WHEN I AM DEAD.

TRANSLATION.

When I am dead do not come to my grave;
Do not trouble me in my sweet sleep,
And in thy childishly weak grief
Do not shed unnecessary tears.
The wind will sweep the dust from my tomb;
The rain will weep over it.
Why, then, shouldst thou tread on my poor ashes?
Go by!

* * * * * * * *

Have no concern as to whether thou art guilty or not
And, like me, forget all!
Thou art free—wed whom thou wilt.
I am tormented to death,
And now I am lying deep under the ground.
My heart sleeps calmly in my breast:
For overtaxed strength rest is delicious.
Go by!

—*V. Z. Likhdchoff.*

ORIGINAL.

Come not, when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save!
There let the wind sweep and the plover cry,
But thou, go by!

* * * * * * * *

Child, if it were thy error or thy crime,
I care not, being all unblest;
Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick of time,
And I desire to rest.
Pass on weak heart, and leave me where I lie.
Go by, go by!

—*Alfred Tennyson, October Atlantic.*

THE GHOST OF MRS. JONES.

My neighbor, Mrs. Mills, is the most practical and business-like woman of my acquaintance. Plump, rosy and dimpled, she takes life easily, is always cheerful, eschews the emotional, and is never troubled with what savage old Carlyle rebuked in poor Jane as "feelings." Her easy-going husband, who dotes on her, earns a good salary in the city, which, as he detests accounts, he regularly hands over to his wife every Saturday night, making her the treasurer of the concern. And she fills the position admirably. She made the estimates for the house when they were going to build—she paid for the materials, she kept an eye on the carpenters, she paid them their wages until the house was finished; since then, she pays taxes and insurance, and keeps the establishment in repair. While she is in no sense miserly or mean, she knows precisely how many cents there are in a dollar, and how to use them to the best advantage. She has a healthy body and a clear conscience, and is more completely free from any touch of morbidity or superstition than any person of my acquaintance.

Not long ago she and I enjoyed an afternoon chat by ourselves, and the discourse—induced by a newspaper paragraph which I mentioned—fell on the subject of ghost stories. I remarked skeptically: "I have been ghost-hunting all my life—like poor Shelly—

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin
And moonlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing.
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead—

but I have never been able to see one; and it is hard for me to believe that human eyes ever have seen a disembodied spirit."

To my amazement, a sudden cloud had fallen over my neighbor's rosy face. "If you'll promise not to laugh at me, or think me an idiot," she said, "I will tell you a little experience of mine that has always troubled me. I rarely mention it, because people who do not know me as you do would surely say I was visionary and foolish, and have deceived myself—but I assure you that what I am going to tell you really did happen, in broad daylight, too.

"Long before you and I became acquainted, and when my Charley was a baby in my arms—he is my oldest child, you know, and then there were only his father, he and myself in the family—we lived in a pleasant, quiet street in Brooklyn, and a Mr. Jones and his wife lived in the flat above us. Mrs. Jones was a very pleasant and intelligent person, and a good neighbor. She was a large, ungraceful woman, and very plain-looking; and I was not long in perceiving that her husband, who was her junior by some years, was fully aware of these facts, and disliked her accordingly, although they must have existed at the time that he asked her to marry him, only a couple of years before. It was evident that she was unhappy with him, and although she never made a confidant of me, still from an occasional remark of hers, and from the talk of the neighbors who had known her before her marriage, I discovered before long that she had been quite an heiress in her own right at that time, and that Mr. Jones, who seemed to be disliked by all the people about him, had persuaded her to marry him in order that he might obtain her property. The match was quite unfit, as she was not only his senior, but was an eminently domestic, home-loving woman, who devoted herself to the care of her home and her husband—they had no child—while he was a flighty, unstable person, often away from home for days together, and evidently caring nothing whatever for her devotion to him. I pitied poor Mrs. Jones, thus doomed to a life of almost entire loneliness; for her friends having vainly opposed her marriage, believing him to be a fortune-hunter and a bad man, seldom came near her. They had, however, taken measures to secure her property so that he could not obtain control of it. By failing to provide for the needs of the establishment, he forced her to support him and herself; but he could not squander her money. This angered him, of course, as he had married her with no other purpose—and he treated her brutally. He had never cared for her, and besides, he was apparently in love with a younger and prettier woman in the next street, with whom he was often seen walking, and at whose he house spent two or three evenings every week in spite of gossip. There was no denying that Mrs. Jones was much too good for her husband, who seemed trying in all ways to shorten her life by continued annoyance and worry.

"It seemed to me after a while that he was trying some more effectual means to shorten her days. At any rate, she had queer fits of illness accompanied by uncontrollable nausea, and dreadful pain for which there seemed no sufficient reason. After a time she would partially recover, and be about the house again, and after each ill turn she looked more and more like death, and was at last hardly able to crawl about and do the household work—for she kept no servant. I spoke to my husband several times about Mrs. Jones' strange illness, and her evidently growing weakness, for it troubled and puzzled me, as she frequently said she had always been unusually healthy up to the time of her marriage, two or three years before. But my husband said: 'I think Jones hates his wife because he cannot get the money for which he married her; but, while he isn't too good to put her out of the world, he is not the man to dare do anything that would endanger his own neck. Besides, she had a physician when she was last sick—and of course Jones couldn't poison her without the physician's knowledge.'

"Of course I could say no more; but I felt unsatisfied and troubled. It worried me daily to see poor Mrs. Jones dragging slowly about her rooms trying to do the work which was evidently beyond her small strength; and her ghastly pallor, and the dark shadows which were almost like purple stains about her eyes and mouth, gave me a feeling of apprehension which made me really dread to see her.

"Before long she was taken down sick again. I went up to see her as often as I could leave my own cares; but Charley, although so amiable and gentlemanly now, was a sickly, troublesome baby, and kept me all the time busy and anxious, and I never trusted him out of my care. I must say that Mr. Jones, although he was not a patient husband generally, was a very attentive nurse when his wife ill. He not only refused to employ a woman to take care of her, saying that he had 'no faith in hired nurses,' and preferred attending him herself, with the help of the same doctor who had prescribed for her previous illness, but he seemed almost unwilling for the near neighbors to call on her, and gave them but scowling welcome, saying that noise and excitement were bad for her.

"I did not in the least approve of this glum, silent doctor's face or ways. He never spoke a cheerful word to me when I met him, and his manner toward the sick woman was harsh and unfeeling. He told her continually that she was better, and contradicted her flatly when she said she was growing worse and weaker. I could not help that to my excited and nervously apprehensive mind he seemed just an accomplice of Mr. Jones—and I believe Jones in some way made it worth the doctor's while to help him remove his unhappy wife from the world where she was evidently not wanted.

"Mrs. Jones herself did not breathe to me a word of suspicion, though it seems to me that Mr. Jones took special care that I was not left alone with her for a moment. Indeed, he was not out of the room at all excepting once, when he hastily went to admit the physician; and in that minute or two, she said—quite natural and without any appearance of secrecy—'I don't think the medicine the doctor prescribes agrees with me; it seems to make me worse every time I take it. I think I will not swallow any more of it.'

"Day after day I went to see her, she seemed no better, and still repeated that the medicine she was taking seemed to make her worse. 'And the doctor has changed it several times,' she said, 'because I complained of it, and has given me something else. This which I am taking to-day is quite a different color from that I had yesterday; but still it makes me worse—though he says that is all my fancy, and that I am really better. But I am not better. I cannot even stand alone, now, my strength has gone so completely. I tried this morning and fell down in a heap on the floor. I shall not try again.'

"What could I do? I had not even the right of a distant relative in the matter. I could give no reason for the impression that possessed me—that Mrs. Jones was being slowly and surely poisoned by her husband and his employe, the physician. What if I should go to the police with my apprehensions? People are not arrested on the 'impressions' of their nervous neighbors; and I really had no proof whatever to substantiate my suspicions. Besides, my husband continually laugh at my worry. 'You are prejudiced against Jones,' he said, 'and you are ready to accuse him of any crime, without the least reason or proof. Don't get yourself into trouble by hinting your suspicions to anybody. Her friends ought to take her part, if anybody; you have nothing to do about it.'

"'But you know she said her friends had little to do with her since her marriage, because she married against their wishes. And they do not live near her, and probably do not know of her illness. Of course, if my feeling about it is correct, Jones will take precious good care that they do not get any news of her illness until it is too late.'

"But my husband would not listen to any plan for our interference in the matter; and, indeed, I really did not know how to interfere, even had he been willing. And poor Mrs. Jones grew worse and worse every day, suffering the most wringing, cramping pain, and a nausea which seemed as though it would rend in pieces her poor emaciated frame, although, excepting for the doctor's potions, her stomach must have been entirely empty, for she ate nothing whatever for days, it seemed to me.

"Finally, one morning when I called, after she had had a terrible night, I saw that the end of her torture was near. Her hands were chill and her finger nails blue. I was sure she could not last the day out. She looked at me, and seemed trying to speak, but she had not the strength to articulate a word. Never shall I forget the ghastly pallor of her face, with those dreadful purple shadows in all the hollows, and the beseeching look in her wild eyes, as she tried to speak to me. I did what I could to make her comfortable, but as her husband was hanging over her, unremittingly attentive, of course there was little to do. Finally, telling him to call me if I were needed, or if any change occurred, I went back to my own cares, perceiving plainly that he did not desire me to remain, although he certainly said nothing of the sort. It was merely an impression of mine. But I am certain of it all the same.

"This was about 9 o'clock in the morning. I was not called during the forenoon, and so supposed she remained the same, and being busy, and moreover certain that my presence was not desired in Mrs. Jones' room, I did not go up again.

"A little after noon—it might have been 1 o'clock—I sat in my sitting-room, which opened out into the hall, with my baby in my arms, trying to hush him to sleep. He had been unusually fretful all day, not seeming very well—he was teething—and I was especially anxious to put him to sleep, as I had some special work on hand that day. I sat in a low, armless rocker, or sewing chair, rocking diligently, and singing to my baby—not thinking, for a moment, about anything else in the world excepting hushing him to sleep. To prove I was in quite a cheerful and every-day frame of mind, and not in the least visionary or morbid, I will admit that I was singing 'Pop Goes the Weasel,' certainly a sufficiently earthly and commonplace air, but Charley liked it, and was dozing off nicely. My eyes were fixed on his face, watching his eyes close as he sank deeper and deeper under the spell of my song, when I heard the door open—the door leading out into the hall and stairway. Even before I fairly raised my eyes (which of course I did at once, as nobody but my husband opened the door without knocking, and I knew he would not come until night), I thought, 'Now, that noise will start Charley up again.' I looked up to see who had entered the room, and, to my utter amazement, there stood Mrs. Jones, in the doorway, with her hand on the knob—just in the act of entering. She looked as she used to look when she was about the house, and I even noticed that she wore one of her ordinary house-dresses, which she of course had not worn during her illness, but which she was accustomed to wear when about her work. I was speechless for a moment, for I had thought the woman was dying when I saw her three or four hours before; and had she not told me more than a week before that she could not stand alone? Of course all this went through my mind in less time than it takes to put it into words. As soon as I could get my breath I said, 'Why, Mrs. Jones, are you miraculously cured? And aren't you crazy to come down these draughty stairs when you are just out of a sick bed? You ought, at least, to have a shawl on. How strange that you should get so suddenly better!' While uttering the last word I glanced down to see if my baby had opened its eyes again, but he had not, and I looked up again to continue my speech to Mrs. Jones. 'How on earth could you—' But she was not there! The door was shut, as before, and no person was in the room but myself and baby.

"I dropped him in his cradle instantly, and rushed to the door. No one was on the stairs or in the hall. All was silent as death. I sprang up stairs and ran into Mrs. Jones' room. She lay in her bed, precisely as she had five hours before, excepting that now she was dead; the hand I touched was cold. Mr. Jones and the doctor stood beside the bed. Mr. Jones wiped his eyes, and said—'Poor dear, she breathed her last just five minutes ago!'"

I had not a word to say. I had always felt that I could trust Mrs. Mills' keen eyes and clear head as implicity as my own. And she had seen a ghost—a ghost in broad day, and in a calico dress!

"Now," said Mrs. Mills, with the shadow still on her rosy face, "why should I, healthy and happy, and free from whims and illusions, fancy that I saw the ghost of a woman whom I didn't even suppose to be dead? And on the other hand, if the apparent Mrs. Jones that I saw was really the disembodied spirit of my wronged, and as I believe murdered neighbor, why did she leave her errand unfinished?"—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

YOUNG or middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature old age, as the result of bad habits, should send 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise suggesting unfailing cure. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

WHEN symptoms of malaria appear in any form, take Ayer's Ague Cure. It will prevent a development of the germs of disease and eradicate them from the system. A cure is warranted in every instance.

To remove mildew rub common yellow soap on the damaged article and then sift some starch on that. Rub well and put out in the sunshine.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE LAND OF LITTLE PEOPLE.

Far away, and yet so near us, lies a land where all have been,
Played besides its sparkling waters, danced along its meadows green,
Where the busy world we dwell in and its noises only seem
Like the echo of a tempest or the shadow of a dream,
And it grows not old forever, sweet and young, it is to-day,
—'Tis the land of little people, where the happy children play.

And the things they know and see there are so wonderful and grand,
Things that wiser folks and older cannot know or understand;
In the woods they meet the fairies, find the giants in their caves,
See the palaces of cloudland, and the murmur in the waves;
Know what all the birdies sing of, hear the secrets of the flow'rs,
For the land of little people is another world than ours.

Once 'twas ours; 'tis ours no longer, for, when nursery time is o'er,
Through the land of little people we may wander never more.
But we hear their merry voices and we see them at their play,
And our own dark world grows brighter, and we seem as young as they.
Roaming over shore and meadow, talking to the birds and flow'rs,
—For the land of little people is a fairer world than ours.

—*Auckland News.*

The game of questions: Players in a circle, each with paper and pencil. One asks at least ten questions. Players write answers. The one who asks the questions collects papers and read answers aloud. Players try to guess name of writer.

Draw a long line on the ground. Put 10 blocks 20 feet from line each side. Two choose sides, each trying to get the other's blocks. When one ventures across, his opponents rush at him. If caught, he is a prisoner, and he must stand on their blocks till one of his own party can touch him, when he is free and can play again. If one gets a block, his opponent cannot catch him till he puts that down and tries to get another, and so on till the blocks are gone or the boys are all out. Then the other side is victorious.

Two little girls of Concord, Mass., had just become possessors of autograph albums, and were very anxious to have Mr. Emerson's name inscribed upon their pages. Finally, the little girls, who were about 10 years old, started one day for Mr. Emerson's house. As they approached and while yet at some distance from it, they saw Mr. Emerson come out of the gate and turn his steps towards them on his way to the village. This somewhat embarrassed them, and before they had recovered, he approached near enough to speak to them, which he did in his kindly fashion. They modestly made known their wishes, whereupon he said; "Why, it will give me great pleasure. It is very kind of you to think of letting me do it." and immediately he turned about, took them home with him, wrote his name in the albums, and in a few moments sent them away with the feeling that they had conferred a favor upon him.

The giraffe belongs to the same type, class and order as the camel, and has many points similar. It is not so clumsy and coarse, neither is it so useful. The camel is useful in life as a burden-bearer. Its long hair is valuable; its milk is nutritious, and its manure makes fine fuel. After death its hide, flesh, bones, and in fact nearly every part of it is useful. The giraffe is only an ornament to the park or forest. With its slender tongue it twists off bunches of leaves from the trees, twirls and rolls them very smoothly, and then chews them. Their weapon of defense is their heels, with which they can kick swiftly and powerfully. Their eyes are beautiful in color, size and expression. Their flesh is not eatable; their milk is not good to drink, and the hide is only ornamental. Giraffes are faithful friends to each other, and are thought to live in families in their native wilds.

EXAMINE THE PLUMBING.

The Dangers and Fatal Results Lurking in Defective Drain-pipes.

Those who buy or rent new houses in this city should not fail to have the plumbing in them thoroughly examined by competent inspectors. Such an examination is required, not because the Health Department and its agents are guilty of neglect, but for the reason that the department is not able with the force at its disposal to subject all of the new plumbing in the city to inspection. Citizens must do something for themselves, and it is the work of the department in this field that shows what they should do.

The *Sanitary Engineer* of the 30th ult. publishes the history of several recent prosecutions by the Health Department in which plumbers were defendants. On June 10th, in the Court of Special Sessions, one Halpin, a plumber doing business on Third avenue, was prosecuted for having violated the plumbing and sanitary laws. He pleaded guilty and was fined $200. The work in question had been done in four private houses of special design in Ninety-seventh street, near Eighth avenue. The inspectors discovered that the cellar drain had not been trapped properly, that the fresh-air inlets were clogged, that the drain had a fall of only three inches for the length of the house, that the hubs were open or badly calked, and that the work was bad in other respects. It should be borne in mind that these were costly houses, in which a buyer could not expect to find bad plumbing. In another case the same plumber was fined $250. The building was a tenement-house designed for eleven families, and situated on One Hundred and First street, near Ninth avenue. The quality of the plumbing can be shown by the fact that the house drain had not been carried to the sewer in the street. There was a pipe from the sewer to the rear wall, and the house drain extended to the front wall of the house, but no excavation had been made in the space between these walls. Here was a gap eight feet long, where the sewage was discharged into the soil. Joints throughout the house were open, and "dummy" vents had been constructed, so as to deceive anyone who should look at them. When the discovery was made there were already four families in the house. But for the vigilance of the department eleven families would soon have been exposed to conditions that breed disease. The gap in the house drain was worthy of Buddensiek. The plumber would have been more severely punished if he had not asserted that the work had been done under the direction of his partner, who died before the job was uncovered.

The *Sanitary Engineer* describes the work of the two other plumbers who have recently been arrested. In one case the bad plumbing was in twelve houses on the west side of Ninth avenue, above One Hundred and Fifth street. In the other the defendant is held on account of work done in twelve houses on Madison avenue near One Hundred and Twentieth street three or four years ago. He was at that time arrested and fined. He promised to make the changes that were required, asserting that his workmen had deceived him; but an inspector recently discovered that he had not kept his word.

Something more than a fine is required for the punishment of such men. Many a plumber who has deliberately done such work as was exposed in these cases is really guilty of manslaughter.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE GREAT NAPOLEON.

His Behavior, Sickness and Death at St. Helena—England's Generosity.

On the 24th of July, 1815, seventy-two years ago, says a writer in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, the British man-of-war Bellerophon, with the Emperor Napoleon on board, anchored at Torbay, on the southern coast of England, and Napoleon was a prisoner of war. As early as at Wagram Napoleon showed that his intellect had passed its prime. From that time on he was not himself. His Waterloo campaign was feeble. His conduct after Waterloo was more feeble. He was irresolute. He abdicated prematurely. After his abdication, and while yet at Paris, he displayed timidity. From Paris he proceeded to Rochefort, on the western coast of France, with about $80,000 in gold, with the intention to go to America. At that date he would have been one of the rich men in this country. He reached Rochefort on July 3d. Not only precious hours but precious days slipped by. At last escape, which at first might have been easy, became impossible.

Probably it was well. In this country he might have wrought mischief. On July 24th he became England's prisoner of war. As he had been an Emperor it was thought not proper to confine him as a felon. Yet, in violation of his pledge, he had stealthily escaped from Elba and had caused blood to flow like water at Quatre Bras, at Ligny and at Waterloo. It would be a crime against Europe and against humanity to trust him again on his honor. Royal though he had been, he must now be confined so that another escape would be impossible. The place of his detention was determined after careful deliberation, and was determined wisely. Napoleon's known intolerance to cold was considered in fixing upon a tropical island. St. Helena is an island made by volcanic eruption. It is mostly rocky, with a few narrow valleys. It is perhaps a dozen miles in circumference, and in 1815 contained about 4,000 inhabitants. On account of its rocky bleakness it was rarely visited by ships—a fact making it more secure as a royal prison. When Napoleon was told that he was a prisoner of war he affected surprise. Great Britain behaved generously, and Napoleon was allowed to take with him as companions three military and one civil friend, with their families, one physician and twelve servants, to be kept at England's expense. He selected Marshal Bertrand, Count Monthelon and General Gourgand and M. de Las Cases as his companions. The support of this company cost England yearly about $100,000. This does not include the enormous expense of keeping at the island a Governor with his retinue, a regiment of soldiers and a fleet.

On August 8th the fleet sailed from the English Channel for St. Helena, and on October 17th Napoleon first stepped upon the island where he was to die. He lodged for a time in a little valley cottage called the Briars. More spacious accomodations were afterward provided. Soon Napoleon began his misbehavior. Cockburn was kind-hearted and generous, but he had to do his duty in keeping Napoleon under guard. Napoleon, with the commonest capacity, ought to have seen this and respected it. But he would not. Cockburn furnished him a horse, and offered a wide latitude in which to ride, but added that if he approached within a prescribed distance of the beach he would be attended by a British officer. Napoleon affected to regard the limitation as an insult, and with childish pettishness refused to ride at all. Then came fault-finding as unjust as it was undignified. After the fashion of the vulgar, he thought it smart to use nicknames, and called Lord Cockburn "the shark." Daily. he repaid generosity with ingratitude, politeness with insolence.

Napoleon did not desire to escape. He himself said that he had lived so long in the eyes of the world that he could not live without being talked about; that to be buried in privacy in the wilds of America would be unendurable, and that since he could not now occupy a throne he was greater as a prisoner on that rock than he could be elsewhere.

In 1820 his health began to fail visibly; his legs swelled, his circulation became feeble. Physicians prescribed. He had no confidence, and refused medicine. He said he would die by disease, but not by medicine. In April, 1821, he grew worse daily. He daily spent hours in the bath, which weakened him. His eyes were sunken; his color was livid. He saw his end at hand. As he was worth more than $1,000,000, which in our time would be several millions, he made a will, in which he expressed his hatreds and vindicated his crimes. He denounced his bad-hearted brother Louis as a liar.

On May 4, 1821, his hours were evidently numbered. He took no food, and frequently vomited a black matter. He had spasms and a high fever and a raging thirst. He was too weak to speak, and, besides, his tongue and lips were incapable of articulation, so that his faint mutterings were unintelligible. The 5th dawned as sunny and tranquil a day as ever dawned on that island. All day long Napoleon lay as in a stupor. It was evident that that day was to be his last. At 5:40 in the evening, just as the bright sun from a cloudless sky was about to dip into the ocean, a Catholic priest standing near, while friends wept around his couch, without one motion, without even the death rattle, the prisoner was released.

The Father of Forty-one Children.

"I read in the *Times* a few days ago," said a member of the Reading (Pa.) bar, on a visit to this city, "an account of a man in Western Pennsylvania who died the father of thirty-three children, at the age of 96 years. When John Heffner, of Reading, was accidentally killed by the cars in that city, in 1885, at the age of 69 years, he was the father of forty-one children, and a step-child also called him father. Heffner was one of Reading's characters, and was in the full vigor of health when he was killed. It is doubtful if his record in the paternal line was ever equaled. Heffner was a dwarfed hunchback. He was born in Berlin in 1816, and came to this country in 1843, settling in Reading. Until his death he made a living by collecting and selling rags and paper. His remarkable family history is part of the records of the Berks county Courts, it having been elicited a short time before his death while he was a witness in a lawsuit. He was married first in 1840. In eight years his wife bore him seventeen children. The first and second years of their marriage she gave birth to twins. For four successive years afterward she bore triplets. In the seventh year she gave birth to one child, and died soon afterward. Of the seventeen children she left, consequently, the eldest was only 7 years of age. Heffner engaged a young woman to look after his large brood of babies, and three months later she became the second Mrs. Heffner. She presented her husband with two children the first two years. Five years later she had added ten more to the family—two at every birth. Then for three years she added but one a year. She died before another year came round. Of the thirty-two children that John Heffner had been presented with twelve had died. The twenty that were left, however, did not appear to be any obstacle to a young widow with one child consenting to become the third wife of the jolly little humpback—for he was known as one of the happiest and most genial men in Reading, though it kept him toiling like a slave to keep his score of mouths in bread. The third Mrs. Heffner became the mother of nine children to her husband in ten years, and the contentment and happiness of the company was proverbial. One day in the fall of 1885 the father of the forty children was crossing the Reading track and was run down by a locomotive and killed. But for this sad ending of his life it is impossible to estimate what the size of this little peddler's family would eventually have been. His widow and a large number of his children—I believe there are twenty-eight of the forty-two still living—live in Reading. They are all thrifty and respectable people."—*New York Times.*

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FASHION NOTES.

Specially attractive dresses of veiling and similar light wool fabrics are being made.

A hat that is like a breath of country air is formed of battledore braiding, lined with red and trimmed with daisies, cowslips, dandelions and clover leaves and blossoms in white, pink and purple.

A dress of white lace, with narrow flounces, is exceedingly pretty. The draped bodice is formed of Pompadour crepe, and the jabots, waistcoat and sleeves represent quantities of the same light fabric.

A tea-gown worthy of note has the bodice and train of Pompadour silk, with palest chine flowers on a cream ground, opening over an underskirt of blended blush pink and palest sky blue, softened by cream lace.

Long wraps in ulster or pelisse fashion are in high favor, and are very generally worn on excursions and outings. The favorite material is wool suiting on moderately heavy English cloth. The pelisse sleeve is preferred, and the collar may be very high and close or very wide and rolling.

Killarney cloaks are the newest things in tourists' wraps. They are made of several straight breadths of mohair, surah, Irish poplin or camel's-hair, shirred to a wide velvet collar. The wrap falls undraped from throat to skirt-hem, and is easy, protective, but not particularly elegant in effect.

Early autumn wraps differ but slightly from those worn during the summer. One charming novelty is made from a single piece of material nearly three yards in length. The middle of the scarf passes around the shoulders, crosses in front, where the superfluous fullness is taken up by darts and seams. The ends pass round the waist.

A very pretty dress is of fine white gypsy cloth and soft thick twilled silk. The body, sleeves and draperies are of the wool goods; the vest, collar, cuffs and lower skirt of the silk. The skirt has a very wide panel of the silk laid in deep plaits, each plait furnished with a narrow edging of pearl bead trimming. The vest, collar and cuffs are similarly trimmed.

WHETHER you prefer the sea breeze or the bracing mountain air for your summer vacation, you should not omit to provide yourself with a bottle of Angostura Bitters, which is the acknowledged standard regulator of the digestive organs. Be sure to get the genuine article manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

FOR an Irritated Throat, Cough or Cold, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are offered with the fullest confidence in their efficacy. Sold only in boxes.

ROUGH ON ITCH

"Rough on Itch" Ointment cures Skin Humors, Pimples, Flesh Worms, Ring Worm, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Frosted Feet, Chilblains, Itch, Ivy Poison, Barber's Itch, Scald Head, Eczema. 50c. Druggists. E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N.J.

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Cures piles or hemorrhoids, itching, protruding, bleeding, internal or other. Internal and external remedy in each package. Sure cure, 50c. Druggists or mail. E. S. Wells, Jersey City.

ROUGH ON BILE PILLS. 10c. 25c.

Active but mild. Cathartic. Small Granules. Small Dose. For Sick Headache, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Constipation, Anti-Bilious.

ROUGH ON CATARRH Complete cure worst chronic cases. Unequaled for Catarrhal throat affections, foul breath, offensive odors. Ask for "Rough on Catarrh." 50c. Druggists.

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IF YOU DON'T WANT to be ANNOYED by Constant BREAKING OF CHIMNEYS.

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"We use nearly three hundred lights every evening, and since using the celebrated PEARL TOP CHIMNEYS my experience and judgment is, that we would rather pay a dollar a dozen for them than fifty cents a dozen for any other we ever used. L. H. PORTER, Steward"

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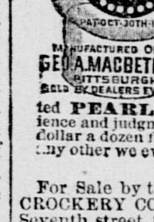

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SAUCE

(THE WORCESTERSHIRE)

Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to

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SOUPS, GRAVIES, FISH, HOT & COLD MEATS, GAME, WELSH-RAREBITS, &c.

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Signature is on every bottle of the genuine.

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Elegant Shape, HEALTH and COMFORT

Perfectly combined in

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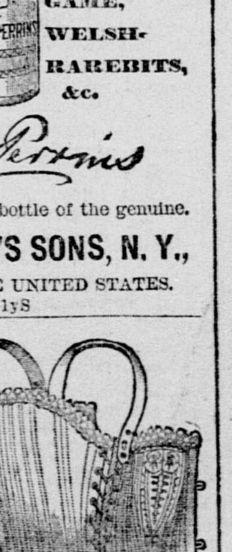

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Are the pioneer journals which, from early years in the history of the coast, have maintained the

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The only papers on the coast, outside of San Francisco, which receive the full Associated Press Dispatches and Specials.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Mexican War Veteran.

The wonderful efficacy of Swift's Specific as a remedy and cure for rheumatism and all blood disease, has never had a more conspicuous illustration than this case affords. The candid unsolicited and emphatic testimony given by the venerable gentleman must be accepted as convincing and conclusive. The writer is a prominent citizen of Mississippi. The gentleman to whom Mr. Martin refers, and to whom he is indebted for the advice to which he owes his final relief from years of suffering, is Mr. King, for many years the popular night clerk of the Lawrence House, at Jackson.

JACKSON, Miss., April 29, 1887.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.:

Gentlemen—I have been an invalid pensioner for forty years, having contracted pulmonary and other diseases in the Mexican War, but not till the 1st of March, 1875, did I feel any symptoms of rheumatism. On that day I was suddenly stricken with that disease in both hips and ankles. For twenty days I walk on crutches. Then the pain was less violent, but it shifted from joint to joint. For weeks I would be totally disabled, either on one side of my body or the other. The pain never left me a moment for eleven years and seven months—that is from March 1, 1875, when I was first attacked, to October 1, 1886, when I was cured. During these eleven years of intense suffering I tried innumerable perscriptions from various physicians, and tried every thing suggested by friends, but if I ever received the least benefit from any medicine taken internally or externally, I am not aware of it. Finally, about the first of September, I made arrangements to go to the Hot Springs of Arkansas, having despaired of every other remedy, when I accidentally met an old acquaintance, Mr. King, now of the Lawrence House, of this city. He had once been a great sufferer from rheumatism, and, as I suppose, had been cured by a visit to Hot Springs. But when I met him, he told me his visit to the Hot Springs was in vain—he found no relief. On his return from Hot Springs he heard, for the first time, of the S. S. S as a remedy for rheumatism. He tried it and six bottles made a complete cure. Several years have passed since, but he has had no return of the disease.

I immediately returned to try it. In September I took four bottles, and by the first of October I was well—as for as the rheumatism was concerned. All pain had disappeared, and I HAVE NOT FELT A TWINGE OF IT SINCE.

I have no interest in making this statement other than the hope that it may direct some other sufferer to a sure source of relief, and if it has this result I am well rewarded for my trouble. I am very respectfully and truly your friend. J. M. H. MARTIN.

For sale by all druggists. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,

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ABSOLUTE PURITY

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Starch That is Pure is Cheapest.

Largest Starch Works in the World

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STARCH

Strongest, Purest and Best. Most Easily Used and Economical. Gives a Beautiful, White Glossy and Lasting Finish. Preserves the Strength of Linen

IMPROVED CORN STARCH

"Perfection of Quality."

UNEQUALLED FOR FOOD.

Duryeas' Glen Cove Mfg. Co., in every instance of Competition in EUROPE or AMERICA for the past THIRTY YEARS, has received the HIGHEST AWARD. Ask your Grocer for it.

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Marvelous success.

Insane Persons Restored

DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER

for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. *Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc.* INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. *No Fits after first day's use.* Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. *BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.*

d14-1yTuThS&w1y

WEAK MEN MADE STRONG

Men suffering from Nervous Debility, Lost Vigor, Lack of Development, Premature Decline, etc., resulting from indiscretions, excesses, etc., cured without Stomach Drugging, by the GREAT MARSTON TREATMENT. Sealed book free. Repeat with information of value to all men. MARSTON REMEDY CO., 19 Park Place, New York.

ja6-1yTuThS&w1y

Electric Belt Free!

To introduce it and obtain agents we will, for the next sixty days give away, free of charge, in each county in the U. S., a limited number of our German Electro-Galvanic Suspensory Belts. Price, $5; a positive and unfailing cure for Nervous Debility, Varicocele, Emissions, Impotency, etc. $500 00 Reward paid if every Belt we manufacture does not generate a genuine electric current. Address at once, ELECTRIC BELT AGENCY, P. O. Box 178, Brooklyn, N. Y.

d14-1yTuThS

Crossman's Specific Mixture

With this remedy persons can cure themselves without the least exposure, change of diet, or change in application to business. The medicine contains nothing that is of the least injury to the constitution. Ask your druggist for it. Price, $1 a bottle. fe26-1yWS

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

FOLSOM WATER POWER COMPANY, LOcation of principal place of business San Francisco, California. Location of works, Folsom, Sacramento county, California. Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the 31st day of August, 1887, an assessment of three (3) dollars per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the company, 507 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., rooms 13 and 14. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on WEDNESDAY, the 5th day of October, 1887, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the 26th day of October, 1887, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

HORATIO P. LIVERMORE, Secretary.

Folsom Water Power Company, rooms 13 and 14, 507 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

s3-4wS

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACramento, ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The people of the State of California to JOHN DROHAN, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the county of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by the filing of a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 6th day of JULY, 1887, in which action MICHAEL DROHAN is plaintiff, and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To recover judgment against you for the sum of $1,109 50, and interest thereon from the 15th day of August, 1882, at the rate of seven per cent. per annum. And plaintiff alleges that on the 15th day of August, 1882, in the Superior Court of the county of Sacramento, State of California, a judgment was duly given and made by said Court in favor of plaintiff and against you, in an action in said Court last above named pending, wherein this plaintiff and said defendant was defendant, for the sum of $1,109 50 gold coin, which said judgment bears interest at the rate of seven per cent. per annum, and that the same has not been paid and is due, owing and unpaid, all of which will more fully appear in the complaint, to which reference is hereby made. And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere. And you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will take default and judgment against you as prayed for in the complaint.

In testimony whereof, I, Wm. B. Hamilton, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, hereunto set my hand and affix the seal of said Court, this 6th day of July A. D. 1887.

[SEAL.] WM. B. HAMILTON, Clerk.

By JOS. J. GUTH, Deputy Clerk.

ROB'T T. DEVLIN, Attorney for Plaintiff.

s10-9tS

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JACOB GABLE, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, ELLEN GABLE, executrix of the estate of JACOB GABLE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary affidavits or vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to said executrix, at the office of A. L. Hart, at No. 426½ J street, Sacramento city, California. ELLEN GABLE.

Dated September 2, 1887.

A. L. HART, Attorney for Executrix. s3-4tS