Speak Well of Each Other.

Things of greatest moment often
Start from trifles light as air,
And thus many guiltless beings
Have been hunted to despair
By the venomed voice of gossip which throws
poison everywhere.

Sometimes in our own home circle
Words are spoken thoughtlessly,
Pointing with a shade of reason
Toward a friend's integrity;
Those few words may gather others till a scandal vast we see.

Sometimes, too, vague hints may waken
Doubts and fears within the soul;
Hints concerning trivial action
Deep suspicions may unroll
Plunging some loved ones in trouble which no
efforts can control.

Yet she may be poor and guileless,
Free every thought of ill;
But from that hint, so idly spoken,
Grafts its deadly poison still;
Such light words of gossip started can with
grief a young life fill.

Every one is prone to falter,
Clouds on every heart may fall;
Some grope onward led by folly,
Some respond to duty's call;
Our friend's case we cannot fathom, so we
should never judge at all.

Seek not ill of friend or lover,
They may prove true in the end;
Best be blind to little failings;
And stand ready to defend;
Always striving to discover some new virtue
in our friend.

Burdened by some foul injustice;
Stung by slights that seldom fail,
Innocence is often wounded
By suspicion's flimsy veil,
And that veil each day grows thicker through
the scandal-lover's tale.

Then beware of passing gossip:
Light as is the snowflakes' fall,
It will gather in its passage
Till the drift is huge and tall.
So when speaking of a neighbor say good
things or none at all.

—*Boston Investigator.*

MISS HAGGERTY.

The two stood face to face in the splendid drawing-room of a palatial mansion—one, the patrician mistress of this home of luxury and splendor, a leader of society, the very *creme de la creme* of the richest upper crust—Mrs. Augustus Lord; the other, the governess whom she was just in the act of engaging for her two young daughters—a lady more aristocratic in bearing, more attractive in person, than herself, and not one whit behind her in the quiet, heighbred elegance of her manners.

Her references were of a character to satisfy the most fastidious, while her accomplishments, which Mrs. Lord tested for herself, were assured beyond that lady's criticism. Such music as thrilled the chords of the grand piano under the touch of her small white hands was rarely heard, even in that centre of fashion and culture; while as to French—Mrs. Lord, who had lived in Paris and who flattered herself that her own rendering of that language was beyond reproach, now found herself out-Parisianed by this would-be-governess whose smoothly-flowing accents were the purest of the pure. Therefore, Mrs. Lord had nothing further to do but to engage her valuable services forthwith, and thank kind fortune for having sent her such a rare exponent of grace and perfect breeding.

Reclining upon a sofa at the further end of the long drawing-room, and smiling with amused interest over the pages of his novel, was an almost unnoticed spectator to this interview, to whom the singular gifts and graces of the governess appealed with a power as strong as it was new.

This was Fred. Marburg, Mrs Lord's handsome, *insouciant* brother, so cool and unimpressible that she had long despaired of ever getting him settled in life as a respectable Benedict. And little wonder that she held that opinion, in view of his past career of indifference to the fair sex. But the story had not been told her of his last summer's romance among the New Hampshire hills, where a lovely image had been so strongly outlined upon his careless heart that it was even now dividing his attention with one of the most charmingly impossible heroines of "Ouida's pages.

Yet, even with this double entertainment for the diversion of his mind, the wondrous power of the stranger's music had sent an unwonted thrill through his cool pulse, and impelled him to cast more than one furtive, scrutinizing glance at the interesting woman who had called it forth.

There she stood—Miss Haggerty—a slender, creature of medium height, her dead-white complexion giving strange intensity to the expressive dark eyes, with their level, delicate brows, and to the mobile lips whose low-towned Parisian accents came to his ear with an underthrill of passion in keeping with her music and her face.

Yet, more than all else, was he struck with the singular ease and elegance of her manner, which had so perfectly

"that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere."

That calm, serenity which Flora Blake, with all her innocent loveliness and all her sweet girl-woman ways, had not. And if Fred. Marburg had any special weakness for certain attributes beyond womanly purity of character, it was that one held in common with his lady-sister for high birth and aristocratic "repose" of bearing. These had far greater value in the eyes of both than mere vulgar fortune, and they would more readily have welcomed to their exclusive circle a lady in Miss Haggerty's position than the purely monied scion of a "shoddy" millionaire.

Therefore, in this patrician family Miss Haggerty was in no danger of slights or insults because of her inferior station. On the contrary, she was the instructress of Mrs. Lord's children, and treated more as a delightful guest than as a hired dependent.

As to the "delightfulness" of her society, there could be no question. Who but Miss Haggerty could evoke such soul-stirring harmony from those responsive keys? Who, so well as she, could grasp the most subtle thought of poet or philosopher, and give it to its finest interpretation through the medium of such a low and thrillingly modulated voice? Who else could possibly be so useful to Mrs. Lord when giving entertainments to her "dear five hundred friends" as this accomplished governess, with her high-born, easy grace, gliding from room to room, from guest to guest, with her brilliant powers of entertaining, and ever-ready tact in using them.

"Blood will tell,' declared Mrs. Lord, for, at least, the hundredth time. "I never saw such perfect charm of manner as Kate Haggerty possesses. There is something in it more suggestive of the court circles of Europe than of a poor, obscure governess. I am sure I shouldn't know what to do without her!"

Perhaps it never occurred to Mrs. Lord to dream that her cool-headed, unimpressible brother might come to have the same opinion; or quite likely, if it did, the idea would not have troubled her, since Miss Haggerty, in all save wealth, which Mrs. Lord was too thoroughly well-born to care for, was unexceptionable as any lady in the land.

At all events, as time wore on their governess became more indispensible to both sister and brother, and her quiet, gliding grace and singularly fascinating countenance came slowly to usurp the place in the latter's heart hitherto held sacred to the memory of Flora Blake.

Fred Marburg, being a man of the world, was not likely to pledge himself too hastily to any one of Eve's beguiling daughters; yet, like all men who reverence the sacred name of "mother," he had his womanly ideal, and Flora Blake had come nearer to filling this than any other woman he had ever known.

Had she been here now her lovely character, shining forth in every lineament of an innocent, and winningly-fair face, might have held his heart against the dangerous charms to which he was hourly exposed. But far away, as she was, in her quiet home among the hills, the memory of the past summer and the part her sweet face had in it was gradually fading like a dream from his mind in the warm dawn of a new experience.

Before Fred. Marburg knew it, his long-unyielding heart had surrendered to this graceful siren and was beating with a quickened pulse at the lightest sound of her low thrilling voice. But what wonder? She was one of those rare women who, apparently unconscious of their own magnetic power, seem born to exert it with strange success over all with whom they come in contact.

It was a warm, lovely night in October when Fred first seriously admitted to himself that he was conquered. His sister was away, giving herself and the children a late holiday at the old family homestead in New England, so, for a week past, Miss Haggerty's only task had been the pleasant one of making home attractive to the lonely young bachelor who was left in her charge.

No one understood that art better than herself, and the highest proof of her success lay in the fact that at this very moment the handsome object of her tender care was restlessly pacing his chamber-floor, trying manfully to put away a temptation that was tugging at his heart—the temptation to ask her, at once to become his wife.

Life with her would be sweeter than the poems which she read to him, with such a world of meaning in her flexible liquid tones—he had no doubt of that. And the question of her poverty he never though of—for he had wealth enough for both. But somehow Flora Blake's sad eyes arose before his mind to-night and he felt strangely troubled by them.

To be sure, there had been no direct pledges of love between them; only those sentimental drives and strolls so common at a summer-resort; that half-tender interchange of words and glances which may mean so much, or nothing; no tangible sign of its being anything more than a summer's flirtation. But he had meant more, and she knew it. Even now he could fancy that earnest, loving little face sad with "hope deferred." Yet he knew that he did not now love Flora Blake as he loved this other woman into whose sweet thralldom he had drifted half-unconsciously. And Fred Marsburg, who believed himself to be a man of honor, felt his cheeks flushing painfully in the darkness, as he threw himself into a chair beside the open window and tried to think it out.

As he did so, he observed two figures entering through a side-gate into the grounds, having just turned off from the street, and half-mechanically, he watched them steadily approach, too busy with his own thoughts to notice who they were. But as they came nearer he became aware that the lady was Miss Haggerty, for there was no mistaking that graceful, gliding figure, partially disguised, though it was in a long, dark cloak which completely enveloped her. He saw with, surprise, that she was in the company of some strange man at that late hour of the night when he had supposed her to be sleeping the sweet sleep of innocence at home. They were speaking rapidly, and in low tones, the Italian language, but he could distinguish nothing save the fervent "*addio*," which the man muttered as he left her.

A jealous pain shot through Fred's heart at the sight. What could that strange Italian be to the woman whom he wished to honor with the proffer of his own name and fortune? Forgetting Flora Blake entirely, forgetting, also, that he had no right, as yet, to question the actions of his sister's governess, he ran swiftly down the staircase to meet her at the side door as she entered.

Miss Haggerty looked pale and worried, and met her lover's questioning look, he almost roughly seized her by the wrists, with eyes that showed astonishment and fear in their dark depths.

"My brother, signor," she said quickly, without waiting to be catechized, and as if dropping unconsciously into her native tongue, "he has led a wild life and given me a world of trouble. I hoped that I had escaped him when I came here."

"But you were conversing in Italian, Miss Haggerty," he said, with almost a fierce suspicion is his tones. "I had no idea that you were not a countrywoman of my own."

"You understood what we were saying, then?" she asked, with a quick, searching glance into his face.

"No."

At this unexpected answer a sudden look of ineffable relief swept over her features.

"Our mother was Italian, Mr. Marburg," she said, "and Antonio prefers her language to our colder English. Though, save in conversation with him, I rarely use it myself." Then, with a sorrowful look of wounded pride that went straight to his heart, she added: "I am pained to read in your face, Mr. Marburg, that you think some evil of me."

"I do not—Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Fred, fervently, ashamed of his brief suspicion. "I was startled out of my senses by seeing you out when I thought you were in your room, asleep—that is all. And, Kate," he went on, the passion in his heart surging up in hot words to his lips at sight of her beautiful, pained face so near him. But something—his better angel, perhaps—checked the wild words ere they were spoken. "I beg you to forgive my rudeness," he ended, in a different tone, letting go her wrist and turning hastily away. "Good-night!"

Perhaps Miss Haggerty wondered at his sudden change of manner, but she only looked after him with a quiet smile.

Mrs. Lord had returned, and was once more "at home" to a select company which filled her lofty rooms, resplendent with jewels, dreamy with German waltzes, and heavy with the fragrance of a thousand flowers. Yet among all that brilliant crowd none was so distinguished for rare attractiveness as the poor governess, Miss Haggerty. Fred Marburg meant to speak this evening, for the ghost of that October midnight and the low-spoken *addio* wafted to his jealous ear, which haunted him often enough, had not had power to break her spell.

He watched her moving about, with her striking beauty and unconscious ease, as much at home in that polished company as the hostess herself, and felt a sort of pride of ownership already in his heart. He believed that she loved him, for there had been moments when those white cheeks had crimsoned, and those dark, impassionate eyes had drooped, beneath his gaze. And he was now only awaiting his opportunity to ask her for the sweet assurance in words.

At last he believed that it had come, for he missed her from the parlors, and hoping to find her in the conservatory, he rose and bent his steps in that direction, with a surpressed eagerness in his eyes which told her how deeply his heart was involved in the power of this woman.

He had not more than half made his way thither when a servant touched his elbow and delivered a whispered but imperative request from his sister to meet her instantly in the library. There was something in the messenger's manner which convinced him that the business, whatever it was, could not wait; so, with a muttered imprecation under his mustache, he turned on his heel and retraced his steps to the library. It seemed that fate was bound to thwart him in every attempt he made to declare his passion.

When he stepped within the library, what a scene met his gaze! His proud sister lying in an attitude of despair upon the sofa, weeping as if her very heart would break, and, under the gas-light, in her tasteful evening toilet, with white face and blazing eyes, closely guarded by two officers of the law—Miss Haggerty.

He stood like one suddenly turned into stone. "O, Fred!" cried his sister, hysterically, "there is some awful, *awful* mistake! I sent for you to explain to these officers who she is, and how—O, Fred! why don't you say something?" she implored, as her brother stood speechless, looking from one to another of the strange group.

"There is no mistake sir," said one of the officers, stepping forward, respectfully. "You and your sister have been imposed upon by a notorious adventuress. This woman is Madame Arditi, an Italian, and the wife of a ruined Italian count, and together they have been engaged in several noted robberies. She has made use of her beauty and talents to gain a foothold in wealthy families whom they intended to victimize. In one case, at least, she went so far as to actually marry her victim, in order to rob him to better advantage. It is lucky for you, sir," significantly, "that we have traced her up so soon."

"Which we did," added the other officer, "by shadowing her husband, and following him, last night, to this very house. Now we have got them both."

"Miss Haggerty—Kate—can this be true?" Fred fairly gasped, with a face as death-like as her own. She did not speak, but the white face and the glittering eyes told their own story. Heart-sick and faint, he turned away.

"I did not mean to rob you," thrilled that low, unspeakably sweet voice in his ear, unheard by any other. "I could have done that long ago. I meant to have married you, if I could have escaped him," and Fred shuddered, as his thoughts went back to that dark-browed Italian, "for I love you, and I know that your heart is mine this moment."

Fred could not bear another word or glance. He went from her presence, taking with him the memory of a white, despairing face which, guilty though it was, would haunt him sorrowfully for many a day. He did not soon cast her from his heart, for her's had been no ordinary power. The process was slow and painful. But when a certain picturesque old orchard among the New Hampshire hills was again white with apple-blossoms, Flora Blake's trusting heart had its reward, for there Fred Marburg gave his own forever into her keeping, after telling her, without reserve, the whole sad, humiliating story of Miss Haggerty.

The Man Who Boxed.

There are scores of respectable and reputable heads of families in this city who take regular lessons in the manly art of self-defense, and who spend an hour every evening in swinging clubs and otherwise developing and hardening the muscle. One of the most enthusiastic of the lot had finished his boxing lesson the other night, when the trainer said:

"I am sorry to lose your money and your company, but I feel it my duty to say that I can learn you nothing further. You have got the science and muscle to clean out a crowd, and Heaven help the man who stands before you!"

The citizen went home with a consciousness that only cowards carry revolvers, and he wondered how a man would look after he had given him a sock-dologer straight from the shoulder. The next morning as he was leaving his house along came a berry man who was yelling his wares at the top of his voice.

"Do you sell any more berries for yelling in that manner?" asked the citizen, as the peddler drew rein.

"Oh, take in your nose?" was the reply.

"Some one will take your whole body in some day!"

"But it won't be a man with a wart on his chin!"

"No impudence, sir!"

"And none from you, either!"

"You deserve a good thrashing!"

"And perhaps you can give it to me!"

There was the golden opportunity. The one had science—the other impudence. The one had received thirty-eight lessons in boxing—the other fairly ached to be pounded.

"Don't talk that way to me or I'll knock you down!" said the finished pupil as he gently threw himself into position to mash a brick wall.

"Oh, you will eh? Then let's see you do it!"

Even the graduate couldn't tell exactly what took place. He remembered of being kicked on the shins, struck on the chin and twisted over a horse-block after he fell, but when consciousness returned his wife and children were crying over him and the peddler was two blocks down the street shouting:

"Berries—great big ones—perfect daisies—only two shillings for a heaping big quart without any thumb in it!"—[Detroit Free Press.

Self-Care While Nursing the Sick.

To those who are called upon to nurse the sick through a long and severe illness, it is of the utmost importance, not only to themselves, but to their patient, that their own health should be preserved and their own strength maintained, not only throughout the critical stage, but during the period of convalescence, oftentimes so tediously prolonged. To all such we submit the following simple precautions, to aid them in preserving their own health while attending the sick.

If the malady of the patient be such as to cause any marked odor of the breath or noticeable exhalations from the skin, take care always to sit on that side of the bed or sick person which is opposite to or away from the direction which the effluvia take toward the windows or draft of a fire-place. Sit so that their breath, etc., is carried away from you. Do not sit too close to them, or take their breath if you can avoid it.

To keep one's own strength in a case of prolonged care, and particularly if obliged to sit up all night for many nights in succession, great benefit will be derived from taking a warm bath early in the morning, and putting on fresh under garments every second morning; or if the disease be particularly infectious in its nature, it is best to change the underclothing every morning. It will be found that the warm bath, followed by brisk rubbing of the whole body with a coarse Turkish towel or flesh brush, will refresh the wearied body almost as much as sleep. At the same time keep up the appetite and strength by small doses of quinine, two to five grains three times a day, and nourishing diet, with, perhaps, a little wine and water occasionally.—[Christian Union.

Origin of the Term "Hoosier."

Dr. Aaron Wood, the oldest Methodist divine in Indiana, recently gave the *Dispatch* a pleasant call. In the course of his conversation he remarked that an error prevailed in regard to the term "Hoosier." According to one authority widely credited, a stranger called at a cabin and broke the stillness by crying, "Who's here?" But according to the doctor it was given birth by the following incident: A learned foreigner by the name of Leminouski, formerly a soldier under Napoleon, during the years intervening between 1823 and 1830, lectured extensively on the wars of Europe to the pioneers of this State. In his discourses the valor of the hussars was conspicuous, but his accent was not English and he pronounced the body "Hoosiers." During the excavation of the canal at the falls of the Ohio through Kentucky a young man from Washington county, Indiana, on the grounds, one day, fought and whipped three Kentuckians. Highly elated at the conclusion, amid a torrent of backwoods profanity, he exclaimed: "I'm a Hoosier," from Leminouski's pronunciation of hussar. From that day to the present the term has been applied to all citizens of Indiana.—*Michigan City Dispatch.*

The United States Fish Commissioner has recently placed in the rivers of Arkansas and Texas 1,500,000 shad. This statement may be believed. It's not the number of fish they put into a river, but the number they take out that men lie about.

Among the glad voices of summer the Baltimore American hears with delight the clam's whoop.

The Spicers' Cows.

They had lots of cows, the Spicers had—and they passed most of their time in our garden. The reason they didn't stay in the pasture was because the fences were all broken down; for the Spicers were the most shiftless folks in Tuckertown. Why I cared about the cows was because I had to drive 'em out. Well, one day, grandpa said:

"If those cows get into my corn again, I'll drive 'em up to the pound."

"What's the pound?" asked Dot.

"It's a pen," said grandpa, "where you can drive any cattle you find on your land; and the owner can't get them out without paying a fine."

"Oh, I think that's elegant!" said I. "I know lots of people's cows I should like to get into the pound."

When grandpa went out, I said I would go and tell Sarah Spicer just what he had said.

"Now, Mary Jane, you just stay where you are. You want your fingers in everybody's pies." It was Aunt Jane, you might know, who said that. I might have answered that she was so sparing with hers (especially mince) that I never could touch them. But I didn't. I often think of real smart things, and it's mean that I can't say them. But I declare, there is never any use at all in my arguing with Aunt Jane; for when I get the best of her, she always stiffens up and says: "There, that will do, Mary Jane! Not another word!" Besides, it isn't right to answer back. So I just said nothing, but took Dot and marched straight off to the Spicers'. We found Sarah and Sam playing in front of their house.

"How d'ye do, Mary Jane?" said she.

"How d'ye do, Miss Spicer?" said I.

"Mercy me, Mary Jane! what airs!" said she. "It's no use to put 'em on here in Tuckertown, I can tell you, for folks know all about you."

"There, that will do," said I, as like Aunt Jane as ever I could. "I only came over here to tell you that we are going to have your cows put in the pound the very next time we find 'em in our garden."

"Poh!" cried that Hop-o'-my-thumb of a Sam. "Your grandfather has said so, lots of times, but he never does."

"Doesn't dare to!" snapped Sarah.

I was just boiling mad. The idea of my being treated so by those low Spicers!

"Dare to?" said I. "I wonder who you think would be afraid of such a poor, shiftless set?"

And then I took Dot's hand, and just ran for home, so as not to give Sarah a chance to have the last word. Oh, but don't I 'spise her! Well, that afternoon, Dot and I were in the barn, playing with all our might, when Aunt Jane screamed out:

"Mary Jane! Mary Jane! The cows are in the garden. Run and drive them out."

"It's too bad!" cried Dot. Those Spicers' cows spoil all our fun."

"I'll tell you what," said I, after I had shoo'd them into the road. I'm going to drive 'em right up to the pound. I'll show that Sarah Spicer ——!"

"Why, Mary Jane Hunt!" cried silly Dot. "What'll grandpa say? I won't go."

"Say? Why, that he is much obliged to me." Dot trotted after me, as meek as a lamb.

It wasn't far to the pound; but there was one cow and her calf that wouldn't hurry, and besides, we walked very slowly along the sunny parts of the road and rested every time we came to a shady place; so it was late in the afternoon when we left the pound and turned to come home. We came quite a distance by the road, and then through Mr. Hall's corn field and the woods beyond, and right out in the Spicers' pasture. Dot and I noticed that there was only one cow left now in the pasture.

"I hope Sarah and Sam will have a good time hunting after the others; and good enough for 'em," said I. "Perhaps her father is just scolding her now for letting 'em stray away."

"Well, he isn't, for there he is now." Dot pointed, and I saw Sarah in the swing on the butternut tree in front of their house, and her father was swinging her up ever so high.

When she saw us she jumped out and ran to the fence.

"Hope you'll find your cows to-night, Sarah," said I.

"You had better go for 'em," chimed in Dot.

"Hope you'll find yours," retorted Sarah. "If you don't keep 'em out of our garden, we are going to drive 'em to the pound."

"Te he," giggled Sam.

Although we hurried so, it was late when we got home. We were afraid that supper would be all over, and Aunt Jane would scold us for being late. But though the table was set, and grandpa was home from work, no one had sat down to it.

"Been waiting for the milk," said Aunt Jane. "But, la, it's no use to wait any longer. "I'll use morning's milk."

"Yes," said grandpa, who was washing his hands at the sink. "Do let's have supper, Children, have you seen the cows?"

"Why, no," I answered, "not ours; but Dot and I drove the Spicers' cows up to the pound."

Those that were in our garden?" demanded Aunt Jane, looking straight at me.

I nodded.

"Well, of all the little mischief-makers! Those were our cows."

"My gracious, goodness me!" said I. And grandpa's got to pay a fine to get his own cows out of the pound! Oh dear! I do hope Sarah Spicer won't find out about it."

And so Dot and I had to go to bed an hour earlier than usual; but Sarah Spicer doesn't know anything about it."—[St. Nicholas.

Superstition in Germany.

Criminal prosecutions occurring in various parts of Germany throw a strange light upon the firmly rooted belief of the peasantry in witches and witchcraft. In a case just tried at Friedberg the wife of a railway station master was accused of fraud and extortion in pursuading a farmer and his wife that their three children were possessed by evil spirits and under a witch's ban, and they needed exercising very urgently. The cure she prescribed involved the frequent taking of the children's measurement, accompanied by formulated prayers and invocations of the Trinity; and twice a day they were required to pass through herds of swine, that the wicked spirits might leave their bodies and enter those of the brutes. For this cure she received two marks. The woman was convicted and sentenced to fine and imprisonment; but it would take much more than that to convince her dupes that there are no witches. All the courts in Germany would not be able to remove that belief from the minds of the country population.

Monkeys as Servants.

The monkey, in combination with the hand-organ, has been found to be such a serviceable member of society that a brisk trade in that intelligent but unhappy beast has sprung up between Singapore and the Italian ports. The London Globe observes that modern Europe has done very little in the way of developing the talents of the monkey, though Egypt has furnished through all ages an example of what may be attained in that direction. In the south of Abyssinia, upon the testimony of the late Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, monkeys are still taught several useful accomplishments. One of these is that of officiating as torch-bearers at a supper party. Seated in a row, on a raised bench, they hold the lights until the guests have departed, patiently awaiting their own supper as a reward for their services. Occasionally an obstreperous animal will interrupt the festivities by throwing his lighted torch among the guests, but he is promptly caned into submission.

Solomon was the first man who proposed to part the heir in the middle.

A BIRDS' BOARDING HOUSE:

The Peculiar Occupation of a New York Bird Fancier.

Within a stone's throw of the Gilsey house, in Broadway, New York, is a small sized building with a large show window. Bird cages and other fixtures for the use of the feathered songsters depend from long wires. A neat little card occupies a prominent position. It attracts much attention from passers-by. It bears the simple inscription:

: BIRDS TAKEN TO BOARD. :

A reporter saw the card and stepped inside. A hundred canary birds were singing in different keys. Gorgeous parrots were chattering and swearing. A small-sized monkey with flaring eyes was gyrating on the bar of a big iron cage. He was trying his best to make mince-meat out of a glass marble.

"Have you a bird you desire to board here, sir?" said a thick-set German with big red mustache and red hair, to the reporter. "Oh, you're a reporter, and want to find out my business." Just then one of the parrots swore a blue streak, the monkey fell off his perch and cried piteously, while a mocking-bird trilled "Dem Golden Slippers."

"It's a peculiar business, this," said the reporter, shouting to make himself heard above the din. "Very," said the German. The poll parrots held a consultation and profaned in one key. "During one summer," continued the man, "I have generally seventy-five or a hundred birds to take care of and feed." Then the bird and monkey man began to explain the exciting occupation of harboring birds. In the warm weather, when the owners of valuable birds go to the country and Europe, they find it unsafe to leave their pets to the care of servants. It would not do to leave them shut up in a house alone. For these reasons, the man went on, the birds were brought to him, and he saw that they had all the comforts and luxuries that the most exacting canary could desire. The charges are moderate, only twenty cents a week for canaries. This allows for a small profit of seventy-five per cent. Owners furnish their own cages. They must be of nice, bright brass. No, the man would not have his store disfigured with wooden coops. The monkey munched his marble. The parrots swore in trebles. The din was almost deafening. A man who is stone deaf might enjoy life in a bird-store. To a man with a well-preserved ear-drum the confusion of sounds there is heartrending. When the noise had subsided, the speaker resumed his talk. He has customers from the fashionable halls of Murray Hill, and expects to retire rich. The reporter thought he might on the seventy-five per cent. plan.

"What is your price for boarding parrots?"

"Forty cents a week."

"What do you feed them on?"

"Well, they will eat anything from carpet-tacks to boot-heels, but I am very careful and keep such food away from them."

Some parrots, the man explained were very dainty. He had one that would not eat his cracker unless it had butter on it. And the butter had to be good, too. No oleomargarine, if you please. It was observed that this conservative bird was very distressed-looking. She had a blue eye, and regarded the monkey ardently. The monkey did not regard her. He chewed his marble and was happy. This parrot, the bird-fancier explained, belonged to a rich old maid who had gone to France. She remitted her forty cents regularly, and sometimes inclosed a piece of poetry, which she requested the man to teach the bird. The old maid would have taken Polly to Paris, but she was afraid the Parisians would teach it to swear.

With regard to to the other birds taken on board the speaker said that he received many mocking-birds. These were very hard to take care of. He charged sixty cents a week for boarding them. They were soft-billed birds, and their food had to be especially prepared. At this stage of the narrative the monkey had cracked two or three teeth on the marble, but he crunched away. Still the parrots swore.

"Who bears the loss if the birds die?" "Why, the owners, of course. I take the best of care of them; but if they don't live it isn't my fault." He said that it was a common thing for the boarding birds to die, especially parrots. He related a sad case. A beautiful girl left her parrot for the summer, and when she returned in the fall the bird had died, having choked himself with a piece of hard tack. The young girl would not be comforted. There were tears in the dealer's eyes as he told this story. Even the monkey looked gloomy. The dealer went on to say that on another occasion a lady left her canary with him. She had received it from her lover, who was drowned at sea shortly after presenting it. The canary was sickly and died. The lady had it stuffed and wears it now on her best hat. The Babel of canaries and parrots was very severe at this point. The monkey could be heard crunching his marble. He had broken several other teeth.

"Is that monkey a boarder?" asked the reporter. "Yes," was the answer, "he belongs to an actress, who insists that her pet shall have marbles to play with. I get $2 a week for boarding him, which includes the price of his toys."

"Now, look here," continued the dealer. "This is a magnificent canary. It was sent to me last week. It is the property of Mrs. ——, of Fifth avenue. She has gone to Europe and I am to feed it well and take good care of it while she is away. Do I have birds from other than fashionable people? My, yes. It costs very little. This bird is a magnificent singer. It is the property of a Wall street broker—a bachelor. He can't attend to it himself, so he leaves it with me. He looks in at it every afternoon, and on Sunday I decorate the cage with flowers and send it to his room to keep him company."

"It's a strange business," mused the reporter. "Yes," was the reply, "but I must be off now. There are several rich families who keep from two to ten birds, and I have to go and take care of them. Look in again."

The monkey was still playing with the marble, the canaries singing and the parrots talking as the reporter took his leave.

Cultivate a Sweet Voice.

There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get it and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. When one of them gets vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in the tone than in the words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp, and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys at home. Such as these get a sharp home voice for use and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere, just as they would save their best cakes and pies for guests and all their sour food for their own board. I would say to all boys and girls, "Use your guest's voice at home." Watch it by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in the days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to a hearth and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye.

Hygiene does not mean fixed abstract ideas applicable alike to all. To live according to our individual organization and needs is to be hygienic.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

As an effective remedy for sleep-walking, a correspondent recommends placing a tub of cold water beside the bed, so that upon rising the somnambulist will step into it and waken himself, The writer says that after four experiments of his sort he has never since arisen in his sleep.

For annointment for wounds, take a qarter of an ounce of white wax, and half an ounce of spermaceti (which is a hard, white material), and put them in a small basin, with two ounces of almond oil. Place the basin by the side of the fire, till the wax and spermaceti are dissolved. When cold, the ointment is ready for use. This is an article which is much better to make than to purchase. When you make it yourself, you know that it has no irritating or inferior materials in it.

"One of the Ambulance" sends the following extract from a south African paper: "We can vouch for the efficiency of the following remedy for diphtheria. A few years ago, when this dreaded disease was raging in England, a very simple and rapid remedy for it was discovered by the celebrated Dr. Field. He put a teaspoonful of flour of sulphur into a wine-glass of water, and stired it with his finger instead of a spoon, as the sulphur does not readily amalgamate with water. When the sulphur was well mixed he gave it as a gargle, and in ten minutes the patient was out of danger. Brimstone kills every species of fungus in man, beast, and plant in a few minutes. Instead of spitting the gargle out, he recommended the swallowing of it. In extreme cases, to which he had been called just in the nick of time, when the fungus was too near closing to allow gargling, he blew the dry sulphur through a quill in the throat, and after the fungus had shrunk to allow of it, then the gargling, and he never lost a patient from diphtheria.

Dr. Lyndon of Georgia suggests a mustard plaster on the chest in the early stage of small-pox to attract the eruption there and save the face. He has seen one case of small-pox eruption localized in this way.—[Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.

The Crescent City.

The city of New Orleans is built at a point on the Mississippi river where it curves like a gigantic horseshoe. The city is about one hundred miles from the Gulf and is built on swamp grounds. It is in perpetual danger of overflow, both from the river and Lake Pontchartrain, which is ten miles distant from the Mississippi.

The levees—pronounced levys—protect the city from inundation from the river, and these two rows of piles driven into the ground along the river bank; the first row of pilings is a few feet out from shore and are cut off, say two feet, above the highest known water mark; the other row of piling is placed about sixteen or twenty feet farther out in the stream; these are driven much lower than than the others; heavy timbers extend from the inside to the outside piling laid at an angle of about thirty six degrees, and these planks of yellow pine are securely fastened with an intervening space of two inches between each row of planks; the planks are laid parallel with the river, and the force of the current is, of course, brokenby this contrivance; a few feet inside of all this is a perpendicular abutment formed also of plank, spiked against piles driven into the ground and against the earth is packed securely.

The river being higher than the city the entire drainage of New Orleans is from the Mississippi river to Lake Pontchartrain. All the wash suds, kitchen and chamber slops are carried by surface drainage through the streets into the four or five drainage canals that flow into the lake named, which is about four feet below the level of the Mississippi. In order to carry off so much refuse water the gutters are about two feet wide and are frequently thirty inches in depth, measuring from the top of the curb. These deep gutters cross all the streets running north and south, and where they cross the streets they are covered with iron flagging.

As the Mississippi is the muddiest river in the United States, and is unfit for drinking or cooking purposes during six months of the year each house in the city has one or more immense tanks in the yard for the purpose of securing rain water; if the house is a three-storied one the tank is a three-storied concern also, and, being usually ten feet in diameter, they hold an immense amount of water.

The people of New Orleans are divided into classes, or rather nationalities—French, Spaniards, Italians and Negroes. The French, Spaniards and Italians are clannish; each speaks his own language and the Italians and Spaniards don't care to learn any language but their own, and they keep more closely to themselves than the French, who marry with the "Yankees," as they still call them, whether he be a descendant of English, Irish, Scotch or German parents.—[Philadelphia Press.

The Wages of Farm Labor.

A Washington letter says: An investigation of the rate of wages of farm labor made by the statistician of the Department of Agriculture shows an increase of twenty-four per cent. since 1879 in the Eastern States. From 1875 to 1879 the decline was heaviest in manufacturing sections, where artisans, thrown out of employment, competed to depress the rate of farm wages. The advance since 1879 has been fourteen per cent. in the Western States and thirteen in the Southern. Comparing with results of former investigations at different periods, it is shown that wages declined gradually from 1866 to 1875; very heavily from that date to 1879, when a rapid recuperation began. An exception is noted in the South as to the period between 1866 and 1869, when the high price of cotton advanced the rate of wages. The fluctuation has been less in the South, the improvement in quality and efficiency in labor counteracting largely the general tendency to lower rates. Thus the average rate per month was $16 when cotton was thirty cents per pound, and $15.30 when cotton was twelve cents per pound. The influence of manufactures in advancing local rates of farm wages is exhibited, as also the proximity of large commercial cities. The effect of varied agricultural industries on wages is shown by comparison of rates in contiguous districts. The districts of high wages are also those of large production and net profit in agriculture. The present average rates of wages are: In the Eastern States, $26.61; Middle, $22.24; Southern, $15.30; Western, $23.63; California, $38 25. These averages indicate a recovery of the status of 1875 in the West, a near approach to the rate of that year in New England, and a partial restoration in the Middle States. There is still a decline of twenty per cent. or more from the inflated rates that followed the flush times immedietely following the civil war.

Kleptomania in a Horse.

The first instance on record of positive equine kleptomania is recorded in a late number of the London Figaro. It runs thusly:

"Anent "The Blues," I have heard a charming story illustrative of the wonderful intelligence of some horses. One evening the officer on guard hearing a noise in the stables, concluded that a horse must have got loose. He therefore, went with a corporal of the guard, and, looking through a keyhole, saw an old troop-horse lifting up the lid of the corn bin and munching away at the oats. The officer rattled the door by mistake. The old charger instantly cocked his ears, stole back to his stall, artfully slipped his head back into his halter, and awaited events as if nothing had happened. Seeing this, the officer and corporal, pretending to be deceived, after looking round the stables, went out again. So soon, however, as the horse heard the lock turned upon them, he slipped his halter and attacked the cord-bin again. After this the crafty old warrior was firmly secured."

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Good Nature.

Good nature is a gem which shines brightly wherever it is found. It cheers the darkness of misfortune and warms the heart that is callous and cold. In social life who has not seen and felt its influence? Don't let little matters ruffle you; nobody gains anything by being cross and crabbed. If a friend has injured you, if the world goes hard, if you want employment and can't get it, or can't get your honest dues, or fire has consumed or water swallowed up the fruits of many years hard toil, or your faults are magnified, or enemies have traduced or friends deceived, never mind; don't get mad at anybody, don't abuse the world or any of its creatures.

Keep good-natured, and our word for it, all will come right. The soft south wind and the gentle sun are not more effectual in clothing the earth with verdure and sweet flowers than is good nature in adorning the hearts of men and women with blossoms of kindness, happiness and affection, those flowers the fragrance of which ascends to heaven.

Religious News and Notes.

The two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Congregationalism was recently celebrated in Lynn, Mass.

Joseph Cook has delivered five lectures in Yokohama, and is to lecture in Shanghai before he goes to Australia. He draws crowds.

The Hymnal of the Established Church of Scotland has been received with such enthusiasm that more than a million copies have been sold.

It is stated as one of the most recent proofs of the success of missionary effort in Japan that it is quite common to hear the children in the streets singing, "*Ah Jyesu di su*"—Jesus loves me.

The old plan of the American Bible society to give a Bible to every family that is not supplied with one, worked so well a generation ago that the managers are about to do their work over again, and on a larger scale.

The bishops of the Methodist Episcopal church have issued a circular letter to all the denominations, recommending that the churches get out of debt, so that "no more of the Lord's precious money be sunk in the interest."

The American Home Missionary society makes a new departure in Minnesota and Dakota. Under direction of Superintendent Montgomery, assisted by Rev. F. N. Wolcott, a vigorous effort is being made to secure the building of churches and parsonages in the small towns and frontier fields.

The ninety-ninth annual convention of the Protestant Episcopal church of the diocese of Maryland, met at Baltimore recently. The number of communicants reported was 20,853, an increase of 800. The sum of contributions for the year was $266,471, an increase of $11,503 over the previous year.

Earned a New Hat.

An instance in the later life of the famous scout Kit Carson illustrates the singular exactness of an old frontier tracker's opinion of distance and time. While he was acting as guide to a company of government soldiers following the trail of a party of Apaches, he rode up to the commanding officer one morning, and said: "Major, if no accident shall happen to prevent us, we are certain to overtake the Indians by 2 o'clock this afternoon. The signs are becoming so fresh that I feel confident that I am not mistaken."

Major Carlton replied that if his words came true, he would present him with the finest hat that could be purchased in the United States. Strange as it may appear, the Indians were found at the hour which the guide had predicted.

Some time afterward—as it required quite a length of time to write and have the commission executed—Kit Carson was presented with a superb hat, in which there was a very appropriate inscription, viz: "At two o'clock. Kit Carson. From Major Carlton."

This prophecy of Carson's was not guesswork. On the contrary it was a matter of calculation, made on the same principle which any experienced workman could adopt, in reference to some undertaking which was within the range of his calling.

A few years later, an officer who had been an eye-witness of this incident, had the opportunity of trying Kit Carson a second time on the same business, but Kit was not mistaken. The Indians were overtaken within the time he had foretold they would be.—*Lieutenant-Colonel Peters.*

The Hungarians have a national dance—the "csardas"—intended to represent "the unquiet course of true love." We have never seen the dance, but presume the greater part of it consists of an elderly gentleman kicking a young man off the front stoop.

Rubbing it Out.

The editor of the Courier, Mr. W. F. Cook, was seized a few mornings ago by a terrible pain in the left shoulder and neck. Having been favorably impressed for some time with the virtue of an article recommended for all sudden pains, and especially rheumatism, we rubbed the offending part, and in less time than we can write it, relief came. That article is St. Jacobs Oil.—Canajoharie (N. Y) Courier.

There are two ways of being happy. We may either diminish our wants or augment our means. The result is the same; and it is for each man to decide for himself and to do that which may happen to be the easier.

"I believe St. Jacobs Oil to be the very best remedy known to mankind," says Mr Roberts, business manager of this paper.—Milwaukee (Wis.) Sentinel.

The microscope has detected blood corpuscles on steel after an exposure of two years in the woods.

MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties.* It contains blood-making, force generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

Frazer Axle Grease.

One greasing lasts two weeks; all others two or three days. Do not be imposed on by the humbug stuffs offered. Ask your dealer for Frazer's, with label on. It saves your horse labor, and you too. It received first medal at the Centennial and Paris Expositions. Sold everywhere.

"Rough on Rats."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

One remedy for $1. There is but one way to cure baldness, and that is by using Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, the natural petroleum hair renewer. It will positively do the work—the only article that will.

"Dragging Pains."

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—My wife had suffered with "female weaknesses" for nearly three years. At times she could hardly move, she had such dragging pains. We often saw your "Favorite Prescription" advertised, but supposed like most patent medicines it did not amount to anything, but at last concluded to try a bottle, which she did. It made her sick at first but it began to show its effect in a marked improvement, and two bottles cured her. Yours, etc.,

A. J. HUYCK, Deposit, N. Y.

THE personal property list of San Francisco contains seventy persons, firms and corporations who return over $100,000.

Suicide Made Easy.

Let your liver complaint take its own course and DON'T take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Sold by druggists.

ICE frozen mechanically is now extensively used in the Southern cities, the price being about $1.50 per hundred.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets," or sugar-coated granules—the original "little liver pills," (beware of imitations)—cure sick and bilious headache, cleanse the stomach and bowels, and purify the blood. To get genuine, see Dr. Pierce's signature and portrait on government stamp. 25 cents per vial, by druggists.

DURING the past seventeen years the losses by fire in San Francisco aggregated $11,368,558.40.

"In the Most Positive Manner."

DECKERTOWN, N. J., September 15, 1881.

H. H. WARNER & Co.: *Sirs*—I am truly glad to be able to state that the use of your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure has proved to me most beneficial. I can testify in the most positive manner to its efficacy. Rev. JAMES N. KETS.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S will is on file in the office of the clerk of Fairfax county, Va.

25 Cents Will Buy

a Treatise upon the Horse and his Diseases. Book of 100 pages. Valuable to every owner of horses. Postage stamps taken. Sent postpaid by New York Newspaper Union, 150 Worth Street, New York.

The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, a medical work for every man—young, middle-aged or old. 125 invaluable prescriptions.

25 Cents will Buy a Treatise upon the Horse and his Diseases. Book of 100 pages. Valuable to every owner of horses. Postage stamps taken. Sent postpaid by NEW YORK NEWSPAPER UNION, 150 Worth Street, New York.

Nervous Debility, Weakness, Etc.

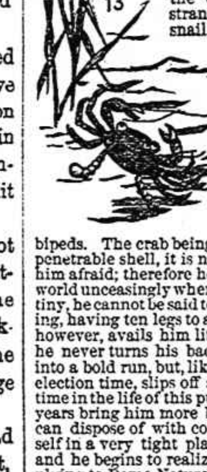
Home cure by simple herbs. Sufferers may learn just how to cure themselves at home, by simple and harmless herbs, free by mail. Address BAKER HERB CURE, Newark, New Jersey.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

Beef Cattle—Good to Prime, l w	11¼@	15
Calves—Com'n to Prime Veals	6½@	9
Sheep	5 @	5¾
Lambs	7½@	8¼
Hogs—Live	8½@	8⅝
Dressed, city	11 @	11
Flour—Ex. State, good to fancy	5 10 @	8 00
Western, good to choice	5 60 @	9 35
Wheat—No. 2 Red	1 31 @	1 35
No. 1 White	1 28¾@	1 30
Rye—State	81 @	82
Barley—Two-rowed State	1 07 @	1 12½
Corn—Ungraded Western Mixed	79½@	85
Yellow Southern	92 @	92
Oats—White State	64 @	68
Mixed Western	60 @	64
Hay—Prime Timothy	70 @	90
Straw—No. 1, Rye	60 @	65
Hops—State, 1881, choice	33 @	36
Pork—Mess, new, for export	21 50 @	21 75
Lard—City Steam	12 75 @	12 80
Refined	13 00 @	13 00
Petroleum—Crude	6½@	7
Refined	7⅛@	7⅛
Butter—State Creamery, fine	24 @	26
Dairy	16 @	21
Western Im. Creamery	19 @	23
Factory	14 @	18
Cheese—State Factory	6 @	11¼
Skims	2 @	5
Western	7 @	10½
Eggs—State and Penn	21 @	21½
Potatoes—Early Rose, State, bbl	3 00 @	3 25
BUFFALO.		
Steers—Good to choice	6 75 @	7 50
Lambs—Western	5 50 @	6 50
Sheep—Western	5 00 @	5 25
Hogs, Good to Choice Yorkers	8 30 @	8 65
Flour—C'y Ground N. Process	8 50 @	9 00
Wheat—No. 1 Hard Duluth	1 42 @	1 42
Corn—No. 2 Mixed	75 @	76
Oats—No. 2 Mix. West	56 @	57
Barley—Two-rowed State	90 @	90
BOSTON.		
Beef—Extra plate and family	18 00 @	20 00
Hogs—Live	7¾@	8½
Hogs—City Dressed	9½@	10
Pork—Extra Prime per bbl	17 50 @	18 00
Flour—Spring Wheat Patents	7 50 @	9 50
Corn—High Mixed	89 @	90
Oats—Extra White	67 @	69
Rye—State	95 @	1 00
Wool—Washed Comb & Delaine	46 @	48
Unwashed " "	28 @	30
WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET.		
Beef—Extra quality	8 25 @	9 25
Sheep—Live weight	4 @	5
Lambs	5 @	7
Hogs, Northern, d. w.	9¾@	10¼
PHILADELPHIA.		
Flour—Penn. Ex. Family, good	5 75 @	5 75
Wheat—No. 2 Red	1 30½@	1 31
Rye—State	97 @	97
Corn—State Yellow	69½@	69½
Oats—Mixed	60½@	60½
Butter—Creamery Extra Pa.	26 @	26
Cheese—New York Full Cream	11¼@	11¾
Petroleum—Crude	6 @	7
Refined	7 @	7

A CRABBED CREATURE.



That nature cares for and entertains her own has become an established fact to all observers. Who does not love the sound of the brightly scintillating waves leaping from the phosphorescent sea, as they break against the rocks in the summer night until Nature herself, weary of the operation, turns the sounding surf towards the oppposite shore, leaving stranded some badly-mutilated snail, which wanders solemnly on, Bohemian fashion—with all its worldly store upon its back. On the same beach may be found our crustacean edible—the crab—whose chief apology for existing at all seems to be its ability to furnish a delectable meal to fortunate bipeds. The crab being covered with a hard, impenetrable shell, it is not easy to molest or make him afraid; therefore he wages war in his watery world unceasingly when once attacked. Although tiny, he cannot be said to be devoid of understanding, having ten legs to assist his locomotion; this, however, avails him little, for, when conquered, he never turns his back to his enemy, starting into a bold run, but, like many politicians during election time, slips off sideways. There comes a time in the life of this pugnacious fellow when the years bring him more bone and muscle than he can dispose of with comfort, and he finds himself in a very tight place; his shoes pinch him and he begins to realize the practicability of applying to Dame Nature for more room or a house in proportion to his increasing size. Nature slowly responds to the call; but in her own good time provides a new home, so that the enterprising little creature does not wander about homeless, but is provided for suitably, as was the old sailor, who dropped his rheumatism and crabbedness when he applied the Great German Remedy, ST. JACOBS OIL. This last, however, may sound rather fishy to the skeptical reader, and to such we would reply in language too plain to be misunderstood—in words illustrating facts that even the waves of time cannot wash away or scaly epithets affect. ST. JACOBS OIL to-day has rendered the lives and homes of myriads of sufferers brighter than ever the electric light can, which people pause to admire along the way. Still more happily served than the old sailor was an invalid, who wrote thus concerning his case:

"CROOKED HAERTEL."

Accept a thousand thanks for that "golden remedy." I suffered for many years with rheumatic pain in my limbs. My legs were drawn together, and people called me "Crooked Haertel." I used ST. JACOBS OIL and was cured, and now feel so well that I think I could dance, as in my young days. JOHN HAERTEL, *Fremont, Ill.*

N Y N U—27

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

It is the concurrent testimony of the public and the medical profession, that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a medicine which achieves results speedily felt, thorough and beneficial. Beside rectifying liver disorder, it invigorates the feeble, conquers kidney and bladder complaints, and hastens the convalescence of those recovering from enfeebling diseases. Moreover it is the grand specific for fever and ague. For sale by Druggists and Dealers generally.

MAKE HENS LAY.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, one teaspoonful to one pint of food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

ASTHMA CURED

German Asthma Cure never *fails* to give *immediate relief* in the worst cases, insures comfortable sleep; effects cures where all others fail. *A trial convinces the most skeptical.* Price 50c. and $1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE for stamp. DR. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY. Prof. MARTINEZ, the Great Spanish Seer, Astrologer and Psychologist, will, for 30 cents, with age, height, color of eyes and lock of hair, send a CORRECT PICTURE of your future husband or wife, with name, time and place of meeting, and date of marriage, psychologically predicted. Money returned to all not satisfied. Address Prof. L. Martinez, 10 Mont'y Pl., Boston, Mass.

Phonography, or Phonetic Shorthand

Catalogue of works, with Phonographic alphabet and illustrations, for beginners, sent on application. Address, Benn Pitman, Cincinnati, O.

ENGINES (*Traction & Portable*) for Farm, Saw Mill & Plantation. For price, etc. write THE AULTMAN & TAYLOR CO. Mansfield, O.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

$225 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—90 best selling articles in the world; 1 sample *free.* Address Jay Bronson, Detroit, Mich.

KEY WILL WIND ANY WATCH — AND NOT WEAR OUT.

SOLD by Watchmakers. By mail, 25 cts. Circulars FREE. J. S. BIRCH & CO., 38 Dey St., N. Y.

CARD—A handsome set of cards for 3c. stamp. Collectors. A. E. BASSETT, Rochester, N. Y.

Merchant's GARGLING OIL LINIMENT

for human, fowl and animal flesh, was first prepared and introduced by Dr. Geo. W. Merchant, in Lockport N. Y., U. S. A., 1833, since which time it has steadily grown in public favor, and is now acknowledged and admitted by the trade to be the standard liniment of the country. When we make this announcement we do so without fear of contradiction, notwithstanding we are aware there are many who are more or less prejudiced against proprietary remedies especially on account of the many humbugs on the market; however, we are pleased to state that such prejudice does not exist against GARGLING OIL. We do not claim wonders or miracles for our liniment, but we do claim it is without an equal. It is put up in bottles of three sizes, and all we ask is that you give it a fair trial, remembering that the Oil put up with white wrapper (small) is for human and fowl flesh, and that with yellow wrapper (three sizes) for animal flesh. Try a bottle.

As these cuts indicate, the Oil is used successfully for all diseases of the *human, fowl and animal flesh.* Shake well before using.

Cannot be Disputed.

One of the principal reasons of the wonderful success of Merchant's Gargling Oil is that it is manufactured strictly on honor. Its proprietors do not, as is the case with too many, after making for their medicine a name, diminish its curative properties by using inferior compounds, but use the very best goods to be bought in the market, regardless of cost. For half a century Merchant's Gargling Oil has been a synonym for honesty, and will continue to be so, long as time endures. For sale by all respectable dealers throughout the United States and other countries.

Our testimonials date from 1833 to the present. Try Merchant's Gargling Oil Liniment for internal and external use, and tell your neighbor what good it has done.

Don't fail to follow directions. Keep the bottle well corked.

CURES Burns and Scalds, Chilblains, Frost Bites, Scratches or Grease, Chapped Hands, External Poisons, Sand Cracks, Poll Evil, Galls of all kinds, Swellings, Tumors, Flesh Wounds, Sitfast, Ringbone, Foul Ulcers, Garget in Cows, Farcy, Cracked Teats, Callous, Lameness, Horn Distemper, Crownscab, Quittor, Abscess of the Udder, Sprains and Bruises, Stringhalt, Windgalls, Foot Rot in Sheep, Foundered Feet, Roup in Poultry, Sore Nipples, Curb, Cracked Heels, Old Sores, Epizootic, Lame Back, Hemorrhoids or Piles, Toothache, Rheumatism, Spavins, Sweeney, Corns, Whitlows, Weakness of the Joints, Contraction of Muscles, Cramps, Swelled Legs, Fistula, Mange, Thrush, Caked Breasts, Boils, &c.

$1,000 REWARD for proof of the existence of a better liniment than "Merchant's Gargling Oil," or a better worm medicine than "Merchant's Worm Tablets." Manufactured by M. G. O. Co., Lockport, N. Y., U. S. A.

JOHN HODGE, Sec'y.

REMOVAL

The Wilsonia Magnetic Clothing Company beg to announce to the public that in order to accommodate the greatly increased demand for their Magnetic Garments they have removed their principal salesrooms and offices from 465 Fulton St., Brooklyn, to 25 East 14th St., New York City, where all communications should be addressed, and all checks, drafts and P. O. orders be made payable.

WILSONIA MAGNETIC CLOTHING CO., 25 EAST 14th STREET, New York City.

AGENTS WANTED FOR The LIVES AND ADVENTURES OF THE NOTED OUTLAWS, Frank & Jesse JAMES —THE— Younger Bros.

&c., containing the only complete and authentic account of these Bold Highwaymen. Latest information about the Shooting of Jesse. The most vividly interesting and exciting book ever written. Fully Illustrated. Write quick for terms, which are very liberal, and you can make money fast. Now is the time.

DOUGLAS BROS., N. 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Payne's Automatic Engines.

Reliable, Durable and Economical, *will furnish a horse power with ⅓ less fuel and water than any other Engine built, not fitted with an Automatic Cut-off.* Send for Illustrated Catalogue "J," for Information & Prices. B. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 860, Corning, N.Y.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD

Embracing full and authentic accounts of every nation of ancient and modern times, and including a history of the rise and fall of the Greek and Roman empires, the middle ages, the crusades, the feudal system, the reformation, the discovery and settlement of the New World, etc., etc. It contains 672 fine historical engravings, and is the most complete History of the World ever published. Send for specimen pages and extra terms to Agents. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take one pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere or sent by mail for 8 letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

GOOD NEWS —TO— **LADIES!**

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

Get up Clubs for our CELEBRATED TEAS, and secure a beautiful "Moss Rose or Gold Band Tea Set," (44 pieces,) our own importation. One of these beautiful Tea Sets given away to the party sending a Club for $25.00. Beware of the so-called "CHEAP TEAS" that are being advertised—they are dangerous and detrimental to health—slow poison. Deal only with reliable Houses and with first hands if possible. No humbug.

The Great American Tea Co., Importers, P. O. Box 289. 31 & 33 VESEY ST., New York.

TEAS in abundance.—35 Million pounds imported last year.—Prices lower than ever.—Agents wanted.—Don't waste time.—Send for circular.

10 lbs. Good Black or Mixed, for $1.
10 lbs. Fine Black or Mixed, for $2.
10 lbs. Choice Black or Mixed, for $3.

Send for pound sample, 17 cts. extra for postage. Then get up a club. Choicest Tea in the world.—Largest variety.—Pleases everybody.—Oldest Tea House in America.—No chromo.—No Humbug.—Straight business.—Value for money.

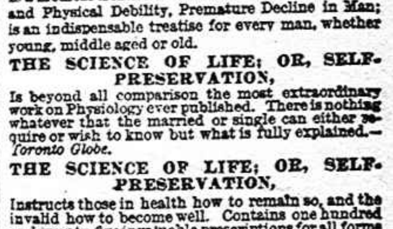
ROB'T WELLS, 43 Vesey St., N. Y., P.O. Box 1287.

OPIUM & MORPHINE EATING A Treatise on their speedy cure SENT FREE. DR. J.C. HOFFMAN, P.O. Box 138, Chicago, Ill.

YOUNG MEN If you want to learn Telegraphy in a few months, and be certain of a situation, address Valentine Bros., Janesville, Wis.

ONE MILLION COPIES SOLD.

EVERYBODY WANTS IT! EVERYBODY NEEDS IT!



KNOW THYSELF.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE; OR, SELF-PRESERVATION.

Is a medical treatise on Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline in Man; is an indispensable treatise for every man, whether young, middle aged or old.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE; OR, SELF-PRESERVATION,

Is beyond all comparison the most extraordinary work on Physiology ever published. There is nothing whatever that the married or single can either require or wish to know but what is fully explained.—*Toronto Globe.*

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE; OR, SELF-PRESERVATION,

Instructs those in health how to remain so, and the invalid how to become well. Contains one hundred and twenty-five invaluable prescriptions for all forms of acute and chronic diseases, for each of which a first-class physician would charge from $3 to $10.—*London Lancet.*

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE; OR, SELF-PRESERVATION,

Contains 300 pages, fine steel engravings, is superbly bound in French muslin, embossed, full gilt. It is a marvel of art and beauty, warranted to be a better medical book in every sense than can be obtained elsewhere for double the price, or the money will be refunded in every instance.—*Author.*

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE; OR, SELF-PRESERVATION,

Is so much superior to all other treatises on medical subjects that comparison is absolutely impossible.—*Boston Herald.*

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE; OR, SELF-PRESERVATION,

Is sent by mail, securely sealed, postpaid, on receipt of price, only $1.25 (new edition). Small illustrated samples, 6c. Send now.

The author can be consulted on all diseases requiring skill and experience. Address

PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, or W. H. PARKER, M. D., 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass.

CIDER

Presses, Graters, Steam Evaporators and all other Cider Machinery. Boomer & Boschert Press Co., 62 Vesey St., New York. Factory Syracuse N.Y.