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THE GENUINE

DR. C. McLANE'S

Celebrated American

WORM SPECIFIC

OR

VERMIFUGE.

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS.

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, itchy, and sometimes bleeds, a swelling of the lips; an occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes ravenous, 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, grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist,

DR. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE will certainly effect a cure.

IT DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY

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

The genuine DR. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE bears the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. on the wrapper.

DR. C. McLANE'S

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.

AGUE AND FEVER.

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

As a simple purgative they are unequaled.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

The genuine are never sugar coated. Each box has red wax seal on the lid with the impression DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS. Each wrapper bears the signature of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS.

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.

SAVED BY A CHILD.

It was commencement at G —— College. The people were pouring into church as I entered it, rather tardy. Finding the choice seats in the center of the audience room already taken, I pressed forward, looking to the right and to the left for a vacancy. On the very front row of seats I found one.

Here a little girl moved along to make room for me, looking into my face with large gray eyes, whose brightness was softened by very long lashes. Her face was open and fresh as a newly blown rose before sunrise. Again and again I found my eyes turned to the rose like face, and each time the gray eyes moved, half smiling to meet mine. Evidently the child was ready to 'make up' with me. And when, with a bright smile, she returned my dropped handkerchief, and I said 'Thank you!' we seemed fairly introduced. Other persons, now coming into the seat, crowded me quite close up against the little girl, so that we soon felt very well acquainted.

'There's going to be a great crowd,' she said to me.

'Yes,' I replied; 'people always like to see how schoolboys are made into men.'

Her face beamed with pleasure and pride as she said:

'My brother's going to graduate; he's going to speak; I've brought these flowers to throw to him.'

They were not greenhouse favorites; just old fashioned domestic flowers, such as will associate with the dear grandmothers; but I thought, 'they will seem sweet and beautiful to him for little sister's sake.'

'That is my brother,' she went on, pointing with her nosegay.

'The one with the light hair?' I asked.

'Oh, no,' she said, smiling and shaking her head in innocent reproof; 'not that homely one, with red hair; that handsome one with brown wavy hair. His eyes look brown, too; but they are not—they are dark blue. There, he's got his hand up to his head now. You see him, don't you?'

In an eager way she looked from me to him and from him to me, as if some important fate depended upon my identifying her brother.

'I see him,' I said. 'He's a very good-looking brother.'

'Yes, he is beautiful,' she said, with artless delight; 'and he's so good, and he studies so hard. He has taken care of me ever since mamma died. Here is his name on the programme. He is not the valedictorian, but he has an honor, for all that.

I saw in the little creature's familiarity with these technical college terms that she had mostly identified herself with her brother's studies, hopes and successes.

'He thought, at first,' she continued, 'that he would write on the "Romance of Monastic Life."

'What a strange sound those long words had, whispered from her childish lips! Her interest in her brother's work had stamped them on the child's memory, and to her they were ordinary things.

'But then,' she went on, 'he decided that he would write on "Historical Parallels," and he got a real good oration, but he says it is beautiful. He has said it to me a great many times; I most know it by heart. Oh! it begins pretty and so grand. This is the way it begins,' she added, encouraged by my interest, 'he says I can see in my mind: "All the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history."'

Just the little sister whispered to him as he rose to answer the summons.

A ripple of intense and expectant interest passed over the audience, and then all sat as still as though fearing to breathe lest the speaker might mistake fright. No danger! The hero in the youth was aroused. He went at his piece with a set purpose to conquer, to redeem himself, and to bring the smile back into the child's tear stained face. I watched the face during speaking. The wide eyes, the parted lips, the whole rapt being said that the breathless audience was forgotten, that her spirit was moving with his.

And when the address was ended with the ardent abandon of one who catches enthusiasm in the realization that he is fighting down a wrong judgment and conquering sympathy, the effect was really thrilling. That dignified audience broke into rapturous applause; bouquets intended for the valedictorian raised like a tempest. And the child who had helped to save the day—that one beaming little face, in its pride and gladness, is something to be forever remembered.—*St. Nicholas for June.*

Mr. Ragsdale, treasurer of Jefferson county, Ind., broke his engagement with a poor girl to marry a rich widow, and a jury compelled him to pay $900 damages. 'Well,' he said, as he handed over the money, 'I am still about $20,000 ahead by the change.

way her brother came up the steps and to the front, that he was trembling. The hands hung limp; his face was pallid, and the lips blue as with cold. I felt anxious. The child, too, seemed to discern that things were not well with him. Something like fear showed in her face.

He made an automatic bow. Then a bewildered, struggling look came into his face, then a helpless look, and then he staring vacantly, like a somnambulist, at the waiting audience. The moment of painful suspense went by, and still he was struck dumb. I saw how it was; he had been seized with a stage-fright.

Alas! little sister! She turned her large dismayed eyes upon me. 'He's forgotten it,' she said. Then a swift change came into her face, a strong, determined look; and on the funeral-like silence of the room broke the sweet, brave, child-voice:

'Allid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand'—

Everybody about us turned and looked. The breathless silence, the sweet, childish voice, the childish face, the long, unchildlike words, produced a weird effect.

But the help had come too late; the unhappy brother was already staggering in humiliation from the stage. The bank quickly struck up, and waves of lively music were rolled out to cover the defeat.

I gave the little sister a glance, in which I meant to show the intense sympathy I felt; but she did not see me. Her eyes, swimming with tears, were on her brother's face. I put my arms around her. She was too absorbed to heed the caress, and before I could appreciate her purpose she was on her way to the shame-stricken young man sitting with a face like a statue's.

When he saw her by his side, the set face relaxed, and a quick mist came into his eyes. The young men got closer together, to make room for her. She sat down beside him, laid her flowers on his knee, and slipped her hand in his.

I could not keep my eyes from her sweet pitying face. I saw her whisper to him, he bending a little to catch her words. Later, I found out that she was asking him if he knew his 'piece' now, and that he answered yes.

When the young man next on the list had spoken, and while the band was playing, the child to the brothers great surprise made her way up the stage steps and pressed through the throng of professors and trustees and distinguished visitors, up to the college president.

'If you please, sir,' she said with a little courtesy, 'will you and the trustees let my brother try again? He knows his piece now.'

For a moment, the president stared at her through his gold-bowed spectacles, and then appreciating the childs petition, he smiled on her, and went down and spoke to the young man who had failed.

So it happened that when the band had again ceased playing, it was boldly announced that [illegible] would now deliver [illegible] "Historical Parallels."

'Allid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history'—This the little sister whispered to him as he rose to answer the summons.

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JENNY LIND.

The Great Songstress in Her Old Age.

And before I quit the theme of song and of singers, let me mention a glimpse that I caught before leaving London, of one of the celebrities of the past. On leaving the home of Mme. Albani I crossed the street at the dwelling of Jenny Lind. The house stands back from the street, and a garden that must in summer be a very bouquet of flowers and verdure, extends in front of it. A bust of the great singer, life size and in marble, stands in a large bay window that fronts the garden. And beside the bust sat an elderly lady in a white mob and white cashmere shawl, engaged in partaking of the afternoon cup of tea that forms so prominent a feature in English social life. She was talking to some one in the room, and as she turned to the window I saw again the face that I had last looked upon, crowned with roses and lighted with inspiration, on the stage of Tripler Hall twenty eight long years ago. Under the disguising cap, the fair hair now plentifully streaked with gray, was seen rolled back in precisely the same fashion as that which set all the girls in America to twisting back their tresses in those bygone years. In other respects Jenny Lind has greatly changed. Few could have recognized in the pale, worn lineaments of the elderly lady the well-nigh angelic countenance of the greatest singer of our day and generation. I permitted myself but one glance, not wishing to violate even by a look the sanctity of that tranquil home. I am told that Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, as she styles herself, is very eccentric and peculiar. She still interests herself in music, being the leader of the Bach choir, an association to which some of the first ladies belong, and so severe is she in her requirements, and so strict in demanding their fulfillment, that her high born pupils are often tempted to rebel. Her eldest daughter had an extremely pleasing voice, and it is said that Jenny Lind for a time cherished the hope of seeing her own artistic glories revived in the person of her child. But unfortunately the young lady had neither inherited her mothers genius nor her ardent passion for art. She was indolent and would not study, so that hope is at an end. Probably it is as well. From all that I could hear it appeared that her voice was in no wise one of exceptional power or beauty. And to have been the daughter of Jenny Lind and to have won only a moderate success would have been a result by no means enviable.

HOW SHE LOOKED AT IT.

Grandfather Lickshingle threw down the paper yesterday in disgust and exclaimed:

'It makes me sick, by gracious it makes me sick!'

'What makes you sick, grandfather?' asked James.

'Why, here's another coachman runs away with his employer's daughter.'

'It is certainly too bad,' said James.

'And they get married the minute they are out of sight of her father's house.'

'The poor, silly thing!'

'Well, I should say the poor, silly thing! I should also say the sap-head, the shallow-pate, the crazy-brained imbecile,' continued grandfather, in a towering rage.

'The poor creatures are just from boarding school,' said James, with their heads full of romantic—

'Who's just from boarding school?' yelled grandfather.

'The poor, silly girls, of course.'

'Who's talking about girls?' yelled the old man, a little more savagely than before. 'It's the coachman I'm a livin at. If I had a son, an' he wanted good coachman, an' he would disgrace himself by runnin away with his employer's giddy daughter, I'd spend my pension money in riotous livin, and I wouldn't leave him one red cent to rub against another. Now you hear your old grandfather quote Shakespeare.'

WHY MEN NEVER SUCCEED.

He was at work on a huge pile of cordwood. The saw was dull, and he tugged and fretted and fumed, and at last broke out with a series of expletives big enough and coarse enough to fatally injure an ordinary mouth. A cheery fellow passed by, and, taking in the situation at a glance, said, by way of friendly advice, 'My friend, why don't you sharpen your saw?' The poor oppressed victim of circumstances looked at him savagely for an instant, and then replied, 'Look here, mister, don't you think I've work enough to do sawing this pile without stopping to sharpen saws?'

A FUNNY BLUNDER.

During his first visit to Paris M. Lassalle, a distinguished German, presented himself at the house of a well-known lady, to whom he sent letters of introduction in advance. When the servant opened the door and received his card she conducted him to the boudoir and told him to be seated, saying—

'Madam will come immediately.'

Presently the lady entered. Her feet were bare, covered only with loose slippers. She bowed to him carelessly and said: 'Ah, there you are; good morning.'

She threw herself on a sofa, let fall a slipper and reached out to Lassalle her foot.

Lassalle was naturally completely astounded, but he remembered that at his home in Germany it was the custom sometimes to kiss a lady's hand, and he supposed it was the Paris mode to kiss her foot. Therefore he did not hesitate to imprint a kiss upon the foot so near him, but he could not avoid saying 'I thank you, madam, for this new method of making a lady's acquaintance. It is much better and certainly more generous than kissing the hand.'

The lady jumped up, highly indignant.

'Who are you sir, and what do you mean?'

He gave his name.

'You are not, then, a corn doctor?'

'I am charmed to say, madam, that I am not.'

'But you sent me the corn-doctor's card.'

'It was true. Lassalle in going out that morning had picked up the card of a corn-doctor from his bureau and put it in his pocket. This without glancing at he had given to the servant, who had taken it to her mistress. There was nothing to do but laugh over the joke.—*Philadelphia Progress.*

St Paul did Butter Russ'ly Mixed

Many years since there lived in Virginia a Baptist preacher named B——. Though uneducated he was a sound thinker and an eloquent speaker, and no minister had a more devoted flock. It was the custom during the inclement seasons to hold the meetings at the preacher's house. For years it was observed that B—— neither preached nor conducted the meeting when held at his house, but secured the services of some neighboring minister.

He was often pressed for an explanation without success; but finally in response to the importunities of his flock, gave the following: 'When I was much younger than now—in fact not long after the commencement of my administrations—I held a meeting at my house. It being customary for many of the congregation to remain for dinner, Mrs. B. sent our negro boy, Tim, to neighbor Paul's for some butter. Tim returned and located himself, standing on one foot at a time on the outskirts of the congregation.

Being well warmed in my sermon, thinking neither of Tim nor his errand, but only of the most successful mode of impressing upon my hearers one of my strongest arguments, I demanded, with all the energy of my power: 'And what did Paul say?'

Tim, at the top of his squeaking voice, exclaimed, as Tim only could have done: 'He shed you couldn't git any more butter till you paid for what you got!'

This brought down the house and cut short one of the finest efforts of my early ministry. Since then I have kept my preaching disconnected from my domestic affairs.'

A TUNISIAN HAREM.

A letter from Tunis, Africa, says: 'We have been to the Harem and to the Bey's palace where we saw a real harem, and women who had never been out of their own houses and had seen no men except their own husbands and sons. They were surrounded by everything money could buy; their palaces were perfectly magnificent, as well as their wardrobes, but they did not seem happy. The husband of one woman, after living with her thirty years, has put her aside to marry a young girl that she brought up to wait on him. He has taken his new wife away and left the old one in her beautiful palace, so she says she prays to die.

This same man gave a grand ball not long ago and invited all the Europeans in Tunis. He thought he was exceedingly kind to his wives and children in cutting a small hole through the wall by which, in turns, they were able to see the visitors.

The harems of the lower class are rooms with but little furniture and only rugs to sit on. But those of the wealthy have European furniture, pictures and works of art. The women sat on divans around the sides of the rooms, but we were given chairs and sofas. With all their splendor, however, they looked miserable and unhappy. They cannot read or write, and, I believe, they hardly dare think. All the women do from morning till night is to fig themselves up in their finery, keep it on an hour or two, and then change for something else.

The next house we visited was the same as the other, only here we saw the dearest little baby, a month old, dressed in blue and white silks, with a little turban on its head. Over the bed they burned incense, and hung up a little silver globe with an egg in it to keep off the evil eye. The family treated us very kindly, but I do not doubt they fumigated the entire house after we left.

Mozart, the great musician and composer, was born at Salzburg, in 1756. He composed and played his pieces in public at the age of five years.

Gleanings.

Hunted down—The first indications of a mustache.

A man convicted of perjury in Alabama was pardoned because his of wife's services in yellow fever.

European Russia has a population of sixty-one millions, of whom only nine per cent. can read or write.

A New York girl sang 'Darling I am growing old,' with an expression so penitent and truthful that her procrastinating lover left for good.

A Texan deacon adopted the method of passing the contribution box in one hand and carrying a revolver in the other. Net results, $47.63.

A Nevada politician was elected on the merits of one single speech. All he said was: 'Fellow countrymen, follow me to yonder saloon!'

Class in History—Teacher: "Now, my lad, where and how did George Washington die?" Pupil, who has just been reading the papers: "He was hanged in Kentucky last month."

The offer of a "nickle plated revolver" as a premium to subscribers to the *Church Union*, published in New York, ought to start a very hopeful revival in Texas.—*Kansas City Times*

A bachelor who lately died in Manchester, England, left his property to the thirty women who had refused his matrimonial offers. He said in his will that, to their refusals, he owed the peace he had enjoyed during life, and that he felt himself their debtor.

"But you know, pa,' said the farmers daughter, when he spoke to her about the addresses of his neighbors son, 'you know pa, that ma wants me to marry a man of culture.' 'So do I, my dear, so do I; and there is no better culture in the country than agriculture.'

A deep well at Stockton, Kansas, has run dry, and is emitting sulphurious fumes. Mr. Dappin, firmly believing that the bottom has fallen into hell, maintains a position day and night, at the opening with an axe at hand, ready to kill the devil when he emerges.

Making waistcoats at fourteen cents each, shovoit shirts at four cents apiece, heavy overalls at fifty cents per dozen, and woolen trousers at ten cents a pair are some facts gleaned by a society of ladies who are investigating the condition of sewing women of Cleveland, Ohio.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said Mr. Phelps to the twelve men of Worthington, Minn., who had convicted his daughter of selling cider without a license, "all I've got to say is, you're a set of jackasses, and you may wave your ears over that solemn truth." Mr. Phelps was fined $10 for contempt of court.

A San Francisco paper says that a heroic young man jumped off the San Rafael ferryboat about a month ago and rescued from drowning the daughter of one of our richest stock operators. The next day the grateful father sent for the hero and presented him with *a point on stocks.* The young man borrowed all available funds and invested, in hopes of making a fortune; but the market went the wrong way, and he is now destitute.

LEAVE IT OPEN.

'Yes,' observed the boy as he went down stairs, 'this is a world of changes. It wasn't over three months ago that that 'ere lawyer gin me a blowing up 'cos I didn't shut the door when I went out, and now he turns around and jaws 'cos I didn't leave it wide open. I don't know nuthin' about law, but seems to me that these 'ere fellers who can't stick to one thing for mere'n three months at a time can't be of much account.'

A little boy, ten years old, was being taught by his mother the lessons for his Sunday school. The subject was 'Moses and the burning bush.' He was asked, after the passage in the Bible relating thereto had been read to him, 'What did Moses say when a flame of fire came out of the midst of the burning bush?' Tom answered 'I don't know.' 'Why, it is very simple,' said the mother; 'what would you have said?' 'Me!' exclaimed the boy, his blue eyes wide with wonder. 'Me! why I'd have said, Jimminy crickets! What's that.'

A PAT REPLY.

Dominie H. was one of the old-time circuit riders, whose rough exterior and somewhat non-society ways often obscured his real goodness of heart.

One day he was caught in a shower in Illinois, and going to a rude cabin near by, he knocked at the door. He asked for shelter.

'I don't know you,' she replied, suspiciously.

'Remember the Scriptures,' said the dominie. 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.'

'You needn't say that,' quickly returned the other; 'no angel would come down here with a quid of tobacco in his mouth!'

She shut the door in his face, leaving the good man to the mercy of the rain and his own reflections.—*Q. K. Philleppotts.*