WHAT RIGHT HAVE YE!

BY M. VICTOR STALEY.

What right have ye to murmur
  If a cloud perchance appears
To dim the blue horizon
  Of thy hopes by passing fears?

What right have ye to question
  The wisdom of thy God
If 'tis His will that ye should pass
  "Beneath the chastening rod?"

What right have ye to sorrow
  For those hopes unrealized?
Though lost, why should ye shed tears
  For treasures that ye prize?

What, though thy castles built of air
  In hopeless ruins lie,
Think ye that structures frail as these
  Are even worth the sigh?

O, be not so soon o'erwhelmed
  By trifling griefs like these,
Once more resolve—they vanish, all,
  Like clouds before the breeze.

Mount upward on thy blasted hopes,
  And be discouraged never;
For failure ye shall never know
  If ye will but endeavor.

Let this thy motto be through life,
  And e'er give it assertion:
"If a thing is worth the striving for
  It's worth each new exertion."

LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY, Appleton, Wis.

THE BANKER'S CRIME;

—OR—

Diamond Cut Diamond.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

CHAPTER XLIV.

TWISTED THREADS UNRAVELED.

IN a few minutes thereafter, there was a renewal of the proceedings in the banker's back-office which had been so terribly interrupted. The persons assembled were the same as before, but with the additional presence of Noel and Gwendoline, both Jasper and Mr. Hartwelll having insisted on their being present at the revelations that were about to be made.

The young man and the young girl remained standing near the door, while the rest maintained about the same relative positions in the room as at first; that is, with the banker and Croak sitting side by side somewhat apart, and facing the accusatory line of seats, as may be denominated those occupied by the London lawyer, Jasper and his wife, Mr. Dalhousie and Miss Winford

"Painful and remarkable as has been this interruption," said Mr. Hartwell, slowly rising and reproducing the paper which he had been in the act of reading at the time of the accident, "our proceedings are such as will not admit of delay. Mr. Gilbert Marlowe, in addition to the other crimes with which I have charged you and your confederate, there at your side, there remains to bring home to you yet another and a graver charge of much older date. I charge that you did forge the name of Thomas Alworth to a draft for eighteen thousand pounds sterling, on the bank of Messrs. Soundman & Goldberg, London, eighteen years ago, the exact date and circumstances of said forgery to be hereafter specified.

"I charge that you did, with the active complicity of Mr. Croak, execute said forgery in the latter's office; that you did then proceed to London in disguise; and, after fraudulently securing my identification of you as Thomas Alworth at said bank, that you did then and there obtain and appropriate to your own use the said sum of eighteen thousand pounds; to the total impoverishment of said Thomas Alworth, whom you have since that time cruelly and persistently misused."

He came to a pause. Both Noel and Gwendoline seemed thunderstruck.

Gilbert Marlowe and Croak still retained the outward appearance of self-possession, though the former was dripping with perspiration, and he had almost despaired from the moment of Jasper's receiving the paper from Dip.

"Merciful Heaven! This charge is an awful one," groaned Noel. "Father, of course you proclaim it false?"

"Yes, yes; as a matter of course, I do!" exclaimed the banker with an effort. "False, false, false! Preposterous!"

"If other proofs were wanting—which may not be the case—the contents of this paper would be sufficient evidence of the truth of what I charge," continued Mr. Hartwell, unfolding the paper. "It is in your own handwriting, sir; it bears your own signature; it is a full confession of your own guilt and that of your partner in the crime charged. The panic-stricken haste, the false sense of security, the infatuation, or the delirium that induced you to execute and place in the hands of another, such a piece of self-accusation as this, is totally beyond my comprehension. Its origin can only be explained, if at all, by a reference to that blind fatality, which seems so often to wait on evil deeds, and to eventually unfold the perpetrators to their own undoing. It is, nevertheless, here before us, in black and white; and I shall read it."

He had hardly, however, begun to read, before the banker, who had caught a glimpse of the written page as it curled over the holder's hands, bent far forward, with his eyes fixed upon it, and a new hope springing into his face.

"Ha!" he cried. "Man alive, you have overreached yourself! Preposterous! That is not in my handwriting, at all! I defy even Jasper, there, to identify it as such on oath?"

Mr. Hartwell could not but be struck by the evident sincerity of these exclamations, even from the banker's lips. He at once turned for an explanation to Jasper, who hastily arose, and looked at the paper.

"He speaks truly—this is not the paper that was stolen from me!" he exclaimed, in consternation. "It appears to be a perfect copy of the one I was deprived of—it has the same meaning, but it is in an altogether different handwriting! What sorcery is here?"

"Sorcery, indeed!" cried the banker, who was secretly as much mystified as any one, but was, nevertheless, overjoyed at the fortunate accident that was so much in his favor. "The only sorcery is in your own chicanery. Fool! the paper is of your own fabrication. I was never the author of any such paper as your wiseacre Londoner hints of!"

Forgetful of the other charges that had been preferred against him, he was growing comparatively radiant, and Croak, sharing without understanding his new confidence, was likewise brightening up wonderfully; but their rejoicing was extremely short-lived.

"I can explain and rectify this apparent mystery in short order, gentlemen," suddenly observed Miss Winford, rising, with much dignity. "The paper in your hands is certainly not the original one. It is a poor copy that I myself made. The original is here!" And she coolly produced and handed to Mr. Hartwell another document, of very much the same external appearance as the one which he now permitted to fall to the floor. "Let Gilbert Marlowe deny that paper if he dare!"

Both Gilbert and Croak suddenly collapsed, the triumph fading out of their faces as suddenly as it had come.

"Who and what are you?" gasped the banker, fixing his eyes upon the housekeeper, and sinking back with a groan.

"Ha! you may well ask that—you may seek in vain to pierce the disfigurement of the face that you once found so fair, false and injurious man!" cried she, bitterly. "Know me, then, at last, for what I was. I am Harriet Loop, the girl of Hithe, to whom you once pledged your heart and hand. I see you recognize me now.

"You cruelly, basely deserted me because my father died without leaving me the dowry you had expected to receive with me; and then married the richer girl, whom your systematic harshness drove into an early grave. I disappeared in the whirl of London, biding my opportunity for revenge.

"It came at last, in spite of the cruel epidemic that intervened to disfigure me as you see. Mrs. Jasper Marlowe had been my friend before her marriage. After her flight to London, where she was to become a milliner under an assumed name, the better to elude your pursuing inquiries, we came together again.

"It was at her prompting that I came hither to be your housekeeper, which my disfigurement effectually has enabled me to be, without your suspecting my identity with the woman whom you had so meanly, so mercenarily abandoned.

"She had her object in sending me hither in this character—she can explain it in her own good time. I had my object, which was that of vengeance, and vengeance alone. I blush not to avow that I have been a persistent spy upon you from the first hour of my setting foot in this house.

"A careful inspection of a certain plant-concealed nook in yonder conservatory, directly behind those painted glass panes, would sufficiently explain to you my means of seeing and hearing everything of any moment that has taken place in this private office. At last, after years of patient waiting, my opportunity dawned.

"It was I who thus witnessed your murderous assault upon Jasper Marlowe here in this office last Saturday night. You thought that you had obtained that paper at the cost of a murder. Noel's steps were heard approaching. Too frightened to shut and lock the office door, you threw the paper back upon the table, snatched up the insensible form, and had just time to bear it out of sight, around the angle of the safe, when Noel entered the room.

"You managed to reply without a tremor to the commonplaces that he uttored, and he, hastily rolling up a newspaper he had come for, took his departure. But, in doing so, I saw that he was unconsciously carrying away the precious document, which he had, inadvertently, gathered up in the folds of the newspaper.

"Thus relieved of his presence, you hurled your insensible burden into the vault, and locked the massive door upon it. Then came your frantic disappointment and terror at missing the paper, for which you had risked the gallows. How I reveled in watching your frenzy, your despair!

"You still, however, thought that you had the secret of your supposed murder secure. On the following morning, when all the rest of the household were at church, you made your preparations for the disposal of the body. You even had the grave ready to receive it in the back cellar.

"Then came your second mystification. The body was no longer in the vault in which you had cast it. Of course, it was I who had effected his deliverance and restoration. It were a tedious tale to describe the mode of this now, further than to say that I have for years had in my possession duplicate keys of every room in this house, including this money vault. He thought, poor man, that he had the momentous paper still in his possession, when I assisted him out of the back garden-gate at gray of dawn on that succeeding Sunday morning. I knew that, for his own safety and the security of the paper, it was best to leave him temporarily in this delusion. I knew, likewise, that it would be equally insecure in Noel's possession—that it would be thoroughly safe in only my own custody.

"I therefore stole into the young gentleman's chamber, while he slept, and took the paper from the folds of the newspaper, just as he had inadvertently thrust it away into his coat pocket. Still willing that he might be supposed to have it in his possession, by one or another of those whom I felt certain would be madly in search of it, I took another precaution. I carried away the document, copied its contents and signature in faded ink, on the oldest and mustiest paper I could find, besides making a clumsy attempt to imitate the chirography. Having this, I re-entered Noel's room, put the imitation back into his coat pocket with the newspaper, and retained the original, which is now produced.

"That is all. I think the wisdom of my precautions will be conceded; for certainly, without them, the paper would not now be here to speak for itself. The object of my long espionage is accomplished. I at last witness the shame and downfall of the villain to whom I owe my life's blight and hopelessness. I am content."

Her words had gradually increased in rapidity and bitterness, until toward the last they had rushed through her lips in a burning torrent.

Both Marlowe and Croak were now the pictures of despair.

To the surprise of all, Mr. Dalhousie gravely rose, as "Miss Winford" resumed her seat, and made her a stiff but elaborate bow.

"I maun aixpress ma deep an' abidin' regrit, ma lass, that ye war nae boorn a man an' a detective!" he observed, in a tone of unfeigned admiration; after which he as gravely sat down again.

Mr. Hartwell now went on with the reading of the original paper—with whose contents the reader has already been made acquainted in the copy—and was not again interrupted.

"Oh, speak, sir!" cried Noel, interrogating the pallid banker with an imploring gesture. "You still can and will refute these terrible charges?"

"It is useless—I cannot!" muttered Gilbert Marlowe, drawing a trembling hand across his eyes. "It has been a mad, mad game, but it is ended at last, in shame, ruin and defeat!"

Croak was scarcely less unnerved; and Dalhousie, stalking solemnly across the floor, placed a heavy hand on the shoulder of each as signifying that they were under arrest.

"Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed Noel, in indescribable anguish; "then I must bid you farewell forever, my love, my life, my Gwendoline! I dare not even call you wife, and at the same time own this man, this criminal as my father!"

"Live, love and hope on, for he is *not* your father!" joyfully cried Jasper Marlowe, springing to his feet with his wife's hand in his. "I am your father, Noel, though it was but this morning that I was made aware that you were my son; and see, this, this is your mother!"

"It is true, Noel," murmured Mrs. Marlowe, with a loving but somewhat shame-faced look. "Oh, my son, my own child! can you forgive the deception I have been privy to during all these years, when you learn it was all meant for your own good, though it rended my heart-strings to part from you? Your real name is Cuthbert Marlowe—or as such you were christened.

"I took you and Gilbert's little son, Noel, who was of nearly one age with you, to Penzance, when you were little more than infants, for your health. While there you were both dreadfully ill, and the little Noel died, while you recovered. It was then that I listened to Gilbert Marlowe's proposition that you should be brought up as his own, while the dead child should be buried under your name.

"I yielded in this because I saw that he would, indeed, transfer his fatherliness wholly to you, and bring you up in luxury and elegance; while, at the same time, I had forebodings that his insane persistency in pursuing me with his unwelcome attentions, under the belief that your father had died in a foreign land, must eventually drive me away into a life of struggle, perhaps of privation, in which I had not the heart—much as the thought of separation tortured it—to mingle your sweet young fate.

"So it turned out. I was ere long compelled to flee, to seek relief from persecution in the obscurity of London, and you were reared and educated as the Noel who had passed away forever.

"Oh, Cuthbert, my son! Can you not guess my object in sending Harriet Loop hither? It was not revenge, it was longing mother's love for you, that inspired the stratagem. Since then she has kept me secretly apprised of your welfare, weekly, and often daily. Often, when a child, you have visited me in her company, at my shop in London, without suspecting that it was your own mother who was so devouring you with kisses, and was ever at last so loath to let you go again."

"Am I dreaming?" muttered the young man, who felt indeed in a strangely unreal condition; while Gwendoline was silently weeping at his side. "Yes, I seem to have a recollection of such visits, and of those kisses and embraces."

Then his eyes wandered from his mother to the banker, with an inquiring look.

"She says truly," growled Gilbert Marlowe, who, together with Croak, was stolidly undergoing the operation of handcuffing at the hands of Mr. Dalhousie.

"I have tried to bring you up worthily, but you are not my son Noel—you are their son Cuthbert. Can't you run us out of this scene, curse you?" he fiercely added, turning upon the detective, with an oath. "Isn't there enough misery in store for me, that you must heap it on to me here?"

Cuthbert Marlowe, as we must now call him, lowered his eyes, and, with his breast laboring with contending emotions, in which sorrow and pity for the wretch whom he had so long called father were perhaps uppermost, drew back shudderingly as the prisoners were silently led away.

Then, turning and seeing his mother's hands outstretched imploringly to him, he threw himself at her feet with a great, joyful cry.

It was then his father who raised him up, and, after embracing him, linked his youthful hand with the weeping Gwendoline's.

"You deserve to be happy together, and I know you will be," cried Jasper. "Hasten now together, hand in hand, to convey the joyous tidings to Mr. Alworth. Gladden his old heart with the news that he has come to his own again, and that Jasmine Lodge is once again to be his cherished home!"

CHAPTER XLV.

THE ENDING OF IT ALL.

Our varied tale may be brought to a fitting close with much brevity.

Both Gilbert Marlowe and Lawyer Croak were speedily brought to trial on the crimes charged to their account.

The incidents of the trials were more than usually dramatic, and they occasioned a great public sensation, but on their conviction, which resulted on all the counts of their indictment, no sympathy whatever was manifested in their behalf; nor did they deserve that it should be otherwise.

They were each sentenced to twenty years imprisonment at hard labor. Gilbert Marlowe survived the passing of his sentence but one year, at the end of which time he perished in his prison cell by his own hand, dying very much as he had lived—a cold-blooded, irrepentant, and absolutely selfish man.

Croak was still serving out his sentence when last heard from, at which time he had not more than half completed it. It may be hoped, but hardly expected with great confidence, that his imprisonment will work a real reform in his nature, and that he will issue from it, if at all, a better and more useful man. Such thoroughly guilt-toughened natures as his are but seldom truly chastened by even the most exemplary punishment; or, if any change is effected at all, it is apt to be in the direction of increased duplicity, cunning and innate depravity, in a manner to render them so much the more dangerous to honest society at large.

Wormer and his confederates, whose trial and conviction preceded those of the greater criminals alluded to, and were hurried through with much less ceremony and interest, resulted in sentences in accordance with the crimes brought home to them, and they may well be dismissed as unworthy of another thought.

Miss Winford, who still continued to bear this name, had been very painstaking and saving of the fair wages that had been paid her for the long service which she had chiefly devoted to a systematized espionage upon her master, so that she found herself enabled to retire to a neighboring village upon a small but sufficient income. She had perhaps been originally a well-meaning woman, and her personal wrongs had not been inconsiderable; but the personification of coldly pursued, long-hoarded and implacable revenge can never be portrayed attractively, especially in the feminine form, and she has therefore, even while playing a useful part, not appeared to particular advantage in our story.

Accompanying her in her retirement, and with a future equally assured, through the remunerative acknowledgments of Jasper Marlowe, went one whose characterization, though not conspicuous, has been perhaps even more unenviable. No degree of resentment, no matter how justifiable (and even adequate provocation was not clearly established in this instance), can palliate the heinous, the detestable guilt of child-stealing by one person as a means of retaliating upon another; unless there can be urged in extenuation, as charity will impel us to do in the case of Mrs. Beane, the morbid workings of a diseased or disordered intelligence. She like Miss Winford, continued to retain her fictitious name, and at last accounts they were living together in one cottage, peaceful and inoffensive lives.

A settlement of the estates of both Gilbert Marlowe and Lawyer Croak, by court administration, resulted as a matter of course in a complete restitution of such wealth, with interest, as they had wrongfully appropriated; it thus resulted in both Jasper Marlowe and old Mr. Alworth once more coming into very easy circumstances, while the residue of Gilbert Marlowe's property, which proved to be very considerable, was found at his death to have been wholly willed to his once adopted son—Cuthbert Marlowe.

Cuthbert and Gwendoline were married on the succeeding Michaelmas. It was not an accomplished fact, however, nor was their betrothal publicly made known in time to prevent the callow but well-meaning Lord Squanderall from making another offer of his heart and hand. It need only be said in this connection that Miss Alworth refused his second offer just as kindly and good-naturedly as she knew how, in view of her having heard of the good faith in which he had been striving after reformation in his life and habits, and that he accepted his fate with manly and becoming resignation on being informed that his old schoolfellow and chum, "Noel" Marlowe, was in the shoes of the luckier man.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert Marlowe are still living. Their union has proved an exceptionally happy one, and a group of children are now growing up around them. They live at Jasmine Villa with old Mr. Alworth, whose troubled days are at last ending peacefully among the beautiful flowers and plants for which he has ever manifested such a touching fondness; and they are often visited by Cuthbert's father and mother, who reside chiefly in London, and still more frequently by good Aunt Joan.

Though now somewhat decrepit, the latter is still the cheerful mistress of her cozy cottage by the sea, though the elder joint-owner of the Gadfly, Peter, astonished her greatly some time ago by marrying Christie, the smiling maid-of-all-work, and, a little later, it was said that Paul, who had been long regarded as the most confirmed old bachelor of the two, was paying assiduous attentions to a comely green grocer's widow of the neighborhood, with similiarly unselfish and companionable intentions.

It remains to speak of Adele and her boy. Some further mystery continued to linger about them for a considerable length of time. On the morning after the death of Boncourt, Jasmine Lodge, to the astonishment of every one, was found to be completely closed up and deserted. The keys had been left with a neighboring cottager, and a subsequent examination of the interior, together with inquiries at the railway station, simply revealed the fact that everything belonging to Adele, including the remains of her brother, had been hurriedly carried in the direction of London by daylight of the succeeding day. The servants—all of them foreigners—together with the horses and vehicles that had belonged to that irregular and unconventional establishment, had just as silently and mysteriously disappeared.

It was understood that Adele would have been possessed of considerable means by her brother's death, and it was generally conjectured that she had thus hurried out of sight and mind as the best means of avoiding the scandal which she had so much cause to dread.

But nothing was definitely known until nearly a twelve month later, when it came to Mr. Hartwell's knowledge, through a traveling friend, and from him to the knowledge of those chiefly interested, that Adele was leading a retired and blameless life in the port of Dieppe, attending to the education of her promising boy, who had been named Victor Ronceville, and being held in good esteem by reason of her unobtrusive charities.

[THE END.]

Leather.

"There's lots of money in leather."

"Is there, now?"

"Yes; purses are made of leather, ain't they?"

"Oh, I see! It's great as a fertilizer too."

"A fertilizer?"

"Certainly."

"Why! what can you raise with leather?"

"Welts!"—*Chicago Ledger*.

A SERMON IN FIVE LINES.

BY MORRIS WAITE.

"It takes so little to make a child happy that it is a pity, in a world full of sunshine and pleasant things, that there should be any wistful faces, empty hands or lonely young hearts."

I found these words in an old newspaper the other day. They were headed "A Sermon in Five Lines," and they came home to me with all the force of a personal appeal.

"It takes so little to make a child happy." How many times I had seen the most trivial incident lift my own little boy into the very ecstacy of happiness. How often would some simple gift or a song or a story chase the tears from his eyes and bring the bright smiles to his face. And yet, I thought with a pang of regret, how many times I had refused to exert myself at all for his sake. That very night he had gone to bed with a heavy heart because I would not romp with him. I was too tired, I said.

I stepped into the boy's room before I went to bed that night, and passing my hand over his flaxen hair as he lay asleep, I resolved that in the future I would be a better father to him.

"It is a pity that there should be any wistful faces, empty hands or lonely young hearts," I thought, as I dropped asleep. I remember that later in the night I was dreaming of visiting a great factory and inspecting the machinery. "Be careful!" I heard some one say, and then to my horror I saw that I had approached too near some belting. My beared had been caught and I was frantically trying to extricate myself when I awoke.

"Hello, papa," said a voice beside my bed in the darkness.

"Let go of papa's whiskers," I cried. "What on earth are you doing in here anyway, Dick?" I continued, sitting up.

"Dick wants Dick's animals," was the answer.

"Dick wants to go back to bed," said I, "and quick, too;" and I carried him into his little room and placed him on the bed.

"Dick wants Dick's a-a-animals."

"You don't want——"

"It takes so little to make a child happy." The words came to my mind and dispelled all my annoyances at once. I lighted the gas, turned it down quite low, fished out Noah's ark from under the bed and placed it beside the boy. "All right," I said, cheerfully, "you may take them, but be very quiet and don't wake your baby brother." Then I kissed him and went back to my own bed again.

I was almost asleep when I heard a pattering of feet and a subdued voice saying:

"Dick wants papa to find the elephant."

"I wouldn't mind about the elephant now," said I.

"Dick wants—"

I arose and found the elephant.

"Now Dick," I said, "you must keep quiet and let papa sleep.

"Want papa to make Prancer stand up."

He was trying to make a three-legged horse stand alone on the counterpane.

"Will you go to sleep if I make him stand up for you?" I asked.

"Yes, papa."

"Right away?"

"Yes, papa."

I made Prancer stand erect by bracing Noah against his off hind quarter.

"There," said I, "now lie down, Dick."

"Want papa to make *all* the animals stand up."

"Dick," said I, impressively, "it is night. The animals are all asleep and don't want to stand up. You must lie down and let papa go to bed."

"Dick wants to see the moon."

"Mr. Dickie," I said, coaxingly, "if you will stop talking, and not wake your little baby brother—"

"Dick wants little baby buzzer to get up and shave."

Not a word was spoken after that. Quietly, but firmly, I laid him down and drew the blanket over him. I turned out the gas, and taking a long step to clear the stray animals, I made my way back to my own room. Three minutes later I knew from his regular breathing that Dick was asleep, and, if I remember rightly, I didn't care much at the time whether he had a wistful face and empty hands and a lonely young heart or not.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A Swindler's Suit of Clothes.

An ingenious swindle was recently worked successfully upon a Chestnut street druggist and a Chestnut street tailor. The criminal was a young man of intelligent address, whose somewhat shabby clothes were brushed clean and his boots polished. Entering the pharmacy he informed the proprietor that the tailor, whose name he gave, was suffering with dyspepsia, and requested that some medicine be sent to him. The druggist ordered a prescription, and while it was being compounded entered into a chat with the stranger, who paid for the bottle of medicine, and, before taking it away, asked the druggist to have another vial ready, and said that the tailor would call for it in a day or two. Then the swindler went to the tailor and ordered a suit of clothes, the price of which was fifty dollars. He wanted the garments made up in a hurry, and they were ready for him in two days afterward. He put them on in the store and left his back number suit to be sent to a fictitious address. "My friend," he said to the tailor (giving the name of the druggist) "has some money of mine, and if you will walk down there I will pay you your bill." The tailor and the artful dodger reached the pharmacy. "I perceive that we are all acquainted," the swindler said as they shook hands. "Now," he continued, speaking to the druggist, "give Mr. —— what I left for him and excuse me for a moment." With that he slipped out of a side entrance, and the druggist handed the tailor a vial wrapped in the customary white paper. "What do I want with this?" asked the sartorial artist. "That," responded the master of the pharmacopœia, "is what your friend said you were to get here." "Not at all," the tailor ejaculated. "I understood that you have the cash for the clothes which he got from me." They stared each other in the face for thirty seconds, and made a simultaneous break for the door through which the mutual friend had disappeared. But he was not in sight.—*Philadelphia Enquirer*.

The Consumption of Tobacco.

The amount of tobacco annually consumed in the United States is estimated by an apparent competent authority at 310,000,000 pounds. Seventy million pounds are utilized in the production of domestic cigars; 222,000,000 pounds of chewing and smoking tobacco are consumed, 8,000,000 pounds are used in the manufacture of snuff; 6,000,000 pounds are required in the production of cigarettes; and 4,000,000 pounds of cigars are imported. This would make an average annual consumption of five pounds for every person in the country. But as not more than one-fifth of our population use tobacco, it follows that those who do consume, on an average, 25 pounds each per annum. Opinions differ as to whether this article should be designated a luxury or a necessity. In speaking of the cost of the tobacco habit, an exchange says:

If the tobacco users of the United States would abstain for a period of two years from the chewing, smoking and snuff-taking habit, and place the money they would spend for tobacco in that period in a common fund, there would be enough money in the fund to almost wipe out the entire national debt, and five years abstaining would give the head of each family in the United States enough money to invest in an 80-acre homestead farm in the far Western States and Territories; or it would give us a navy of 50 first-class war vessels, fully equipped, and create a fund that would man and maintain them and the Navy Department for a period of at least 25 years.

Literary Clubs.

All over the far West there is a truly remarkable literary movement. It is shown by the great number of libraries, literary clubs, Shakespeare societies, Browning societies, historical societies, that are coming into existence, not merely in the more central States, such as Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas, Minnesota and Wisconsin, but in Oregon, Washington, Dakota, California, Texas and Missouri. This movement was powerfully accelerated by the Chautauqua system, but has now acquired strength enough in many States to advance without external aid.

The smaller country colleges have been constantly widening the range of their enlightening influence. There are many such in Ohio, Indiana and elsewhere, which go along in their quiet, unnoticed way, helping young men to an education by simply being near where they live. Many a farmer's son can go to college if the institution is within half a day's ride of his father's house, who could not enjoy this advantage if he had to make long and expensive journeys every year, and live where he could not earn any part of his expenses. The vacations, spent in the paternal fields at home, may go some way toward making the college education a possibility.

But, besides this, each of these institutions is likely to have among its corps of instructors persons of genuine culture and nobility of mind. Around them the more liberal minds naturally gather, and all kinds of good influences are exerted. Clubs are formed, imitated, multiplied, and thus the benign modern spirit is fostered and diffused. Finally, too, societies are formed which unite persons who desire knowledge as well as literature, and societies that modestly discuss the living questions of the time.

Suppose the ladies of Indianapolis *do* style their literary club "The Indianapolis Propylaeum!" What was Athens when Pericles caused that magnificent portal to be placed at the entrance to the Acropolis? A city containing a smaller population than that of Indianapolis, and not a tenth part as large as Chicago's mighty mass of human beings. Its public revenue was trifling indeed compared with that of a fourth-rate city of to-day.

Yet of all the cities that ever existed within the borders of Europe, Athens is the dearest to the civilized man, and it holds that place in the affection and pride of our race because a few men once lived there who loved that very culture which is now spreading through the Western States. They packed no beef; they had no elevators; they made no corners; they were not enterprising. They loved wisdom, mental culture and beauty.—*Youth's Companion*.

A Question of Spelling.

People who have no difficulty in spelling correctly are apt to feel something like contempt for those who are not so fortunate. Yet some of the wisest men and the best have had the misfortune of being unable always to marshal their letters correctly. A Cambridge provision dealer tells of receiving an order for salt "mackrel" from a Harvard professor. A bill made out by one of the leading pedagogues of a neighboring city concluded with "ballance due." Those who know will tell that the sermons of distinguished clergymen sent up for printing frequently abound in errors of this kind. A brilliant actress, whom we all admire, invariably spells Tuesday Teusday. The misfortune is often an inherited one, and whole families unto their remotest branches and twigs will show the same weakness. A little story is remembered in this connection: He was a guest at a New York hotel, and called upon the clerk for a sheet of paper, saying that he wished to write a letter. Half an hour later he again approached the counter. He had finished the letter. Would the clerk please read it, and see if it was all correct? The clerk glanced at it, and said:

"I see you spell jug 'gug.' That is not right."

"I know it," was the reply; "but you see I'm writing to the old man, and he always spells it that way. If I put the other 'g' to it, he would think I was putting on style over him, and forgetting I was his son. He's sorter tender-hearted, and I don't want to hurt his feelings."

And so the letter went off with only one "g" at the end of the "gug."

Jake's Diversion.

"Dot boy Shake—dot boy Shake!" he mournfully repeated, as a friend asked him if he was no longer in business in St. Louis.

"Jake is your son?"

"Yes, my son; my idiot."

"What did Jake do?"

"Vhell, I goes oop to Chicago to see my sister who was dead. Shake vhas left to run der store. Peesness vhas a leedle off, und Shake plans dot he will make a diversion. I belief it vhas a diversion, but my head aches so hard I vhas not sure."

"Yes, it was probably a diversion."

"Vhell, he goes down cellar, und starts a leedle fire—not mooch, but shust enough to bring out der engines und a crowd, und smoke up der goods. It vhas for a great fire sale, you know—goods slightly damaged—feeften dollar suits for five—greatest bonanzas for working peoples eafer known in St. Louis."

"I see."

"But he gets too much fire, und avhay goes der house, der clothing, und der peesness."

"But you was insured?"

"So help me gracious, but der policies run oud at noon, und Shake makes dot diversion at 5 o'clock in der afternoon! All vhas gone oop—all except a determination to go to work und build oop anew. I vhas shust starting in a small vhay again. Maybe you like me to sell you a better suit dan you haf on for four dollar—all wool, well made, indigo dye, und computed to stand in any climate?"—*N. Y. Sun*.

She Felt No Fear.

As the villagers were reported to have relapsed into hopeless sin, a clergyman determined to give them a good shaking up, and enlarged eloquently upon the horrible torments of hell. Wishing to find out afterward what effect his discourse had made upon their minds, he called upon an old octogenarian dame, whose toothless gums did not prevent her from being the greatest gossip in the county.

"Now, my good woman," said he, "I hope my sermon has borne good fruit by making many a lasting impression upon your mind. You heard what I had to say about hell fire?" Here his voice became hushed, even solemn, in tone as he continued: "That place where there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth."

"Well," said the fangless old beldame, "if I 'as to say anything it be this: Let them 'nash 'em as 'as 'em."

DON'T be a clam. If you've got to be anything of the kind be a mud turtle. Then you may have some snap to you.

German Engineers' Scheme.

Two German engineers propose to use three continuous platforms moving along the streets side by side. The lowest of these platforms is four inches high and moves at a uniform speed of five feet per second. Any ordinary pedestrian can, they state, mount this platform from the ground without difficulty, and from this he can with equal ease step on to a second platform, four inches higher than the first, and moving twice as fast. The passenger thus acquires a speed of ten feet per second, and, stepping onto the third platform in the same way, he is carried at a speed of fifteen feet per second, or ten miles an hour, to his destination, where he steps off in the reverse order.

Wherever Malaria Exists

The bilious are its certain prey. In intermittent and remittent fever, dumb ague, and ague cake the liver is always seriously affected, and the blood contaminated with bile. One of the chief reasons why Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is such a sure defense against chills and fever and every form of malarial disease is that it does away with liability to the disease, by reforming irregularity of the biliary organ in advance of the arrival of the season when the disease is prevalent. There is no finer fortifying preparative for those about visiting or emigrating to a locality where the miasma-taint exists. There is no certain immunity from disease in an endemic or epidemic form to be secured by the use of the average tonics and anti-spasmodics. But where quinine fails the Bitters succeeds both in preventing and curing. Moreover, it removes every vestige of dyspepsia, and overcomes constipation, rheumatism, inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, and tranquilizes and strengthens the nervous system.

A New Electrical Device.

Another electrical device has been brought out to afford communication between trains in motion and to prevent accidents. Batteries and the necessary connections are placed on each engine, a central conductor being laid parallel with the rails. Should two trains approach within a certain distance of each other, an alarm is sounded within each cab with an electric gong and a steam whistle is set blowing. The engine drivers can stop the train and communicate by telephone. This communication can be effected when the trains are either running or still. Additional batteries are placed at the stations along the road, and these work the alarm should those placed on the engine become broken.

Our Hannah Jane.

Our Hannah Jane was thin and weak,
And ashy white her lip and cheek.
We often thought—and thought with pain,
"We soon must lose our Hannah Jane."
With change of doctors, change of air,
She sought for healing everywhere.
And, when our hopes were almost past,
"Favorite Prescription" tried at last.
It gave us joy, it gave us hope,
She ceased to pine, she ceased to mope,
[Pierce's remedies are sure and true]
Now Hannah Jane is good as new.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists *under a positive guarantee* from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS—cleanse and regulate the stomach, bowels, and system generally. One a dose; purely vegetable.

A Remarkable Family.

Within sight of each other in Lubeck district, West Virginia, lives five members of one family, whose combined ages is 395 years. They are the Beckwiths. The family consists of Barnes Beckwith, aged 72; Q. A. Beckwith, aged 74; Mrs. L. A. Beckwith, who was a Beckwith before marriage, aged 74; Miss Jane Beckwith, aged 85, and Uncle Tom Beckwith, aged 90. All the members of the remarkable family are yet hale and hearty.

THERE has been discovered in a convent at Ravenna, Italy, a painting by Giotto containing a portrait of Dante, the only really authentic portrait of him known. It is decidedly different from the accepted idea of the poet's looks.

AN anti-gambling league is announced as forming in England, the Earl of Aberdeen to be the first president. The qualification for membership will be an agreement for the annual payment of a shilling and the signing of a pledge "to abstain from betting."

Free Trade vs. Protection.

Uncle Zeb, an ardent free-trader and cross-roads statesman, was denouncing protection with all the arguments he could muster.

"I'll bet, Uncle Zeb," interrupted one of the crowd, "that you *are* a protectionist, after all."

"I'll bet I ain't," shouted the old man warmly. "Come now. How am I a protectionist?"

"Wy, you protect your system from spring and summer complaints by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

When the laugh subsided, Uncle Zeb replied, with a grin, "Well, yes; I'll allow, that to *that* extent I *am* a protectionist, because I believe Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best blood medicine ever made, not only for spring, but for all seasons."

IN the house of a shoplifter apprehended in Philadelphia the other day there were found 167 packages of coffee, 28 dress patterns, 90 bonnets, innumerable hats, fine shawls, laces, pocketbooks, cans of jelly, kid gloves, curtains, sachels and other articles worth $3,000.

A pocket mirror free to smokers of "Tansill's Punch" 5c cigar.

THE days of grandeur have departed from the river steamboats. There are no longer thronging crowds, gambling, dancing, music and all those things which made steamboating great a few years ago. Travelers have forsaken the easy pleasure of steamboat journeys for the more rapid if less comfortable railroad trains.

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

THE United States is without a doubt a nation of coffee drinkers. The imports from South America amount to over 525,000,000 pounds annually, of which 60 per cent. comes from Brazil. The second largest shipper to this market is Venezuela, 11 per cent.

WHEN you think your children have worms ask your druggist for Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers and do not take any other. They taste good and are always sure.

THERE is a man in southern Illinois who laughs at the idea that marriage is a failure. He has just married his sixth wife. Each successive spouse brought him a farm, and he is now one of the largest land owners in that part of the country.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A. P. GORDON CUMMING has discovered a new species of violet on his place near Sykesville, Md. It is a single violet, and the flower leaves are a soft white, striped or mottled with light and dark purple. The fragrance is very sweet.

We will give $100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

A GOOD deal of excitement prevails in the phosphate fields of Florida consequent upon word received from Washington that all phosphate lands will be classed as mineral lands, and that those who have taken homesteads must give them up. A small army has been in the field staking out mineral claims.

Pains AND Aches ARE PROMPTLY CURED BY St. Jacobs Oil

Maywood, Kans., Aug. 10, 1888. I suffered two years with pain in my side; doctors failed to help me; St. Jacobs Oil cured me; no return of pain. P. LEMMON, P. M.

Carlisle, Pa., February 11, 1888. I was hurt in the left hip and tried several physicians without obtaining relief. Less than a half-bottle of St. Jacobs Oil cured me. JOHN U. SHEAFER.

TO BE A POET.

To be a poet? 'Tis to ope
  The soul in nature that reposes;
  The sun, Love's self, the fragrant roses,
And all sweet things, below, above.

To be a poet? 'Tis to feel
  Infinity within thy breast;
  To suffer with the world's oppressed,
And prove with deeds thy sorrow real.

To be a poet! 'Tis to sigh
  With hope that life devotes, sublimes;
  To suffer death a thousand times,
And then at last never to die!

—*George Horton*.

Marat Was Convicted.

The proof that Marat, the French revolutionary leader, was really convicted of theft, has set at rest a long standing controversy. Marat was in England in 1776, was accused of a theft of old coins, escaped to Ireland, was apprehended at an Irish assembly in the disguise of a German count and was brought from Dublin by habeas corpus for trial in England. A contemporary letter, describing the assizes of 1776, at which it was thought that Marat would have been tried, is silent. The clerk of assize to the Oxford circuit has at last supplied the missing link in the evidence by finding that Marat was convicted at the assizes which commenced at Oxford on March 5 and ended on March 7, 1877. The delay in the proceedings is accounted for by the absence of the accused in Ireland.

Children Enjoy

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious the most gratifying results follow its use, so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

Interesting Specimens Discovered.

A Roman doctor has discovered in many of the skulls in different Etruscan tombs, as well as in those deposited in the various museums, interesting specimens of ancient dentistry work and artificial teeth. The false teeth were, in most cases, carved from those of some large animal, and in many instances were fastened to the natural ones by gold bands. The skulls examined date as far back as six centuries before Christ, which proves that dentistry is not a modern art.

CALIFORNIA KIDNEY TEA

Will positively cure kidney troubles. California Kidney Tea has been sold for many years, and has cured thousands. California Kidney Tea will relieve and cure all Urinary diseases. California Kidney Tea will cure liver and stomach troubles. California Kidney Tea is not a vile mixture, but a tea pleasant to drink. Try it. Price, 50 cent per package. Sold by all druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by California Kidney Tea Co., Fairfield, Iowa.

THE decline of drinking is again attested by the declaration in the London *Telegraph* that for one club fifty years ago London now has ten, yet the drinking within them has steadily diminished.

Six Novels Free, will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philada., Pa., to any one in the U. S. or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each bar. Soap for sale by all grocers.

ONE feature of the German reichstag is the scanty number of medical men, of whom there are only four, whereas the French chamber of deputies swarms with doctors.

Creates An Appetite

There is nothing for which we recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla with greater confidence than for loss of appetite, indigestion, sick headache, and other troubles of dyspeptic nature. In the most natural way this medicine gently tones the stomach, assists digestion, and makes one feel "real hungry." Ladies in delicate health, or very dainty and particular at meals, after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a few days find themselves longing for and eating the plainest food with unexpected relish and satisfaction. Try it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

I LIKE MY WIFE TO USE POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER. Because It Improves Her Looks and is as Fragrant as Violets. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

The Oldest Medicine in the World is probably DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S CELEBRATED EYE-WATER. This article is a carefully prepared physician's prescription, and has been in constant use for nearly a century. There are few diseases to which mankind are subject more distressing than sore eyes, and none, perhaps, for which more remedies have been tried without success. For all external inflammation of the eyes it is an infallible remedy. If the directions are followed it will never fail. We particularly invite the attention of physicians to its merits. For sale by all druggists. JOHN L. THOMPSON, SONS & CO., TROY, N. Y. Established 1797.

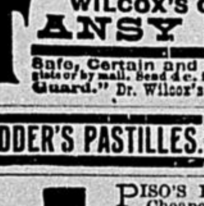
5 TON SCALES $60 Beam Box Tare Beam ALL SIZES Send for Terms — JONES OF BINGHAMTON N. Y. HE PAYS THE FREIGHT

THE ELKHART CARRIAGE & HARNESS MFG. CO. $14. Tight bottom and dash

For 16 Years have sold to consumers at WHOLESALE Prices, saving them the DEALERS' profit. Ship ANYWHERE for examination before buying. Pay freight charges if not satisfactory. Warranted for 2 years. Buggies, Surries, Spring Wagons & Harness. 64-page Catalogue FREE. Address F. B. PRATT, Sec'y, Elkhart, Indiana.

GARMENTS GUARANTEED TO FIT PERFECT WITHOUT TRYING ON. FREE by return mail full descriptive circulars of MOODY'S NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS CUTTING. Any lady of ordinary intelligence can easily and quickly learn to cut and make any garment, in any style to any measure for lady or child. Address MOODY & CO. CINCINNATI, O.

ROAD CARTS ONLY $10 The Best and Lowest Price



of any Carts Made. $15, $18, $20 and $25. Top Buggies, only $55.00. Harness $7.50 and $10.00. Forges, Anvils, Vises, Safes, Sewing Machines, Scales of all varieties. Save money and send for Price List. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

WILCOX'S COMPOUND TANSY PILLS! Safe, Certain and Effectual. At druggists or by mail. Send 4c. for "Woman's Safe Guard." Dr. Wilcox's Specific Co., Phila., Pa.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief ASTHMA Price 35 cts. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

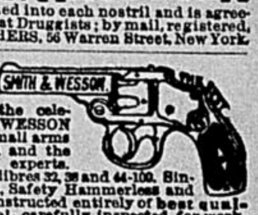
To Restore Tone and Strength to the System when weakened by La Grippe or any other Illness, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is positively unequalled. Get the BEST. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

ELY'S CREAM BALM Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

CATARRH HAY-FEVER

TRY THE CURE! A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

IF YOU WISH A GOOD REVOLVER purchase one of the celebrated SMITH & WESSON arms. The finest small arms ever manufactured and the first choice of all experts. Manufactured in calibres 32, 38 and 44-100. Single or double action, Safety Hammerless and Target models. Constructed entirely of best quality wrought steel, carefully inspected for workmanship and stock, they are unrivaled for finish, durability and accuracy. Do not be deceived by cheap malleable cast-iron imitations which are often sold for the genuine article and are not only unreliable, but dangerous. The SMITH & WESSON Revolvers are all stamped upon the barrels with firm's name, address and dates of patents and are guaranteed perfect in every detail. Insist upon having the genuine article, and if your dealer cannot supply you an order sent to address below will receive prompt and careful attention. Descriptive catalogue and prices furnished upon application. SMITH & WESSON, Mention this paper. Springfield, Mass.



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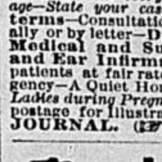
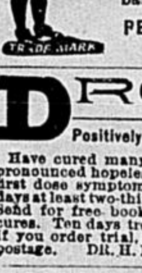
Nothing like it. The VERY BEST stock food ever offered. A long and successful use demonstrates that it will cure nearly every disease that HORSES, COLTS, COWS, CALVES, SHEEP, POULTRY and SWINE are afflicted with. Purifies blood, gives healthy action to liver and kidneys, aids digestion, promotes general health, highly medicated, gives new life and vigor, and saves 1-5 grain. Large can for 50 cts. Very cheap in bulk, ask your druggist or dealer for it. Take no other. Send for "How to Cure Hog Cholera." GERMAN MEDICINE COMPANY, Minneapolis, Minn.

Dr. WOOD, 413 Fifth Street, SIOUX CITY, IOWA.



Regular Graduate in Medicine—20 years hospital and private practice—10 in Chicago and New York—Established in Sioux City Nine Years—is still treating all Private, Nervous, Chronic and Special diseases, Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness (night losses) Impotency (loss of sexual power), and all Female Diseases, Irregularities, etc.—Cures guaranteed or money refunded—Charges fair. Terms cash. Age and experience are important. No injurious medicines used—No time lost from work or business—Patients at a distance treated by mail—Medicines sent everywhere free from gaze and breakage—State your case and send for Opinion and terms—Consultation strictly confidential, personally or by letter—Dr. WOOD has the largest Medical and Surgical Institute and Eye and Ear Infirmary in the West—Rooms for patients at fair rates, facilities to meet any emergency—A Quiet Home and best care and skill for Ladies during Pregnancy and Confinement—Send 4c. postage for Illustrated BOOK and MEDICAL JOURNAL. Mention this paper.



LEWIS' 98% LYE! POWDERED AND PERFUMED. (PATENTED.) The *strongest* and *purest* Lye made. Will make the BEST Perfumed HARD SOAP in twenty minutes *without boiling*. It is the best for disinfecting sinks, closets, drains, washing bottles, barrels, paints, etc. PENNA. SALT MANUF'G. CO., Gen. Agts., Phila., Pa.

DROPSY TREATED FREE. Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases. Cure patients pronounced hopeless by the best physicians. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. Send for free book of testimonials of miraculous cures. Ten days treatment furnished free by mail. If you order trial, send 10 cents in stamps to pay postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

YOU CAN LAY BY $500 TO $1500 a year by working for us. You can't do it in any surer or simpler way, no matter how you try. We furnish capital & pay liberally those who work either whole or part time. Stamp not required for answer. Jno. C. Winston & Co., 154 Van Buren st. Chicago

NORMAL SCHOOL Training, Kindergarten, Business Departments. Text-books *Free*. Furnished rooms 50 cents per week, board $1.50, tuition $7.00 per term. Teachers prepared for state examination. No incidental expenses. For catalogue address, WOODBINE NORMAL, Woodbine, Iowa.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS. Red Cross Diamond Brand. The only reliable pill for sale. Safe and sure. Ladies, ask Druggist for the Diamond Brand, in red metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Send 4c. (stamps) for particulars and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by mail. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Sq., Philada. Pa.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS. The address of all soldiers who homesteaded a less number of acres than 160 and made final proof on same. MOSES & FERGUSON, DENVER, COLORADO

PENSIONS! 25 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. Apply to MILO B. STEVENS & CO., Att'ys, 1419 F St. Washington, D.C. Branch offices, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago

$75.00 to $250.00 A MONTH can be made working for us. Persons preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va

SOLDIERS and Heirs write us for new Pension laws. Sent free. Deserters relieved. Success or no fee. A. W. McCormick & Sons, Washington, D. C., & Cincinnati, O.

PATENTS--PENSIONS—How to get a pension Quick. Send for digest of Pension and Bounty Laws. Send for Inventors' Guide or How to Get a Patent. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Attorney at Law, Washington, D. C.

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PENSIONS PATENTS and Government claims of all kinds prosecuted by THOS. McSHEEHY, Attorney at Law, Washington, D. C. and Fremont, O.

OPIUM Habit. The only certain and easy cure. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

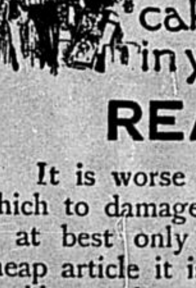
S. C. N. U. No. 24--90

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

"The best is aye the cheapest."



Avoid imitations of and substitutes for SAPOLIO—It is a solid cake of scouring soap. Try it in your next house-cleaning.

REAL ECONOMY.

It is worse than nonsense to buy a cheap article with which to damage more valuable property. Scouring soap is at best only a trifling expense, but with a poor and cheap article it is likely to do considerable damage to fine marble or other property.