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THE GLEANER

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Celebrated American

WORM SPECIFIC

OR

VERMIFUGE.

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THE countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eye-lid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with blushing or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others, entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy, not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hiccough; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

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in any form; it is an innocent preparation, *not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.*

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LIVER PILLS

are not recommended as a remedy "for all the ills that flesh is heir to," but in affections of the liver, and in all Bilious Complaints, Dyspepsia and Sick Headache, or diseases of that character, they stand without a rival.

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No better cathartic can be used preparatory to, or after taking Quinine.

As a simple purgative they are unequaled.

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The genuine are never sugar coated.

Each box has a red wax seal on the lid with the impression DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

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Insist upon having the genuine Dr. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name *McLane*, spelled differently but same pronunciation.

UNCLE BENNY,

BY MISS AMELIA THKOPP.

Uncle Benny was a bachelor, of the persuasion of friends. When I first became acquainted with him he was in his seventy-first year; of medium height, blue eyes, and a ratherruddy complexion. No one could help loving the good old man, whose law of life was kindness to his fellows. He had never accumulated much money, for his purse strings were too loose, and so many quarters and half dollars slipped out and found their way into the pockets of the poor and needy that Uncle Benny found himself at this time of life with but barely enough to supply his moderate wants. He was not an educated man—far from it—but he read the newspapers carefully and gained considerable information.

There was a romance connected with his youth; he had been engaged to a fair girl, the daughter of a neighboring farmer. Uncle Benny wooed and also thought he had won Mary Hayes, but when he asked for her hand she had given on his cousin, Ephraim Ford, her undivided heart. This was a great disappointment, for he had loved as only a true man can love, but he said, in his quiet, sensible fashion,—

'Mary, I have loved thee better than myself; thou hast been the idol of my heart—but if Ephraim is only kind to thee I will not grieve, for thy happiness is dearer than my own.'

After his rejection Uncle Benny slowly walked homeward to his father's farm; the birds sang sweetly, for it was in the early spring; the meadow brook rippled along gayly through grassy beds covered with clover and daises. Uncle Benny thought of the happy, by-gone hours when he and Mary had played on the green, mossy slopes where the buttercups grew. The past was but a pleasant memory; the future lay before him like a desert, he raised his hat and looked upward to the bright blue above and prayed for strength, vowing his aim in life should be the good of others. How blue the sky looked, only equalled by his Mary's eyes.

'If the dear girl could not love me should I wish her ill? May the Lord forgive me if I have wronged her even in thought. Ephraim is wild and reckless but the influence of such an angel will go far with him no doubt. I shall hope for the best. I shall leave Meadow Brook, go to Philadelphia, and there engage in some active business, and in keeping the mind occupied will sooner forget my sorrow.'

Ephraim and Mary were married, and Madam Rumor had many a sad story connected with their short wedded life. He was not only unkind but cruelly so, and in two short years after their marriage the blossom faded. It was in spring time, when nature was regenerating the earth, that she was taken in her young beauty and loveliness to that bourne from whence no traveller returns.

It was more than Ephraim was not minded to bear comfort and happiness, and the poor young creature sunk and set at noon. The event caused Uncle Benny much sorrow, and added to the gloom of his life a deeper shadow which time could not efface. Often Uncle Benny would go to the graveyard near Meadow Brook and strew flowers on the grave of his fair young friend, and looking through the blinding tears on her new made grave he would say:

'Heavenly father, Ephraim had been kind to thee; forgive all the pain thou hast caused me—but, alas! alas! thou hast gone to a better country—a better land than this. It is well; the Lord knows best, He is wise.'

Poor old Uncle Benny! We will close the chapter of his early days. How often I think of him and his true Christain benevolence.

One Sunday in midsummer, when nature in leafy June was at its height of beauty, I took a walk out of the dusty city into the park, and there, in company with some friends, wandered along the beautiful, winding, Schuylkill River. The water slept like a band of silver unrolled, and the beautiful slopes on either side were glorious in their summer beauty. Presently my eye was attracted by an old man in an alpaca coat rather worn, a broad brimmed hat and green umbrella. He looked weary and seated himself beneath the shade. I soon recognized in him my friend and said,—

'Uncle Benny, have you come to enjoy this beautiful Sabbath with us and nature? I did not expect to see you, knowing you are prejudiced against riding in the street cars on Sunday.'

'Did thee think I rode out here?'

'Yes; the distance is so great from your boarding house.'

'A mistake; never catch me riding on the Lord's day; too much consideration for man and beast. The poor horses should rest, and the drivers and conductors go to church. Dear me, dear me—the world is getting very wicked!'

I left him, and as we were wending our way homeward, as twilight was deepening, I saw Uncle Benny far ahead of us. I had often heard of his quiet benevolence, and hoped to witness one of his many acts of charity. As I saw his steps were not turned toward home, I found my opportunity. He turned into an alley, and following closely I saw him enter a shanty whose broken wooden steps could scarcely support his weight and disappear through a doorway.

I followed and sitting in the little vestibule saw inside a picture the sight of which I did not soon forget. There sat a pale-faced, care-worn woman, with a little boy of about two years on her knee and a little fairy like girl about four years old, with deep gray eyes and a wealth of sunny curls covering her beautifully shaped head, with fair complexion and well formed features, standing beside her. There was something very very attractive about this little dainty creature who, with a cry of delight, bounded forward and was soon in the visitor's arms. He folded little Carrie to his heart, and as he seated himself and she leaned her pretty head against him, it formed a striking contrast to the sunburnt, manly face of the old gentleman. For a long time he was silent then he said with emotion,—

'Thee remembers, Jane, Mary's home at Meadow Brook? Thy little girl is much like her. A thing of the past, Jane which little blossom here will not let me forget. Well, well, I have come to see if thee is in need, and how thee feels this warm day.'

'Better, thank you. I think I will be ready to commence my sewing to-morrow.'

'Better not be too smart; good health is to be prized, and thee must be careful not to overtask thyself. The Lord will care for thee and thy little ones. How long since thee buried William?"

'Eighteen months. It was a great blow but good friends have stood by me, and I am very thankful.'

'Well, thee knows that I have ever been a good friend to thee, was to thy William; my sister raised thee, and thou art a good, sensible woman. But I fear my time here is short; it is drawing near sunset, and when I am taken away thee will find that I will leave thee and thy little ones a token of remembrance, and the children will have it at thy death. I wish it was more, but John Jones is now dying, and Susan, his wife, two years younger and to them I must leave a little—and my crippled nephew and Elizabeth, my brother's widow and her children, must be remembered, and I trust all will put it to good account. It is a great wonder to me and one that those who have so much do so little for it is a sweet satisfaction to do good to others. I must go now, my cough is getting troublesome this cloudy night, little one. Here, Kate,' said he to the eldest, a little girl of six, who was seated on the wooden stool by the open window her large dark eyes fixed in silent admiration on the good man's face, 'here's some pennies for ginger-bread for thee and little sister, and don't forget the baby. And, Jane, here's ten dollars for thee. Good-night.'

'God bless you,' said the widow, and the tears streamed down the pale cheeks.

The little girls ran to the door and kissed him, and little Carrie wondered why mamma should cry when Uncle Benny had been so kind to them. Sweet innocents! they little knew the tide of emotion which gratitude caused to sweep the mother's heart.

Slowly Uncle Benny walked homeward. There was a weary, worn-out air about him I had never witnessed before. The weather had been extremely warm, and when he reached his boarding house he complained of pain in his head. He retired early, but in the morning he had a severe attack of fever, which day after day baffled the skill of the physician until it was deemed advisable for our friend to have change of air, and to leave the dusty heated city. He had a brother, a farmer, who lived three miles from Philadelphia. It was a plain old farmhouse standing high above the banks of the beautiful Schuylkill River, where, in the second story room, in a bed near the window, was the subject of my sketch. Here he loved to look out over the garden with its low sunken fence, to the meadow lands beyond, and see the crystal river.

Uncle Benny lingered long and was never heard to complain. Often during nights of intense suffering, when the kind hearted would run to console him, he would say,—

'The Lord knows best. In a little while it will all be over.'

One evening, when the moon was more than usually bright, he requested to be brought nearer the the window so that he might look out. Turning to his brother John he said,—

'Thou seest the river. It makes me think of the Eternal one. Look how bright it is! I feel I am nearing home. If this world is so beautiful, what must the other be?'

'Thou art well prepared, Benjamin; the most essential for us all.'

'Yes, John, the recollections of a well spent life are the sweetest reflections of old age. How bright and beautiful the scene is! Farewell life—Mary is beckoning. Not mine on earth, but mine in heaven.'

A slight fluttering movement, a gasping for breath—and the beautiful spirit had fled.

This was a close of a life whose possessor found his happiness in administering to the pleasure of others. Such a life is a blessing to any community. And those kind natures who go forth administering to the comfort and welfare of others—unselfish human beings laying up jewels for the crown—it is well with them when they shall put on immortality.

Uncle Benny rests at Meadow Brook near her he loved so fondly. Severed on earth, united in heaven.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN,

[From The Stony South.]

Get married.

Stick a boquet in your buttonhole, part your hair in the middle, cram your number nine hands into a pair of number seven white kids, and get married.

There's nothing like it.

Why, where would you be now, you idiot, if your father had lived an old bachelor all his days?

Will you hang back, and let your children be orphans, because you refuse to become a parent?

Don't waste your time serenading your girl, and getting chased out of the yard by the faithful watch-dog, but go to her, and say:

"Amelia, my darling, I am the recipient of eight dollars per week, and abundantly able to support a wife. Will thou be mine?"

And if she looks at the matter in the same light that you do, she will hang her cap on the point of your picadilly, and say:

"Orlando, I wilt."

Of course she wilt.

But there is a possibility that you will be the first to wilt after the marriage.

No matter; bristle up, take unto yourself a wife, and have some style about you.

A man never knows what domestic bliss is till he has been kicked out of bed once or twice by an energetic wife, who takes an honest pride in letting him know that she is proprietor of that particular portion of the globe.

Almost everybody gets married, and it is a good joke.

But the joke soon wears out.

Some marry in haste, and then sit down and think it carefully over.

Some think it carefully over first, and then sit down and marry.

Both ways are right, if you hit the mark.

If you are addicted to feelings of loneliness, marriage will cure you of that.

If you are of an independent spirit, and accustomed to have your own way, marriage will cure you of that, also.

Perhaps you will find it hard at first to realize that you are actually a married man.

But the first time you stay out till midnight, the reality of the thing will be forced upon you so abruptly that you will feel as if you had been knocked down with a footstool.

And maybe you have—I don't know.

Women are economical beings, and will make your money go farther than you can.

They will make it go so far, in fact that none of it will ever find its way back.

A wife's instinct of economy enables her to buy her husband a whole suit of clothes for fifteen dollars, and herself a sacque for thirty.

Perhaps you have been in the habit of paying from seventy-five cents to a dollar and a half for a single undershirt.

Your wife will buy one for twenty-cents.

To be sure, the twenty-five cent shirt, when washed, looks like a set of fiddle strings; but it shouldn't be washed.

You don't want to be too clean.

Thus you will see that you cannot possibly get along without a wife.

The sooner you get one, the sooner you will be admitted to the paradise of conjugal felicity, and learn how to hold a squalling baby while your wife hangs over the back fence and tells Mrs. Smith what a handy husband she's got.

When your clothes get ragged, your wife will repair them—maybe—if her time is not too much taken up with other things.

Even if she doesn't, you have the consolation of pins.

Before you were married you never could find a pin when you wanted it; now they are everywhere—all over the dressing table, in the hash, on the floor, and sometimes you make the painful discovery that they are even on the chairs.

A pin is an insignificant affair in itself, but when you sit down on its point you feel as if a telegraph pole had penetrated your existence.

Married men make the best soldiers.

Not because they are the best fighters, perhaps, but because they can do a better job of retreating.

They learn to dodge flying missiles with great nicety, and practice the sport so much at home that they can get out of the way of anything from a gridiron to a boomshell.

Napoleon Bonaparte was a married man, and I have no doubt he would dive under the bed as quick as any other man, when his wife gritted her teeth and made a grab for an argument that could be thrown clear across the room.

Young man, get married.

Don't hesitate.

Winter is coming on and you will need some one to get up in the morning and make the fires, while you take your morning nap.

A wife is what you want.

She will make herself useful in a variety of ways—sweeping, scrubbing, and keeping the house in order—and will undoubtedly be as happy as you are miserable.

The origin of the custom of making persons suspected of murder touch the murdered body for the discovery of their guilt or innocence is interesting. This method of finding out murders was practised in Denmark by King Christian II. The story goes that it arose in the following way. Certain gentlemen being on an evening together in a tavern, fell out among themselves, and from words grew to blows, insomuch that one of them was stabbed with a poniard. Now the murderer was unknown, by reason of the number, although the person stabbed before death accused a pursuivant who was one of the company. The king, to find out the homicide, caused them all to come together, and, standing around the dead body, he commanded that they should, one after another, lay their right hands on the dead man's naked breast, swearing that they had not killed him. The gentlemen did so, and no sign appeared against them. The pursuivant alone remained, who, condemned before his own conscience, went first of all and kissed the dead man's feet, but as soon as he laid his hand on his breast, the blood we are told, gushed forth both out of his wound and his nostrils, so that, urged by this evident accusation, he confessed the murder, and was, by the king's own sentence, immediately beheaded. The elder Disraeli, in his 'Curiosities of Literature,' gives several examples of these 'ordeals,' as they are called, such as walking blindfold amidst burning shares, passing through fires, holding in the hand a red hot bar, and plunging the arm into boiling water. The popular affirmation, 'I will go through fire and water for my friend,' was, in all probability, derived from this custom. Disraeli says: 'Those accused of robbery were put to a trial by a piece of barley bread on which the mass had been said, which, if they could not swallow, they were declared guilty. This mode of trial was improved by adding to the bread a slice of cheese, and such was the credulity that they were very particular in this holy bread and cheese, called the *corsned*. The bread was to be unleavened barley, and the cheese to be made of ewes' milk in the month of May.' Du Cange observes that the expression, 'may this piece of bread choke me,' comes from this custom.

OLD ENGLISH LAW AGAINST BEGGARS.—For an able bodied man to be caught a third time begging was held a crime deserving death, and the sentence was intended on fit occasions to be executed. The poor man's advantages, which I have estimated at so high a rate, were not purchased without drawbacks. He might not change his master at his will, or wander from place. He might not keep his children at home unless he could answer for their time. If out of employment, preferring to be idle, he might be demanded for work by any master of the craft, whether he would or not. If caught in begging once, being neither aged or infirm, he was whipped at the cart's tail. If caught a second time, his ear was slit, or bored through with a hot iron. If caught a third time, being thereby proved to be of no use upon this earth, but to live upon to his own hurt and to that of others, he suffered death as a felon. So the law of England remained for sixty years. First drawn by Henry, it continued unrepealed through the reigns of Edward and Mary, subsisting therefore, with the deliberate approval of both the great parties between whom the country was divided. Reconsidered under Elizabeth, the same law was again formally passed; and it was therefore the expressed conviction of the English nation that it was better for a man not to live at all than to live a worthless and profitless life. The vagabond was a sore spot upon the common wealth, to be healed by wholesome discipline, if the gangrene was not incurable; to be cut away with the knife, if the milder treatment of the cart whip, failed to be of profit.

Gleanings.

New Haven alone turns out 3,000,000 corsets annually.

A woman in London has paid two hundred fines for drunkenness.

Worth says that English women do not dress as extravagantly as the women of France and America.

Queen Victoria at her son's wedding, wore the great Koh-i-noor blazing in a brooch on her black dress.

'Just keeping it lighted for another boy,' is the latest juvenille invention when a mother suddenly comes upon her little boy with a cigar in his mouth.

A woman suggests that when a man breaks his heart, it is the same as when a lobster breaks one of its claws; another grows immediately.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor in ten years has securred homes and the means of a livelihood for about four hundred and fifty homeless children, at a cost of about $67,000.

'Fellow-citizens,' said a carpet beggar, addressing an audience of colored people in South Carolina, 'my skin is white it is true, but my soul is blacker than yours.'

It is said there are 100,000 women in New York city who support themselves. It would be interesting to know how many support their husbands.—*Cincinnati Times.*

As long as some of the religious papers continue to offer pistols as premiums for subscribers, it is a little too much to hope for the suppression of the hip pocket.—*Phil. Times.*

Miss Penny was saved from drowning by Jonathan Smith. In equity she belongs to Smith from this time hereafter because a Penny saved is a Penny earned.—*Toledo Commercial.*

About the time a boy begins to think his mother doesn't know enough to select his clothing for him is a dangerous period in his history. If she has energy and muscle he can yet be saved.

"Prisoner, why did you follow this man and beat and kick him so shamefully? 'I am sorry, your Honor; I was a little drunk, and I thought it was my wife.'

The finding of the body of a drowned man in the reservoir from which a town is supplied with drinking water will undo all the good work the temperance cause has accomplished in five years.

A small child being asked by a Sunday-school teacher, "What did the Israelites do after they crossed the Red Sea? answered, I don's know ma'am, but I guess they dried themselves."

Twenty five years ago a Missouri boy left his home and started out to become President of the United States. He got as far as Cincinnati. The boy is now a man, and is also one of the best shoemakers in the Ohio State Prison.

'How is it, miss, you gave your age to the census taker as only twenty-five, when you were born the same year I was, and I am thirty-nine?'

'Ah, you have lived much faster than I, sir.'

'What do you know about the character of this man' was asked of a witness at a police court, the other day.

'What do I know of his character? I know it to be unbleachable, your honor,' he replied, with much emphasis.

"Mr. dear," said a petulent husband the other day, on finding a piece broken out of his saucer, and another out of his plate, "it seems to me that everything belonging to you is broken." "Well, yes my love," responded the wife, 'even you seem to be a little cracked."

A small boy in Belfast, whose deportment at school had always ranked 100 per cent, came home one day recently with his standing reduced to 98. 'What have you been doing, my son?' asked the mother. 'Been doing,' replied the young hopeful, 'been doing just as I have all along, only the teacher caught me this time.'

NOT POSSIBLE.—"In this case against my client for stealing a pair of trowsers, I move for a nonsuit," said the lawyer.

"On what ground?" asked the judge.

"On the ground that a whole suit can' be made out of a pair of trowsers," replied the lawyer.

THE HELOTS AND DRUNKENNESS.—The service in the Spartan house was all performed by Helots, the treatment of whom at Sparta, betokens less of cruelty than of ostentatious scorn. Such is proved by the statement that Helots were compelled to appear in a State of drunkenness, in order to excite in the Spartan youths a sentiment of repugnance of intoxication.

They were walking arm-in-arm up the street, and just ahead of them was a woman in a splendid dress. The setting sun was gilding the Western heavens and throwing a beautiful crimson glow all over the earth. He said, in a subdued tone:

'Isn't it lovely?'

'Well, I don't know,' was the reply of his fair companion; 'I don't think the trimming matches very well, and it doesn't fit her at all.'