THE EMPEROR'S DEATH.

I.

That there is such a force as psychic force cannot at this late day be denied. Too many incidents are occurring wherein the influence of one mind is very seriously felt by other to class them all as coincidents, as the disbelievers fain would do. How often have you felt, we will say, that some old friend is in your neighborhood, and have him call on you before the thought had left your mind? Or, how often have you stepped into an office where you have not been for months before, to be greeted with the salutation, "Glad to see you, old man! Strange! but I was just thinking of you." Have you never had your thoughts mysteriously directed toward a certain person, and within a few minutes, or at the outside a few hours received some communication from him? Have you never had a premonition that some evil thing was about to occur—a premonition not founded upon any reason or formed after any personal observations—and find it verified in all its unhappy aspects? If none of these things have occurred to you, you may fairly claim to be unique, and if you have been foolish enough to regard them wholly as coincidents you have willfully placed yourself on the side of ignorance and error. The Society of Psychical Research in England, which has branches all over the world, has been for years engaged in investigating these psychical phenomena, with the intention of classifying its returns, and from them building a science. This, I am afraid, will never succeed. Psychical force is so wary in its working and so delicate in its communications that it never can be written down in text-books like the Newtonian theory of the Rule of Three. No two persons are affected alike by this force. In some it awakens a quick and sensitive response. In others it may cause a sensation that the recipient pleasantly attributes to indigestion, and then dismisses from his mind. Yet, in spite of the difficulty in harnessing the force, I know it can be done. I know it has been done. I was for years the most intimate friend of the man who did it, and although I have kept silent for the past sixteen years, and have heard him called a lunatic and a crank, I have even repelled this statement in argument, and am grateful for the opportunity, even at this late day, to vindicate in the public print the much maligned reputation of my gifted friend.

II.

George Lawrence and I were friends from the first day we met. We were both reporters in the employ of morning newspapers, and we first met at a ball in Harlem some time in 1870. I have forgotten the exact date, but I shall never forget the impression George made on me. He was slender to a degree that almost made him eligible for a museum of freaks. His legs seemed to have been worn thin by sheer worry. They were bent at the knees, where the trowsers took a forward lunge, and when they were in use, they had a shambling, apologetic gait that carried their owner over the pavement very much in the same way that a convivial man gets home from his club at cock's-crow in the morning. But when one looked at the head of George Lawrence he forgot all about the other portions of his anatomy. It was a royal head, covered with a splendid growth of curly brown hair. The forehead was broad, the nose aquline, the mouth as sensitive as a girl's, and the chin, though firm was delicate and refined. I cannot tell you why George and I became friends at once unless it was because I helped him out with his "story," supplying certain important facts that he had missed, and otherwise seeing that he should not be "beaten" as the vernacular of the trade runs. He was very grateful, and during the hour or longer we spent in riding back to our offices in Newspaper Row he managed to tell me a great deal about himself, and a great deal that was interesting, too, for George Lawrence never told anything that was not entertaining. He had led a roving life ever since he had left college, about ten years before, to finish his collegiate course at Heidelberg University. From Germany he went to France, where he lived two years. Thence he wandered into India, soon as far east as China, and on his return he spent nearly a year with the gypsies in Hungary. Here he acquired the Romany tongue, and here he picked up a vast number of the peculiar beliefs of these wandering tribes. He learned to read destiny in palms, to tell the future by the stars. The wild life he enjoyed was just to his liking. He entered into the sports and into the practices of his nomadic friends with a zest that civilized life had never possessed for him.

When he came back at the death of his father to take possession of his modest patrimony, he delved into the mysteries of the future as no professional soothsayer would ever think of doing. Palmistry and astrology he mastered as completely as was possible, and then turned his attention to mind-reading. The way he took up this branch of psychical research was singular in the extreme. He related the incident to me after we had become well acquainted, which was not later than a fortnight after the evening of our introduction.

"I was walking up Broadway one afternoon," said Lawrence, "one of those bright, sunny days of early fall, when I met a man whom I had never seen before. He was tall and soldierly in his bearing, and was dressed in excellent taste. I should judge that his age was somewhere between forty and fifty years. The instant I met him I felt that he knew something about an old friend of mine. I even felt more. I felt that he was thinking of that man when I met him, and that his thoughts were unpleasant. I dismissed the idea from my mind. An hour or so later I met the stranger in the St. Nicholas Hotel cafe. There I was introduced to him, and over a bottle of wine I told him of my impression. He said it was correct. He was an intimate friend of Johann Gartoner, a classmate of mine at Heidelberg. And at the moment I met him he was pondering over a letter he had just received from my friend's brother announcing his sudden death."

This was George Lawrence's start in the particular field he was soon to cultivate as no man had ever done before. After we had become more intimate and I saw more of the workings of his mind, I discovered that he had extraordinary abilities in the line he had laid out for himself. At our evening meetings in his rooms, for George was comparatively well to do and met the expenses of an establishment from his private fortune. I saw many men of renown in the world of letters—men who were deeply impressed with the remarkable abilities of my friend as I was myself. George Lawrence was not what is called a "natural newspaper man." I have never been able to decide why he remained in the profession. He was as sensitive as a woman. He had no idea of "news." He was as apt to make a column "story" of a "two-stick" paragraph as he was to condense the sensation of the day into half a dozen lines. As a consequence he was relegated to routine work, such work as would be "covered" by the regular reporters or news associations. Sometimes his long stories would be unavailable, but more often his short reports would have to be supplemented by those of more experienced news-gatherers. I often asked him why he did not give up newspaper work and go into something more congenial. At these times he would lose his usually equable temper and declare that I was in league with his superiors in office, who had given him similar advice through jealousy. He was infatuated with the business, and devoted himself to it with the same zeal that he had investigated the various "ologies" and "isms" that had filled his mind before I had met him.

III.

As George became more experienced in mind-reading his powers grew. He soon was able to read what was passing in the minds of his intimate friends. I have often been surprised by some such statement as "It can't be done, old boy," or "Better give it up and try some other plan," in answer to some unspoken question of mine, a question whose very existence I was ignorant of until I had heard its answer. I was not the only one of Lawrence's friends who was surprised at his wonderful ability. It became a common thing for him to interrupt our conversation by asking or answering unspoken questions. At first this was extremely amusing but after a while it became very tiresome. With all his genius, George was apt to become a bore at times, and so it happened that he reserved his manifestations almost solely for me, and although he might, had he chosen, read in my thought how weary I was of his oft-repeated story, he never seemed to have any curiosity in that direction, and I continued to play the sacrificing and amiable martyr to his persecutor until the time of those occurrences that form the basis of this narrative.

Within a comparatively short time George was able to read the passing thoughts of strangers whom he met. I remember one night as we were walking down a deserted East side street we passed a well-dressed man who was slowly walking toward the river. Hastily leaving my side George caught up with the stranger and linked his arm in his. Accustomed as I was to the vagaries of my friend, I was surprised, but nothing remained for me to do but to follow. This I did, and they led me down the quiet street and into the Bowery, where they finally ended their journey in an all-night restaurant. While I waited at a side table I saw the stranger devour with the hunger of a starving man dinner enough for a small company. After he had finished George thrust a small bill into his hand and joined me. It appears that he had read in the stranger's mind that he was starving. He was out of work. He had no money, and there was no one to befriend him. He was on his way to the river, where he intended to end his sorrows and his life by the same plunge. George, as I said, divined his purpose, and thwarted it in the manner I have described.

As the months lengthened into years, George's strange powers increased. At the end of two years from the first time I met him he not only could tell what was passing through the minds of those whom he knew, but of men whom he had never seen and who were separated from him by oceans. Often and often he has told me what was going on at Cabinet meetings in London and Berlin, only to see his statements corroborated by the news in the morning papers.

Probably there never was a man since the world was created who had the same peculiar nature that my friend possessed. Probably no other man was ever susceptible in the same degree to the mysterious influence of psychical force, and certainly in George Lawrence, more than in any other man, did this force show its highest development.

It was nearly three years later after I first met him when he startled me by saying that he proposed to turn his mind-reading powers to some practical use. He intended to make money out of them. I was startled, because that was the first trace of practical common sense I had noticed in my friend since his pscyhical fever had set in. It is needless to say that I applauded his determination. "Do it by all means," I said. "But how?"

"I know you will oppose my plan," he replied. "You know I have just $1,000 left from my inheritance? Well, I intend to use that money and start a daily newspaper."

In vain I pleaded with him. I told him more brutally than I had ever done before that he was no newspaper man. I told him that he was no business man, and proved to him by the old logic of historical facts that no man who was not remarkable as an editor, or as a business manager ever made a success of a newspaper venture. No, he was determined, and as the $1,000 belonged to him and not to myself, I was powerless to interfere.

"You haven't heard me through," he said, interrupting my indignant protest. "This is my plan. I shall read what is going on all over the world in advance of the newspapers, and I shall each day write the important telegraphic news myself. It will be an instantaneous test. I know it will be a go in spite of such old-fashioned grumblers as yourself."

"If you are going to make mind-reading a feature of your brilliant scheme," I said, "why don't you let your agile intellect wander down to Wall street? Read Commodore Vanderbilt's mind, or glance for about ten minutes into the mind of Jay Gould, and then use your $1,000 as your judgment may dictate on the street?"

"That would be stealing, I think," added George gravely. But George always was an impracticable man.

IV.

This was late in November. It was on January 5, 1873, that I got a note from him asking me to call at once at his office, 32½ Spruce street. I called. He had started his paper. That is to say, he had bought his plant, and had his titular headline engraved. It was to be called *Psyckos*, and it was to be printed in one of its owner's two rooms on the top floor. This room was neatly furnished with type cases, and half a dozen printers sat around with the satisfied air of men who are paid good wages for doing no work.

These were George Lawrence's plans as he told them to me: "I shall wait," he said, "until something great occurs. Then I shall launch *Psyches* with a great flourishing of bunting. I must have my printers here, in case something unexpectedly turns up. I take my local and telegraph news from the news associations, and my business manager is assistant editor. It is something of an expense, I know, but I shall make it go."

V.

Now, while the world at large has been taught to believe that Louis Napoleon, once Emperor of France, died at Chiselhurst, England, on January 9, 1873, I knew and George Lawrence knew that he drew his last breath four days before that date. This is a startling statement, but I can prove it.

It was two days after my interview with George that my ear was startled by the cry of the newsboy, "Here's your *Psychos*, all about the death of the Emperor Napoleon." George's opportunity had come earlier than he thought it would. I bought a copy. It contained little else of interest than a whole page story of the death of the French usurper. The account also stated that owing to the troubled conditions of affairs in France, and in order to aid the aspirations of the Imperialists, who were looking for a restoration of their fallen dynasty, the death would be kept a secret a day or two.

Of course none of the other afternoon papers contained a line regarding the Emperor's death. But the next morning all of the local journals had something to say about the Emperor's health being no worse than it had been for several days before, and one of George's contemporaries said that "an irresponsible afternoon sheet had published a sensational report regarding the Emperor's death, which we are glad to be able to deny," etc.

The next afternoon *Psychos* followed up its first report with a still longer and more circumstantial report of the death of the royal refugee. It said that two members of the late Emperor's household had left for Paris to confer with the Imperial leaders in that city as to the expediency of declaring the Prince Imperial Emperor, and making one great effort to overthrow Thiers' government. On the first day *Psychos* had met with a remarkable sale, but the second day found it something of a drug upon the market. The repetition of the same cry did not strike the newspaper buyer's ear favorably. It savored of deception, and it so happened that the second day's receipts fell below the cost of the white paper even.

After the third day's paper had been printed, I visited George in his office. He was full of enthusiasm. "I shall prove to to the world that I am right," he said.

"When?" I asked.

"Not to-day, but to-morrow, perhaps. Negotiations are pending now in France, and an Emperor may be declared to-morrow. The leaders are considering the advisability of the movement. It all depends on the Empress who, at the present time, is almost wild with grief. The news of the late Emperor's death is kept a profound secret, even from the servants of the household, and the physicians have lent themselves to the deception."

To-morrow came, but no vindication to my friend, and when I met him at noon I was shocked by his appearance. He looked as though he had not slept for a fortnight. His spare figure seemed to have taken an additional weight upon its shoulders, and his meager legs shambled more than ever as they carried their owner to and fro across the office floor.

"Yes, I know I look ill," George said in answer to my inquiry, "and I am ill. Look here." And he threw down on his desk a package of papers—legal papers. The owner of the building had made application to a civil justice to dispossess him for the non-payment of rent, for George, in his usual unbusiness way had spent his entire capital in fitting up his office, in paying his printers and in buying his white paper, and had nothing left beyond what he needed for bare sustenance.

He had still kept those readers his paper found informed regarding the various measures that were being taken to keep the Emperor's death secret while political negotiations were going on. And these readers were growing less and less each day. Even the printers began to regard their employer as insane.

When I saw him I began to doubt his sanity myself. He was as pale as death, and his eyes were as wild as those of a maniac.

"George," said I, "I know that you are right. I know that the Emperor is dead, but what is the use of worrying yourself to death trying to convince the public of that fact just at this time, when, according to your own statements, the news will be withheld for several days. Leave this wretched business. Come with me and spend a week or so in quiet. Then turn your attention to Wall street, and make enough money in a week to run a newspaper for a year."

He listened to my arguments. At least I think he heard them, but his face gave no sign of that fact, and when I had finished he asked me to call again at 2 o'clock, when he would give me his answer. I went away with a heavier load on my heart than I had carried for many a day.

VI.

At 2 o'clock punctually I was at the foot of the dingy flight of stairs that led to the editorial rooms of *Psychos*. Before I reached the upper floor I saw the printers outside the door that led to George's room. They said they had heard a suspicious noise in there and asked me what should be done. I advised that the door, which was locked, should be broken in. This was done. On the floor lay Lawrence. In his hand was a revolver and a gaping wound in his forehead told the story of his disappointment. As I reached him he drew his last breath; at the same instant from the street below I heard the cries of the newsboys:

"Here's your *Evening News*, all about the death of the Emperor Napoleon."—*Courier-Journal.*

A' ABOOT IT.

"O Mary, will you gang wi' me,
An' mak' my hame a heeven?
I'll licht yer nights, an' bless yer days
Wi' love as lang's I'm leeven."
"Toots, laddie, dinna waste yer win'—
It's waur than wasted speakin',
Ye hae but ae heart at the best,
An' I'm no' her it's seekin'."

"Ah, Mary, I had ance a heart,
But I hae ane nae langer.
Yer een hae wiled it frae my breest,
An' aye the spell grows stranger."
"Ah, havers, Tam, ye ken fu' weel,
Noo whaur ye' a roamin'
Yestreen, ye followed Maggie Rae
Adoon the glen at gloamin'."

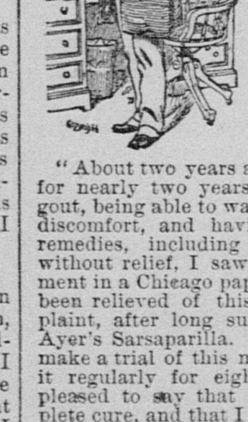
"Mary, I thacht it was yersel',
But ne'er a word was spoken;
The glen was dark without your smile,
An' I cam' hame heart-broken."
"Weel, maybe, Tam, ye were mista'en,
But I'll tak' leave to doot it.
It seems ye had to kiss lang Meg
To find oot a' aboot it."

—*William Lyle, in Detroit Free Press.*

A number of medical students at Harvard are about to take a course of lessons at the Boston Cooking School.

A Fact

WORTH knowing is that blood diseases which all other remedies fail to cure, yield to **Ayer's Sarsaparilla.** Fresh confirmation of this statement comes to hand daily. Even such deep-seated and stubborn complaints as Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, and the like, are thoroughly eradicated by the use of this wonderful alterative.



Mrs. R. Irving Dodge, 110 West 125th street, New York, certifies:—

"About two years ago, after suffering for nearly two years from rheumatic gout, being able to walk only with great discomfort, and having tried various remedies, including mineral waters, without relief, I saw by an advertisement in a Chicago paper that a man had been relieved of this distressing complaint, after long suffering, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I then decided to make a trial of this medicine, and took it regularly for eight months. I am pleased to say that it effected a complete cure, and that I have since had no return of the disease."

Mrs. L. A. Stark, Nashua, N. H., writes: "One year ago I was taken ill with rheumatism, being confined to my house six months. I came out of the sickness very much debilitated, with no appetite, and my system disordered in every way. I commenced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla and began to improve at once, gaining in strength and soon recovering my usual health. I cannot say too much in praise of this well-known medicine."

"I have taken a great deal of medicine, but nothing has done me so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I felt its beneficial effects before I had quite finished one bottle, and I can freely testify that it is the best blood-medicine I know of."—L. W. Ward Sr., Woodland, Texas.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

PILES. SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form and protrude, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. **ITCHING PILES.** SWAYNE'S OINTMENT is sold by druggists, or mailed to any address on receipt of price, 50 cts. a box; 3 boxes, $1.25. Address letters, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

d12-5mTTS

CHEERFULNESS.

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES.

Just as Much a Man's Duty to be Happy as it is to be Honest or Virtuous.

The following address, delivered by W. S. Hoskinson, of the First English Lutheran Church, at Pioneer Hall on Sunday last will be found of interest:

"Be of good cheer."—Acts xxvii., 25.

This language was spoken by Paul to the seamen of the little craft which was carrying himself, as a prisoner, to Rome. The ship was tossed about by the waves of the Mediterranean as a cat would toss a mouse, and liable to be torn in twain at any moment. Then this strange prisoner stood up in the midst of these hardy, trembling sailors and said, "Be of good cheer."

But Paul himself is using the language of another. It was the night after the exciting scene in the presence of the high priest, Ananias, the person who commanded his men to smite Paul on the mouth for his bold language. "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall" was the answer which Paul gave to this harsh treatment. Then Paul continued his defense, and, by preaching the resurrection of the dead, caused a division among the Pharisees and Sadducees present, which nearly amounted to a riot, and Paul was likely to be torn to pieces in the contest. Soldiers had to be ordered up, and these, rescuing Paul, rushed him off to the prison. It was an awful experience, such as causes the spirit of a man to droop, but such testimony can never be lost. There had been heavenly witnesses to the whole scene, as there always are, and "the night following the Lord stood by him and said: 'Be of good cheer, Paul, for as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness in Rome also.'"

Some speak of the religion which we profess as gloomy, and say we have no evidence that our leader was ever known to laugh. The latter may be true, but this does not of necessity make our religion gloomy. Jesus was cheerful and this is better than hilarity. Laughter would not have brought the comfort to Paul this night in prison that these words of cheer gave.

Then at another time Jesus was coming into his own town, Capernaum, when there confronted him a man terribly afflicted with the palsy. Here again those words were spoken, "sweeter than honey and the honeycomb," to this helpless, suffering man: "Son, be of good cheer."

At another time a storm was raging on the sea of Galilee while the Master was off on the mountain alone in prayer. A little fishing boat, carrying the disciples, was struggling with the waves. It was a fearful night, but during the storm the disciples saw a form approaching, walking on the sea. This terrified them even more than the storm, but over the winds and the waves a voice was heard which stilled the tempest without and the trembling hearts within the little ship. Again it was the voice of Jesus: "Be of good cheer."

Just before the scenes of Calvary Jesus delivered a most remarkable address to the disciples. He knew that soon all these would be like ships adrift at sea, without mast or compass or steerage or Captain. They would be "recalled every man to his own." Troubles, persecutions, storms and tempests await them; and none knew this so well as Jesus. Many of them would have to suffer death for his sake. But in the face of it all Jesus uttered these words which have been the strength of his people in all these centuries: "In the world ye shall have tribulations, but be of good cheer."

I care not whether the voice of Jesus was ever heard in uproarious laughter. Give me the bright perpetual sunshine which we can get from his cheerfulness. This brings life and joy and perpetual calm—just what the world needs at all times and under all circumstances.

And now we want to make the assertion that it is just as much a man's duty to be happy, as happy as his circumstances will allow, as it is to be honest and virtuous. Making the best of whatever comes in life is planing the plank in the proper way of the grain. Go about in this world saying and feeling that luck is against you, and you will be planing against the grain all the time. Just keep saying a little while that luck is against you, and soon everybody will believe it and help to make it so. This is the kind of talk that does not need much advertising—it floats freely. No man or woman should be a scruple's weight less happy than his circumstances will permit. It shows a weak mind or a want of faith in men and things and God, or a disposition which needs education.

Throughout the world the cheerful man is the useful man. He sees that there is enough of misery without any addition from him; but that misery is not the rule of life. He sees that people may be cheerful in every condition; "the lambs skip, the birds fly joyously, puppies play, kittens are full of joyance, the whole air is full of careering and rejoicing insects—that everywhere the good outbalances the bad, and that every evil there is has its compensating balm."

These cheerful souls are not soon forgotten. They live long in memory. We remember joy more readily than sorrow, and always look back gratefully upon the brave and the cheerful.

Doing nothing, sitting at home in idleness, will bring gloom to a man; but work, honest toil, will cause the sun to shine. It is the reaction which comes over a man from a sense of duty done. Thus—

"Each day finds some task begun,
Each evening brings its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose."

Here is a prescription which banishes all care and discontent and leaves the mind to perpetual calm and cheerfulness.

THIS IS BETTER THAN MIRTH.

Levity is not cheerfulness. The man most given to mirth is often a stranger to cheerfulness. The former is an act, the latter is habit. Mirth is short and transient. Cheerfulness is fixed and permanent. "Those are often raised to the highest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy." Cheerfulness may not give us such exquisite gladness, but it prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Addison says: "Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind and fills it with a steady and perpetual calm." See how the ivy climbs and covers old castles and temples with its splendid robe, making what was unsightly to appear beautiful and green; so we have ofttimes seen patience and cheerfulness adorning the wrecks of fortune.

Thus cheerfulness brings health and helpfulness. Work becomes lighter, home becomes brighter, and there is healthiness in the entire atmosphere surrounding such persons. Carlyle says: "Give us, oh, give us the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time—he will do it better—he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue while he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation its power of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine—graceful from very gladness—beautiful because bright." Such it is, too, that lightens the pains of sickness, eases the pressure of poverty, and brings true comfort in affliction. It is not confined to any class or rank. Everybody can get it who tries to get out into the light of things.

But the person of soured disposition will tell us that there is always enough wrong in the world to make a man miserable. This is true, but the wrong is ever being righted; and if we will, we can always find enough good and right to make us joyful. There are times of shadow, but always sunshine somewhere; and the brave soul will go on his way rejoicing, fully contented to look ahead if a cloud hang over; hoping still, if for the moment cast down, thus honoring any calling in life, making the meanest rags respectable by the way he wears them; happy and full of sunshine himself, and sending beams of good cheer into every heart.

The gospel means good news, and this is the possession of the Christian. It is his duty to be cheerful. The world will believe that Christians have good news when they read it in their cheerful lives; not when they see sadness on these faces. Oh, Christian, do not make the world feel that you are miserable in your high calling, and that when they turn Christians they must bid farewell to joy and go into the house of mourning. Men will judge religion by the exhibition which is made of it, much as they judge a country by the exhibition which is made of it. At all times Christ would have his disciples bring forth fruit. "Bearing of fruit, sweet, luscious and blessed, is the business of the Christian life."

Christianity is not then to put on the veil or hide away in the cloister. Cheerfulness, good spirits, lightheartedness, merriment is neither un-Christian nor unsaintly. No man can please God a particle more by eating bitter herbs than by eating sweet honey. A cloudy, foggy, rainy day is not one whit more heavenly than a day of sunshine. "A funeral march is not so much like the music of the angels as the song of birds on a May morning." And no man can make me believe that there is any more religion in the gaunt, naked forest in winter than in the laughing blossoms of spring and the ripe, rich forests of autumn. For certainly it was not the pleasant things of this world that came from the devil and the dreary, disagreeable things from God. What if "sin brought death into the world and all our woe;" just as soon as sin vanishes the woe will vanish too. God is ever blessed and glorious. He dwells in the light of joy and purity, and we shall not become more like him by becoming more miserable and by extinguishing the light and brightness of life, but we shall appreciate him more and more as our blessedness becomes more complete. The true Christian graces are all radiant with happiness. Think of faith, hope and love—no sadness about them. No, the religion of Christ is not one of sorrow. It consoles wretchedness and brightens with a divine glory the luster of every lesser joy. It draws to itself the broken-hearted, the weary, the lonely, the outcast and the despairing, but it gives to them rest and peace and comfort. It rekindles hope where the fire has almost gone out; it inspires strength and courage and joy; it may check the idle, frivolous merriment, but it gives instead calm and peaceful cheerfulness, which is the strength and balm and sunshine of life and the light and joy of heaven.

The Buccaneers of Old

Flaunted the skull and cross-bones, their ensign, defiantly at the masthead. Your modern pirate, not on the high seas, but upon the high reputation of standard remedies, skulks under various disguises. His hole and corner traffic has never to any degree affected Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, although that standard invigorant and corrective has long been the shining mark at which his shafts have been directed. Cheap local bitters, composed of fiery unrectified stimulants, with an infusion, or extract possibly, of some tonic bark, are still sometimes recommended as identical with, or similar to, or possessing virtues kindred to those of America's chosen family medicine. These perish speedily, while the great subduer and preventive of disease pursues its successful career, overcoming malaria, dyspepsia, nervousness, kidney troubles, constipation and rheumatic ailments, not only on this, but on many continents.

A SLIGHT cold, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. Brown's Bronchial Troches give immediate relief.

A large allmouth, or "devil fish," was recently washed ashore at Ocean City, N. J. In its stomach was found a seagull.

SIMMONS' Liver Regulator has never been known to fail to cure all liver diseases.

If you have a
COLD or COUGH,
acute or leading to
CONSUMPTION,
SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES
OF LIME AND SODA
IS SURE CURE FOR IT.

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SUMMONS.—STATE OF CALIFORNIA, County of Sacramento. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to W. L. MONTGOMERY, MARY MONTGOMERY and J. M. WATTS, 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 8th day of October, 1889, in which action LOYD L. GODDARD is plaintiff, and you are defendants. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To recover judgment against you for the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, due upon the promissory note of said W. L. and Mary Montgomery to plaintiff, dated May 12, 1887, for $1,800, together with interest upon said sum of $1,500 from October 26, 1888, at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, and which note defendant Watts assumed and agreed to pay.

Also, to obtain a decree of this Court for the foreclosure of a certain mortgage executed by the said W. L. and Mary Montgomery on the 12th day of May, 1887, to secure the payment of said note, from W. L. and Mary Montgomery to plaintiff above described. And the premises conveyed by said mortgage, to wit: All of lots 14, 15 and 16, in the town of Florin, in the county of Sacramento, State of California, containing 7¼ acres, more or less, and bounded on the north by the township line between San Joaquin and Brighton township, on the east by lot No. 17 in said town, on the south by A street, and on the west by lot No. 13 in said town, and being a part of the northeast one-quarter of section two, in township 7 north, of range 5 east, Mt. Diablo base and meridian, be sold, and the proceeds applied to the payment of the expenses of sale, the costs of this action, and the amount found due. And in case such proceeds are not sufficient to pay the same, that judgment be docketed against W. L. Montgomery, Mary Montgomery and J. M. Watts for the balance remaining due; and, also, that the said defendants, and all persons claiming by, through, or under them, may be barred and foreclosed of all right, title, claim, lien, equity or redemption and interest in and to said mortgaged premises, and for other and further relief.

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 apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said 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 8th day of October, A. D. 1889.

[SEAL.] W. B. HAMILTON, Clerk.
By W. W. RHOADS, Deputy Clerk.
CHAUNCEY H. DUNN, Attorney for Plaintiff.
fe1-9tS

MISCELLANEOUS.

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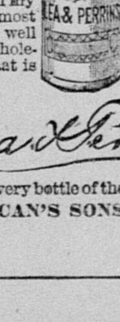

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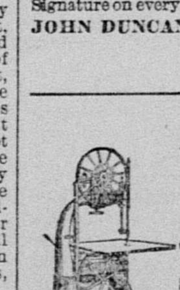

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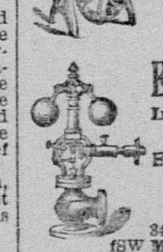

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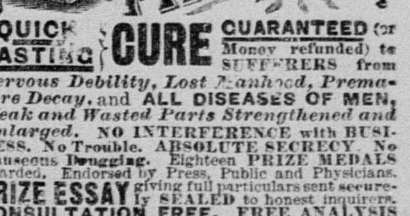

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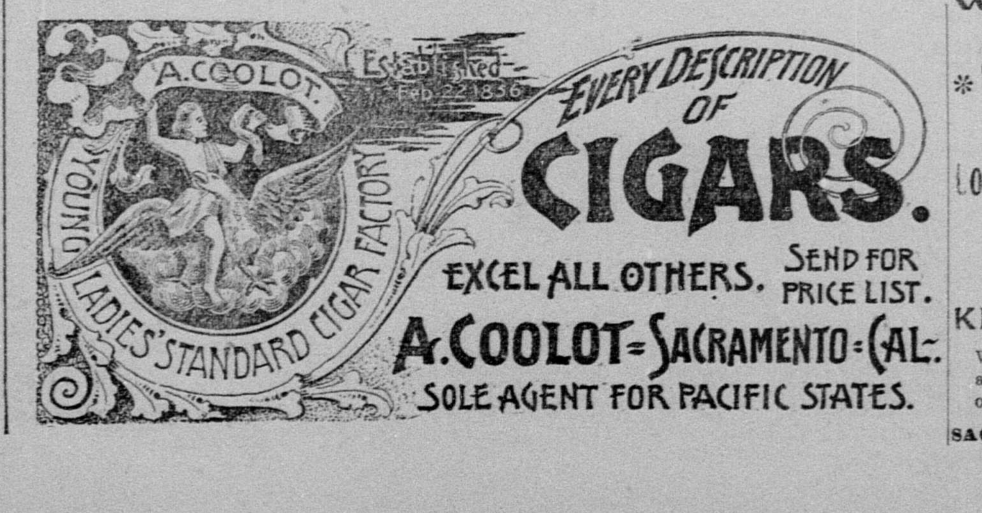

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