OURSELVES.

Deceit? What is as it appears?
What joys or sorrows, hopes or loves or fears
Are what they seem to be?
What man or woman would for a moment dare
Be known as they are and not as they appear?
If we were forced and could the choosers be
Either to be known as we are
Or as the world does see
Which would we choose?
If every being spoke his secret sin;
If every one would let the light shine in;
The revelations would cause keenest pain.
That moment torturous hell supreme would reign.
And hate in the heart of man toward fellow men
Would seem to destroy all. But then
No judges could there be.
Each man before the judgment bar of God
Has guilty pled, and to each fellow man
Pleads guilty.
Then would the Judges of all, the True, the Right
Be understood and worshiped in his might.
Then man the glorious truth would understand
That either hell or heaven exist in man.
If we our shameful, hidden sins *still* keep,
The harvest, hellish torture we must reap.
But if we, as our conscience dictates, do,
Life will be Heaven, Heaven! All things true.

W. M. S. W.

VALLEY FORGE LOVE.

Enemies to the continental army swarmed in Philadelphia. Lord Howe was in possession of the city. British officers in gay uniforms danced with the loyalist ladies in the halls where the voices of Franklin and Adams had echoed in the cause of freedom. Men clad in tatters left bloody tracks with their bare feet as they moved from one hut to another among the snow-drifts at Valley Forge.

No man rejoiced more that the winter was severe and that the godlike heroes at Valley Forge were shoeless and starving, than the rich Troy merchant, John McFarlane. He smiled the sentiment. "It pays to be loyal to the king." The night before Lord Howe had kissed the hand of his beautiful daughter Dorothy and had chosen her for his partner in the minuet. There now stood before him a blushing young English baronet, the epaulets of a general upon his shoulders, who had just asked him for her hand.

"It is a great prize you would rob me of, Sir Richard. Suppose I should say no," said Mr. McFarlane, enjoying the young man's suspense.

"Then I should abide by your decision and bear it as best I could."

"Well, Sir Richard, it is 'Yes.' And now does Dorothy know about your intentions?"

"She does not. I thought it best to first obtain your consent."

"Very proper, Sir Richard; very proper." And Mr. McFarlane called "Dorothy, Dorothy!" Dorothy heard and came at once.

"I know your secret," her father began.

Dorothy was astounded. It could not be that they had really discovered her secret. No, her father was too good natured for that.

"Father, will you please explain?" she asked.

"Then, my daughter, Sir Richard wants to take you back to England with him when the rebels are whipped."

"I had heard nothing of this, General Tarlequin," she said, turning to Sir Richard and bowing gravely.

"No," put in Mr. McFarlane. "He thought to gain my permission first, Dorothy, which was very proper of him."

"I prefer the American way of asking the woman concerned first," was the girl's half defiant answer.

"Then I will ask you," said the gallant Sir Richard. "Will you be my wife?"

"You honor me, sir"—she drew away from him a little—"but I must refuse."

"What! What!" cried McFarlane. "What are you talking about, Dorothy?"

There comes a time when a woman who has loved a man secretly, and he has returned her love, wishes to make it known to the whole world. For two years Dorothy had been in love; for two years she had kept her secret. She felt that the time had come when she wished to tell them all that her heart was not her own. She wished her father to know it; she wished the proud young English officer to know it. To her it seemed almost sacrilege that any one should even ask for her hand when she was engaged to him. The color mounted to her face, and throwing back her head she said firmly, "I am engaged to an officer of the continental army."

If the earth had opened before him, Mr. McFarlane could not have been more surprised. As for Sir Richard, he bowed stiffly and said, "Miss McFarlane, I owe you an apology."

Then he bowed again, this time to her father, who began in volcanic speech:

"Sir Richard, I am ashamed of her—ashamed of her, sir. It's a joke of hers, Sir Richard. Ah! You leave her with me until to-morrow, I will arrange matters, Sir Richard."

Sir Richard bowed once more. After he had gone Mr. McFarlane flew into a perfect passion.

He damned the continental army with all the oaths he could command. Dorothy made no answer. Finally he went off to his room yelling out threats of condign punishment on the way, and Dorothy went to hers, where she threw herself upon her bed and cried as if her heart would break. It was after midnight when she slipped the brass bolt on the door. Mr. McFarlane's passion had meantime worn off until he slept peacefully. Dorothy found her way in the darkness to the kitchen, where she lighted a candle and sat down to wait.

A soft rapat the door made her start and then brought a smile of expectation to her face. A moment later a stalwart young man held her in his arms. He looked little like the officer he was, if one were to take the poor clothes he wore as a criterion of judgment, but the pale, earnest, firm face bespoke the soldier in no doubtful terms.

"Did you think me a long time coming, my dear?"

"I only feared they might capture you. All was right?"

"Yes."

He had braved the danger of being captured and hanged as a spy to spend an hour with the woman he loved. Six years before he had been one of the wealthiest of the young men of Philadelphia. Now his fortune was all gone for the cause of liberty. In silence he pressed his sweetheart close to him, and lifting her face looked into it earnestly.

Two hours had elapsed before she bade him go, lest daylight should still find him in the city. As she drew away from his embrace she took the little black bag lying upon the table and gave it to him. There were 200 gold sovereigns in the bag for the starving soldiers at Valley Forge. Once more he drew her into his arms and kissed away the tears that were in her eyes.

There was a tramp of feet outside, the door was rudely opened, and a red coated officer appeared at the door.

"I apprehend you as a spy," he said gruffly. Behind the officer half a dozen bayonets glistened.

"Come on, sir. I am at your service." He drew his sword out from under his faded coat and faced them with determination.

* * * * * *

General Washington was resting his head upon his hand and gazing at the fire, and Mistress Washington was sewing a button on the general's greatcoat, when Colonel Jeffries was announced.

"So you are going to spend a night with the enemy, colonel?"

"I am, sir," said the young man who stood before him, hat in hand, "and tomorrow night I shall return with something substanial."

"I understand it is a woman who is helping you."

"Yes, sir."

"I must remind you that women are bad"—

At this Mistress Washington looked up in surprise, "General!" she said warningly.

"Some women, I mean, my dear," he continued as he reached across the table and took her hand in his own. "Women are the worst spies we have to deal with. I cannot let you go on this mission until I am sure there is no danger.

"There is none, sir," was the confident answer.

"You may go," said Washington after a moment's pause. "May you be successful."

After the young man had passed out the general turned to his wife.

"If it were not for the courage of such men as Colonel Jeffries, I should almost cease to hope."

Jeffries had no intention of being captured alive. He had raised his saber to strike at the officer and muzzles of the guns that were pointed at his face. The officer now spoke in a conciliatory tone:

"We will take you before the general. If nothing criminating is found upon you, we can at the most only hold you as a prisoner."

"I am no spy, but I prefer death to imprisonment."

Dorothy threw her arms around his neck.

"Let them take you," she begged. "I pray you do. I know General Howe, and I will plead with him for your release. Go, for my sake, for my sake."

He hesitated a moment and then answered with an effort and in a tone almost inaudible: "For your sake I will. Here gentlemen, is my sword."

Lord Howe had been drinking until long after midnight with some of his generals, and he felt that a half mile walk in the frosty air might ease the pain in his head which made sleep impossible. When he saw a group of men accompanied by a woman pass out of the gate in front of Merchant McFarlane' shouse. curiosity quickened his step

"Halt!" Lord Howe commanded, when he was almost upon the men in the rear. The officer turned about quickly with a "Who dares"—which was changed to an obeisant bow as he recognized his general in chief.

"Miss McFarlane, this is strange company and a strange time of night for you to be out," said the general, raising his hat. "And who are you, sir?" he continued, turning to the prisoner.

"I have the honor to be an officer in the continental army, sir," was the defiant response of Colonel Jeffries.

"Let me speak for him," Dorothy entreated, stepping before Lord Howe.

"You will take this young man to my headquarters. Proceed," he commanded as he offered his arm to Miss McFarlane, and they fell in behind the soldiers. The walk to the headquarters was a short one, and in time Dorothy told him all, pleading for her lover because of her own love and because she was to blame for his being caught in a trap and captured in a manner unworthy so brave a soldier. General Howe had given no intimation of what his decision would be when he sat down at his table and arraigned the odd company before him. He spoke sternly as he addressed Colonel Jeffries:

"You are charged with being a spy. What have you to say?"

"Search me, and you will find nothing save the valuables given me by Miss McFarlane and an empty scabbard."

"There is no need of a man of your intelligence carrying his message it writing I fancy you have a good memory. You know the penalty."

"Death, of course."

"Death by hanging."

"Even then you cannot take from me the privilege of dying for my country."

The general could not repress a smile of admiration for the self possessed young man who could see something cheerful even in a coward's death.

"What do you do up at Valley Forge these cold days?"

"We are learning to fight, while you Englishmen are learning to dance."

"But what pastime do the soldiers have?"

"While shooting at a mark our bullets have cut down a whole forest. Each tree was named General Howe."

"Your diet of potatoes and mush must develop your wit."

"Not so much as it does our courage."

General Howe was too old a soldier not to admit such courage as the men at Valley Forge had exhibited. The words of Lord Chatham—that the Americans could never be conquered—were ringing in his ears, and he believed them.

"Some of the officers have their wives with them at camp?" he asked.

"They have."

Lord Howe smild pleasantly as he turned to Dorothy.

"Miss McFarlane, there is only one way by means of which he can be liberated. You must leave the city, for you are the real spy."

When General Washington welcomed Colonel Jeffries back the next afternoon, there was another woman added to the little social circle at Valley Forge.

An Equal Division of Labor

—Truth.

Miss Grunettvig, a leader in movements connected with the higher development of women in Denmark, has been appointed a stenographer in the Danish House of Representatives.

In the museum at Cambridge, England, is the skeleton and stuffed skin of an adult hybrid between a lion and a tigress. This, with several distinct litters by different parents, was born in the same menagerie.

SUICIDE OF RATTLESNAKES.

Prof. Holden Records a Well-Authenticated Instance.

Mr. E. S. Holden of the Lick Observatory writes to Nature as follows "I notice in your issue of June 1, 1893, p. 107, an inquiry by R. I. Pocock as to the suicidal habits of scorpions. His conclusion is that if scpions sometimes kill themselves verdict must be 'accidental suicide or suicide while of unsound mind.' I have no evidence to offer as to the habits of California scorpions, but I have myself witnessed the deliberate suicide of a rattlesnake, and think that a brief account of it may be worth recording. In the summer of 1888 Prof. Keeler saw a large rattle snake (with seven rattles) crawl under the foundation of the dome of the six-inch equatorial. With the nice manipulation for which he is famous, Dr. Keeler fastened a pair of blacksmith's tongs about the animal's neck, and brought him into the large marble vestibule of the observatory. The snake was furious and practically uninjured. After every one had seen him it became a question what to do next. It was resolved to put him into a gallon jar of water. Dr. Keeler had the task of getting the very lively animal (which was some three feet long) into the jar, and of letting go with the tongs, while I undertook to put in the stopper of the bottle at an auspicious moment. All this was accomplished very nicely, and the next step was to drown the snake by inverting the jar at intervals. After a little time it became obvious to every one, the snake included, that the animal must soon be drowned. At this moment the snake ceased any attempt to rise to the surface of the water in the jar, and in the most deliberate manner struck its fangs deep into its body. I have no doubt whatever that the blow was intentional and with suicidal purpose. It was a single deliberate blow. There was no flurry. As far as one could see the animal was of sound and disposing mind and memory. It had been full of fury at first, but latterly had only sought to escape from the water to the air at the top. When this became hopeless the snake ended its own struggles. I had often heard that snakes (and scorpions) put an end to their own lives. Here is an instance which occurred before my eyes. The snake is now preserved in alcohol at the observatory and the marks of the fangs are plainly to be seen.

Pay Attention.

A man once gave this apparently ambiguous maxim to his children:

"If you cannot be great in this world, pay attention."

The first boy went away for a day, and when he returned home he had procured a place in a mercantile establishment.

"How did you get it?" asked his father.

"Well, I remembered to pay attention, and saw the man look at my hat, which was on my head, so I took it off and put it under my arm."

"What then, son?"

"The man said: 'Right, my boy,' and hired me."

"So you were paid for being polite," said the father with much satisfaction.

"Attention," said Lowell, "is the stuff out of which memory is made." The large things of this life will take care of themselves—it is the little things that count. We grow and improve by paying attention to the affairs of life, the habits of good society, the manners of the educated and refined. There is a story called "A Window in Thrums," the work of a popular author. There is a character in it named "Leeby," of whom her friends said: "It's a pity she cannot make use of her eyes, if not of her tongue," and they rated her for having her eyes cast down, and not seeing or hearing what was going on. Yet she was the only one who saw there was "nae carpet below the wax cloth" in the manse; "juist a poker in the fireplace—nae tangs." And of the minister's new wife: "She wears her hair low on the left side to hide a scar, and there's two warts on her right hand." She had paid attention to her surroundings and was full of mental notes.

To pay attention to the speaker is the highest compliment that can be paid. It saves one the mortification of being told of the fine points that were missed. It was this faculty which made the Dutch painters great artists. They painted all the little details of a room, even to the string of onions over the fireplace, and the priest became first. It is the capital of detectives.—Detroit Free Press.

Is Our Civilization a Failure?

We are wont to boast of our latter day civilization, and often hug ourselves in admiration of our long list of Christian virtues, so-called. In spite of these facts the still more important fact should not be forgotten that the most extensive manufacturing establishment on the earth exists solely for the production of engines for the destruction of life and property. The Krupp gun establishment at Essen, Germany, employs over 5,000 operatives, who, with their families make up a city of 87,000 people. That the making of death-dealing appliances is a profitable business is shown by the fact that 5,300 of these people live in their own houses. That the business itself is not inconsistent with Christian charity is shown by the liberal spirit of the master slaughterer, Herr Krupp himself. He has set aside a fund of $125,000 it is said, to be loaned to his workmen to build homes of their own when so desired. Unlike our own ten per cent Shylocks, Herr Krupp charges only 3 per cent. interest on his loans. Thus this great establishment, designed and managed solely to ultimately blow men's heads off, is the present means of founding thousands of comfortable homes, and has become a renowned center of those who believe most devoutly if not logically in the commandment: "Thou shalt not kill."

Correcting an Orator.

"Now, by St. Paul," quoted the orator, "the work goes bravely on."

"I beg your pardon," interrupted the politician, "but don't you mean Minneapolis?"—Washington Star.

Like Modern Travelers.

Teacher—What do you suppose was the first thing that Columbus did on reaching America?

Bobby—He gave a reporter his impressions of the country.

Not Much of a Jump.

"This is the biggest jump on record—a Providence man has just jumped the State."

"Oh, pshaw! that's only Rhode Island! Now, if it had been Texas——"

In all the writings on the tombstones are true, the devil's work has been in vain.

THE MUSIC OF MODES.

NEW TONES, UNIQUE FIGURES, AND CURIOUS EFFECTS IN BLACK.

Exquisite Colors in Useful and Beautiful Raise Pile Materials.

The dirge of black, the once saddest song, in the loom music of modes, has of late years been brightened in tone by the introduction of light notes, in the newer sound symphonies heard in the work rooms of the curious Jacquard looms, and realized by the woman of fashion in the marvelous creations in dress goods, in the one hue black, but showing in that one color, numerous tones and various figures in all degrees of lustre, from that of the plain jet or mat, on and up through the many grades of shade and gloss to a regular song burst of sunshine in the season's novelty known as solid figured fabric.

These solid stuffs, although entirely in the finest grades of wool, show a beautiful silken lustre, illuminating in an unusual degree the various weave designs and also the rich ground surface.

These specialties bear the imprint of the manufacturers B. Priestley & Co., on every five yards of the selvedge, as do also all of their numerous new and standard black dress goods, including the odd Natte cloths, which come plain, figured and striped.

Whipcords too are effectively figured and some of the wool crapes are curiously striped.

Camel's Hair cloths real Cashmere Valley and West of England Ladies Cloths, are among the most desirable fabrics in plain goods, while the demand created by the present fancy for black and white or gray, is beautifully supplied in cloths of all kinds in stripes plaids, checks and mixtures in countless pleasing varieties.

Worthy of note too is the revival of silk and wool Henrietta Shawls, with wide hem border handsomely stitched with heavy silken threads.

* * * * * *

The season's novelties in plain or gay colored figured or fancy silk and woolen dress goods are rarely made up alone, hence the call for an appropriate trimming or combination material that can be used with satisfactory result on both skirt and corsage, and no fabric seems to fill these requirements better or so well as the gracefully draping adaptives Velutina.

These raised pile Velutinas come in black and in white and in all the fashionable tints and hues, each piece showing a richness in bloom, a beauty in coloring and a perfection in finish, hither to seen only in high priced Lyons silk velvets.

Velutinas come in corded effects as well as in plain goods, and they are not only used as ornamentation on dresses of other stuffs, but they are variously fashioned into useful and elegant complete street costumes, home gowns, and charming evening robes, variously finished with fur, passementerie, gimp and laces, or form effective combinations with silks, satins, chiffons, gauzes and crapes.

In a few words Velutinas are handsome, useful, adaptive, durable, and comparatively inexpensive.

M. E. L.

FIGS AND THISTLES.

GOD is everything that the soul needs.

A WICKED man is his own grave digger.

THE devil never sees a praying man's back.

God's way is the only sure way in anything.

EVERYTHING that God does means something.

THE thorn is as much God's gift as the crown.

THE truth never dodges, no matter who shoots.

THE only easy thing to do in this world is to love.

LONG suffering always makes God's children gentle.

DON'T look back and you won't want to go back.

TEMPTATIONS resisted are stepping stones to Heaven.

SIN is not only God's enemy, but every soul's enemy.

A FOOL thinks he is right because he can't see very far.

SOMETIMES we take a long step by being put down a bit.

MOST anything can be forgiven easier than selfishness.

A STEP in the dark is very apt to be a step toward death.

NO MAN can be happy without asking God to tell him how.

INDECISION is the greatest robber on the face of the earth.

THE sins that shine are the ones that have poison in them.

IT never takes a fool but a few minutes to tell all he knows.

DEVILS might serve God, but only His children can please Him.

NO ONE is right with God who is wrong with any of his children.

THE party who won't forgive is the one who is always in the wrong.

GOD'S will is never made known to those who are unwilling to do it.

A HYPOCRITE'S mouth has more death in it than that of a mad dog.

THE first mile toward hell always looks like a short cut to Heaven.

BEWARE of the man who always dips his tongue in oil before he speaks.

NO COLLEGE can do much for the man who thinks he knows it all himself.

A CHRISTIAN can not be unhappy anywhere until he stops believing in God.

THE man who brags much on his goodness will bear a good deal of watching.

TO FILL the measure even full is all God asks of anybody, but he always runs it over.

IT never makes the church any stronger to have the man join who is mean to his wife.

THE grave from which there is no resurrection is the one in which people bury their talents.

ONE of the meanest things the devil ever tries to do is to destroy the religion of a child.

THERE is something wrong with the man's head who falls down on the same banana skin twice.

If able preaching alone could have saved the world, God would have sent some of his angels to do it.

ONE of the men of whom the devil feels the surest is the moderate drinker who thinks he is safe.

IS THERE any difference between the pride a preacher has in a title and that a woman has in a breastpin?

An Accomodating Judge.

An unusual incident occurred in the City Court at Savannah, Ga., a few days ago. Judge McDonnell was tardy in putting in his appearance for which he fined himself $10, and promptly remitted the fine. His Honor went to see his physician to have his arm, which he recently injured, dressed, and the doctor kept him a little longer than he had counted on. When he entered the court room the hands on the clock above the Judge's desk pointed to just ten minutes past 10. Judge McDonnell took note of the fact and said: "In accordance with the rules of this Court every officer who comes in late is subject to a fine. The clerk will, therefore, enter a fine of $10 against the Court for tardiness, to be paid into the registry of the Court. Owing to the fact, however, that this is the first time this thing has happened, and also that the Court had to be detained in order to have its arm dressed, the clerk will remit the fine."—Baltimore Sun.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Saving money requires as much genius as writing poetry, and it is of a heap better sort.

POSTAL GUIDE FOR 1893

Containing all the post offices arranged alphabetically, in States and Counties, with all other matters relating to post office affairs can be ordered from B. S. ADYGER, P. O. Box 1183, Philadelphia, Pa. No business man should be without it. Price $2.00 paper cover with monthly; $2.50 cloth cover with monthly.

A home for American girls who wish to study in Paris is to be established in that city. It is to be constructed on the Rue de la Pompe, and will accommodate forty girls.

If you have used Dobbins' Electric during the 21 years it has been sold, you know that it is the best and purest family soap made. If you haven't tried it, ask your grocer for it now. Don't take imitation. There are lots of them.

Among ladies who are enthusiastic in the use of rifles is Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, of New York. She often goes out with her husband for a day's shooting.

Cohn's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's, Heart Urinary of 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 Laplanders rub their noses against the nose of him whom they would honor.

Impaired digestion cured by Beecham's Pills. Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box.

IN every community there are a number of men whose whole time is not occupied, such as teachers, ministers, farmers' sons and others. To these classes especially we would say, if you wish to make several hundred dollars during the next few months, write at once to B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., and they will show you how to do it.

The Tartar takes a man by the ear to invite him to eat or drink with them.

You've No Idea

How nicely Hood's Sarsaparilla hits the needs of people who feel "all tired out" or "run down," from any cause. It seems to oil up the whole mechanism of the body so that all moves smoothly and work becomes a delight.

There is such a thing as trying to live on blessings and starving to death.

When a man decides to say good-bye to his sin, one look at the cross kills it.

"August Flower"

"I have been afflicted with biliousness and constipation for fifteen years and first one and then another preparation was suggested to me and tried, but to no purpose. A friend recommended August Flower and words cannot describe the admiration in which I hold it. It has given me a new lease of life, which before was a burden. Its good qualities and wonderful merits should be made known to everyone suffering with dyspepsia and biliousness." JESSE BARKER, Printer, Humboldt, Kas.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases.

LOSS OF APPETITE,
SICK HEADACHE,
INDIGESTION,
DIZZY FEELINGS,
FEMALE COMPLAINTS,
BILIOUSNESS,
DYSPEPSIA.

PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By their ANTI-BILIOUS properties they stimulate the liver in the secretion of the bile and its discharge through the biliary ducts. These pills in doses of from two to four will quickly regulate the action of the liver and free the patient from these disorders. One or two of Radway's Pills taken daily by those subject to bilious pains and torpidity of the liver, will keep the system regular and secure healthy digestion.

Price, 25c. per box. Sold by all druggists.

RADWAY & CO., NEW YORK.

$75.00 To $250 can be made monthly working for B. F. Johnson & Co., No. 3 South 11th St., Richmond, Va.

MOCKING BIRDS, CANARIES, PARROTS, HORSES, DOGS & COWS. All who are interested in domestic animals can obtain 3 valuable books, on their management and the care necessary for their health, with free sample of Dr. HOWSE'S CELEBRATED CATTLE POWDER, FREE by mail, by Dr. HOWSE, No. 400 N. 3d St., Philadelphia, Pa.

LEWIS' 98 % LYE POWDERED AND PERFUMED (PATENTED)

The strongest and purest Lye made. Unlike other Lye, it being a fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. Will make the best perfumed Hard Soap in 20 minutes without boiling. It is the best for cleansing waste pipes, disinfecting sinks, closets, washing bottles, pails, trees, etc.

PENNA. SALT M'F'G CO.
Gen. Agts., Phila., Pa.

RUPTURE

Cure guaranteed by DR. J. B. MAYER, 1011 Arch St., PHILA., PA. Examination and advice free from business. Consultation free. Endorsements of physicians, ladies and prominent citizens. Send for circular. Office hours, 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

Welcome to Hood's

We say at our house, because of the good it has done me. No one knows the intense misery I endured for 20 years with dyspepsia. No prescriptions seemed to help me and I had great prejudice against proprietary medicines. But being strongly urged by a friend who had been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, to give this medicine a trial, I did so. I am now using my fourth bottle, and feel better than I have in twenty years, and consider myself cured. Use this statement as you please.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

I have been in constant business here over 40 years." FRANK C. STUART, Marshall, Mich.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, indigestion. Try a box. 25c.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

Do Not Be Deceived with Pastes, Enamels and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

The Best Rubber Boot ever invented for Farmers, Miners, R. R. hands and others. The outer or tan sole extends the whole length of the sole down to the heel, protecting the shank in ditching, digging and other work. BEST quality throughout. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM.

The Wild Turkey.

In reply to an inquiry, the Homestead states that the wild turkey is a native of North America, and was probably the first introduced into Europe by the Spaniards. It is said the first one served up at a banquet in France was at the wedding of Charles IX in 1570. William Strickland, the lieutenant of Sebastian Cabot, in a voyage he performed under the patronage of Henry VII, carried them from this country to England. Since that period they have spread with great rapidity, and they are now found throughout the whole civilized world. A writer some years ago said: "In its domesticated state the turkey has undoubtedly degenerated—the wild birds attaining to larger size, and showing more beautiful plumage." It may be that at the time that sentence was written the turkey was inferior in size to the wild bird, but the present Mammoth Bronze variety is certainly equal to the wild species.

The wild turkey was formerly abundant in the Middle, Southern and Western States, but we believe never have been found west of the Rocky Mountains. They are now found only in thinly settled regions. In their wild state they congregate, at certain seasons, in flocks of many hundreds, frequenting the woods by day and feeding on acorns, all kinds of grains, buds, berries, nuts, grass, insects, and even young frogs. They cross the largest rivers by mounting to the tops of the trees, and then flying across. A clipping before us says: "Benjamin Franklin thought the wild turkey should have been the emblem of the United States, being a truly indigenous and national bird; in his time the log cabin pioneer was surrounded by these birds, saluting each other in early morning from the tops of adjacent forest trees, as is the farm house nowadays by the chanticleer."

The American Ivy.

The American Ivy, or Virginia creeper, is a perfectly hardy vine, a vigorous grower, easily transplanted, and will flourish anywhere, on any soil, and under the most unfavorable circumstances. It will come up from a little root by the side of a stump or fence or stone heap and transform, in a season or two, into a wonder of beauty. It is so rigorous and tenacious of life that it is much easier to allow it to grow than to attempt to destroy it, and no plant furnishes a more dense or graceful shade. It is the harbor of no insects, the flowers are inconspicuous and late in the autumn are succeeded by clusters of black berries. On the approach of winter the leaves begin to change color, and before falling are of the deepest scarlet; more brilliant than any of the autumn leaves, except perhaps the sumach and the maple.

It supports itself well in almost any situation by its numerous spiral tendrils, which are almost as strong as wire, and grasp any object within their reach with a firmness that defies the fiercest winds and storms. These tendrils not only wind around any support within their reach, but when the plant ascends a smooth object, like the trunk of a tree or the side of a wooden house, they act as rootlets and fasten themselves so firmly that it is almost impossible to remove them.

Good-Natured Indifference.

A certain good-natured fatalism prevails in Russia as to the one crime of theft. At Saratoff on the Volga a crowded steamer was about to start, when the assistant captain, hurrying through a crowd of third-class passengers, was suddenly stopped by a peasant, who had previously complained that his money had been stolen.

"Your honor," he said, "the money has been found."

"Found! Where?"

"Sewed up in that soldier's mantle. I went over there to search for it, and sure enough, there were forty-one roubles and a twenty-copeck piece in my chamois purse."

"Where is that soldier?"

"There he is, asleep."

"Well, he must be handed over to the police."

"Handed over to the police? Why to the police? Don't touch him! let him sleep on. Sure, the money is found; what more do we want?"

And as the captain proved equally indifferent, the matter was dropped.

A Texas Fable.

A Texas man was sitting in a dark room recently when he was attracted by the buzzing of a gold-colored bug. Taking the appearance of the bug as a favorable omen, he followed it. It stopped directly over an old well in a deserted field; then the man went to digging and presently discovered a number of gold dollars and some few silver coins.

He Saw the Headlight.

An engine-driver recounting his experiences, said he had escaped smash-ups thus far, but that he thought he was in great danger one night. Said he:—

"It was a clear autumn evening, and I was running a passenger train. We were a little behind time, and I was going along at a very good pace. There was an immense wood to go through, and the line, on clearing it, took a sharp turn to the westward. Just as we made that turn my heart came right up between my teeth, for there, coming straight down the line was another engine with her headlight flaming in my eyes like a star.

"I blew 'down brakes' and had my engine reversed before I had drawn half a breath, and sent the train back as hard as I could to a siding about a mile behind us, and waited for the other train that I supposed to be close by, but she did not come. I made the signal man wire up the line to see if there was any special or runaway engine in the way but the answer was that the line was clear. The passengers got out and began to talk and ask questions, and as for me, I was dazed. I thought of runaway locomotives and train-wreckers. Everything, as far as I could see and hear, was quiet around the bend. I glanced westward across the clearing; there was the headlight shining through the trees as serenely as ever. It was the planet Venus."

It is customary for English newspapers and magazines to sneer at what they are pleased to term the recklessness of American newspapers in their statements of fact. These flings may be warranted in some instances, but no American newspaper makes mistakes in geography which could be avoided by looking into a gazetteer or an atlas. A recent number of the Pall Mall Budget, a cheap, popular illustrated London weekly, speaking of the yacht Navahoe, which has been participating in the Cowes regatta; declares that "the name Navahoe is that of an American state." This is nothing unusual, however, for the Budget, which a few months ago announced that Utah was the only one of the American states" that had refused to issue paper money! As the Budget is one of the most persistent and malevolent critics of the United States it is evident that a thorough course of American geography and history would be of use to the members of its staff.

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