My neighbor's acres held in fee Lie broad, and green, and fair; Six slender feet of ground for me, My mother earth may spare, To have and hold when I shall he Heedless of title there!

The turrets of his mansion rise In state above the trees: The walls that greet my waking eyes, His pride would hardly please; Unless some bide me in the skies. I have none else than these!

The dainties of his broken fast He took with grace unsaid; I marvel if the plain repast, Which my fresh hunger fed, Upon his pride the charm could cast Of thanks for "daily bread."

A thousand greet him on the street, Proud of his smile, or hand; He would not see me, should we meet, The lowly and the grand; But there's content beneath my feet He would not understand!

While to my neighbor and to me Time moves with even speed, He's rich, as one may need to be, And I am poor indeed: So poor, that I his splendor see, Lacking both gold and greed.

Soon Death, who mocks at rank and class, Will bring us to one goal, Where each its narrow gate must pass, Stript to the naked soul. What will be have beyond, alas! Of earth's unstinted dole?

For him six slender feet of earth, Six slender feet for me: We two, divided from our birth, Twinned in the grave will be: Enough, if then my mortal dearth Is merged in heaven's full sea! -C. Richards, in Home Magazine.

"AT THE PATGO."

There is a very peculiar custom which prevails in the rural districts of Louisianna, of which the oldest inhabitant cannot tell the origin. In some points it resembles the old Scottish game of the "Wappenshaw," but it has local and special features of its own, which only some dead-and-gone Acadian ancestor could explain.

As for the singular name, it is simply corruption of "Pape gaie"—the 'Pape," or "Pop." as it is called in English, being a bright little bird.

The Patgo is a wooden rooster, gaily decorated with showy ribbons, and mounted on a pole as a mark, or target. Prizes are offered, so many dollars for each wing, so much for the head; but man who brings down the bird.

gate of one of the small cottages in Prairie Manon, in Southwestern Louisiabout the house. Men were collected in groups, guns were being cleaned and fired, and that deafening hubbub prefired, and that deafening hubbub pre-wailed which the soul of the excitable want to shoot well. Nothing like a good Acadian delights in.

The gentleman fastened his horse to a post, and approached a venerable-looking old man who sat on the steps of the house, and who was gesticulating and shouting with the most obstreperous of

the noisy crowd. "Can you give me lodging to night, sir?" he said, taking off his hat with a courteous inclination of his fine head. The old man took his pipe from his scene. mouth and stared at the speaker, who was a magnificent young man in the undress uniform of the United States army.

proportioned, and had a face of singular and marked beauty. There was a gamebag slung over his shoulder, and he held handsome. Ye he is beautiful.

language, 'mericain."

"And I not one word of French," laughed the stranger. "But look here. old fellow, I must make you understand, Been hunting," pointing to the full game-bag and gun. "Lost my way," walking about, and turning from right Baptiste Avran. It is his turn, now." to left in a confused manner. "Want some supper," chewing vigorously, "and. above all, want a bed," laying his head speaking pantomime, he's an idiot."

merriment and answered gravely: "My saluted it. garcon, my son, Jean Baptiste, he spik de 'mericain good. Jean Baptiste, viens | "thou didst not say thy prayers last

ing lad about eighteen, but with a luck." gloomy and despondent face. In fact, The officer took his rifle from Jean his father, who answered him in an excited speech.

"My papa he say ze house is full, full. People come feefty mile to shoot at ze bird!" Patgo to-morrow; but if monsieur can sleep in ze loft, bon! he can stay. Ze first come, he get ze best bed."

"And as I'm the last comer, I get the pleasant to be lost in your prairies at night. But, my boy, what in the world is a Patgo?"

"Monsieur does not know ze Patgo?" in a tone of astonishment. "Mon Dieu, that is strange! It is a bird made out ze wood. You pay twenty-five cents for a shot. Ze man what brings it down gets

Canaille!" he muttered between his set side. teeth, as he glared sa agely at the marks-

and hatred flourished. "The boy has actually a murderous look," he thought, For the life of me I don't know what "and those fellows must be a mean set | the beggars are howling about, but all of beggars to treat him so."

"Look here, Jean Baptiste!" he said aloud. "You shan't be balked of your crowd. They dashed about among the shot. You shall take my rifle: it's a first- turbulent crowd, scolding at the very top rate one. You'd better try it now, with of their voices, and giving heavy blows the other marksmen, till you get accus- right and left to some of the furious tomed to its weight."

If he had rescued Jean Baptiste from and howling curses at the cool stranger. a terrible fate, the Acadian could not have been more vehement in his expres- said one of the judges courteously, to the sions of gratitude. In a queer patois of officer. "Boys are fools, and you spoiled French and English, mixed with hyster- | ze fun by bringing down ze Patgo so ical sobs, he poured forth his thanks. soon. It is all fair, and you haf ze prize, The stranger sauntered leisurely after but zey lose their heads when you tell him, and watched with keen eyes the just where you going to hit. We nevaire markmanship of the Acadians.

he said to himself, "but the boy's too I vill be much gratify." nervous. Dare say he'd have done better if he hadn't been tearing his nerves "Captain Scott, from the Barracks at to fiddle strings this evening. Funny Baton Rouge." people, these Acadians! Too excitable

tiste shared with him, the boy confided Not a man there, not a man hardly in to him his reasons for wishing to win | the United States, but what had heard the great prize. He sat on his mattress, of the wonderful feats of marksmanship his great brown eyes luminous with ex- of that gallant young officer. citement, and his expressive gestures piercing out his imperfect speech.

"You see, monsieur, I vas born here, and nevaire haf I been feefty mile from ze prairie. You see a tall tree far off in and, who knows, make a heap of money. it too. "Ah, grand Dieu, I is so tired!" throw-'I is not a cow; I is not a horse, to be pony, laid the bridle in his hand. glad and satisfy because ze grass is fine. more zan your beasts.' Non, non," strik- gallop into the great world." ing his breast, "I vill go avay! I vill not stay here!"

"You would leave your father, your he had thrown his arms around the as-friends?" the officer said gently. "My tonished captain's neck, and kissed him poor boy, the world isn't quite heaven." on both cheeks. The crowd cheered.

"In plain words, you want a change," and the officer laughed. "You want the the grand prize falls to the lucky marks- pony to gallop off into pitfalls, and stumble against walls, and to get so A horseman discounting before the many knocks and tumbles that all the King's horses and all the King's men Prairie Manon, in Southwestern Louisi- couldn't piece you into the old Jean anna, noticed a great excitement in and Baptiste again. You don't understand a word I say! I was just talking to myself you see, and you needn't understand.

> night's rest to steady the nerves." About ten o'clock next morning sev- ion. eral hundred people assembled at the appointed place. In the open prairie, the Patgo fastened to a tall pole fluttered its gay streamers in the breeze, and the atbetween the bird and the stately young events that have occurred on that day: officer who towered above them all, his keen eyes taking in every detail of the

"He looks like St. Michael," whispered "The picture in the church."

"Bah?" answered the other. St. Over six feet in statue, he was finely Michael is angry, he is trampling the dragon. That man looks as cold as ice, his face never changes, though he is

The shooting began, but somehow it "Je comprends 'pas', monsieur," the was unusually bad. After twenty shots old man answered. "I spik not the the Patgo's ribbon plumage still waved defiance. Neither wings nor head had been brought down.

> "Will not monsieur take some chance?" said one of the judges, in very good English, approaching the stranger. "Yes, I will take four, but after Jean

Jean Baptiste's first shot was tolerable, as it struck the wing of the bird, but without bringing it down. In the next, on his hand and shutting his eyes. "If his nervous excitement had got the betthe old coon don't understand that ter of him, and his shot flew over the head of the bird. He had taken but The old man certainly understood all three chances, and his last shot was so ing stolen a table. He professed to be that was ridiculous in it, for he laughed deplorably wide of the mark, that a so weak and sick that he could not have aloud, but courteously repressed his mocking laugh from the competitors carried away the table. The judge lis-

"Aha, Jean Baptiste!" cried one, night. Get out of the way, mon gars', Jean Baptiste came up. A good-look- and let the strange monsieur try his

Jean Baptiste had the air of a person Baptiste, and smiled at his downcast crushed by some misfortune, for whom face. He examined the weapon, loaded the world had no charm. He listened to it in his cool, deliberate manner, and had walked through the room with that the officer, and translated his request to taking his position, carelessly raised it, heavy load of money on his back, and and, without apparently looking at the Patgo, called out:

"This for the right wing of your

The shot rang out, and the wing lay on the ground. "This for the head!"

The ribbons which had adorned that loft, and thankful am I for it," said the portion of the Patgo gave a last flutter officer, with a gay laugh. "It isn't as it swooped down. as it swooped down.

"And this for the pony!" As the bird fell, a perfect storm of rage arose in the crowd. "Unfair!" "Cheatery!" "The Patgo

should not have fallen for an hour yet!" "He is a sorcerer!" "He is a devil!" "Robber!" "Vile American!"

The officer did not understand them. ze big prize. Such a pony, all black, no but he saw threatening faces and gestic-white spot, and he run like a deer!" but he saw threatening faces and gestic-ulating arms, as the crowd pressed ulating arms, as the crowd pressed "I suppose you are going to try for closely to him. He coolly loaded his the wonderful pony?" rifle, and, standing with his back to a rifle, and, standing with his back to a "Ah, mon Lieu, but no! I have large tree, waited for an attack, his im- horses is a new industry.

broke my gun, and zey will not lend me passive face as calm as if he had been one. And why? I shoots best, and zey among friends. Jean Baptiste, his boyis jaloux. Zey vants me not try. Ah, ish face glowing with indignation, and and zey is glad my gun is broke! his eyes flashing defiance, sprang to his

"Zey is mad!" he cried. "Zey wants to fight you! Cowards! Aha, I has a The stranger looked around, and gun!" holding it up. "I vill help you." thought to himself that even in this beau-tiful isolated region, so remote from the officer coolly, with a smile. 'It's long struggling ambitions of the world, envy odds, my boy, "but I'll try to hold my post. You must keep out of the mess.

> the same if they attack me, I'm ready." But there were some cool heads in that youngsters who were shaking their fists

"You must hexcuse ze boys, monsieur," ask a stranger he name, but if monsieur "Jean Baptiste isn't half a bad shot," | vill tell us, he's so wonderful a marksman,

"My name is Scott," said the stranger,

There was a minute's profound silence, and noisy ever to make good marksmen." as the name of the most celebrated marks-That night, in the loft which Jean Bap- man in the country fell upon their ears.

Then suddenly, as with one voice, there arose a deafening cheer. "Captain Scott! Hurrah for Captain

Men crowded around to gaze at him, ze marais? I haf nevaire been more far. to shake hands with him. A voice cried I climb it, I look far out. I say, 'Jean out, in good English, "We are proud, Baptiste Avran, if you had a pony Captain Scott, to have seen you. We'd for your own, you could run away. You have given two ponies willingly just to could gallop, gallop into ze big world, have a peep at you. And you're worth

Captain Scott laughed and turned to ing out his arms with a tragic gesture. the Judge, who, leading up the prize

"It's a beautiful animal," he said, advant to go far off to see people, to learn | miringly, "but of course it's not up to to read. Monsieur, when strangers come my weight. I didn't win it for myself. here, not good, not kind like you, zey Here, my boy," to Jean Baptiste, "I laugh at us. Zey say: 'You cannot read shot for you. Mount your pony," he or write; you know nothin'; you are no added, with a laugh, "and let us see you

Jean Baptiste gasped for breath, then, before Captain Scott could prevent him, "It may be bad, yes. It may hurt me, Jean Baptiste, with an Indian yell, but it vill not be ze prairie. Ah, I choke sprang on the pony and galloped over the prairie. But he did not gallop into the world that day, nor before a year, when, through the influence of Captain Scott, he was placed in a good school.

The world was kind to the prairie boy, and he became a wealthy and influential man. A few years ago he died at an advanced age, but his most treasured possession was a picture of Captain Scott in the glory of his beautiful manhood. The gallant officer died shortly after the picture was taken, but there are probably many living now who remember the incident of the Patgo. - Youth's Compan-

On Hangman's Day.

A Philadelphia job printer who began business on Friday has circulated the foltention of the Acadians seemed divided lowing card bearing a list of interesting Washington born on Friday.

Queen Victoria married on Friday. Napoleon Bonaparte born on Friday. Battle of Bunker Hill fought on

Friday. America discovered on Friday. Joan of Arc burned at the stake on Friday.

Battle of Waterloo fought on Friday. Bastile destroyed on Friday. Declaration of Independence signed on

Friday. Battle of Marengo fought on Friday. Julius Cæsar assassinated on Friday. Lee surrendered on Friday. Fort Sumter bombarded on Friday. Moscow burned on Friday.

Shakspeare born on Friday. King Charles I. beheaded on Friday. Richmond evacuated on Friday. Battle of New Orleans fought on Friday. - Detroit Free Press.

China's Solomon.

Another Solomon has arisen at Shanghai, China. A man was accused of havtened sympathetically and then said: "I think you are right. I pity you. Take that bag with \$10,000 and spend it in getting thoroughly cured." The accused bowed and took up the bag on his shoulders and walked out. "Bring that man back!" ordered the judge, and on the culprit's reappearance the wise judge told him he had noticed him as he he considered him quite equal to the task of carrying away a table. So he pronounced the accused guilty of the theft. - Chicago Herald.

A Novel Lawsuit.

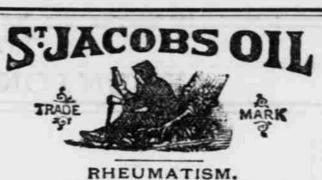
In the United States Circuit Court at Springfield, Ill, a judgment has been rendered for the defendant in the ejectment case of John H. Decker against Roderick E. Rambour. The defendant has been for twenty years the occupant of a pice of land of 700 acres known as Cobb Island, in the Mississippi river near East St. Louis. It shifted its position in the changes of the stream and lodged against the land of the plantiff, who claimed it as a natural accretion and brought this suit for possession, with the result stated .- Chicago Tribune.

The manufacture of false teeth for

Blood Will Tell.

There is no question about it-blood will tell -especially if it be an impure blood. Blotches. eruptions, pimples and boils, are all symptoms of an impure blood, due to the improper action of the liver. When this important organ fails to properly perform its function of purifying and cleansing the blood, impurities are carried to all parts of the system, and the symptoms above referred to are merely evidences of the struggle of Nature to throw off the poisonous germs. Unless her warning be heeded in time, serious results are certain to follow, culminating in liver or kidney disorders, or even in consumption. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will prove the description of the symptoms. covery will prevent and cure these diseases, by restoring the liver to a healthy condition.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., has passed an ordinance raising the license for practising faith cure to \$500.

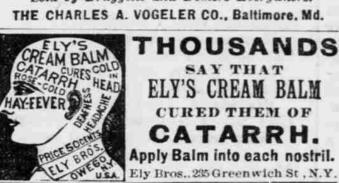


The Case Stated .- Jan'y 17th, 1883. Messrs. George C. Osgood & Co., druggists, Lowell, Mass., wrote to the undersigned as follows: "Mr. Lewis Dennis, No. 136 Moody street wishes to recommend St. Jacobs Oil, and desires especially to say that

"ORIN ROBINSON, of Grantville, Mass., a boy of 12 years, came to his house in the summer of 1881 walking on crutches, his left leg being bent at the knee for over two months, and could not be bent back. Mr. Dennis had some St. Jacobs Oil in the house. and gave it to him to rub on his knee. In six days he had no use for his crutches, and went home well without them, as he be been ever since."

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₽<mark>⋛⋴⋛⋴⋛⋴⋛⋴⋛⋴⋛⋴⋛⋴⋛⋴⋛⋴⋛⋴⋛⋴⋛⋴⋛⋴⋛⋴⋛</mark> to five dollars in a Rubber Coat, and at his first half hour's experience in a storm finds to his sorrow that it is hardly a better protection than a mos-quito netting, not only feels chagrined at being so badly taken in, but also feels if he does not look exactly like Ask for the "FISH BRAND" SLICKER and take no other. If your storekeeper does not have the FISH BRAND, send for descriptive catalogue. A.J. Tower, 20 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.



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