A JOURNEY OF CENTURIES MADE BY AMERICAN TOURISTS.

The Wonderful Liquid Found in the Ruins of the Temple of Minerva-Its Effects on the Entire Party Which Partook of it-How the Old Athenians Lived and Acted.

I was exceedingly gratified when I was in vited to make one of a party of six to picnic in Europe for the summer. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Miss Clark, the sister, Mr. and Mrs. Stephens and myself -Von Glahn. Our objective point was Athens primarily, and later a general stroll through Greece, absorbing the classic air and incidentally the classic knowledge. The most felicitous winds and weather me; you are just as big guys favored our ocean passage; what with the as I am. Look at yourselves." ordinary pastimes of sea travelers, we passed the days with wonderful celerity.

At last we reached Athens. It was here we proposed to do our picnicking, here we would cast our tablecloth upon | no shoes, arms bare; we were the works of Phidias, and eat our canned the very realization of a salmon in the grove of the Academy. The sacred cellar of the Parthenon would resound with our laughter and the seats of the archons in the theatre of Dionysius would serve as tables for our modern indigestibles -and we carried out our programme to the letter. We hardly realized the vengeance of those antiques; we were inflamed with the knowledge of this century, with the astuteness of New York civilization; we knew not the deep shrewdness of the early Greek.

One day, the last it can be readily understood of our desecrations, we had seated ourselves upon the very spot where stood Minerva centuries before, and there in the face of the goddess, as it were, we munched our sandwiches, opened up our boxes of sardines and drank our ordinaire with the gusto of American bon vivants. Clark always was a meddler, and upon this occasion, meal in hand, he walked about amid the mass of fatlen columns and the remains of Elgin ruins seeking some memento of the place. Suddenly a cry of joy escaped him, and hurrying toward us we saw him with two bottles in his hand. "See here," he exclaimed as soon as he was sufficiently near for us to hear him, "I've a treasure here; you see I found one of those old safe deposit vaults where the antique bloods kept their clerical opened it pretty quick, and I caught these two bottles, some kind of classical Bass' ale,

When the wrappings were removed he held in each hand a bombylios, or small earthern jar, with a handle and a bottom like that of a ginger-ale bottle, each bearing a label with an inscription upon it and each contained a fluid as we could tell by shaking. "Here, Stephens, read this jargon to us,"

scholar of the party. Stephens figured over the wording some moments, and finally, with a laugh as hearty as ever resounded through those ruins, he

"Well, this is a grand find, I can tell you; just listen to what it says: 'Whoever partakes of this liquid five drops will be instantly transported back to the days of Pericles and the grandeur of Athens,' signed 'Niccippe.' And the other label says, 'Of this fluid take five drops and one will be restored to his natural self.' A great scheme; a trip to old Athens free of expense. Who'll go the five drops with me?"

"I'll go you," said Clark and 1 in a breath. "I want to see Pericles." "Don't touch it; perhaps it may be poison,"

said Mrs. Stephens, womanlike. "Try it on that dog first and if he lives through it we'll all take it," Miss Clark suggested. I thought I could detect an unwill-

ingness on her part to let me make the trip We caught the lonesome dog that was smelling about us as unconscious of his ancient

destiny as he was of his supper. We opened his mouth and carefully located five drops on his tongue. When we released him he made no effort to run away-he stood and looked at us; his eyes grew larger and larger, his tail became shaggy, his body bigger, and very soon we recognized the pure old Molassion dog of the days of Aspasia, and he gamboled about and barked in his fifth-century B. C. manner to his intense delight and our own as well.

We merely glanced at each other, nodded our heads, grasped a sandwich in our right hands, while with the left we held our wineglass into which had been dropped the precious fluid. As one person we raised the goblets to our lips, drank the contents and in another instant—

It was Athens in her palmiest day; the streets were crowded with the fashionables of the capital, slaves carried gorgeous sunshades to shield their mistresses from the heat and the beaux twisted their waxen mustaches and allowed their curled locks to tangle in the winds unconfined by ribbon or covered by hat. Some had their chitons tucked up an extra height through their girdle because, forsooth, it showered in Corinth, and Corinth set the fashion to certain club members of the democratic city. It was some hours after the time of the filling of the market, and the barbers' and perfumers' shops were well filled with the aristrocratic idlers who had spent the previous evening and far into the night at the house of Phorion where a glorious feast had been spread in honor of Cimon and undiluted wine had been spared by neither host in its provision nor by guest in its disposal. There was a chatter and an exchange of gossip as though there had been no meeting for days, and many a scandal found birth and strength while its progenitor was in the hands of the shaver and the curler. The air was balmly and delightful, there was a fragrance in it that spoke of nowers and myrrh, the noble dames walked abroad clad in raw silk

from Asia, in the himation, sumptuously embroidered in palmettos and mythological scenes, fastened over the shoulder with a golden

clasp and completely concealing the figure of the wearer. The men were dressed in purple vests, a chiton, a short tunic without sleeves; the hair of some tied on the top of the head and fastened with a gilt grasshopper. Chariots rolled over the roadway skillfully guided by adroit drivers; monuments beautified the walks, tall columns bore tripods won by fortunate contestants at the Olympics or other games, the houses were open, the sounds of the lute, the cymbal and the castanet were heard, and the life of the day seemed nothing but pleasure and excitement. And we were there, sitting on the marble steps of the unfinished Parthenon, each with sandwich in to modern life, but there would be no way of ally when Henry George Pericles defeated

"This isn't bad," said I.

"Not much," Mr. Stephens rejoined, "and before we start out to see the sights I'll finish up this sandwich. There's no telling what they have to eat in this country now." Whereupon he took a hungry bite from

imprecations instantly cast it from him. "It's dough," was all he said. "Of course it's dough," explained Clark; "we're in 400 B. C., and that's 1800 A. D. bread that won't be cooked for 2,200 years to be a dairy attached. We entered and

the sandwich, and with many grimaces and

We looked at one another in silence for a waited upon by young women. As in New moment, and then, as the truth appealed to us, we severally dropped our sandwiches. Mr. Clark was studying himself-he was a

study, as were all of us. "What's this Mother Hubbard I've got on?" he asked, "and where are my shoes? How did I get here barefooted and bareheaded? What's become of that suit of they had were not to our liking-skates, eels,

clothes I had? But you all needn't laugh at | wild peas, locusts and salt fish, all of them And we did. It is no wonder



houseful of boarders escaping from a midnight fire. We had expected a change, but we as this. We had not thought for a moment paraphernalia and so forth. You can bet I that we were to be cast into the centre of a civilized city, with practically no clothes on and no home where we might seek refuge. I suppose. We'll unwrap these rags and find | No one appeared to notice us, however; out what we've got," and he did so without | slaves and workmen passed us without turning their heads, and we soon gathered cour-Clark spoke pure United States, it will be | age to climb on to the covered walk of the remarked; there was not a word of Greek | Parthenon. Phidias was there looking to | me, I think such dressing is scandalous." the construction of the building. Callicratus and Ictinus, the superintending builders, were explaining certain matters to him, and standing at the foot of one of the majestic columns, point to its capital and heard him proudly ask, "How's that for high?" as indeed it was. This proved to us that our said Clark, handing the jars over to the modern jokes are not modern after all. Phidias complained of work that had been

neglected and slighted. "Look at these metopes," he said. "See the way they are put up; you would not expect a private party to pay for such work; how then can you look to the state for it? And notice that wall in the cellar. Why, those men of yours have deliberately plastered up

highly flavored with onions.

"Look at the dude with rings," said Clark, were not ready for such a ridiculous change attracting our attention to a newcomer who was resplendent with jewels, and cast about him a self-conscious look that quickly brought responsive glances from every waitress in the house.

doned and he had to rely upon his memory

Discoursing in this way, enlivened by a

frequent witticism from my adored Melissa,

for Miss Clark insisted that we now call her

by that local name, which she declared was

Propyles and into the Agora, the busiest

section of the city. We readily found a bake

shop, with what to our modern eyes seemed

found there many diners who were being

York restaurants, where young lady wait-

ers preside, it was necessary to sit for some

time until the favorite young men visitors

were provided for and furnished with the

gossip of the night before. Finally we pro-

for his prophecies.

"I don't like this sort of thing at all," Mrs. Stephens observed; "the men all seem effeminate creatures, and appear to have a hard time to keep their clothes on. As for

"Why, I'm mortified beyond expression," replied Mrs. Clark: "to think of being here with all these people, and I with no shoes as we drew near we saw Callicratus, who was on-and not much else as for that, except this sheet. I've tried to keep my feet out of sight, and they're covered with dust and dirt; it's positively shameful."

At this we laughed heartily that she should feel herself distinguished from the city full in this particular respect. "And we've no hats, no bustles, no dresses

-in fact, we've nothing that decent society requires," said Melissa. Before we had an opportunity of going into a consideration of this remark, our waitress

came toward us and asked if we would have some wine. I replied that it was the one thing we had been waiting for to complete our meal. "Will you have it weakened with sea

around us who heard our remarks looked at us with wondering expresfrom Plutarch, of whom she had been a sions, for the names we'used were faithful student, we passed through the new to them, and they evidently regarded us as strangers. Desiring to learn something from a native about the matter, I addressed a citizen who stood beside me-"Sir," I said, "will you inform me of the meaning of this terrible charge against your

began her list with Aspasia. The few

"Verily, I know not," he replied, "unless it be a continuance of the efforts of an aristocracy to put him from office. Phidias has been already indicted for embezzlement, Anaxagoras and Aspasia have been indicted for impiety, and Pericles before this has been accused of sacrilege and heresy."

cured some ass' milk and bread and from it made our lunch, as the other dishes which At this moment a boy pushed his way through the crowd and attached to the pillar a bulletin setting forth the fact that Ephialtes, a prominent man in the popular party, had been assassinated by a member of the aristocratic party, whereupon mingled shouts and howls went up in commendation or denunciation of the act.

"Let us get out of this," I said, and pushing as best we might we soon reached the outer edge of the circle.

"Why, this is just as bad as New York," Mrs. Clark exclaimed; dishonest politicians and political murders, and I heard one of those men beside me say that Pericles had to put guards at the voting places to see that those entitled to vote could do so. Why, it is horrible.

"I don't think one's life is safe here," added Mrs. Stephens.

At the moment, as if to verify her words, a chariot rolling by, driven by a reckless youth, struck a child and knocked it to the ground. Clark sprang forward, and as the frightened mother shricked he dragged the young one from before the wheels and set it in safety against the wall at the side of the walk. The mother was most profuse in her protests of thankfulness, and after she had given a full measure of affection to her child she turned again to us and would hear of no excuse, but that we must accompany her to her home, and amid her lares and penates partake of the festivities her gratitude would provide. We were nothing loth to the acceptance of such an invitation, for we had no knowledge of where to lay our heads that night, and so we cheerfully followed the lady to her house. It was near the time of dinner when we reached our destination, and ere many moments, Sotades, the master, appeared, who, upon hearing the recital of the adventure from his wife, embraced us each in turn and wept happy tears over his offspring.

Clark of course was the hero of the occasion, and upon him much eulogy was lavished, the ladies finally conducting him to the bath, where the mistress insisted upon pouring water over his shoulders and laving his tired limbs. At this, however, Clark rebelled. "Surely it is not proper," he said, "that you should act thus the part of a servant or that your modesty should permit such

"My modesty?" she made answer. "What has that to do with it? Did not Circe bathe Ulysses? Have we ever permitted a respected guest to leave our home without that attention?" And without more ado she poured an urn of tepid water over his shoulders while her maids gave him the attention they would a child. Stephen and I, controlling our laughter with much difficulty, stood without listening to the splashing and catching an occasional groan from Clark, who was very evidently suffering in mind from the unusual attention of which he was the victim.

At the meal which shortly followed we found a beautiful display of appetizing dishes, and after the tiresome day we were glad to lie upon the couche that were prepared for us, and, resting upon our left elbors, make use of our right arms to reach the articles on the table. The ladies sat at the foot of the couches and their observations were bright and witty, adding very appreciably to our enjoyment. Just before we began to eat servants entered carrying small silver basins

the pretty fountain as it cooled the air, or studying the dense Egyptian blue of the Melissa was a graduate of Vassar and she heavens, from whence the stars appeared to knew all about everything. She had once hang as so many glorious lights. There was written an essay on women in politics, and no illumination in the house; there was no reason for it, because there were no books to read. All the information the family received was from the public posts. There was nothing to do but to sit in the silver of the moon and listen to the monotonous voice of the cicada or catch the strain of a lute or the shrill notes of a Pans-pipe. A



servant came with a torch, which he lighted by bringing a spark from two pieces of wood rubbed together, and then stuck in a socket

At this moment some household affairs called both host and hostess from us and we were left alone. For a moment we said nothing, then Stephens said:

"Well!" And we all answered by shifting our positions a little, and one or two of us coughed. "I'm tired of this thing," I said.

"Tired! I'm dying," exclaimed Melissa; talk to me about the good old times; I want none of it. The men are just as stupid as moderns.' "And the women just as frivolous," added

Clark. "And politics just as bad," said Mrs.

Stephens. "And not a convenience," claimed Mrs. Clark; "no gas, no running water, no elevator, no horse-car, no elevated roads, no

books; nothing to make life tolerable." "Not even a clock to tell what time to go home," wailed Clark. "Why, a cargo of \$3

Waterbury watches would set these Athenians crazy with wonder." "No ball clubs, no roller skating, no West Point drills, not a stick of chewing gum,

and Melissa laughed at the recollections these things brought up. "Suppose we skip to New York?" I sug-

"Done!" It came in one voice. Carefully Stephens drew from its cealment the precious bottle and silently

and solemnly passed it to each of us. On the instant we had drained its contents, and in another we were sitting within the ruined Parthenon in the evening of a nineteenthcentury day, clothed in New York suits and with the crumbs of our earlier meal about us. "What will Mr. and Mrs. Sotades say at

our unceremonious departure?" Miss Clark "Oh, bother Mr. and Mrs. Sotades! they've been dead 2,200 years and forgotten all about

it," Clark replied. A. CURTIS BOND. GENERAL LEE'S BIBLE.

Carried to Maine by a Union Soldier and Recovered by Advertising.

Twenty-five years ago a regiment of Maine oldiers was encamped on Arlington Heights, and the boys, understanding that anything belonging to the rebels was common property and, therefore subject to confiscation, ransacked the old Lee mansion pretty thor-oughly. They captured old pipes and cigars and wines and pictures and everything that was portable. Of course, they did not need many of these things. Such articles as had belonged to General Lee had a peculiar interest and were very desirable. One soldier, who arrived late, after the desirable articles had been taken, found the old family Bible, and sent it down East to his home in Maine. There were Bibles in Maine, but none like this. After the war was over this soldier returned home, and found to his surprise that the Bible contained all the usual ingredients. including the ten commandments and apocrypha, but in addition to these, between the Old and the New Testaments, was a complete family record, giving the history of the Lee family for the last 200 years.

The soldier was sorry that he had taken the book, but was too proud to acknowledge the fault, and so he held his peace. In the mean while biographers were at work on the life of General Lee, and certain dates regarding the birth and marriage of his ancestors were wanting. If the old family Bible could be found it would afford the necessary information. Advertisements were inserted in all the papers, and by and by came a letter from Maine saying the Bible was in the possession of a soldier's widow, who would gladly restore it to the owner. Before the property could be recovered the widow died, and then came another long wait until the estate was settled. But at last the book was fully identified and turned over to a messenger, who assed through Boston yesterday, carrying it back to its old place at Arlington Heights. The foolish act of a boy soldier has hindered the completion of an important historical work for years, but the Bible is at last restored to its owner, and the biographer can now complete his task.—Boston Globe.

An Awkward Printing-office Mistake. An Iowa newspaper foreman is now in danger of his life for putting together the following: The first is a portion of an ac-count of the concert, and last a partial report of a cattle show. The sentences appeared as follows: "The concert given last night by sixteen of Storm Lake's most beautiful and fascinating young ladies was highly appreciated. They were elegantly dressed, and sang in a most charming manner, win ning the plaudits of the entire audience, who pronounced them—the finest breeds of shorthorns in the country. A few of them are of a rich brown color, but the majority are spotted, brown and white. Several of the neifers are fine-bodied, tight-limbed, welldeveloped animals, and promise to prove good property."-Louisville Courier-Journal. German Patriotism Defined.

The Cologne Gazette complains in a recent article of the unpatriotic conduct of certain German ladies of fashion who are, it seems, in the habit of ordering their toilets in which they appear at court from Brussels. henceforward there will be no excuse for their lealing with foreign modistes, a company having been formed in Berlin to found a millinery establishment there which will quite eclipse the "Magasins des Modes" of Brussels, ing name suffice to insure the requisite fit and finish, the new German house need fear no competition. It is to be started with a capital of half a million sterling, and it is to be called the "Reichsnormaldamenbekleidungsanstalt."

The Negro in Politics. "Well, Mr. Jackson, I am going to run for office this fall and I want you to support me -vote for me, you know," said a Georgia politician to a dark-skin.

"Vote fer yer an' s'pote yer both! No, sah; I'se libed too long fer dat. Last year I voted fer Massa David Dennis an' he s'poted me fer three weeks. He gave me two hams and a whole lot of meal all ground and ready fer use. I'se no fool, sonny, that I'd s'port a man an' 'lect him ter office, too.''

—Peck's Sun.

The Western Booms. At Woodland, Cal., a lady recently found a twenty-dollar piece in the street, invested in it a lot, and in two weeks realized \$1,250. This is the story they tell and it may be true. This is the story they ten and it may be that. Things like that frequently happen in Omaha, Not long ago a boy threw a chunk of dirt at a man. The man held on to the chunk and is now worth half a million dollars. He was worth about that before the boy threw that chunk of real estate at him, but outside papers will please not mention that part of the story.—Omaha World.

A GRIP-SACK SECRET

ACHES AND PAINS COMPLETELY CHARMED AWAY.

Suggestions on the Care of Health.

Heed Paid to the Warning Given by the President-Cleveland's Late Rheumatic Attack-His Friends Make Some Good

Not like those ancient receptions given to ers. George Washington has been the tour of the President and his wife. Of the former it was said: "She was met on the outskirts by a committee of citizens; there were fireworks before and after supper, and she was serenaded by an excellent band of music, conducted by gentlemen of the town."

The harvests of a mighty nation are gar nered and the fruits thereof are now the "fairday" sights of millions. Thousands come and go and crowd each mart "where plenty sits," and into these genial multitudes the distinguished visitors were ushered.

Grover Cleveland is of the people, by the people, their President, and in the administration of their affairs his health and happiness are objects of solicitude.

The most changeful season in many years is upon us, and he has been whirled from freezing point to Indian summer, and thence again to chilling frosts. He stood in over-heated rooms, and from

the stifling air where crowds commingle, he

was suddenly transferred to the cold with-Does any one suppose he was unprepared for such emergencies? If so, let him possess himself with patience. Just ask the charming Mrs. C. what was that little incident it is said took place in their delightful bou-

doir at the White House, at which even the sleepy poodle looked askant. Will the gripsack reveal a secret? From undergoing just such trials as those foreshadowed and harassed by state affairs the President fell sick. Crowds had no com-

passion, Congress was impatient for his message and in the late hours he sat by an open window and prepared the document. The President was down and crippled with

rheumatism and the long faces of the physicians in attendance betokened a protracted illness.

One doctor made public mention that this illness of the President was critical, and perhaps fatal, and that he might not live to see another year. Why such a scare was gotten up, that doctor only knows.

Now this would never do, thought she. A thousand eyes were on him, and a thousand ears had caught this ominous warning. What to do was a quick resolve, and how to outwit this evil portent was a woman's chance to hold her husband on his pinnacle and surprise the country. She did it.

And hence we find them at the boudoir fire-place, while the poodle slumbered quietly. Just then she whispered something in his

What was his answer? Did he say, "I'd like to do it just to spite the doctor, but they'd have my name in a thousand prints?" But what of that? She had determined that a thousand papers should proclaim "the President is well, and walks about without

his cane." She hastened off, and after a while the attendant rubbed his swollen limbs and anon the pains subsided; he slept the sleep of the just, and arose recuperated. And so it happened that the press rebuked the doctor's fussiness, and proclaimed the sudden

restoration of the President's health. What it was that cured him is the good wife's secret, and no one would be mean enough to tell that secret if she gave him leave, but true it is what other most distinguished men have done so often has brought them like results.

For instance, a firm friend and counselor of the President, Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees, Senator from Indiana, makes this mention without reluctance or show of secrecy: "St. Jacobs Oil gave instantaneous relief; a remarkable remedy."

The distinguished Roman Catholic prelate, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour, Cleveland, Ohio, in like manner states: "St. Jacobs Oil is excellent for rheumatism and kindred dis-

The Hon. Thomas L. Young, ex-Governor of Ohio, has been free to say: "Suffered for years with rheumatism and was cured by St. Jacobs Oil."

Hon. Martin A. Foran, Member of Congress from Cleveland, Ohio, has said: "St. Jacobs Oil is an invaluable family medicine. Great relief. Safe and reliable."

Hon. Norman J. Colman, ex-Lieutenant-Governor, St. Louis, Mo., Commissioner of Agriculture: "Found great benefit by use of St. Jacobs Oil." Capt. Henry M. Holzworth, late Chief

Detective Force, Cleveland, Ohio: "St. Jacobs Oil is a surprising relief. A world of good. It conquers pain.' Hon. Stacey Hill, Mt. Auburn Inclined Plane Railroad, Cincinnati, Ohio: "Un-

doubtedly St. Jacobs Oil is a remarkable medicine." Capt. Ben Bullwinkle, Chicago Fire Patrol, Chicago, Ill.: "St. Jacobs Oil is certainly a good thing.'

Professor C. O. Duplessis, Manager Chicago Gymnasium: "We use St. Jacobs Oil in preference to anything we ever tried." Hon. Hart B. Holton, ex-M. C., Maryland

'I have used St. Jacobs Oil with astonishing effects. It is a first-class thing." General Rufus Ingalls, Quartermaster Gen-

eral U. S. Army: "St. Jacobs Oil is the best pain cure ever used." Not alone in this country, but in all parts

of the world, men of distinction are free to admit all its virtues, to sympathize with those who suffer, and to give them the benefit of their indorsements as encouragement to do likewise. Hence we find so distinguished a scholar as: Dr. Richard Oberlaender, Leipzig, Ger-

many, Secretary Ethnological Museum, F. S. U. G. A. M. G. S.: "St. Jacobs Oil cured me entirely of neuralgia. I will not be with-

Hon. Billa Flint, Life Senator of the Dominion Parliament, Canada: "I found St. Jacobs Oil to act like a charm." Hon. Godfrey Sichel, Member of Parlia-

ment, Cape of Good Hope, South Africa: "St. Jacobs Oil will cure neuralgic pains." Senor A. de la E. Delgado, LL. D., and of no use, and it cured the rheumalist Counselor Tribunal of Justice of the Repermenently, as it has not troubled him for public, Lima, Peru: "A single application of St. Jacobs Oil, cured me of rheumatism of four years' standing."

Dr. Manuel Izaguirre, Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico: "I obtained complete cures of Chronic and Acute Rheumatism with St. Jacobs Oil."

Hon. Wong Doon Hing, Chinese Consul General, San Francisco, California: "The Chinese regard St. Jacobs Oil as the best paincure in the world."

Hon. George Colton, late Police Commissioner, Baltimore, Md.: "Wherever I medal; California State Fair, baye traveled St. Leoche Cities medal; Louisville, Ky., Southern Exp have traveled St. Jacobs Oil is recognized as a blessing to humanity." Hon. Thomas L. James, late Postmaster

General U.S.: "I concur in indorsing St. Jacobs Oil." Hon. Henry Piper, late Alderman, Toronto, Canada: "I cured aggravated rheumatism by

use of St. Jacobs Oil." Mr. David Scott, the champion Cricketer, Melbourne, Australia: "I suffered agony.

St. Jacobs Oil cured me." Dr. D. Antonio Jose Romay, Physician, Faculty, Post Garrison, Havana, Cuba: "I short time with St. Jacobs Oil."

Hon. H. H. Meiggs, the Great Railrodo tractor, South America: "St. Jacobs Oliveration of the base of the accomplished wonders. It has my

Hon. Oden Bowie, ex-Governor of the land, Prest. Balto. City Passenger Rab Co., and ex-Prest. Md. Jockey Club:
Jacobs Oil acts most satisfactorily."

Hon. Wm. Pinkney Whyte, ex-U. 8. ator, Maryland: "St. Jacobs Oil has my

Hon. Carter H. Harrison, late Mare Chicago: "I used and found St. Jacobah Hon. Jno. C. New late Assistant &

tary of the Treasury, Indianapolis, later of cordially recommend St. Jacobs Oil Mr. Alfred Hay, the great sheep miss Boomanoomana, Mulwala P. O., N. & R. Australia: "St. Jacobs Oil cured me of pa

Hon. S. Crosby, Hawaiian Consul In Peru: "St. Jacobs Oil cured me of pine

Drs. D. Jose Felix Sudy and D. M. Allende, Sanitary Commissioners Chi Army of Occupation, Peru, report: cobs Oil was a complete cure in the ments upon 500 invalids suffering with kinds of aches and pains," What are the virtues of this great remain.

The gripsack of the President of the University

States might reveal a secret, and distinguish men of the world have used it with beat What it is and what it is not can be brown told; has been told in a thousand ways, by thousands it has been used. It to with Jeffersonian simplicity and remain cure with the stubbornness of Andrew Ja

It is not merely a rubefacient to irritate outer surface, nor is it merely an emolling embrocation to soften or relax a constant muscle, but in its specific action it come the specific properties of the best of beat with a superior curative virtue superior It penetrates deeply but gently, sand ingly and surely; it is kind but firm both

ing on and seeking the pain-spot has dues easily; it soothes instantly; item permanently. The most remarkable proof of this perm nency of cure has been furnished the po prietors in an unexpected form, but

same time most gratifying. In duty bound to look after the interest their patrons and patients, they added circular letter to such as had used it misinquiry as to the state of their health a a view of advising further. What was their surprise to learn from

of them, thousands in number, exception as had removed their residence, thating case where used according to direction cures made by the great remedy had a mained permanent. Cheerful renewals of their statement were made which disclosed the remarks

showing which no other similar remede ever shown-that the cures were thus where crutches and canes had been used What is more remarkable still, then were prompt and positive without the rence of pain or discomfort in a laped years as long as its own existence and the disease had ravaged as long some

As a specimen of cheerful respon wherein these points are fully set forth. give the following: Mr. D. M. Rearick, of Constantine, Mr.

writes Feb. 16, 1887, as follows: "It gives me much pleasure to substanta what I said five years ago in regard to m great remedy. "I had been troubled with rheumatisms

rather pain in my back, for about thirty years, so much so that I was confined to my bed two or three weeks at a time. "Tried most every remedy, most every plaster that I could get in a drug store, but

no relief from them; but about five year

ago I bought one and a half bottles of St

Jacobs Oil and made fourteen applications but I would say here that I gave it thorough rubbings according to directions. "I can say without hesitation that he done for me all that you claim for theel. "I am happy to inform you that I has been a well and healthy man the pasting

years; have done all kinds of work, and at lift as much as I ever could. "Haven't been lame with my back owly in the space of five years, and would say all that have like trouble, give St. Jacobs fair trial and I know you will find relief int

Something more remarkable is the foller ing: Just imagine any one of the cripples seen on the street taken up magically cured, so that he throws sway his crutch and goes to work, and the case to be appreciated. But to the facts:

Jany. 17, 1883, Messrs. George C. Osgodi Co., druggists, Lowell, Mass., write: "h Lewis Dennis, No. 136 Moody St., dens to recommend St. Jacobs Oil to any affide with rheumatism, as he has obtained beef by voing it, but he desires especially town "Orin Robinson, of Grantville, Mrs. 1 boy of 12 years, came to his house is 3 summer of 1881, walking upon crutches. "His left leg having been bent at knee for over two months, and could not

"Mr. Dennis had some St. Jacobs Of the house and gave it to him to rub on it knee. In six days he had no use for 18 crutches, and went home well without the and has been well since St. Jacobs Ofmed The case from January 17, 1883, w lin 9, 1887, stood thus : A confirmed criple to crutches-knee hent-leg useless. Curs

bent back. He could not walk upon it

by St. Jacobs Oil. Was the cure perma nent? Inquiry was made on this point d Osgood & Co., June 18, 1887. After an inlet val of four years, it will be seen what is the condition of the poor cripple.

They reply as follows, July 9, 1887: "Mt. Lewis Dennis has just called upon me and

"That the boy Orin Robinson, who was a poor cripple on crutches and was cured by St. Jacobs Oil in 1881; the cure has remained permanent.

"The young man has been and is nows work every day at manual labor, a case or tainly which proves the efficacy of St. Jacobs 'Mr. Dennis tells me

matism in his knee; tried many remedies in Dr. Geo. C. Osgood, M. D. years."

It has won its reputation on merit alone, and its superior merit, in competition, has won for it what no other similar preparation be achieved; gold medal awards from International and State expositions abroad and home, viz: New Zealand International En hibition, 1882, gold medal; Calcuita Internation national Exhibition, 1883-84, gold medi: Cincinnati Industrial Exposition. medal; California State Fair, 1884, gold Whether the secret of the gripsack is em sition, 1884, gold medal.

revealed or not, it is to be hoped that President and wife have returned in god health to the White House.

Having returned, it is to be hoped the visited Honeymoon Heights, the tiptop peaks of West Virginia, which look down upon the teeming valleys they left behind them where, when the sun is up, the softened light falls on the painted foliage. If she placed a souvenir in the diary where it re counts the boudoir scene, she has have cured rheumatism and neuralgia in a well, for it is said by an ancient legent "there's luck in autumn leaves."



their mistakes without attempting to correct them, thinking I wouldn't notice it. What do you imagine the people of a thousand years hence will think of us when they discover what sort of work we did? It's dishonorable and unpatriotic." Clark whispered to "You notice, old boy, they had their

Buddensieks in those days, too. But don't You think Phidias would nail things uptightas much as we do about that

I was about to reply when Phidias advanced toward us, and with a courteous rec-

men. You may know something of such trials, friend Stephanion, or you, friend Glancos,' indicating me. We all bowed profoundly in recognition of our new names, nor did it once occur to us to ask how he thus became familiar with them. He left us with a few words and returned to his fault-finding. We discussed the situation, in which we found, as the most remarkable feature, our perfect command of the language. We had no difficulty in un-

derstanding the words just addressed to us, nor the conversations we had overheard between the workmen. "Don't you think we'd better go down into York), and try to get something to eat; I'm almost starved, and the worst of it is I don't know how to figure on my last meal. When I was a modern I know I must have eaten. I ate in 1886, but that is twenty-two hundred

years in the future, and so, chronologically, I have never eaten anything," said Clark. "What I want to know," Mrs. Stephens remarked, "is whether we have returned to a previous evistence, and whether, if we stay here, we will live until 1886."

"I don't know about that," Mr. Stephens

replied, "but I do know that I'm going into

the oracle business. I can stupefy these

Greeks. I'll go back to 1886, load up with Greek histories and then return to you, and I'll fill dates for these people way up to the death of Byron or the American civil war." But I ended this little enterprise by reminding him that we had no more of the the middle classes. Thucydides and Cimon liquid in bottle number one; he could return are leaders of the money element, and natur-

"Plain!" she exclaimed again, and this | filled with oil which they poured in their time it was an enormous exclamation point | hands and greased our feet with it. I glanced "Friend Clarinos, your pardon for my wine, but I noticed while we drank it that vehemence just now, but I am exceedingly we were the target for all eyes in the room annoyed by the indifference of my workand for many joking remarks said under the breath. We learned afterward that to drink unweakened wine was the mark of a de-

bauchee of the very worst stamp. artificial color on their cheeks and eyebrows; it's disgraceful."

Paying the few oboli that our meal amounted to, we left the restaurant and sought the street again. We there saw the difficulty of eating and keeping clean. crowds gathered about columns or pedestals paused to read what might be written on the Thucydides against Pericles for the appropriation of public moneys to uses not sametioned by the people, and a summons to Pericles that he appear before the Areopagus

and make answer to the accusation. "Another boodle job," Clark observed. "Yes," answered Melissa, "the modern a prestige for their eccentricities in these ancestors.'

cused of stealing," said Mrs. Stephens. George of this country. He was 'boomed' by on what they discover. It is an outrage." his getting back to us. So that was aban- the others they felt very resentful."

"And Pericles, too; that's worse. Why, it's

in her voice. However, she brought us the curiously at my companions and they, like myself, submitted quietly to it, though wondering the while what the purpose might be. After this attention had been shown us a servant stood behind each diner and from decorated jars poured water frequently upon our hands to wash from them the syrups "Look at the way these women are and gravies that we were compelled to painted," said Melissa, attracting our atten- handle, for knives and forks being then | The journal proceeds to inform them that tion to the lady diners present. "Notice the | unknown, everyone was forced to convey the | delicacies to the mouth with no other medium than the bare fingers. The absence of napkins was an inconvenience, and we admired the adroitness with which our hosts managed and even of Paris. If money and an impos The conversation was continuous, although

at various points on the roadway. Working on the part of the hostess it was devoted our way as carefully as we could through almost entirely to the latest fashions in rouge the village (he was comparing it with New | the mixture of humanity and animals, we | and dyes, or the importations from Corinth. She knew every article on the jeweler's public stone, and discovered there a review | counter and could enumerate the shrubs at of the charges made the day before by the flower market. She incidentally deplored the status of woman and regarded the severity with which married women were treated by the law as unjust and infamous. Her husband dissented from these views, but on his part denounced the party of Pericles roundly and complained that the liberties of the people were being curtailed and abridged. Greeks of our aldermanic congregation find | Wealth was no longer protected-in fact, it was safer far to be a poor man than a rich

> "Why," he said indignantly, "they have a just as if Cleveland or Arthur were to be ac- | society here to pry into other people's affairs, looking to their morality they claim, and "True, but don't you understand?" Me- there are informers in the service of the solissa explained. "Pericles is the Henry ciety who make it their life business to live Clark and I exchanged winks. Had we never lived in New York we would have

marveled at such things. After dinner we sat in the court watching