, she come like de las' button off Gabe's collar, after Tiddy done give de cradle away,—oh, dat blessed l'il gal!"

Royal's voice quivered with a mysterious parental tenderness, and there was a moist look in his eyes. "But my memb[illegible] gittin' slack, — w'at kinder song [illegible], yo' want yo' humblin' servant teach yo'?"

"I'd rather *you* should choose one."

With a firm, solemn chord or two, he preluded a strangely stirring hymn I had never heard before. What a roll and volume of sound he brought out of his dilapidated banjo, as he sang this "Old Ship Zion!"

Royal's voice showed no signs of the consumption it was subject to; it was rich and deep beyond a suggestion of fatigue.

When the hymn ceased, I said—"'The Old Ship Zion' is very fine, I am glad to hear it, but it's not exactly the kind I'd rather learn from you—I can find that in a book somewhere. Let me have some of your regular plantation tunes that you used to sing at corn-shuckings."

He hesitated a moment, with a reluctant air. "Seem lak' I kinder tu'n ter de hymn chunes ter day, lady, des natchul, but I mus' try to please yo'. How yo' lak' dis one?"

"Look-a-look-a-heah, look-a-look a whar!
Look-a-look away o' yander!
Don't you see the old gray goose
A smilin' at de gandah?
Unh unh um, a low down!
Unh unh um, a low down!
Unh unh um, a low down!
Johnny come down de hollow!

A settin' on a' ole gum log,
A lookin' for his dahtah,
Terrapin crope up behine dat frog
An' pushed him into de watah.
Unh unh um, a low down!
Unh unh um, a low down!
Unh unh um, a low down!
Johnny come down de hollow.

Oh, de squirrel am got de bushy tail,
De possum tail am bar',
De raccoon tail am ringall 'roun',
An' stumpy am de tail ob de har'!
Unh unh um, a low down!
Unh unh um, a low down!
Unh unh um, a low down!
Wooow! Johnny come down de hollow!"

I laughed and clapped heartily—"Splendid! Just the thing. I'll put the words down right away"—taking a pencil and sheet of paper out of my satchel. "Now say the first words over."

"Look-a-look a heah, look-a-look a whar?" he repeated; "set that down in yo' rememberandum book."

Then when I had all the words before me I began to sing them as well as I could, with a random accompaniment on my banjo. How weak and thin my imitation!

Royal wriggled in his seat—"Scuse me ef I distup' you, m'am, but you don't screech mo'n half loud enough; des make up yo' mind ter take de roof off—dis way—'wooow!'"

He opened his mouth like a yawning cavern. "'Johnny, come down de hollow!' Strike t'err string dar, dat off string yandah, pull on it lak yo' boun' ter rip de insides outen de banjer. You is as well built a lady as ever I see; don't be skeered o' yo' own voice—des holler 'wooow!' wid de bes' of 'em. Dat's some better." After I had gone over the song twice, "Don' yo' be disencouraged; ef I had yo' two or free days I'd make a fust-rate singin' bird out o' yo'. Can't yo' lay yo' plans ter stay awhile in Weldon?"

"Stay here, in this place? no indeed!"

"Dat w'at dey all say dat has ter stop heah—dey swivetin' to git on."

"I wish you'd let me have your banjo to carry away with me, Royal, and take mine in place of it. Perhaps I could learn to play if I had yours."

He glanced down lovingly at his, as a parent regards an afflicted child. "Laws, ma'am! dis heah instrumen' ain' wuf shucks 'long side o' yourn; can't tell me nuffin' 'bout him; I knows dis banjer inside and out; didn't dese hands make him f'om de wud go? He gittin' ole an' shreaky, He don't hold he age as good as he marster, but I got ottached to him, somehow. I don't want ter part wid him twell dey gives me a harp ter play on, up in de New Jerusalem. I made dis here banjer on de old Roy'l plantation w'en I was co'tin' Tildy. Dat 'oman—she gwine ter stick to me clean fru' twell de crack o' doom—I nuver had no wife like her."

After strumming at "Look-a-look a heah" awhile longer, I said, "Can't you sing me another one, now, Royal?"

He turned his eyes to the ceiling with an abstracted air, as though his thoughts were wandering far away from this room. There was something pathetic in his gaze, something imploring; was the man praying? His fingers strayed over the strings till they found a soft minor, and then came a tender, lingering wail that thrilled me to the core, his voice melting to the consistency of a wistful lullaby:

"Oh, Susie, oh, Susie! wouldn't you like to go
Way up in de mountains?
Dar's whar de river flow,
Oh, de hills an' de mountains will all pass away,
An' you will have a new heart again some other day!"

The music had ceased with a broken sob. Royal leaned his head against the banjo; his tears fell over the strings. "What's the matter? Poor fellow! Are you sick? Is it that you are so awfully poor? Never mind, I'll help you some."

"I mighty po', lady; dat why I 'bleege to come hea an' pick up a few cents oday; but dat ain't troublin' me now. You must 'scuse me. Roy'l heart too heavy. He can't sing no mo'. Oh, my l'il Susie! dat onlies' lamb de Lawd send me after all my mis'ry—she lying daid at home!"—Frances Albert Doughty, in the Home Magazine.

A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many without labor, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock.

WHAT HIS MIND RUNS ON.

Miss Elder (literary)—"Do you like 'Crabbe's Tales,' Mr. Hojack."

Hojack (of epicurean tastes, but somewhat puzzled)—"I can't say I do, but I'm very fond of the meat in lobsters' claws."

ASTOUNDING.

Jinks—"I was simply astounded at a doctor's bill the other day."

Filkins—"You needn't have been, they usually run up into the thousands."

Jinks—"Yes; but this one amounted to a dollar and fifty cents."

BANK TREACHERY.

"Well, I would have been engaged now if it had not been for my chaperon."

"Did she interfere?"

"Yes; she became engaged to him herself."

It now requires but thirteen pounds of water converted into steam with a pressure of 175 to 200 pounds in the boiler to secure one horse-power with a triple expansion engine. By the use of one-third more coal the pressure in the boiler and the horse-power can be doubled.

Our poor relations annoy us; we annoy our [illegible]es.

[illegible]rtant Difference.

To make it apparent to thousands, who think themselves ill, that they are not affected with any disease, but that the system simply needs cleansing, is to bring comfort home to their hearts, as a costive condition is easily cured by using Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

A Californian is going to start an elephant ranch. He intends to train the elephants to pick oranges and hire them out to orange growers.

Mr. John C. Ferman, Albion, Illinois, writes on Jan. 16th, 1891: "My wife has been a great sufferer from headaches for over 20 years, and your Bradycrotine is the only medicine that has ever relieved her. I can get you all the recommendations you want from here. We take great pleasure in recommending it on all occasions. Fifty cents.

An Oil City (Penn.) snake's eyes, on being photographed, showed an exact reproduction of the face of the farmer who had killed it.

Ladies employed in fashionable stores, whose duties keep them standing all day, should send two 2c. stamps to Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for "Guide to Health and Etiquette."

A Texan's pony found the watch his master had lost and brought it to him in his mouth.

"History Repeats Itself."

And so does Hood's Sarsaparilla in the remarkable cures it is continually accomplishing. If you will give this medicine a fair trial it will do you good.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet efficiently.

The flat pieces of iron shaped like the letter S which are frequently seen on the walls of old brick buildings is the ancient symbol of the sun.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years, ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says:

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887.

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen:—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions. Yours Truly,

L. L. GORSUCH, M. D.
Office, 215 Summit St.

We will give $100 for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

There are 208 students from North America at the Berlin (Germany) University.

EDGARTOW, ONTARIO, CANADA.

Messrs. P. Newstaedter & Co:

Enclosed $1.00 for St. Bernard Vegetable Pills. The samples which you sent me, have proved more efficacious than any other Pills ever used by me. Accept my best thanks for the samples. Please send me the pills as soon as possible. With best regards,

THEODORE WEGENER,

The savant Tremer has asserted his belief that the celebaated library of Ivan the Terrible was not destroyed in the burning of Moscow, Russia.

For Coughs and Throat Disorders use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. "Have never changed my mind respecting them, except I think better of that which I began by thinking well of."—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.*

William Hanks, of Los Oros, New Mexico, has three well defined tongues.

RUPTURE. I, Jacob Genschelmer, of Claytonton, 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.

A Texas man has three buttons worn by Lord Cornwalles at Yorktown, Va.

IS YOUR blood poor? Take Beecham's Pills. Is your liver out of order? Use Beecham's Pills. 25 cents a box.

The largest quadruped of California is the grizzly bear.

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.

A woman without a laugh in her is the greatest bore in existence.

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's 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A flower cannot blossom without sunshine and man cannot live without hope.

UNITED STATES COURT.

An Editor Acquitted of the Charge of Printing a Lottery Advertisement.

Joseph Mueller who was charged with having published a lottery advertisement in the *Dodge County Pioneer*, at Mayville, was acquitted in the United States Court yesterday. The case is an important victory for the Louisiana State Lottery. It was charged that a certain notice that appeared in the paper, which is a German weekly, was an advertisement under the new law forbidding the mailing of publications containing lottery advertisements. This card read as follows:

CONRAD! CONRAD! CONRAD!

CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

While it is true that I have been elected president of the Louisiana State Lottery company, vice M. A. Dauphin, deceased, I am still president of the Gulf Coast Ice and Manufacturing company, and all orders for material, machinery, etc., as well as other business letters should be addressed to me as before. PAUL CONRAD, box 1,358, New Orleans.

Gen. E. S. Bragg, of Fond du Lac, defended Mueller, arguing that the advertisement did not come within the scope of the statute. The jury was out but a few minutes.—*Milwaukee, (Wis.) Sentinel, Feb. 4.*

"German Syrup"

Boschee's German Syrup is more successful in the treatment of Consumption than any other remedy prescribed. It has been tried under every variety of climate. In the bleak, bitter North, in damp New England, in the fickle Middle States, in the hot, moist South—everywhere. It has been in demand by every nationality. It has been employed in every stage of Consumption. In brief it has been used by millions and its the only true and reliable Consumption Remedy.

AMERICAN CATARRH CURE
1 Bottle Convinces
Stops the dropping in the throat in one week; restores the hearing and sense of smell; removes bad breath and headaches. Prepared by Dr. WM. R. JONES, Specialist, 48 N. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by druggists or mailed to any address for $1. Testimonials, symptom blanks and advice free. 27 years' experience, write him regarding your case.
AMERICAN NEURALGIA CURE
A quick, positive CURE, 25 Cents.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA
BREAKFAST.
"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by grocers, labelled thus:
JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, LONDON, ENGLAND.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH
DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn off. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

PENSIONS W. H. DRUEN & CO., U. S. Pension Claim Attorneys, Philadelphia and Chicago. 30 years' practice. Soldiers, Sailors, Widows and Minors entitled. Desertion Removed. Largest business in Penna. or N. J. Advice Free. Call or write us. No fees in advance. Philadelphia Offices, corner Seventh and Sansom Streets.

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.

CAPITAL STOCK, $50,000
(FULL PAID)
CONSOLIDATED STOCK & PRODUCE CO.
Rooms 8, 9, 10 and 11,
50 NEW and 52 BROAD STS., N.Y.
Executes orders in lots of 10 shares and upwards on 2 per cent margin. Daily and weekly stock letter and book how to speculate, mailed free on application. (Special terms to out of town brokers.) Direct wires to all exchanges.

RIPANS TABULES regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, purify the blood, are safe and efficacious. The best general family medicine known for Biliousness, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Foul Breath, Headache, Heartburn, Loss of Appetite, Mental Depression, Painful Digestion, Pimples, Sallow Complexion, Tired Feeling, and every symptom or disease resulting from impaired blood, or a failure by the stomach, liver or intestines to perform their proper functions. Prompt relief to ever-eating are benefited by taking a TABULE after each meal. Price, by mail, 1 gross (144) bottles, $5. Address THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., Properties, N. Y. Agents Wanted; EIGHTY per cent profit.

FITS STOPPED FREE
Insane Persons Restored. DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER
For all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only one dose for Nervous Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. Treatises $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on this when received. P. O. and express address of patient to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
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NEVER fails, send at once and get a FREE BOTTLE of this grand relief. TRY IT. THEODR. TAFT BROS. M. CO., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

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Successfully Prosecutes Claims.
Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war. 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

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Bed WETTING CURED. No other Cure known. What we Send for $1. Usually is enough. SEND $1.00 to us. IT HAS NEVER FAILED. Union Chemical Works, Minneapolis, Minn.

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Trade-Marks, Designs, &c., protected in the United States and all foreign countries. ALEXANDER & DAVIS, Washington, D. C. Solicitors of Patents. Send for Circular.

AS INCREASE TO BOUNTY OR PENSION
Write to NATHAN RICKFORD, Washington, D. C., late of Co. B, 5th N. H. Inf. BLANKS and INFORMATION FREE. No Fee Unless Successful.

PILES! PILES!
Harmless, internal remedy. Guarantee cure. Many testimonials gladly furnished. ROGERS TABLET CO., 136 Liberty street, N.Y.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES Sure relief ASTHMA. Price 25 cts. By mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

GET WELL Health Helper tells how. 50c. a year. Send for sample. FREE Dr. J. H. DYE, Editor, Buffalo, N.Y.

FINE BLOODED CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS, Poultry, Sporting Dogs for sale. Catalogues with 150 engravings free. N. B. BOYER, Coatesville Pa.

$65 A MONTH for 3 Bright Young Men or Ladies in each county. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Phila., Pa.

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. We Want Name and Address of Every ASTHMATIC. P. Harold Hayes, M.D. BUFFALO, N.Y.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

YOUNG OR OLD WEAK MEN, who are suffering from the effects of early decay, lost manhood, nervous debility, youthful errors, etc., we will mail a reliable treatise (sealed) for home cure free. Eastern Chemical Co., Westerly, R. I.

BANJOS Guitars, Mandolines, Violins, Autoharps Band Inst. unequaled. Catalogue sent FREE. M. SLATER, 50 Vesey St., New York.

7 221

ARE YOU A HUSTLER?
THEN YOU ARE just the man we want to sell our GUARANTEED Fruit and Ornamental Stock. Outfit FREE. Cash pay every week. Address for terms, C. R. RICHARDSON & CO., Nurserymen, Geneva, N. Y.

FOR PUBLICATION ONLY.

Judge—"Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

Prisoner (haughtily)—"If I have anything to say, I'll say it in my autobiography."

Mr. George W. Hammond

of Root Post, G. A. R., of Syracuse, N. Y., Terribly Wounded at

Gettysburg

And an Intense Sufferer until

Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass:

"I was in the Army of the Potomac, and at Gettysburg was struck in the ankle by a minnie ball, which smashed the bone. My leg was amputated in the field hospital, and after a long time it healed. I was discharged and went home. After 8 years

My Wound Broke Open

afresh. Dr. Pease amputated an inch of the bone, and it healed. Four years later it once more opened, and for eight years HOW I SUFFERED! I do not believe it possible for a human being to suffer worse agony. During this time I had to go on crutches, being unable to wear a wooden leg. Whenever possible I relieved my sufferings by taking opiate, but when I was obliged to go without it, I suffered fearfully and thought I SHOULD GO CRAZY. I tried everything I could get with my limited means. Physicians said I would never be any better. Finally

Blood Became Poisoned

and it broke out all over my face and on some parts of my body so that my face is all covered with scars now. One day I read of Hood's Sarsaparilla, bought a bottle and began taking it. A week or two later, my wife in dressing my leg, said it seemed to be improving, and after taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

a few months, thank God (and I say it reverently), the sores all over my body had healed, and now, four years later, have never shown any sign of reappearing." GEO. M. HAMMOND, 219 Magnolia Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

Col. C. A. Weaver

Commander of Root Post, G. A. R., himself a one-armed veteran, fully confirms Mr. Hammond's statement, and J. L. Belden, the pharmacist, also endorses it as perfectly true.

Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache.

Sheridan's Condition Powders
MAKE HENS LAY.
If you can't get it send to us.
We mail one pack 25c. Five $1. A 5-lb. can $1.20. Six, $5. Ex. paid. Poultry Raising Guide, free, with $1 orders.
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Sure cure for Bad Breath, Sour Stomach, Headache, Dyspepsia, Heart Burn, all Bilious and Gastric Affections of the Stomach. Whitens Teeth to perfection. Price 25 cents per box sent by mail

DITMAN'S PHARMACY, Broadway and Barclay Street, New York.

Told By Old Sol's Face

The most pronounced effects of a solar disturbance are felt as it appears by the sun's rotation on its axis and as the disturbance crosses the sun's meridian. The six and a half days between appearance by rotation and meridian passage are marked by storms, auroras, heat or earthquakes. After meridian passage the storm influence of a solar disturbance appears to cease. In this use of the word storm all the other phenomena are included. All are kindred. When solar disturbances follow each other in rapid succession the storm period is prolonged. The effects of solar disturbances which break out on the sun's hemisphere turned towards us produce sudden and powerful effects in our atmosphere. Storms known as cloud bursts have been most frequently noted in connection with these sudden outbursts on the sun's face. As a rule the marks of solar disturbance cannot be seen until the storms on the earth cease. The spots form after the storm-producing eruptions.

Tornadoes are more numerous during periods of violent solar agitation. The number and violence of tornadoes are directly proportioned to the number and violence of solar disturbances. Observations made during the past winter and spring show that solar disturbances are in some cases not marked by spots until a month or two after the eruptions begin. Fifty-two days after the great storm of Jan. 9 and 10, 1889, spots appeared by the sun's rotation. Spots also appeared by rotation fifty-two days after the great Samoan hurrican of March 15 and 16, 1888, which wrecked several men-of-war in the harbor of Apia. This disturbance on the sun was followed upon reappearance on May 29 and 30 by the floods which wrecked Johnstown, Pa., and drowned Williamsport, Pa.

When solar disturbances become obscure, their storm action can be traced by counting the twenty-six day period. The solar disturbances which caused severe and widespread storms during the first eight months of 1889 are now obscure, spots being rarely seen. But there is evidence of some activity at the seat of the disturbances. Whenever violent action is resumed, our atmosphere will be vexed in proportion to the violence on the sun.

Abraham's Oak.

The old oak at Mamre in Syria, or, as it is known everywhere, "Abraham's Oak," is one of the most famous and venerable trees in the world. It is reverenced alike by Jew, Christian and Mahometan, for it is supposed to mark the spot where the patriarch pitched his tent in the desert. There is a superstition in Jerusalem, and in all the country about, that whoever shall cut or injure this tree will lose his first-born son. So for centuries it has been allowed to toss its gnarled and contorted limbs in the gales which sweep from the Mediterranean over the Syrian plains.

This tree was visited by Sir Joseph Hooker in the autumn of 1860; and in his paper upon Syrian Oaks, read the following year before the Linnæan Society (Transactions, xxiii.), he gave a description of it and a portrait drawn by his own hand.

Abraham's Oak was found to belong to Quercus pseudo-coccifera, which, to quote from Sir Joseph's paper, "is by far the most abundant tree throughout Syria, covering the rocky hills, of Palestine especially, with a dense brushwood of trees eight to twelve feet high, branching from the base, thickly covered with small evergreen rigid leaves, and bearing acorns copiously.

On Mount Carmel it forms nine-tenths of the shrubbery vegetation, and it is almost equally abundant on the west banks of the Antilebanon and many slopes and valleys of Lebanon. Owing to the indiscriminate destruction of the forests in Syria, this oak rarely attains its full size." The circumference of the trunk of "Abraham's Oak" is given as twenty-three feet, and the diameter of the spread of the branches as ninety feet.

Quercus pseudo-coccifera is an evergreen species with the general appearance of the Ilex of Southern Europe, and closely related, botanically, to Q. coccifera, a common and widely distributed scrub oak of Southern Europe and of Algeria; indeed, Hooker was of the opinion that the two plants were merely geographical varieties of the same species.—Ganlen and Forest.

Too Hasty.

There are some things which men do from excellent motives, but for the doing of which they afterward find it hard to forgive themselves. Such a paradoxical experience is related by a Rhode Island soldier among his reminiscences of the war. The incident occurred at the Battle of Pegram's Farm, when the Union Line broke, and it looked for a time as though the enemy would force a passage through.

In company with other officers, I endeavored to rally the men fleeing to the rear, and of course made use of my sabre when a man refused to stop. I hit one man a pretty heavy blow.

He stopped immediately, and, thinking he meant to discharge his piece at me, I was preparing to strike again, when the expression of his face, upturned towards me, disarmed me of my suspicions.

"Colonel," he said, "I'm not a coward and I'm not running because I am afraid. I will stand as long as you or any other man, but I am badly wounded."

He turned his head and showed me a fearful bullet wound across the side of his neck.

I remember the expression of his face as well as if I had seen it yesterday. No fear, no animosity, no anything but a look of indignation that he should have been suspected of cowardice.

I made the best apology I could under the circumstances, and after that I did not strike any man till I had made sure he was running from fear.

An automatic cut-out that replaces a new fuse when one is burnt out is being introduced by a firm of electricians. A rotary drum with the sewer-wires on its surface is so arranged as to turn around and insert a new fuse when a burn-out occurs.

ANY Book in Surprise Series 25 cent novels about 200 pages sent *free*, postpaid by Cragin Co. Philadelphia, Pa., on receipt of 20 wrappers Dobbins Electric Soap. Dobbins' Electric Soap is for sale by grocers everywhere. Send 1 cent for Catalogue. Best authors.
Mention this paper.

The latest location for a watch is in a door handle.

In the "Guide of Health and Etiquette" will be found much useful advice on both subjects, this book is sent free for two 2c. stamps, by the Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

We sometimes forget the ashes the glow and the warmth that preceded them.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

Tears should be shed by children, but not by men and women.

HUMOROUS.

A cornfield is one of the things that is often greatly shocked without the aid of electricity.

The principal difference between a lobster and a lobbyist is that you can make a lobster blush.

Women suffer the afflictions of the servant question simply because they won't help themselves.

People who cannot afford to follow the fashion usually try to follow the people who do follow it.

A friend is a man who points out the silver lining in your clouds to avoid lending you an umbrella.

"I don't see why they call this a situation," said the horse-car driver, "with me a standin' all day long."

He (sentimentally)—Let us drop a tear for the poor blind man.
She (practically).—No, let's drop a dime.

Teacher—What is the leading characteristic of a paradox.
Dick Hicks—They never agree on the diagnosis.

"It's a biting wind, said Slithers.
"Yes," replied Slathers, "I know it bites. I was right in the teeth of the gale."

When the sewing society want to "raise" a sum of money they begin by "talking it up."

Tomson—My wife and I never disagree.
Johnson—Her word is law then.

Made well—the weak, nervous or ailing woman who takes Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's a medicine that's *guaranteed* to help her. It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, soothing cordial and bracing nervine—and a certain cure for all the functional derangements, painful disorders or chronic weaknesses that affect women. For ulcerations, displacements, bearing-down sensations, everything that's known as a "female complaint," it's an unfailing remedy. It's a *peculiar* one, too. Peculiar in composition, peculiar in its cures, and peculiar in the way it's sold. It's *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, in every case, or the money is refunded. You pay only for the good you get.

It's the big, old-fashioned pill that makes the most disturbance—but it's one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets that does the most good. Mild and gentle, but thorough and effective—the smallest, cheapest and easiest to take. They cleanse and regulate the liver, stomach and bowels.

MANY LIKE THESE.

NEURALGIA.—Bethany, Mo., Aug. 4, 1888: "Suffered for years with neuralgia, but was finally cured by St. Jacobs Oil." T. B. SHERER.

SPRAINS.—Constantine, Mich., Feb. 16, 1887: "Was troubled 30 years with pains in the back from strain; in bed for weeks at a time; no relief from other remedies. About 8 years ago I bought St. Jacobs Oil and made about 14 applications; have been well and strong ever since. Have done all kinds of work and can lift as much as ever. No return of pain in years." D. M. REERICK.

BRUISES.—760 Dolphin St., Balto., Md., Jan. 18, 1890: "I fell down the back stairs of my residence in the darkness, and was bruised badly in my hip and side; suffered severely. St. Jacobs Oil completely cured me." W