## JOURNALISTIC COLLAPSE.

Twas only a newspaper - so men sold-Baying that papers were failing each day. But they little thought of the hope and pride Wrecked and crushed when the newspap died

And they did not think of the sims so high, Nor of the aspirations bright as the sky. And they never dreamed of the pain and we That surged through his heart when the paper must go. For 'tis never known in the world of men

What agony haunts a poor editor's den.

His paper he viewed with a father's pride, And loved it as men do their chosen bride. For its life and weal he had toiled when still Lay the sleeping world like a frozen rill. He had studied and delved for a sentence new. That would shine with the luster of sun-touched

And his thoughts soared off on the wings of blina

And his smile grew as soft as an angel's kiss. When the printed sheet of his own command He first had held in his eager hand. And his bosom thrilled with a touch of pride When he saw perfection on every side.

And his heart grew light, for his faith was strong the sea when they dash along

Hat clouds came over his summer sky, And the chilling winds of doubt swept by, And the editor's cheek grew wan and pale, For he felt that his newspaper venture might fail

Yet he toiled away, and the world-for him-Meant four low walls and an office.dim. With windows small-and a dusty floor-And a broken hinge on the creaking door. And he thought of the old-time martyrs, when He climbed the stairs of his dreary den.

He had struggled bravely-without avail For now the paper was going to fail. The printers struck, and the harsh blow broke The editor's heart by the force of its stroke. He yieled at last-every resource ended-And wrote this sad epitaph : "Paper Suspended."

Only a newspaper? ave, there was more Of heart-ache and grief than ever before Found place in a life, and the editor wept Sad, silent tcars while the careless world slept, Only a newspaper ! yet with its life . Went hope and ambition and strength for strife : And there, like the blood on a battle-field red

An editor's great aspirations lay dead ! MRS. GEORGE E. DUGAN.



"My name is William Pearce. I have used the sea for above eight-and-fwenty years, have sailed in all kinds of ships in all sorts of capacities—boy, ordinary seaman, sail-maker, bo'sun's mate; crossed the Atlantic securitien times, and been round the world eight; been ship-macked thrice; likewin overboard during seven hours of darkness and ship wrecked thrice; likewing overboard during seven hours of darkness, and picked up at daybreak with my head in a life-buoy; know pretty nigh the best and the worst of the weather that's to be found at sea; and an therefore capable of taking my oath to this, that of all the bad jobs that ever I was in, or that ever I heard of any other sailor being in, there's nothing to beat the sufferings us men of the schooner Richard Warbrick had to endure when the foundering of

was so thick that you couldn's see half a mile off; and though of course it was are to dere in find and upon other its rorizon, so that vessels doug have a view stornd liters, the question was. Where would, we be when its came of find and i

书。《公共局》 18 fino? "Unlike a good many others who have

"Unlike a good many others who have gone through such dreadful messes as this, our sufferings began the moment we tumbled into the bost. In the noment latitudes that ever I was in I never felt such cold. Had the water been fresh our clothes would have froze into cov-erings of ice. The air was full of spray, and squalls of sleet camerolling up. We set in the bottom of the best in a lump. gone informing such areans in meases as this, our sufferings began the moment we tumbled into the bost. In the moment intitudes that ever I was in I never felt such cold. Had the water been fresh our clothes would have froze into cov-erings of ice. The air was full of spray, and squalls of sleet camerolling up. We sat in the bottom of the bost in a lump; to keep her steady, and for the shelter

sati in the bottom of the boat in a lump; to keep her steady, and for the shelter of one another's bodies, and those who were to windward—that is, in the fore-port—would shift from time to time, and others take their place. We had no mast nor sail, nothing but the two oars we rode to. It was a Monday, and all through the daylight we sat litting our eyes above the gunwales, and trying to pierce the haze for a vessel. It was blowing about half a gale of wind, and it kept steady. Now and then we'd ship addose of water, and bale it out with our caps; but it kept our feet sealing, and I reckon it was worse than being without boots at all. The boat did well, one the ours were a kind of breakwater, and h lped her. After four in the atternoon

ness; and so we never spoke-which caused every one to feel himself a lonely man upon the sea. | Likewise the noise of the water would sound stronger. In the daytime I took no notice, but at night I'd find myself listening to the crying of the wind up in the dark, and

the hissing that rose all over the ocean from the breaking of the waves. "I don't know what my mates did; but that first night I never closed my eyes, never tried to shut them, never thought of sleep. I saw the dawn come, but the haze was too thick to let the light show on the horizon; it was overhead as well as around when the morn-

ing broke; there was no darkness that you'll find hanging in the west at day-break. Indeed, I believe the sun was up above the sea before any light came, so thick it was. All the men were awake, and dreadful they looked, as of course I did. One of them was named Burke.

I noticed him at once, and thought he was dying. He lay athwartships, with his back against the starboard side of the boat, and there was a strange working in his fingers, like the movement of a woman's hands opening a shein of

"The captain said, 'For God's sake look around, lads, and see if there's any-BUSSELAS COL OCT VIS 

all looked in the direction he pointed to, gerous for any of us to stand up, for fear of capsizing the boat; so we hung over the gunwale, with our chins on a lovel with it, and stared into the driving ing, and only moving with the roll and smother with all our might; but there toss of the boat. It took her an hour to approach us, and then the bore us a s when w aboard. None of ns could move. Noth-ing but the excitement of seeing her had allowed us to stand. The moment the water standing like walls on either hand when we dropped into the troughs. All at once Burke sat up, and began to sing out for a drink of water. He taked as if he believed we had it and worlda't line was in the boat and we were along-side, we all became as helpless as babies. "The vessel's name, sir? She wat an Austrian bart Grad Karlovsk, com-manded by so humane a man that I feel fit to cry when I think of him and his give it, which was the first sign of his insanity. The explain tried to pacify him, speaking very kindly, and seeking to cheer him. where a where son a "We have outlived a day and a kindness to us poor, miserable, shipnight, said he. 'Keep up your heart, mate; we may have a thousand-ton ship nuder us before it comes dark again.' wrecked English sailors. That's the story, sir, or as much of it as there is any call to relate. Five days and four nights in the month of January in an "But Burke kept on erying for water, open boat, most of the time blowing heavily! The tale's known at Plysaying that he was dying for it, and pointing to his throat; and then, falling mouth-it's known at Runcorn-it is known to Mr. Hopkins, the agent of the Shipwrecked Mariner's Society at Plyon all fours, he puts his face to the salt-water washing about in the bottom of the boat and sucked up several month-fuls. Well, it seemed to do him no hurt, mouth. And I'll tell you somebody else and he hay quiet. Soon after this I spied something knocking about in the sea a it's known to sir-some one as 'll swear to every word of it. the tasts me. few fathoms astern, and called the skipper's attertion to it. He said it was one PREMATURELY BURIED. of some kegs of butter that had been aboard the schooner, so we pulled the The Sad Fate of a Young Girl Who Was cars in and dropped down to it and picked it up. We broke it open and ate A sensation has been created in the butter in fistfuls, being mad with Dayton, Ohio, by the discovery of the fact that Miss Hockwalt, a young lady hunger; but it was as sait as brine, and of high social connections, who was sup-posed to have died suddenly on Jan. 10, the effect of it was to make our thirst raging. The knile we had used to open was buried alive. A local paper says : the keg lay in the bottom of the boat. and Burke, on a sudden turning over seized hold of it, jumped up, and fell upon the captain. He hit him once, but The terrible truth was discovered a few days ago, and since then it has been the talk of the city. The circumstance of Miss Hockwalt's death was peculiar. It the knife didn't pierce through the thick jacket the skipper had on, and be-fore he could raise his hand again we occurred on the morning of the marriage of her brother to Miss Emma Schwind

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ode as bould and expended characterers him ap one as a most and the off metaning all-altin coate on two joined them to as a to form a sell, make at the set of as ten Oren 70 of the Bail o form a still mole a yard of the other our, and pairing the next before the wind, which will blowing a light break sickers was thing the the our of I IVER an

town town. The breakt members son innest all night but the Brittsh diff and i reply. An officer and two men were reply. An officer and iwo men were sounded and one man was killed. The matting began at daybreak. The means and artillery completely routed the many from their pin and tranches. The balls had not insted more than balf as beth when the vistory of the British was maderatedin A telegraphic dispatch has been re-ceived from General Graham, dated "Osman Digna's camp, March 13, 11.40 a.m.," in which he says: "The camp of the energy has been taken affer hard fighting since 8 o'clock this morning. Over seventy of the British were killed

Over seventy of the British were killed and 100 wounded." ours were a kind of breakwater, and h lped her. After four in the afternoon the night drew on. We never could get used to the darkness. The daytime were bad enough, but the night made our sul-ferings maddening. The wind, when the sea was black, would take the feet of solid ice. We couldn't see one another, and that made talking a kind of foolish-ness; and so we never spoke white

come to our receiver and therefore, by tornand the horpital wagons, which when it drew up thack, and a few state among the slow clouds, and we was brought face to the will mother long officers had many marrow excapes.

At all of the point of the second sec winter's night, my heart failed me altogether; I felt that there was a curse-upon us, and that we ware doesned men-singled out to die of famine, the most oruel of deaths, because the longest. Think of nipely-six hours in an open boat, in January, in the Chopes, north-

The Arabs, were soon compelled to re-tire to their main position near the Tamai wells. Colonel Stewart's cavalry arrived at half-pastair, and took position on the British left, so as to turn the enemy's right.

east gale blowing most of the time, with never a morsel of food except the salt butter, and no drink but the salt water

washing in the boat! And yet when the Friday morning came we were still

and Parsons lying still as dead men

apposed to be Dead

performed in gloom.

For the Children.

there was a vessel in sight.

General Graham has taken up his alive, the captain steering, doubled up with faintness and the cold, his knees against his mouth, and his head lollivg for want of strength in his neek; Day quarters for the present in the camp rom which Osman Digna and the rebe hosts were driven. The enemy fought most stubborniy, and the battle was much heavier than the engagement at Teb. The sailors, the Black Watch regiment and the Tork and Lancaster regiments suffered the heaviest losses. under the inwaries and me in the bows, too weak and brillen hearted even to cast my eyes around the sea to notice if The loss of Osman Digna's forces was 2,400.

"The morning passed; the afternoon During the engagement the Arabs, under cover of the smoke crept close up massed. Were we to go through another night? The sun was within half an to the British lines, and dashed against hour of his setting when Parsons, who was leaning his breast on the gunwale, stood unright and pointed. His month the marines and the Sixty-fifth and Black Watch Regiments throwing them-selves upon the bayonets of the British was full of froth, and as he tried to and giving and receiving fearful wounds. speak the foam flew out of his lips, but Great confinsion enrued. The Sixty-fifth began to retreat, crowding upon the ma-rines, when all became mextricably mixed. Gen. Graham and his staff did no words he spoke; it was naught but a kind of death-ratils in his throat. We their utmost to rally the men, retreating 800 yards to enable them to reform, Assistance from the other brigade prevented a serious disaster. There were many marrow escapes among the offi-cers. The horse of Gen. Buller was

Arkapust doin nti ni tha

Kork Times tolls the Rew York Times tells, the following story of a colored boy he met down there. He says: The subject now for the first time presented on any stage, indice and gentlemen, is named George. Age, 14: size, medium; intelligence, shore the average. I met him one after-mon as I was walking on the railroad track, a mile or two outsof Hot Springs. His color is so light and his features so equine I know him for some time before even suspected that he was a colored boy. He asked me how far it was to Malvern, and I told him twenty-three miles, and asked him whether he in-

tended to walk it. "Do you think I can do it 1 dark?" he replied.

I told him I was sure he could not for it was then after one o'clock. "I don't want to be on the track after stark, you see," said he, "on account of the panthers. Do you think there's any between here and Malvers ?"

I told him I had been several miles. down the track, and had not seen any. He told me, when I asked him, that he came from Houston, Texas; that his mother (a mulatte) lived there, and that

his father (a white man) was dead; that he started out more than a year ago on his travels with a companion of his own age, who had been killed while stealing a ride before they were two days out from home; that he had come to Hot Springs looking for something to do, but found nothing; that he had eaten noth-ing that day, and had spent the night outdoors. I happened to be just on the

point of moving my quarters, and had a number of errands to be done, so I offered him a meal or two and a lodging on the floor by the stove in consideration of his being my man Friday till the next

day. The following day was so bitter cold I could not turn him out of the house, and he was with me for two days, in the course of which I think there was

no single minute in which some part of the stove was not red-hot. He was a prime fireman, and the landlord fur-nished the wood. At any hour of the night I happened to awake, George was putting fresh hickory logs on the fire. He could sing, whistle, dance, and when he smiled he disclosed a double bank of organ-keys from ear to ear. He had not a cent in the world, his clothes were none too warm, and the weather was like Manitoba-but he was as happy as a lark, though he had no notion what

minute he might be invited to "move on." He was a fine boot-black, a good clothes-brusher, and did errands promptly and well, always buying things caper at the stores than I could and bringing me back more change than I expected. He had been well taught in some school, and answered disdainfully when I gave him little conundrums out of the multiplication table.

On the third day I had "to move, though it was the coldest day of the season, and in the new place I could not take George along. When all was ready, the globe and shade of a student lamp stood on the table. As I was done with them, I told George he might take them to the china store, where I had paid thirty-five cents for them, and that he could keep whatever he dould get for them. He trotted off in a hurry and THE GOLDEN AND

a ilme though far removed And poses and love were regnant every auty no bought or being west sharms did Fut handly her rounding form dis allo the rich glowing check and ' No more might grave of artificial a an does the wild-wood rose, or est check

This was the Age of Gold; --but how its end Was wrought, they tell this strange mythic tale: A youth, resigned a lonely life to spend, the wat his they wang footad Wareury sail.

Sawto his door whe housd Maccury sail, ceding a girl whom lilles of the vale Oould not in fresh-bloom beauty emulater Nor did the fair Pandors feign to qual When Moroury told the raptured youth thi To him this charmer gave, to be his

strength gigantic nerved the limbs of m abor was pastime, hardships moved a smile, hollow coughs disturbed night's stillness

No thoughts of gloom were hred by morbid And life was lengthened out a wondrous while; The strong man stood for centuries in his

pride. Regrod as is the peaked Egyptian pile, Till by descendants girt on every side. His blossings calm he gave, ere painles died.

A bridal present in her hands she bore, A box, of quaint and exquisite design, Which when her husband oped,-Oh, what

which which her husband open, On, what a store. Of howers did that easket dire enshring! For from it forth flew each disease malign That ever since on human frames has preyed, And, spreading o'er the earth, did Man consign To countless zgonies that should invade Each with source, till all his stalwart strength decayed!

Then must the weakened frame and shortened

The iron Age, that with Pandora came, Does yet o'er earth its grinding rule extend, And sickness joins with poreris to tame Bouls that might else a place of pride and honor claim!

claim1 But when had flown forth all the killing wees That in Pandora's fatal casket lay, Lo! -- from its depths released, sweet Hope

arose, As breaks through sable clouds a sun-lit ray, ind as she rose, she sang, "Mourn not for aye! Some balm shall yet for all these pangs be

found. Not with vain show do Nature's stores display These trees and herbs that beautify th

ground, Since in them lurk the charms to make your sick ones sound!"

To find the balm pledged in this promise Were many hearts through many sges fired, Until, to search our country's forests here A young physician came, with soul inspired, And found at last, 'midst secret shades retired The herbs and roots that had neglected grown. And nurtured in their veins the boon desired, While o'er them many a summer's moon b

shone, and many a wintry snow those treasures had

Long used to ponder o'er the ills of Man, What rapture now in Pierce's bosom rose! For he had marked the source from whence

began The worst and deadliest of our body's woes. Anatomy's keen knife did well disclose What organ, from its duty warped away. Becomes the spring from which envenomed

flows The principle of sickness and decay, Though by a thousand names its work we may portray!

The Liver, formed to keep Life's ruby tide Cleansed of each taint, and play a guardian's

And penting lungs, a poisoned stream to pour, Op ng the way for dread Consumption's dart, And fatal stings of many an aliment more. Thus bidding countless homes their slaughtered hopes deplere!

Thence come the wasted form, the sallow

The Manualtunity Studeste the available to the oter differentiation entitier Dector \$2000, to be divided smooth them by Capt. Gabtielson, according to them by Capit. Generation according to their deserts. They have also awarded to Lient John U. Rhodes, of the Devto Lient John U. Rhodes, of the Der-ter, the society's gold medal for his heroic exertions in saving life at the City of Columbus wreck; to Caps. Eric Gabrielson, of the same vessel, the society's silver medal; to such of his officens as he may designate, the so-ciety's certificate for humane efforts at the same wreck. The society has also swarded to each of the Gay Head In-dians who went in a bost to the rescue of the survivine a silver medal and 926. of the survivors a silver medal and \$25; to the members of another crew each a bronze medal and \$15. The certificate of the society and a cash award are given Light-house-keeper Pease, the Rev. P. Shields, and several women of Gay Head for their heroic efforts in saving

life. Money awards from \$5 to \$10 per head are given to a large number of other persons on the Island of Martha's Vineyard for their services at the time of the disaster, least fer !! The Boston Post's fund for Lieut.

Rhodes, of the cutter Dexter, has reached \$2,001, and the Gay Head Indian fund now amounts to \$4.251

To rast your popularity, wear a ragged coat. Contribute niggardly to charity. Always get in somebody's way. Bomow your neighbor's paper regularly. Never omit to say something an every occasion. Step into your friend's office and sit with your feet on his desk. If you can do all these things and retain your popu-larity you will be warranted in the further test of running for office.

The House of Representatives was charged last year, with 450 spittoons for 293 members. This indicates a reckless waste of tobacco which can no longer be tolerated.

## A RICH LEGACY.

The General Attorney of the Pullman Sleep-ing Car Company; ex-Chief Justice O. A. Lochrane, of Georgia, says that old Dr. Biggers could leave no better legacy than his Southern Remedy for bowel affections, and in all his travels he has never found, anything to equal Dr. Bigger's Southern Remedy for the relief of diarrhoes, dysentery and the restoration of or charrness, dysentery and the restoration of the little ones whose system is suffering such a drainage from the effects of teething, etc. This, with a bottle of Taylor's Cherokes Rem-edy of Sweet Gam and Mullein, combining the stimulating expectorant principle of the sweet gum with the demulcent healing one of the gum with the demulect's hearing one of the mullein, for the cure of croup, whooping cough, colds and consumption, presents a little management of an and consumption of standard be with-out for the speedy relief of sudden and danger-ous attacks of the lungs and bowels. Ask your

druggist for them. Manufactured by Walter A. Taylor, proprietor Taylor's Premium Co-logne, Atlanta, Ga. THE U. S. Pension Office at Augusta, Maine distributes annually \$2,500,000.

See Here, Young Men.

that girl of mine is twice as handsome since she commenced using Carboline, the deodo-rized extract of Petroleum, and I would not be

Nervous Weakness, Brain Worry, Blood Sores, Biliousness, Coatioenese, Nervous Prostration, Kidney Troubles and Irregularities. \$1.50. Sample Testimonials. "Samaritan Nervine's doing wonders." Dr. J. O. McBemoin, Alexander City, Als. "I feel it my daty to recommend it." Dr. D. F. Langhlin, Clyde, Kansm. "It cured where physicians falled." Rev. J. A. Edic, Beavor, Pa. without it for a fortune. Since the opening of the Suez canal tea has

declined each year in price, shill be -Piles! Piles! Piles

Key, J. A. Edic, Beard, J. A. AF Correspondence freely answered, "64 The Dr. S. A. Richmond Med. Co., St. Loreph, Mo. For testimonials and circulars send stamp. (7) At Druggists. C. J. Crittenton, Agent, N. Y. Sure cure for Bind, Bleeding and Itching, Piles. One box has cured worst cases of 20 rears' standing. No one need suffer five min-teen forming William's Indian Pile Ointment, is able to be suffer the state of the suffer five min-

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PETIMONES R. G. is the quickant, bis contour inver, stematic, blacking and block inver, stematic, blacking and block inver, stematic, blacking and block inver, stematic, post, humbag, soid the post of the sector of the invertex of the sector of the sector of the the sector of the sector of the sector of the future of the sector of the sector of the future of the sector of the future of the sector of the sector of the future of the sector of the sector of the future of the sector of the sector of the future of the sector of the sector of the future of the sector of the sector of the future of the sector of the sector of the future of the sector of the sector of the sector future of the sector of the sector of the sector of the future of the sector of the s

SAMARITAN BELISPAT. Spasms, Convul-NEVER FAILS.>

Sickness, S., Vitus Dance, Alcohol-A ism, Oplum Est-

THE GREATI ing, Syphillis, Scrofuls, Kings

Evil, Ugly Blood Diseases, Dyspep CONQUEROR Stek Headachs, Rheumatism,

had to endure when the foundering of that vessel obliged us to take to the boat. "The schooner sailed from Runcorn with a cargo of coal for Plymouth. She was twenty years old, and a trifle over a hundred tons burden. There were five of a crew, and nothing particular happened until we were abreast of the Bristol Channel, when there blew up a heavy gale of wind from the east'ard, no call to describe it; it was of

the regular kind, full of wet, and raising a sea a sight too big for a vessel of one hundred tons pretty nigh chock-a-block with coal and with twenty years of hard use in her hull. However, we scraped through the gale, and two or three more that followed fast, until one morning we were somewhere betwixt the Scilly Isles and the Cornish coast. It was dark, thick weather, blowing and raining hard.

the sea rough, bitter cold-as you may calculate it was, the month being January-and everything invisible that was more than half a mile off. The wind 's east and north, and we were ratching 'g under very small canvas, when ad in, as it was my watch be-"Nod close aboard, Shand found

n and the men arried overme for questions. isel settling under anding on soft mud be seas were washand growing heavier

a sank lower. There was out white water to be seen on above the froth ; but I didn't ant any one to tell me that we had run foul of the Seven Stones. There was no time to do more than launch the boat and roll'into her. Daly was the last man in, and scarce had he jumped when the schooner plunged clean out of sight, going down like a deep-sea lead, so sud-denly that it took my breath away,

"There's no sensation worse than that a man feels when he looks for the ship he's been forced to abandon and finds her vanished under the sea. The ocean never seems so wide as then. The

water. Sailors are a class of men little

clear of such jobs as this they say next to nothing about it, and so people think that either they're men without the capacity of feeling, or else their suffer-ings were not equal to what might be supposed. Had people who take these views been in that boat along with us they'd look sharp in altering their opinions. The suddenness of the disasterour being one moment safe, and the next tossing on the sea in a life boat, with the schooner gone, nothing saved but

around us, and nothing between us and

whole world appears to be made of

given to talking; and when they come

what we stood in, not a morsel of food. nor a drop of drink of any kind, the wind blowing fit to freeze the eyes out

dragged him down and kneeled upon "There was no worse part in all that dreadful time than this. The madman's face was a terrible sight; almost black it was. He snapped about him with his teeth, and his cries and curses were things it brings the sweat upon my face to talk about. Think of our situation;

mad with thirst ourselves and struggling with a madman, a killing north-easter blowing like knives through our frozen bodies. the sea leaping and roaring

the bottom but the little old boat we were in. We were too weak, and in too much suffering ourselves, to remain holding the madman down, and finding him quiet we let go, and squatted one

close to another for warmth; but scarcely had we hauled off from the poor wretch when he jumps up and throws himself overboard. 'Mind I' shouted the skipper-'one's enough I' fearing that if we all got to the side Burke had leaped from we should upset the boat. I was the nearest, and as he came up close I leaned over and got him by the hair, and

dragged him into the boat. He was pretty nigh dead, and gave us no more trouble. "Well, sir, the night came down a second time, finding us living but without the looks of live men. I made sure

I should never 'see another daybreak. made to suppress the facts, but there are those who state that they saw the My thirst was not so sharp as it had been; but I don't know whether the doll body, and know the facts to be as narthrobbing in my throat, the kind of lockjaw feeling in my mouth, the burning in my tongue as though it were a lump of hot iron, was not more tortur-

ing than when the craving was fierces. All night long it blew a strong wind, with now and then a squall of sleet and rain, and hour after hour two of the men, Parsons and Daly, were groaning in the bottom of the boat. When the light came I looked to see who was thot from under him. The pluck shown by the reliefs is une mapled and the shown transfation but and a term

Landaui Domestic Recipes and man

Delicious tapices cream to be eaten cold in made easily. Let two table-spoonfals of tapices soak all night in enough milk to cover it and a trifle nore. In the morning heat one quart of milk to the boiling point, beat the yolks of three eggs with half a cup of sugar and the tapioca; when well mixed stir these into the boiling milk. Let it boil for a minute or two, or until you are sure it has all reached the hoiling point, then remove it from the fire, flavor is with lemon or vauilla. Put it into the dish in which it is to be served. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, or, better still, have some one else do it, so that, while the tapioca is still hot, the meringue may be placed on the top. A tablespoonful of powdered sugar should be besten with the eggs.

Is there a woman anywhere who has never been vexed to know what to have for dinner? This may be helped if on some happier day she sits down with pencil and paper, and makes a list of the possible dinners that are within her power to prepare; the kinds of meat and the ways to cook them, the kinds of puddings and pice which are on the bill of fare. It is a fact that almost every housewife has a bill of fare, though she might be surprised if you were to tell her so. This list is really a great help; very often a good dinner, and one with sufficient variety, might be put upon the table if one could only think just what at Emanuel's Church. Shortly before to have at the proper moment. A list 6 o'clock the young lady was dressing for the nuptials and had gone into the which I saw for desserts commenced thus: "Prune pie, lemon pie, corn-starch pudding, plain, with fruit, or with chocolate; bread pudding, baked kitchen. A few moments afterward she was found sitting on a chair with her head leaning against a wall and appar-ently lifeless. Medical aid was sum-

Indian pudding, banberries, lemon tartlets." moned in, Dr. Jewett who, after ex-amination, pronounced her dead. Mass was being read at the time in Emanuel's Babies not only enjoy but they need some variety in food; many a sickly-looking child of less than two years might be benefited greatly if care were Church, and it was proposed to postpone the wedding, but Father Hahne thought best to continue, and the marriage was bestowed upon his diet. Bread and milk and potatoes are not sufficient for him: wet toest, buttered, and broth, The examination showed that Anna was of excitable temperament, nervous, with plenty of salt, but no pepper, will be nourishing and appetizing. Add bar-ley to it, or rice. Beef tea, diluted a little, is also excellent. Wheat bread and affected with sympathetic palpita-tion of the heart. Dr. Jewett thought this was the cause of her supposed death. On the following day the lady was interred in the Woodland. The alone should not be given, but Graham and Indian or corn bread also,

Here is a good recipe for boiled Indian pudding : Warm a pint of mo-lasses, then mix a pint of sweet milk friends of Miss Hockwalt were unable to forget the terrible impression and several ladies observed that her eyes with it, beat four eggs very light, and add to the molasses and milk; chop one pound of suct very fine, and stir this in bore a remarkably natural color and could not dispel an idea that she was not dead. They conveyed their opinion to Annie's parents and the thought preyed upon them so that the body was taken from the grave. It was stated that when with enough Indian meal to make a thick batter. For flavoring use one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, half a tenspoonful of nutmeg, and a little grated lemon peel. Dip a pudding cloth into, boiling water, then sprinkle flour in it, pour the pudding in; leave room at the top for it to rise, then tie it closely. Boil for three house serve the coffin was opened it was discovered that the supposed inanimate body had turned upon its right side. The hair had been torn out in handfuls and the flesh had been bitten from the fingers with any pudding sauce you choose. A The body was reinterred and efforts sour sance is generally preferred. The flavoring may, of course, be a matter of choice also; some cooks add a cupful of English currants, thinking that they improve the flavor.

She Knew His Mean Ways. C IF STREET WARRY MAIL

A treat for the children can be made "Talk about stingy men," said the in place of the conventional pie or pud-ding. Make a crust, as if for roly poly pudding or baking powder bisouit (using, however, just as little baking powder as conductor of a Pallman car, as he set in the smoking room while the porter was doing the work. "the worst specimen I in the bottom of the boat. When the light came I looked to see who was alive, my eyes falling on Burke, I colled out: 'Dead I' The captain leaned down and felt him, and said: 'Yes, he's the dough about as thin as if for pie ever saw came out of Detroit the other night. His wife, a great fat woman, was with him, and they took seats in the or-dinary coach. Pretty soon he came back, selected a berth-a single upper-and they wine they to be suite.

oon came back indignant "What do you think that chap down

there offered me?" said he. "Fifteen cents ! "He must think I'm a fool; He wants to sell them over again, and make twenty cents more on them. But he couldn't come it. No, Sir-ee. I told

him I'd carry 'em to Malvern before I'd sell 'em for that-and so I will." I tried to dissuade him from this no tion, but he was so indignant at the low offer he would have carried them if they weighed a hundred pounds. He wrapped them in a newspaper, tied them up with a string, and sat before the fire looking at them. There lay behind the stove a shoe brush and a box of blacking that had been overlooked; likewise on the washstand a cake of toilet soap. These treasures I presented to George rather than unfasten a trunk, and he received them gratefully, putting the shoe brush in his inner coat pocket, from which the handle protruded some inches. The expressman came, and we parted. George declaring that some day he would "beat the railroads" to New York, and would surely come and see me. I see him yet, going whistling down the street, sometimes stopping to smile, always shivering. Surely no boy ever started out to make his fortune with so odd a capital-a lamp shade and chimney, a shoe brush, and a cake of soap. If he stumbled before he reached Malvern and broke his glassware, I am certain he only smiled a fresh smile and whistled a new tune. Happy George! Happy all the little starvelings of your race! If I owned Madison-square I would gladly exchange it for your cheerful smile, your bright brown eyes, and

ON HIS WEDDING DAY.

your surny disposition.

flow His Bagagement to Marry Was Broken Off.

A letter from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, says: There was a very romantie chapter in the life of George H. Fryer, the former wealthy Coloradoan who com-mitted suicide in Denver. Three years sgo Fryer was engaged to be matried to Miss H. Ethelyn Bryant, a dashing and vivacious society lady of this city. On the day of the wedding Fryer came to Ohicego and telegraphed to his affi-anced bride that he had concluded not to marry and that the event was indefinitely postponed. He gave no explanation, and at once returned to his home in Denver. Miss Bryant's parents are very wealthy, and every arrangement had been made for a most elaborate wedding. The news that it was off created a great sensation, and was the talk of the town for months. The first meeting between the couple was quite romantic. The young lady visited Denver in the summer of 1880 at the solicitation of a friend who was also a warm friend of George H. Fryer, and the two met at the house of their mutual acquaintance. An attachment at once sprang up which culminated in an engagement before the lady departed for her home on the shores of Lake Michigan. Fryer was said to be worth at that time about a million. He went from Philadelphis to Colorado in 1861 and began mining in Pike county. In 1878 he went to Leadville

and opened up the new discovery mine on Fryer Hill, and succeeded in making a rich strike, soon becoming a wealthy man. When he met the Milwaukee lady he was about forty years of age and a bachelor. He loaded Miss Bryant with costly presents, giving her among other things twenty thousand dollars other things twenty thousand dollars worth of diamonds. The presents were never returned, and about a year ago

check. The embittered ongue, and often aching ficad. And hence the livid face, with hestiostreak Displayed as Nature's danger-signal red. Hence, over many an else fair visage spread Unsightly blockes and erupions vile, Or bideous Scrotala does horror shed, Killing Love's glow, and freezing Friendship's smile. Or the scorched heart consumes with black and burning bile! rains in

Mr. Thomas A. Howard, of Honey Greve,

t once Pierce in his blest Discovery saw That which the very root of all should find, and, by the workings of uneuring law, Drive out the foe that thus life undermined, and with beniguant force, and wisdom kind, The shattered main-spring of our frames

pair, That Bile no longer, like a giant blind, Might mischlef work, but his true part should To make this mortal mould strong, vigorous

This remedy our trembling hearts shall arm Against Malaria's flend, though wide his reign, For small would be his power to work us harm Did not some drops of poison in each vein, Traitors in our own citadel, remain. Fure blood and healthful hile shall interpose Col stial shields, while on our brows in vain His fixed breath the marsh-bred demon blows, For these have proved his most victorious foes!

Here rescue comes to those whose hodies thrill Beneath the Ague's keen consuming touch, While scorching fever and congealing chill Al ernate wring the victim in their clutch. he healing aid, so often sought for such, is here at last, and, by our swamps and

Rest comes for those who have endured so much. And for their fiful sleep, with hideous although I am now on my unit dotte only my improvement is very remarkable, and I regret that I did not know of the wonderful curative powers of Hunt's Remedy before, as it would have saved me years of suffering.

dreams, Shall slumbers sweet prevail, till break each

morning's beams! Thus do we foil Consumption's slow advance. That o'er Columbia staks, with stern control, For oft the ills we've touched, with speedy

glance, Conclude in this, their dark and fatal goal. And with most joy it shone on Pierce's soul

That here he smoth his country's chiefest foe. And quelled that malady that of the whole Dark list did darkest its death record show,-A Hydra, all whose heads he lopped at one brave blow!

Now, then, the new-found remody to name:

Now, then, the new-found remedy to name: Perbaps the choice, at first, perplexing secmed To the discoverer's brain, till, like a flame, "The Golden Medical Discovery" beamed Before his vision, and was worthy deemed To herald to mankind that precious meed That should o'er other potions be esteemed As gold o'er baser ores, and was denreed. By bringing health and strength, to make mon rich, indeed!

Mark, upon Shakspeare's page, how wild Mac-both Tells us, in phrase not oft well understood. That his erowned vicitm, Dungan, isy in denth, "His silver skin laced with his golden blood." And richer far is life's all-precious blood, When by yon great Discovery parified. Than the bright metal (fortune's folded bud), That, sought so often, by mountain, vale or tide. tide, Doth in angiferons veins of California hide!

But, ob, delay not to ward off the shaft Until a mortal wound has plerced you through! Now let the healing satidate be quaffed. E er venom can its work completely do. You flower whose withered petals now bestrew The earth shall soon, from Spring's exhaustless store,

Be gifted with fresh leaves and blossoms new, But Man's frail organs, when destroyed, i Can genial suns revive, or earthly skill restored

Woman no longer plays Pandora's part, Gazing with cold and curious simile, to see The unshared evils that afflict Man's heart. Alas! earth's greatest sufferer is she. The guiltless prey of wasting agony, Har path beset with countless springs of pain, Thus speedily the charms of beauty flee, And all the toilet's arts are plied in vain Health's clear and blooming hue and roundness to regain.

to regain.

The playful, dimpled child, to girlhood grown. Is seen bereft, at once, of strength and bloom, and, pale and slender as some nymph of stone. No more her sports and laughter may resume. Dark o'er the parents' hearts roll clouds of

gloom, And, so new symptoms strike their fearing sight. Prophetic fancy shows the untimety tomb Of their lost darling, once so giad and bright. But, in her budding speet, struck with insidious blight!

ice, gives itistant reliefs Prepared only for Quimes University Piles, itching of private parts. Mailed for \$1. Franier Med. Co., Cleveland, O. a wot known where they at THERE were only nine fatal accidents to rains in 1882 in Great British.

AN ORGANIZED BUSINESS COMMUNITY. STR YEAR. BEND FOR CIRCULARS.

Famin county, Texas, under date of April 5, 1883, writes as follows: I I have been suffering during several years 

I have been suffering during several years from severe illness, and a general breaking down of my physical system, and have tried the treatment and prescription of many dow-tors far and near, and traveled to the Hot Springs and other mineral springs famous for their remedial qualities, drinking the GOODNEWS TO LADIES! waters and bathing, systematically in their healing depths, but all to no avail, as I steadily failed in health; and although in-Give and the set of th formed by my physicians that my ailments and weaknesses were the result of kidney disease of a dangerous character, they could

give me nothing to cure me. During the past two years my sufferings at times were dreadful, and I had the most indescribute. paroxysms of which were so severe as to render it impossible for me to sleep. While in this deplorable and discouraged condition I was persuaded to try Hunt's Hemely, and after using less than half a bottle my great

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AMMAN

- MARTINE PLANES

sincere thanks of myself for the benefits which I sought vainly for and found only in Hunt's Remedy. I will cheerfully give this same opinion of Hunt's Remedy to any one who wishes it, by addressing ROBERT D. ARCHER, 811 Linnard street, Philadelphia. March 14, 1883. THE AMERICAN mus

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heartily recommend it to all afflicted with

any kidney disease or disease of the urinary

"Hit My Case Exactly."

organs.

lly practiced in London. The Doctor's Indorsement. The Dector's Indersement. Dr. W. D. Wright, Cincinnati, Ohio, send the subjoined professional indersement: I have prescribed Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs in a great number of cases, and always with success. One case in particular was given up by several physic ans who had been called in for consultation with myself. The patient had all the symptoms of con-firmed consumption—cold hight sweats heetic fever, harrawing cough, etc. He com-menced immediately to get better, and was soon restored to his usual health. I found Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs the Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs the most valuable expectorant for breaking up distressing coughs and colds.

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