AD.

CRIFICE THE CHURCHES.

, Talmage on De Long's Success—The Results of the Jeannette Expedition—Death did not Mean Failure.

Dr. Talmage, on Sunday, took for his subject, "The Jeannette's Dead." In the opening prayer Dr. Talmage offered up a petition for all who sailed the Arctic seas. After the usual hymns he began his sermon, taking the text from Job, xxxvii., 10—"By the breath of God frost is given; and the breadth of the waters is straitened."

In the most ancient times, said Dr. Talmage, cold went forth and assailed the waters while at play and took them into everlasting captivity. The text is descriptive of an Arctic sea. It is the home where all our winters are hatched in nest of iceberg under the brooding wing of the north wind. There are the castles where the giants of the cold live; great battlements of glacier; ponderous gates of glass that swing open long enough to let adventurers sail in and then swing shut, leaving the world to guess about the lost shipping. Great cities of palaces and castles and domes and bridges and statuary lifted up with such splendors that the human eye is extinguished if it gazes too long.

From those regions come ten silent passengers. What a contrast between their going and their coming! July 8, 1879, summer day, steaming out from San Francisco Harbor. Hills covered with enthusiastic spectators. Fort Point, with its twenty-one guns of salutation. Steam whistles and dipping colors, and by telegraph the whole continent in sympathy with the gallant undertaking. Now their return after nearly five years! The poor remains of a fragment of the expedition passing amid lines of sorrowful thousands, but the chief object of interest hearing not the sound of gun and beholding not one uplifted hat of reverence. "A failure!" say thousands of people.

To-day I make most emphatic protest against that misleading cry of failure. I shall show you now that De Long's expedition, in four respects at least, was a magnificent success.

In the first place, it demonstrated before all nations, and as never before, that our holy religion may be carried into great worldly enterprises, especially in those which are scientific. Christ was not more certainly on board the ship on Galilee than he was on board the Jeannette. The ice journal of De Long tells a tremendous story. The diary records that on the first Sunday out the men were gathered together, the articles of war were read and then De Long says:—"I read the divine service, and what pleased me much was to observe that every man not absolutely on watch voluntarily attended." I see on every Sabbath the record:—"Read divine service." I come to the words, "We are in the hands of God, and unless He intervenes we are lost." And now I come to the last Sabbath they spent on earth:—"133d day; everybody pretty weak; read part of divine service." Too weak to read more than a part. Far away from home, hungry and freezing and sick and dying, they cried unto the Lord in their distress, and He took them right out of a cold earth into a warm heaven. Pronounce no expedition a failure which set up the banners of Emanuel on the pinnacles of iceberg till all nations saw the crimson standard. Was there no significance in the fact that on monumental hill of Lena Delta Engineer Melville afterward over the tomb of these men put up a cross on the cold forehead of the world, the beautiful symbol of our glorious religion? Oh, it was a glorious success for De Long and his men that they could carry this religion into great worldly undertaking, all nations and all ages to witness.

Another great success in this De Long expedition was in the overwhelming example of courage which it has set for the world and for the church. Remember it was not going out to fight men. It was not like the courage which is demanded of the soldier going into battle. It was a more difficult courage, because it was a contest with the dumb elements. The soldier when in ordinary battle knows it is possible that the enemy may be cowardly and run, but the icebergs are never panicstruck and they are never afraid. The soldier knows it is possible that the enemy may be destroyed by a flank movement, but the Arctic Ocean was never flanked. The soldier knows it is possible that the enemy may get out of ammunition, but the Arctic always has enough ice for shot and ice for guns and ice for thunderous bombardment. It was courage against the dumb elements, which show no quarter and never surrender and never die. In our times, when God wants to give an example of courage, he sends out a Livingstone or a Stanley into the torrid regions and into the Arctic a Franklin or a De Long and an Ambler and a Collins and all their gallant crew. I am so glad there are giants still living—men able to conquer hunger and cold and physical woe, that they may give the round earth to the glorious cause of geographical discovery. We have found at last how the world is bounded. It is bounded on the north and the south and the east and the west by courage of man and the greatness of God. We want more of that kind of courage in our churches. This glorious example of courage which De Long and his men gave to the world and to the church made their expedition forever and forever a magnificent success.

Another success of this polar expedition is in the fact that it has persuaded the whole world that it is now time to stop pushing in that direction. It is a great thing for the world to know when it has struck the impossible. Never until now has every reasonable and enterprising man been willing to call a halt. The impression has come upon the most hopeful of us that God does not mean the race to move any further that way. Let neither private munificence nor governmental authority pay another dollar or allow another life to be lost in Arctic expeditions, except in enterprises like the Greely relief party. God has some reservations. He must have some paths where He can walk alone without being questioned by human inquisitiveness.

The fourth success for the De Long party was in the demonstration which they gave to all the earth—a demonstration more powerful than was ever before given of the fact that the dead are ours. Why this long funeral march around half the world, from Siberia to Russia and from Russia to Germany and from Germany here, while one body is shipped at our port for Liverpool and has to be two weeks more in the march of death? Why not allow these gallant men to sleep where they fell? Neither private nor governmental largess can build any such stupendous monument for them as are the uplifted splendors around the North Pole, and there is no sarcophagus like that of eternal congealment! Lieutenant Chipp and his men, whose bodies will never be brought back, are sleeping to-day in a grander Westminster Abbey. Still, the voice of humanity says, "Bring home all of those recovered to their own land, put them beside their kindred." Never since God hung the world on nothing has He so impressed us as by these eight thousand miles of obsequies with the nations uncovered saying "Godspeed" to the procession. Let dust go back so far as possible to kindred dust, and if there be any of the dead unclaimed let the United States government be a mother to the homeless dead and gather them into the Naval Cemetery at Annapolis where she has gathered so many others. Do not say "What a great waste of life!" There has been no waste, and if these men had lived one hundred years they never could so thoroughly have impressed upon the nations as they have now impressed it the triumphant and electrifying fact that the dead are ours.

As we close this volumn of crystallography let us rejoice that another volume of human suffering is ended. Nine-tenths of the shelves of the world's library are filled with these volumes of suffering adorned with vignettes representing martyrs' stakes and Arctic expeditions. Overtopping all other volumes of this library is the ice journal of the world's greatest Explorer, He who put out against the Arctic sufferings of this world that He might find a passage for all our race, yet was frozen by the world's neglect. The first vignette of that ice journal was a disgraceful manger and the last an agonizing cross. God hasten the time when the volume of the world's suffering shall be closed!

With no Drop of Negro Blood.

The Selma (Ala.) *Times* tells the following singular story:—Mr. Isaac Frank, a white man, was indicted by the last Grand Jury under the charge of living in unlawful wedlock with a negro woman. Mrs. Mary Ann Frank, wife of the accused, was present; also her alleged mother, Lucinda Weaver, colored. Lucinda was sworn, and put upon the witness-stand. Her testimony threw new light upon the case and caused a little flutter of excitement and surprise among those present. She spoke in a straightforward manner. Notwithstanding Lucinda has always been known as the mother of Mary, it turns out that the young woman's parentage is purely white. Lucinda testified that she was not the mother of Mrs. Mary Frank and that Mrs. Frank was given to her when an infant three days old; that a prominent gentleman in South Carolina brought the young child and presented it to Lucinda, requesting that she raise it as her own. She stated further that the child was the illegitimate offspring of an aristocratic woman, and it was her brother who gave the infant to the old negress to shield his sister's reputation and conceal her shame. The old negress brought her charge to Alabama, claiming her as a daughter, and the real truth of matters very probably never would have been uncovered to the world but for Mary's marriage to the white man and the indictment issued against him. Mrs. Frank, now grown into mature womanhood, has light, straight hair, a fair complexion, and clear, blue eyes, and doesn't bear the remotest trace of African blood. A number of gentlemen visited her recently, conversed with her, and decided that she was beyond doubt a white woman. After Lucinda's testimony was heard, Solicitor Pitts agreed to a verdict of not guilty, [illegible] the happy twain departed in pea[illegible]

An American Merchant.

The credit of opening India, China, and, indeed, [illegible] entire East to American com[illegible] is due to Elias H. Derby, a Salem merchant, born in the port in 1739. In 1784 he dispatched the ship Grand Turk, under Capt. Jonathan Ingersoll, to the Cape of Good Hope on a mercantile reconnoissance, to discover the needs and capacity of the Eastern market. She returned in less than a year with the information sought, was quickly reloaded, and on the 28th of November, 1785, cleared for the Isle of France, with instructions to proceed thence to Canton by way of Batavia. The ship was laden with native products—fish, flour, provisions, tobacco, spirits—and made a successful voyage, returning in June, 1787, with a cargo of teas, silks, and nankeens, the first vessel from New England, if not from America, to enter into competition with the incorporated companies of the old world. Her success seems to have electrified the merchants of Salem, Boston and New York, and an eager rivalry for the trade of the Orient ensued, with the result that when Mr. Derby's ship Astrea entered Canton two years later, she found 15 American vessels there taking in cargo, four of them belonging to our merchant, however, who had not been slow in improving his advantages as pioneer. This was not the only pioneer work that he did. His bark Light Horse, in 1784, first opened American trade with Russia. In 1788 his ship Atlantic first displayed the American flag at Surat, Calcutta and Bombay. Another did the same in Siam; the third was the first to open trade with Mocha. In 1790, it is said, his vessels brought into Salem 728,871 pounds of tea, these ventures being among the first in the tea trade.

Too Much Freshness.

Gen. Joseph McCook, the dark-browed warrior of Colorado, is relating one of his Western experiences, which, he observes, taught him the inadvisability of too much freshness. "About a year ago," says he, "I had a long journey to take through the wildest part of Arizona. The country was full of Apaches who were going about in small bands stealing anything they could lay their hands on and doing whatever they could in a general way to make things enthusiastic for travelers. That is to say I heard a good deal about these Apaches, but as I didn't see any of them I thought it was simply a case of scare. My driver was a quiet Californian who didn't say much, but ran the expedition to suit himself. Every night when it came time to make camp he would turn off at right angles with the road and drive for a couple of miles in that direction before unhitching the horses. I kicked about it of course. I said it was a useless expenditure of time. Besides it isn't funny to ride over a perfectly unbroken country. It is too much like being chucked up in a blanket. But the more I swore the less attention the driver paid to me. Well, one morning when we struck back into the trail we found a place where there had been a camp the night before. There had also been a fight with the Indians. I never set eyes on such a horrible sight. The whole party of white people had been killed and fearfully mutilated. All of them were scalped, some of the bodies were dismembered, and one of the women was disembowelled. The stock had been run off and the wagons ransacked. Those people had camped alongside the trail, and the Indians, who are on the lookout for such parties, had found them. My driver didn't get any more of my views of camping. He could have driven to the Gulf of Mexico after that if he had wanted to."

A Profitable Steamer.

The sale of the steamer Senator for a coal hulk to New Zealand finishes the active career of one of the most successful vessels afloat. She was built at New York in 1846, and ran for a short time on the Eastern coast, but during the gold excitement of California she was sent to San Francisco, where she arrived in September, 1849, with over five hundred passengers. Soon after arriving there she was placed on the Sacramento river, making three trips a week, and, with $35 cabin passage and $15 for standing room on deck, she soon paid for herself ten times over. In fact, her receipts averaged close to $20 000 a trip, and for four months, fully $50,000 a week. She is known to have carried in this trade, over one million passengers. She has made more gold than she could carry and has outlived scores of the finest steamers afloat, which were wrecked or went to decay, while the old Senator, one of the few remaining links of the "days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49," plodded along successfully, until she finally had to give way to the march of improvement and to the new and more economical style of craft, the steam propeller.

The Sneak Thief Cracker.

"This is the latest, I guess," said a dealer in novelties, showing a reporter what looked like the motto crackers that aer pulled apart at evening parties with a sharp report, disclosing a sentimental motto. "It is a motto cracker," he said, "with the motto left out. They are also minus the bit of candy that the motto is usually wrapped around. These crackers are for the use of the commercial travelers or others who have to travel a great deal. They are made so as to produce a report as loud as the explosion of a pistol. The way to use the cracker is to fasten one end on the door by wetting this little surface of gum with the tongue, and the other end to the jam of the door. The result is that the door cannot be opened by a hotel sneak thief, if he picks the lock or shoots back the bolt over the lock, without producing a report that will arouse the occupant of the room. The alarm cracker is popular particularly among jewelry salesmen."

At Parting.—Gen. Gordon's parting words to Nubar Pacha were: "I will save the honor of Egypt." Nubar Pacha replied: "Never mind Egypt; save the women and children."

THE SPEAKER'S EYE.

Difficulties in Catching It—The Advantage of Catching the Speaker's Ear.

A Washington correspondent says:—Much depends on catching the Speaker's eye. Strange as it may appear, a member in the remote part of the House with a feeble voice sometimes catches the Speaker's eye, notwithstanding a dozen others near the Speaker are shouting and gesticulating wildly and doing their utmost to attract his attention. The recognition is usually made under an agreement with the Speaker, made, perhaps, days before. The favored member has a bill in which there may be millions or not; but reasons there are why he shall have the floor at a particular time. He asks, especially in the closing hours of the session, for unanimous consent to call up the bill and put it on its final passage. Amid the rush and rumpus members are generally willing to have this done, as it tends to create an opportunity for others. In this way some of the most important and the worst legislation takes place.

A gentleman familiar with legislation by Congress forty years ago relates an interesting incident. It was near the close of the session. The House of Representatives, sitting in the old hall, was, as usual, in confusion. Members in scores were trying to catch the Speaker's eye for the benefit of favorite bills. Every one was trying his best, and nothing was being done. Our veteran recollector, who had the privilege of the floor, met in the corridor an outsider deeply concerned for the passage of a bill for which he had labored the entire session. It had passed the Senate, was not specially opposed, and was meritorious, as he believed. "I will gi[illegible] you so much," naming a round sum [illegible]en for these days, "if you will get [illegible] bill up," he said.

The gentleman address[illegible]d returned to the House, where th[illegible] confusion was momentarily [illegible]eepening. Seemingly every memb[illegible] was on the floor trying to catc[illegible]aker's eye. "Had I," said [illegible] of prominence, "a bill for [illegible] I cared enough to make the attempt, I would get the Speaker to recognize me."

"Wait a moment and you shall be gratified."

The outsider's bill was produced and placed in the hand of the eye catching member. "Mr. Speaker!" was heard from his quarter.

"The gentleman from Blank," was the immediate response.

"I ask unanimous consent that the bill numbered blank be put on its passage. It is a worthy bill. We ought to pass it."

"There being no objection the motion is carried," said the Speaker. "The Clerk will call the yeas and nays."

The rules were a little different from what they are now. The roll was called, and the bill passed. Going outside, the promoter meets his anxious friend, who was wholly ignorant of what was going on. "Your bill is through and the work is done."

"Meet me at Corcoran & Riggs's banking house to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock and I will give you the promised fee."

The summons was kept and the money paid.

After Congress adjourned the promoter, meeting the eye-catching member, said: "How did it happen that you caught the Speaker's eye when so many others were vainly trying?"

"I had arranged for it days before, but the intended business having been intrusted to another, who was then trying to have the Speaker recognize him, and failing every time, I just wished I had a chance to show those who took the business from my hands what a mistake they had made, but I had no bill to do it with. If I did you any good I am glad. You must have an understanding with the Speaker in order to catch his eye when everybody is trying to do it."

A Crow's Intelligence.

The sentinel system of the crows is very complete. Their guards display a remarkable degree of judgment and intelligence. They will raise a cry for a man with a gun long before he gets in range of them, and they are equally wary of a man who creeps toward them. But a team may pass close by without disturbing them, and they will even let a man on foot pass unnoticed if he hasn't a gun and goes boldly about his business. I had a curious example of this when I first began to study their habits. I commenced by trying to shoot them, but though I had passed them close enough before, I could not get near them after I began carrying a gun. I went out with my gun every evening for weeks. I crept behind fences and lay in wait in the bushes, but could never get a shot at them. One day, however, I struck upon a plan which I have since operated very successfully. I held my gun close to my side, the barrel running down the side of my leg, and walked boldly down the road without taking any notice of them. With their usual disregard for travelers, they let me pass close up to them, when I turned suddenly and fired. Now I can shoot a crow whenever I want to.

It Was No Good.

There was a Chicago man who found out that he was not so peculiarly endowed by nature as he had supposed. An inch more than usual would proverbially be a great deal on a nose. This man had it, and in consequence he overrated his nasal importance. A test proved that it does not render him thrilling to the masses. He is a cigar maker by trade. Whenever he took his walks abroad he was gazed at in amazement. "If I am to be looked on as a curiosity," he reasoned, "it would be better to make a lazy living with my abnormal nose." So he took his big feature to the manager of a ten-cent museum. "Very well," was the offer which he received; "I'll do just the same by you that I do by any other new freak. We can't tell what'll catch on with the public. You can have a place on the platform for a week. If you make a failure, I'll give you five dollars. If you hit 'em, I'll fix a square, liberal salary." "But how'm I to know whether I hit 'em?" the amateur curiosity asked. "By seeing whether the folks stop to look at you. That's the test." The nose was not potent. What had been novel in private life was almost disregarded in a professional. The man has returned to his cigar bench.

The Soudan.

The term Soudan is applied to a region which includes the whole Nile basin as far south as the cataract below Khartoum, and also an indefinite stretch of country west of that and south of the Sahara desert. It is well watered and fertile, and is inhabited by several races more or less negro-like and, on the borders, by numerous tribes of Arabs. During the reign of Ismail Pasha it was brought under Egyptian sway by the able British and American generals in the service of that Prince, prominent among whom were Sir Samuel Baker, General Gordon and General Stone. The slave trade was suppressed, some systematic efforts were made in agriculture, and the annual overflow of the Nile was rendered harmless by a simple scientific apparatus.

The country has great capabilities, but no present means of developing them. The only outlet for its products is across a desert, and the only way of transportation is by camels.

Walking into a Fortune.—The man who is all the time saying what he is going to do when he accumulats $5,000 seldom does it. Ten years ago two poor but honest young men, named William Henry and John Thomas, sat upon a rail fence trying to pry into the future. Said William Henry: "When I accumulate $5,000 I am going West to buy a herd of cattle, and in a short time I'll be a rich man." John Thomas did not reply, but got down off the fence and went West while the walking was good. To-day William Henry does not own a solitary cow, while John Thomas has more horned cattle out in Wyoming than you could count in a week.

A LONDON SENSATION.

ANOTHER HIGH LIFE SCANDAL IN ENGLAND.

The Earl of Grafton Attempts to Put Away His Wife—A Former Husband Appears.

Mayfair, a London society magazine, publishes the following: "Another celebrated case will be that of the gallant Earl of Euston, who will be the next Duke of Grafton. The Earl seeks to get rid of his wife. His contention is that the lady's first husband was alive when she became Countess of Euston, is now alive and can be produced. His appearance in the witness box will be highly dramatic, for the lady has seen him and declares she knows nothing about him. The approaching trial will rival the Tichborne case and be the sensation of the season."

The facts of the matter are these: Thirteen years ago Henry Fitzroy, eldest son of Lord Augustus Fitzroy, fell in love with a woman known as "Kate Cook." She was handsome and stylish in person, and her matured charms were quite sufficient to captivate the youth of twenty-three. Unknown to his father, who was Equerry to the Queen, he married her. Most chronicles of the peerage ignored the marriage. Others described the bride as the daughter of John Walsh and the widow of "Mr. Smith."

In 1882 the bridegroom's social position changed. Lord Augustus Fitzroy succeeded his brother as seventh Duke of Grafton. Henry Fitzroy became Earl of Euston. The widow of "Mr. Smith" became Countess Euston and the future Duchess of Grafton. But troubles had already come between her and her husband. They separated by mutual agreement. No fault being proved against the Countess since her marriage, the Earl in vain sought an excuse for divorce. The mysterious "Mr. Smith" has now appeared and the excuse is found.

If the case fails Kate Cook will be Duchess of Grafton, and the title created for a mistress of a King will be borne by a woman of the town.

The Duke of Grafton was made Knight of the Garter a little over a year ago. He succeeded his brother, who died in the spring of 1882. The late Duke was sixty-three years old and was member of Parliament for Thetford from 1847 until 1852. In 1858 he married Mary Louisa Anne, daughter of the third Lord Ashburton, and in 1863 succeeded his father as sixth duke. The first Duke of Grafton acted at the coronation of James II. as Lord High Constable of England, and commanded that monarch's forces in the action of Philip's Norton Lane. Afterward he espoused the cause of the Prince of Orange and received a fatal wound while storming the city of Cork in 1690. The third duke was an eminent statesman, who was Secretary of State and Prime Minister of England in 1771. The present duke was born in 1821.

Advice to a Young Man.

No, son, you can't make up lost time. You can only do the work of one lifetime in a life-time. Yes, you may write six columns to-day because you neglected to write your three yesterday, but you've discounted one day somewhere about 35 or 40 years further on in the account. You have about 70 years placed to your credit. Every day you use or misuse is charged to you, and you can't get credit for two days to-morrow, if you waste to-day. An engine three hours behind time, may reach the terminal station on time, by running fifty miles an hour instead of thirty, her schedule time. But when she gets in, she requires nearly all, or quite all, or many hours more than the three hours she made up, in being doctored for the strain on nerves and sinews of steel, by reason of the extra effort and speed. There's something sprang here, a bolt started there, a journal burned out somewhere, she limps away to the round house, overheated, rattling in half a dozen places, covered with grease and dust and grime, with an engineer growling in his cab and a master machinest grumbling as he walks around her. That's the way you "make up time," my boy. Believe me, you'll last longer if you run on schedule time day by day. You won't make people yell and hurrah and you won't make such a grand, thunderbolt kind of a show as if you would go booming through the way stations, swinging along like a cyclone. But you'll go waltzing into the round house in supremely better style, with your steel bright and your brass shining, and not a spot on your jacket, and ready to throw another hundred miles over your shoulder the minute the gong strikes. Just make your regular time, day by day, my boy. The superintendent knows what you can do and what he wants you to do, and you can't treat yourself better nor please him more, than to do exactly that much, without a mile wasted or a minute to spare.

BURDETTE.

Horace Greeley's Boyhood.

Ben. P. Poore, in his Reminiscences, thus speaks of Horace Greeley: Horace Greeley's personal appearance was always a subject of remark from his boyhood. Rollin C. Mallary, a member of Congress from Vermont, who was an able champion of the American System, used to narrate a visit of his to the printing office of a country newspaper at Poultney, Vt., his place of residence. His attention was attracted to a young compositor, who was rather awkwardly "sticking types," and who, though full grown, was evidently the youngest apprentice in the office. His legs ran a good deal more than "a feet" through his pantaloons, the sleeves of his coat scarcely reached below his elbows, his hair was very white and flaxen, and he was, on the whole, in the aggregate, taken separately and together, the greenest looking specimen of humanity we ever looked at, and this is saying a good deal, for "we keeps a looking-glass." "That boy," said Mr. Mallary, "will make a remarkable man; I can't hold an argument with him on Masonry or anything else connected with politics." As Mr. Mallary was considered one of the ablest men in Congress, his remark caused me some surprise; and we not only "made a note of," but took another look at the "devil" (printer's we mean), and could not but trace in the expansive forehead "a mind formed in nature's finest mould and wrought for immortality." It was years afterward that we became aware of the fact that that boy was Horace Greeley.

In a Bear Trap.

The Janitor of the Lime-Kiln Club announced at the last meeting, that some evil-minded person who had sought to enter Paradise Hall the evening before by way of the side door, had put his foot in a bear-trap waiting there for just such an emergency. The jaws and teeth of the trap were stained with blood, proving that the fellow had been considerably astonished in his mad career. He had managed to pry open the jaws and drag himself away, leaving nothing behind by which his identity could be suspected.

A vote of thanks was given the Janitor for his vigilance, and the Secretary was instructed to advertise for information concerning the victim. If he will come forward and state how it feels to step suddenly into a bear-trap, the club will present him with a recipe for removing the marks left by the teeth.

* * *

RAISED THE ROOF.—The Mayville *Dispatch* gives this flood incident: "All the distilleries were forced to close down on account of the water, but they are not much damaged, unless the material and machinery inside are hurt. At one of these a quantity of whisky in barrels had been stored in the upper story of the distillery. The water rose above it and lifted the whisky, which lifted the roof. The roof floated down street. Whisky that is strong enough to lift the roof off the distillery, is supposed to be a pretty good article, and this is the truest big whisky story ever recorded."

* * *

BETTER three hours too soon than one minute too late.

FENIANS IN PARIS.

The French Capital Selected as the Headquarters of the Dynamiters.

A dispatch from Paris says:—The police here are convinced that the advanced Irish party have made Paris their headquarters in Europe for the preparation of their dynamite schemes. Inspector Moser, acting under instructions from the British Home Secretary and aided by a French commissary of police, is watching the movements of suspected Irishmen. The nationalist colony includes representatives of the three centres of the Irish Republican Brotherhood.

The first section comprises the former Fenians, James Stephens, John O'Leary and Gederal MacAdaras. The last named gentleman, in an interview, disavowed belonging to the society. His mission was to counsel friends of extreme violent views, but it was not his duty to reveal their attempts, however nefarious or mistaken they might be. He was certain that other nationalists shared this view. Captain MacCafferty said the weak were justified in using terrorism against the strong. He repudiated affiliation with Continental secret societies. He sympathized with revolutionary propagandism in Europe because Ireland was benefited thereby; but nationalism, even the most extreme, was not necessarily linked with nihilism or anarchy. He denied that he was conspiring actively, but added that experience was valuable to prevent a repetition of former mistakes.

The police have traced the arrival of five transfers, or men belonging to the third or active section, the dynamiters, who have been told off for the next attempts. They are all from America, and come from the following places:—

One from Buffalo, N. Y.
One f[illegible] Paterson, N. J.
One f[illegible] Brooklyn, N. Y.
Two [illegible] Texas.

They [illegible] believed to be pupils of Mezeroff. [illegible]e other Irishmen under watch are Cornelius Cullimore, Eugene Davis and Casey. It is believed that the dynamite is made at Montrouge. The supposed manufacturer is registered as an authorized chemical student. The measure under which authorization is necessary is confined to the making of dynamite. The instructor is believed to be a man named Brady, under the alias of "King." The Brotherhood meet in the Rue Corneille, Rue Saint Honore and Avenue Victor Hugo.

A Fortune From Six Inches of String.

"You see that large factory? It covers an entire block. Half a million of money wouldn't buy it. Well, it was built by a little piece of cord not more than six inches long." Here the speaker paused and scrutinized the reporter's countenance for indications of incredulity, not to say astonishment. But the narrator was talking to a man who, since the introduction of the telephone, has made it a point of principle to be ready for anything and to believe all that he hears. The speaker added: "Eight years ago there lived in the third story of a cheap tenement, in New York city, a poor mechanic, who was kept poor because he had a passion for inventing; it amounted to a passion. He didn't drink and didn't travel with the politicians, and all who knew his family wondered why they should be so poor. Time passed on, and still the man was poor, but at last he perfected an invention—the simplest thing on earth—and with his patent in his hand he went down town one day and called for the head of a house whose check was current for five figures anywhere in 'the street.' The inventor offered to sell two-thirds of his patent for $20,000 if the house would bind itself to put $100,000 into factories for producing the little thing that he had invented. The firm signed papers in less than an hour from the time of hearing the proposal! and in another hour the inventor had converted the firm's check for $20,000 into greenbacks. Lots were bought and a factory erected. The business speedily grew to gigantic proportions, and at length the firm acquired all the rest of the block, and covered it with brick and mortar, and now the inventor is able to associate with the millionaires. The little glove fastener—a piece of cord about six inches long and a dozen little metal hooks or buttons—is the thing that was invented."

The Judge Flushed.

A prominent Judge and State Senator, who with his family was among the friends of Mrs. Cady Stanton, still felt himself called upon publicly to oppose the married woman's property bills which were carried through our legislature by the efforts of Mrs. Stanton and her colaborers. The judge made several speeches against the bills, declaring that if wives were permitted a separate estate from their husbands it would cause dissensions in families.

The bills were passed despite the eloquent advocate's opposition. A few months later Mrs. Stanton met the judge in New York. She held out her hand with a mournful expression of face, though, I doubt not, there was a twinkle of fun in her kind, blue eyes. "Permit me to condole with you," she said. "Condole with me!" exclaimed the judge; "on what?" "On the great unhappiness in your family—the unfortunate differences between your wife and yourself." The judge flushed, thinking that some busybody had spread slanderous tales concerning him. "Why, what have you heard?" he demanded angrily. "Nothing, nothing whatever," replied Mrs. Stanton; "only, as you predicted such dire family quarrels as the result of passing the property bills, and as they have since passed, I supposed you and your wife must be on the eve of divorce." The good judge laughed heartily at the practical joke. "You were right," he said; "I do not think any trouble will come from those new laws."

Texas Fence Cutters.

A funny phase of the late fence-cutting special session of the Texas Legislature is revealed in the fact now patent, that the Legislature really meant to do as little as possible to meet the difficulties that for so many months have disturbed the State. While the rich ranchmen and large land-owners held full control of the Senate, the smaller land-owners, and with them the fence-cutters, had the House. So when the House required that land-owners should put gates in their fences every three miles so as to let the little men get to mill and to water, the Senate made the penalty for not doing so as light as possible. In fact, few of the legislators seemed to care so much about the fences as to be on the fence themselves. The amount appropriated for carrying out the few laws made is ridiculously insufficient. It is now said that the Legislature was wholly unprepared to deal with the subject and that popular sentiment and opinion were neither fairly presented nor represented. Things generally will wait probably till the next November election, when the fence question will be paramount in choosing members to the Legislature

Tied Up.

Sir Arthur Wellesley Peel, who succeeds Mr. Brand in the honors and emoluments of the Speakership of the English House of Commons, is the youngest son of the late Sir Robert Peel, who was twice Premier, and was born in 1829. The present baronet, Sir Robert Peel, elder brother of the new Speaker, is without a seat in the House of Commons at present, having been defeated as the conservative candidate for Gravesend in July, 1880. He is a political free lance, liberal and conservative by turns, and is always changing his politics. He was such a spendthrift in early life that Premier baronet, who had paid tens of thousands of his debts, tied up his estate as tightly as possible, and left his heir and namesake in a state of chronic impecuniosity.

In proportion to its size the Isle of Jersey exports as many cattle yearly as are contained in England. The entire island if squared would be but six and three-quarters miles each way, and yet the census of 1881 gives it 12,000 head of cattle, showing that the breeders of Jersey cattle manage to support one head of the fawn-colored dairy cows to each acre yearly—a showing unequaled [illegible]ry in the world.

A LAMENT

For the Dead Brought Home on the Frisia.

I.

Oh, gates of ice! long have ye held our beloveds.

Ye Cruel! how could ye keep from us them for whom our hearts yearned; our dear ones, our fathers, our children, our brothers, our lovers.

Cold and Sleet, Darkness and Ice! hard have ye held them; ye would not let them go.

Their hands ye have bound fast; their feet ye have detained; and well have ye laid hold upon the hearts of our beloveds.

Oh, silent Arctic Night! thou hast wooed from us our dear, our only ones.

Oh, secret of the white and unknown world! too strong hast thou been for us; we were as nothing to thee; thou hast drawn them from us; thou wouldst not let them go.

The long day passed; thou wouldst not let them go.

The long, long night came and went; thou wouldst not let them go.

Oh, thou insatiate! why didst thou keep them from us?

What to thee is youth, and life, and hope and love?

For thou art Death, not life; thou art Despair, not hope.

Nought to thee the rush of youthful blood; naught to thee the beauty and strength of our beloveds.

The breath of their bodies is not sweet to thee; they loved thee, thou lovedst not them.

They followed thee, thou didst not look upon them; but still, oh, thou inviolate! still did they follow thee.

Thee did they follow, through storm through perils of the ice, and of the unknown darkness.

The sharp spears of the frost they feared not; the terrors of death they feared not; for thee, for thee, for thee, not for us; only that they might look upon thy face.

All these they endured for thee; the thought of us whom yet they loved, this also they endured for thee.

II.

Long, long have they tarried in thy gates, oh, North!

But now thou hast given them up. Lo, they come to us once more—our beloveds, our only ones.

Oh, dearest, why have ye stayed so long.

With ye, night and day have come and gone, but with us there was night only.

But no, we will not reproach ye, hearts of our hearts—dearest and best; our fathers, our children, our brothers, our lovers.

Come back to us! Behold our arms are open for ye; ye are ours; ye have returned unto us; ye shall never go hence again.

But why are ye silent, why do ye not stir, why do ye not speak to us, oh, beloveds?

White are your cheeks like snow; your eyes they do not look upon us.

Gone so long, and is this your joy to see us once more?

Lo, do we not welcome ye? Are not our souls glad? Do not our tears, long kept, rain upon your faces?

Do ye sleep then, after those hard and weary labors? Oh, now awaken, for ye shall take rest and pleasure—here are your homes and kindred.

Listen, beloved, here is your sister, here is your brother, here is your lover!

III.

They will not hearken to our voices.

They are still; their eyes look not upon us.

Oh, insatiate, oh, Secret of the white and unknown world, cruel indeed thou art.

Thou hast sent back to us our best beloveds; their bodies thou hast rendered up, but their spirits thou hast taken away from us.

In life thou didst hold them from us—and in death they are thine.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1884.

R. W. G.

Soul Burying.

Whenever an Abchasian is drowned his friends search carefully for the body, but, if this is not found, they proceed to capture the soul of the deceased, a measure which then has become a matter of importance.

A goatskin bag is sprinkled with water and placed with its mouth, which is stretched open over a hoop, looking toward the river, near the place where the man is supposed to have been drowned. Two cords are stretched from the spot across the river, as a bridge on which the soul can come over. Vessels containing food and drink are set around the skin, and the friends of the deceased come and eat quietly, while a song is sung with instrumental accompaniments.

The soul, it is believed, is attracted by the ceremonies, comes over on the bridge that is laid for it, and goes into the trap. As soon as it has entered—that is, when the bag is inflated by the breeze—the opening is quietly closed, and the bag is taken up to the burial place, where a grave has already been prepared. The bag is held with the opening to the grave, the strings are untied, and the bag is squeezed into the grave, and the burial is afterward completed.

This rite is considered of equivalent value with the burial of the body, and the grave is treated with the same honor as if the body were really within it.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

He Came Back.

Gov. Duval, of Florida, was the son of a poor Virginian, a stern, strong, taciturn man. The boy was a huge youth of 15. At the cabin fire, at bed time, according to the custom of putting on a back log, the old man said, between the whiffs of his silent pipe:

"Tab, go out and bring in that gum back log and put it on the fire."

Tab went out and surveyed the log. He knew it was of no use explaining that it was too heavy, nor prudent for him to return without having it on his shoulder. His little sister, passing, was not surprised that he requested her to bring out the gun and powder horn, as a possum or coon might have passed, or the brother might have seen bear signs. She brought the gun and Tab started. He found the way through the woods into kentucky, in 1791. After an absence of eighteen years he was elected to Congress. A man of immense size and strength, he started for Washington, going by the way of his old home, to see the old folks who had long since given him up for dead. Entering the little cabin door near bed time, he saw the identical gum log. He shouldered it, pulled the latch string and with his load stood before the old man, pipe in mouth, as quiet as usual.

"Here is the gum back log, father."

"Well, you've been a long time getting it—put it on the fire and go to bed," was the reply.—*San Antonio Herald.*

Will Read Either Way.

Our young friends have heard of palindromes—words or lines that read and spell the same backward as forward. The following sentences, printed in the London *Truth*, simply make sense read word by word either way:

"Solomon had vast treasures—silver and gold—things precious. Happy and rich and wise was he. Faithfully served he God.

"She sits lamenting sadly, often too much alone.

"Man is noble and generous often, but sometimes vain and cowardly.

"Carefully boiled eggs are good and palatable."—*Youth's Companion.*

Land Monopoly in California.

"With more untilled acres than there are in Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa combined, the settler who comes to California," the San Francisco *Chronicle* says, "finds extreme difficulty in securing a home—160 acres—at even four times as much as 160 acres would cost him in any of those States. Millions of acres have been transferred from Government to corporation control, and the corporations, with singular blindness to their own interests, seem to be the worst enemy the settlers have. Other millions of our best acres are locked up in large Spanish and Mexican grants, held for advancing rates, simply because the machinery provided for taxing them does not work with honesty and smoothness."

AN ACTOR BAGGED.

An Amusing Story of a Barn Storming Company Out West.

"Speaking of traps reminds me of a little incident that happened a few years ago in a little Michigan town. Miss Blanche de Bar and a moderately tame company were hunting fickle fortune in towns more or less not on the map. They struck one place that had an entirely new hall, and opened it with a performance of The Hidden Hand. When their carpenter came to cut the trap in the stage for 'Black Dan'—or whatever his name is—to fall into when Capitola presses her foot on the spring in the floor, he was astonished to see that he had cut right through into the store below, which belonged to the owner of the hall! The owner, a jolly, good-natured, ready sort of a chap, came up, and finding that the trap was necessary for the play, said: 'All right, you go ahead and cut it. I'll fix it up some way so that it will be all right for to-night.' He and the carpenter did fix it up, in some way best known to themselves, while the rest of the company went away until time for the performance. In the evening the carpenter told them: 'Look out for those boards over the trap under the carpet, and don't kick them away, or you will leave the trap open. When the time comes I'll take 'em away, and all "Black Dan" will have to do will be to step forward on the space, and the carpet will give way with him.' As he said, so it was done. When Capitola put her foot on the imaginary spring, and 'Black Dan' took a step toward her threateningly he dropped out of sight quicker than a flash. There was a moment's silence, and then up from that trap came a volley of half-smothered howls, ejaculations of profane amazement, and wild yells of 'Where am I?' that were not in the play. They rang down the curtain and investigated. The ingenious landlord and carpenter had nailed securely in the trap by its mouth a huge wool sack, about fourteen feet long. When the actor went through the trap he dropped clear to the bottom of it, and there he was swinging like a pendulum in the darkness, half suffocated, and frightened almost to death."
—*Exchange.*

A South Sea Fight.

A report from Auckland states that the government schooner Julia, which is regularly employed in procuring laborers from the different groups of islands in the Pacific to work on the sugar plantations in the Sandwich Islands, recently landed at the island of Nanouki with about thirty returned laborers, who belonged to the islands of Taraway and Apiang, in the same group, the inhabitants of which have been at constant warfare with the inhabitants of Nanouki. The returned laborers on landing seized a number of young girls and assaulted them, which provoked a fight with the natives, who were armed only with clubs and spears. Twenty of the Nanoukis were killed and many were wounded, while the others escaped to the island of Apamama, a short distance away. Being reinforced there, a number returned to Nanouki, where another affray occurred, in which several were killed on each side, and three or four of the assailants were carried off to Apamama.

New Mottoes.

As the meeting of the Lime-Kiln Club opened, the President announced that the following spring mottoes would be hung on the walls during the coming week:

"Pay cash."

"Deal on de squar'."

"Sell your dog."

"No man kin sit on de fence an' plant onions."

"Time wasted am shillins lost out of a hole in de pocket."

"If it am pollyticks against 'taters, take de 'taters."

"An hour wid a saw-buck am more valuable dan an hour wid a statesman."

"De man in debt am a swimmer wid his butes on."

A Total Eclipse
of all other medicines by Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is approaching. Unrivalled in bilious disorders, impure blood, and consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs.

No PRINCIPLE is more noble, as there is none more holy, than that of a true obedience

YOUNG MEN or middle aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses, should send three stamps for Part VII of World's Dispensary Dime Series of books. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

A dialect proves poverty of resources.

My daughter was troubled with Heart Disease for five years, given up by physicians, had sinking spells, constant pain, great swelling over her heart extending to left arm, and severe spells of neuralgia extending over entire body, doctors could not help her. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator cured her within three months. James Tilton, Concord, N. H. $1 per bottle at druggists.

He that is master of himself will soon be master of others.

Get the Original.
Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—the original "Little Liver Pills" (sugar-coated)—cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach, and bilious attacks. By druggists.

WHY is a locomotive like beefsteak? Because it's good for nothing without it's tender.

PURE COD-LIVER OIL, from selected livers, on the seashore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., N. Y. Absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians declare it superior to all others.

CHAPPED HANDS, face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New York.

Tapped Eight Times.
Feeling deeply grateful for the benefit received from the use of Hunt's Remedy, I feel proud to inform you of the good it has done me; for the great suffering I have passed and am now saved by Hunt's Remedy. I desire to state my case to the public, so that other sufferers may obtain the benefit of its wonderful curative powers some time. I began to suffer excruciating pains in the region of my kidneys; I had the most intense agony; I was confined to my bed and totally unable to change my position or move in any way. I was tapped eight times. I then heard of Hunt's Remedy; I bought a bottle, and after taking a few spoonfuls the result was magical, and in a few days my pain was gone and my water passed freely, and I could eat most anything; my swelling disappeared. I was a new person altogether. The doctors had given me up to die, said there was no hope for me. I had one hundred and fifty-six pounds of water taken out of me. Was treated by seventeen different doctors, and Hunt's Remedy has cured me. I feel proud over your medicine. Those who suffer with the dropsy I hope will give it a trial, and see the good it will do. It works like a charm. I would advise those having difficulty with their kidneys to give Hunt's Remedy a trial. I am sure that it will give them instant relief and give them a permanent cure. I am willing to give all information in my power in regard to this most valuable medicine.
Yours truly, MRS. DAVID NORTH.
Ecorse, Wayne County, Mich., May 30, 1883.

☞ DO IT AT ONCE. For 10 cents get a package of Diamond Dyes at the druggist's. They color anything the finest and most desirable colors. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sample card, 32 colors, and book of directions for 2c. stamp.

"Rough on Coughs."
Knocks a Cough or Cold endwise. For children or adults. Troches, 15c. Liquid, 50c.

Wouldst see blithe looks, fresh cheeks beguile,
Aye, wouldst see December smile?
Wouldst see hosts of new roses blow?
Carboline makes the hair to grow
On the baldest of heads.

Mother Swan's Worm Syrup.
Infallible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic; for feverishness, worms, constipation. 25 cents.

Phœnix Pectoral cures cold and cough. 25c.

High Priced Butter.
Dairymen often wonder how their more favored competitors get such high prices for their butter the year round. It is by always having a uniform gilt edged article. To put the "gilt edge" on, when the pastures do not do it, they use Wells, Richardson & Co's. Improved Butter Color. Every butter maker can do the same. Sold everywhere and warranted as harmless as salt, and perfect in operation.

Camphor Milk cures aches and pains. 25c.

Decline of Man.
Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, cured by Wells' Health Renewer. $1.

FOR a cold in the head there is nothing so good as Piso's Remedy for Catarrh.

An Editor's Testimonial.
. M. Vaughn, editor of the "Greenwich Review," Greenwich, O., writes: Last January I met with a very severe accident, caused by a runaway horse. I used almost every kind of salve to heal the wounds, which turned to running sores, but found nothing to do me any good till I was recommended Henry's Carbolic Salve. I bought a box and it helped me at once, and at the end of two months I was completely well. It is the best salve in the market, and I never fail of telling my friends about it, and urge them to use it whenever they need a salve.

Durno's Catarrh Snuff cures all affections of the mucous membrane of the head and throat.

BAD taste is a species of bad morals.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

The Correspondent's Researches and a Remarkable Occurrence He Describes.

ST. ALBANS, VT., Jan. 10, 1884.

Messrs. Editors: The upper portion of Vermont is one of the pleasantest regions in America during the summer and one of the [illegible] during the winter. It affords ample opportunity for the tourist, providing he chooses the proper season, but the present time is not that season. Still there are men and women here who not only endure the climate, but praise it unstintingly, and that, too, in the face of physical hardships the [illegible]. The writer heard of a striking illustration of this a few days since which is given herewith:

Joseph Jacques is connected with the Vermont Central railroad in the capacity of [illegible]. He is well advanced in years, with ruddy complexion and hale appearance, while his general bearing is such as to instantly impress one with his strict honor and integrity. Several years ago he became afflicted with most distressing troubles, which prevented the prosecution of his duties. He was languid, and yet restless, while at times a dizziness would come over him which seemed almost blinding. His will power was strong, and he determined not to give way to the mysterious influence which seemed undermining his life. But the pain and alarming symptoms were stronger than his will, and he kept growing gradually worse. About that time he began to notice a difficulty in drawing on his boots, and it was by the greatest effort that he was able to force his feet into them. In this manner several weeks passed by, until finally one night, while in great agony, he discovered that his feet had, in a short while, swollen to enormous proportions. The balance of the narrative can be described in his own words. He said:

"When I discovered the fact that I was so bloated, we sent for the doctor immediately. He made a most careful examination and pronounced me in a very serious condition. Notwithstanding his care, I grew worse and the swelling of my feet gradually extended upward in my body. The top of my head pained me terribly, indeed, so badly that at times it seemed almost as if it would burst. My feet were painfully cold, and even when surrounded with hot flannels and [illegible] strong wind were blowing on them, [illegible] my right leg became paralyzed. This gave me no pain, but it was exceedingly annoying. About this time I began to [illegible] most freely, although my lungs were in perfect condition, and I knew it did not come from them. My physicians were careful and untiring in their attentions, but unable to relieve my sufferings. My neighbors and friends thought I was dying and many called to see me, fully twenty-five on a single Sunday that I now [illegible]. At last my agony seemed to culminate in the most intense sharp pains I have ever felt or heard of. If red hot knives sharp to the highest degree had been run through my body constantly they could not have made me worse. I would spring up in bed, at times as much as three feet, cry out in agony and long for death. One night the misery was so intense that I arose and attempted to go to the next room, but was unable to lift my swollen feet above the little threshold that obstructed them. I fell back upon the bed and gasped in my agony, but felt unable even to breathe. It seemed like death.

"Several years ago Rev. Dr. J. E. Rankin, now of Washington, was stationed here as pastor of the Congregational church. We all admired and respected him, and my wife remembered seeing somewhere that he had spoken in the highest terms of a preparation which had cured some of his intimate friends. We determined to try this remedy, accordingly sent for it, and, to make a long story short, it completely restored my health, brought me back from the grave, and I owe all I have in the way of health and strength to Warner's Safe Cure, better known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. I am positive that if I had taken this medicine when I felt the first symptoms above described, I might have avoided all the agony I afterward endured, to say nothing of the narrow escape I had from death."

In order that all possible facts bearing upon the subject might be known, I called on Dr. Oscar F. Fassett, who was for nineteen years United States examining surgeon, and who attended Mr. Jacques during his sickness. He stated that Mr. Jacques had a most pronounced case of Albuminuria or Bright's disease of the kidneys. That an analysis showed the presence of albumen and casts in great abundance and that he was in a condition where few if any ever recover. His recovery was due to Warner's Safe Cure.

Mr. John W. Hobart, general manager of the Vermont Central railroad, stated that Mr. Jacques was one of the best and most faithful of his employes, that his sickness had been an exceedingly severe one and the company were not only glad to again have his services, but grateful to the remedy that had cured so valuable a man.

Mr. James M. Foss, assistant superintendent and master mechanic of the Vermont Central railroad, is also able to confirm this.

I do not claim to be a great discoverer, but I do think I have found in the above a most remarkable case, and knowing the unusual increase of Bright's disease feel that the public should have the benefit of it. It seems to me a remedy that can accomplish so much in the last stages ought to do even more for the first approach of this deceptive yet terrible trouble.
F. B.

At a stand-still—The peanut business.

DR. SANFORD'S Liver Invigorator has a reputation equal to any medicine in the world.

When Doctors Disagree
it will be time enough to doubt the reliability of Kidney-Wort. Doctors all agree that it is a most valuable medicine in all disorders of the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, and frequently prescribe it. Dr. P. C. Ballou, of Monkton, says: "The past year I have used it more than ever, and with the best results. It is the most successful remedy I have ever used." Such a recommendation speaks for itself. Sold by all druggists. See advt.

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THE INVESTMENT

Made by a Prominent Lowell, Mass., City Official.

"I must have help," exclaimed City Assessor Francis Goward, of Sumner street, Lowell, Mass., to his physician. Like so many other public men, Mr. Goward was in his early life strong, stalwart and a perfect stranger to physical infirmities. But the excitements of a busy life, and the nervous strain caused by business engagements, together, perhaps, with some inherited tendency (for the tendency is often inherited) had made him, he says, "as most of my friends in Lowell are aware, a sufferer from kidney and urinary troubles. As a matter of course I procured the best of medical attendance, but without benefit." He also had inflammation of the [illegible] and. Utterly discouraged, he chanced an investment of a dollar in **DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY,** of Rondout, N. Y., and he says he got a new lease of life, and on his recommendation his friends used it with equally good results. This was two years ago. Under date of Feb. 15, 1884, he says: "My health is the best it has been for years. I still use FAVORITE REMEDY occasionally. I always keep it in the house. I have had many letters of inquiry about my case, and I always recommend it as one of the best of medicines for such troubles, *for I have* [illegible] *similar troubles without* [illegible] dorsement from such a source [illegible] convincing to all sufferers. Dav[illegible] Rondout, N. Y., is a graduate of [illegible] geon who never lost a case. He has use[d] [FAVOR]ITE REMEDY in his practice for twenty [illegible] is purely vegetable, non-alcoholic, safe, sure, effic[ient] if taken as directed.

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CHURCH MUSIC,

For Quartet and Octet Choirs.

MR. HERMANN STRACHAUER, whose pure and elevated taste, and decided talent as a composer well fit him for the task, has here given us, in an octavo book of 176 pages, 26 very beautiful quartets, in the form of the higher church music. Half are his own, and half arrangements from the great masters. Choir leaders will find this a treasure. Price in boards, $1.00

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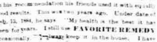

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$40 **PAYS** for a Life Scholarship in the **Coleman Business College,** Newark, New Jersey. Positions for graduates. National patronage. Write for Circulars to H. COLEMAN & CO.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH

[illegible] Not expensive. Three [illegible]ckage. Good for Cold [illegible] Hay Fever, &c. [illegible] or by mail. [illegible] Warren, Pa.

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.

[From the Boston [illegible]]

Messrs. Editors:—

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., [illegible]

[illegible]

Philadelphia, Pa. [illegible]

SHARP [illegible]

HO[illegible]

B[illegible]

ST. PATRICK'S SALVE
TRY IT [illegible] USE IT
[illegible]

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GOOD NEW[S] TO LADIES
Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Gold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Rose Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address
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P. O. Box 289. [illegible]

PHENIX PECTORAL will [illegible] your cough [illegible]

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Members of all prominent Produce Exchanges in New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Milwaukee. We have exclusive private telegraph wire between Chicago and New York. Will execute orders on our judgment when requested. Send for circulars containing particulars. ROBT. LINDBLOM & CO., Chicago.

CAMPHOR MILK is the best Liniment. Price 25c.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer.

WALNUT LEAF HAIR RESTORER

It is entirely different from all others. [illegible] a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. [illegible] hair to its natural color, and produces a new growth [illegible]

266th EDITION, PRICE ONLY $1
BY MAIL POST-PAID.

KNOW THYSELF.

A Great Medical Work on Manhood.

[illegible]

HEAL THYSELF.

FITS A Leading London Physician establishes an Office in New York for the cure of **EPILEPTIC FITS.** *From Am. Journal of Medicine.*
[illegible]

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with HEEL and TOE complete in 20 minutes. [illegible] Machine Co., [illegible] Boston, Mass.

FRAZER AXLE CREASE.
Best in the world. Get the genuine. Every package has our trade-mark and is marked Frazer's. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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