NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

A MOMENT OF ANGER;

—OR,—

The History of Mr. and Mrs. Brownlow's Quarrel.

BY ROBERT HOTE.

CHAPTER I.

ON their return from the theater the servants of Mr. and Mrs. Brownlow saw with the greatest astonishment that neither of them was at home. Habitually, when their master and mistress dined out, they returned towards eleven o'clock. On this particular evening the lady's maid sat up waiting for their return. At three o'clock in the morning Mr. Brownlow returned alone. The maid, astonished, asked for her mistress. "She will not come home," was the gruff answer. "You can go to bed."

The next morning the servants rose early to gossip over the event. They began to inquire into the facts. On the day before the lady's maid, who was acquainted with a dramatic author, had received some tickets for the Star Theater. Knowing that the master and mistress were to dine out, she had asked for permission to go out with the cook. Mr. Brownlow, who was in the room at that moment, said that he had no need of the valet and they might take him with them also. All the servants had left at seven o'clock, leaving Mrs. Browlow dressed ready to go out and her husband finishing a letter. They had not sent for a carriage; there was a cab stand a few steps from the house and the weather was dry. From that moment they knew nothing more.

The master and mistress had been married a year. They were evidently rich, because they lived in a fashionable part of Fifth avenue in a charming house beautifully furnished. One could well see that there was no lack of money; the butcher, the grocer, the baker, etc., had never to present their bills twice, and at meal times pecuniary matters were never mentioned.

Nevertheless, there were often stormy scenes between them. Mr. Brownlow was quiet, taciturn and headstrong; he was never angry, but when he had once taken it into his head that he did not want a thing it was impossible to make him change his mind. The servants did not like him because he was cold and haughty. Naturally, his wife was of an entirely different character; she had many caprices, and became vehement if disappointed in carrying them out; she scolded, cried and wept, but, after all, it was always she who smiled first and came to embrace her husband. She was jealous, did not like her husband to go out alone, particularly in the evening, and was anxious to read all the letters he received, but he obstinately fought for his independence, did not wish to tell her where he went or where he had been and declared his intention to remain the master of his correspondence. Besides such stormy moments, the two seemed to adore each other, but their life in common was not without difficulties.

They received few visitors, and the persons who came to the house were generally members of the family or friends. The lady's parents were mentioned at times, but they never came to see her.

After having commented on all these circumstances, the servants found no motive sufficient to explain why their mistress had not returned. The valet could endure it no longer, and he formally asked if he should lay a plate for madame when he set the table, and when she would come back.

"Lay the table as you always do and let me alone," was the answer.

He laid her plate for breakfast, then for dinner. The next day he omitted it.

The master of the house was moody and silent; he remained absent sometimes for days. The persons whose habit it was to call on him arrived as usual and were received by him, but nobody knew what he had said to them. The mystery became unbearable. The maid determined to call upon her friend at service in the house where her master and mistress were to have dined on the day of the event. She learned then that the family had waited for them until eight o'clock, and that they had not been seen there. They might have written, perhaps, since, but no dispatch had come on that evening. The lady's absence became more and more unaccountable. Something extraordinary must have happened immediately after the departure of the servants to cause the breaking of the engagement for dinner. And where had they dined? Not at home, assuredly. If, when they were alone, they had changed their mind and taken a fancy not to go out and to dine alone, they would have disturbed the buffet in the dining-room and the cupboard in the pantry. Nothing had been moved. And then the lady had not taken any luggage with her, not even a valise, not even a traveling bag. She had gone away in an evening dress, with nothing in her hand, and she had not come back.

The story soon spread through the neighborhood. It could interest directly but the furnishers of the house, the baker, the butcher, the grocer, etc., who knew Mr. and Mrs. Brownlow. They said that she was a very pretty and gracious lady and that they did not think she was very happy. They spoke about it to their acquaintances, and the affair made a great stir. People generally are fond of mysteries, but on condition only that they shall be told finally all about them they consent to suspend their curiosity during the first act of the drama, for they know they will get satisfaction in the fifth act. They must know the last word of the mystery. Consequently they began to make inquiries in order to find out what might have become of Mrs. Brownlow; they were lost in conjecture upon what might have happened on the day of her disappearance, between seven o'clock in the evening and three o'clock in the morning; they studied the face of their master when he went out or when he returned, and they found out that he seemed strangely careworn. There were crowds of people before the house; they discussed the possible circumstances of the secret drama. Some jokers invented a whole story which they told to the passers-by, and the policemen of that beat had to interfere to make the crowds move on.

The serious people of the quarter, fathers of families and store-keepers, disapproved of these gatherings, but thought that justice ought to take the affair in hand; they hinted that it is not to be permitted in a civilized country that one cause a woman to disappear without rendering an account of her disappearance. "Rich people," said they, "have connections with the police and they are asked no questions in a case where a poor man would be arrested immediately." On the other hand, people wondered why the family of the young woman had not yet put in an appearance. One may not be on good terms with one's children, but this is not a reason to suffer them to be murdered without saying a word about it. Perhaps the lady's parents did not know yet what had happened; there ought to be somebody charitable enough to inform them of the occurrence.

And then new crowds gathered on the sidewalk near the house, with inquisitive and threatening attitudes. They did not pay any longer attention to the injunctions of the police, and order in the street became disturbed, so that one day the chief of police presented himself at the house of the Brownlows. "Sir," said this clever functionary, "for some time past there has been a serious tumult, the cause of which is not very clear to me. I sent some policemen to disperse the crowd; but new gatherings are found in proportion as the old ones are scattered, and I had to inquire into the motives that brought them together. I have heard some singular rumors to which I can not attach the least credit; but I should like to be in a position to answer them intelligently in your own interest as well as that of public order, and I have come here to ask of you some explanation, which will enable me to act in the matter with propriety."

The chief of police had had some trouble to reach the end of this little speech; he expected to be interrupted at the first words and his little effort had not been studied beforehand. But he found himself in the presence of a cool man, who listened to him without opening his mouth, and who looked straight in his eyes. When he had finished Mr. Brownlow answered him:

"It is a fact, sir, that I have remarked, too, for some time the crowds of people standing before my house. I am ignorant of the reason thereof; so far they have not

"PERMIT ME TO REMARK TO YOU, SIR."

done any damage to me and I do not complain. If it hinders the travel in the public street, if there should result any disturbance of the quiet and good order of the neighborhood, it is your business to take the necessary measure to put a stop to such a state of affairs. For my part, I should be glad not to have to mix in these crowds every time I go out or when I come in."

After these words he threw himself back in his chair like a man who had finished speaking and had said all he had to say.

"Permit me to remark to you, sir," said the chief of police, very politely, "that the present situation can not be prolonged. The gatherings of which you are the cause are not of a dangerous character; it is a restrained and local movement; but if prompt measures are not taken it will spread to the neighboring localities, and on the day when it is generally known that there is agitation around your house you will have the whole city under your windows."

"I should be sorry, I assure you, Mr. Chief of Police, if this should give any annoyance to the city authorities; but it does not concern me. If there is any disorder in the street you have at your disposal the means for its repression. Take your platoons of police; if that is not sufficient, send for the soldiers of the National Guard, and if the movement takes a dangerous aspect you will have it in your power to call out the artillery. But I do not understand why you should address yourself to me in this circumstance. What am I to do?"

"As you ask me, sir, I will tell you plainly. The reason of these crowds whose unusual presence you have remarked yourself, in a street habitually so quiet, is the disappearance of your wife. I do not know what may have given birth to the rumors which are afloat; but it is said that for several days she has been absent from her home, and they even go so far as to accuse you of a crime. I do not doubt for a moment that all these rumors are without foundation. But if you are willing to give me an explanation of your wife's absence, I shall then be able to contradict all the reports which are afloat on her account, reassure public opinion and calm the fears of the people."

Mr. Brownlow rose, and in a few words put an end to the chief's visit.

"I have no explanation to give you, sir," said he, "concerning the disappearance of Mrs. Brownlow. The fact of her being absent can not constitute on my part an infraction against the laws or regulations of the police, and if I am accused of a crime, it is the business of the proper authorities to fine the proof."

After this the chief of police had nothing else to do but retire. He had gathered no information to satisfy public curiosity, but to put his responsibility at cover he made out a long report upon all the rumors of the quarter, upon the conversation he had had with the accused, and he gave a correct plan of the situation of the house. This was the first part of the brief.

The press could remain silent no longer upon the event. Several journals had received already letters from their subscribers, in which they complained that there was never any mention in their newspaper of the accidents and crimes which took place on Fifth avenue. It would appear that their columns were reserved for the more central quarters of the city or for a few privileged suburbs, as if all portions of the city should not be subject to equal treatment after their annexation, particularly under a republican form of government.

But as soon as the affair had become the object of a report of the police, the newspapers began to speak of it. It was at first in vague terms; they contented themselves with saying that a fashionable quarter of the city was in great excitement on account of the sudden and unexplained disappearance of a young woman belonging to the best society, but that they did not wish to make themselves the echo of the grave accusations which were as yet formulated only in a whisper. The next day a newspaper, more bold or more pressed for money than others, told in full the name of the street. It was the Journal that gave the most complete details; one of its reporters knew the dramatic author who had given the theater tickets to the maid; he could thus interview her, and, thanks to the indications which she was only too much flattered to furnish him, he was enabled to inform his readers that the name of the young woman was Leonora, and that of her husband Gustave; he described the furniture and gave some detailed information upon the habits of the house.

This number of the newspaper came into the hands of the lady's parents; her father came hurriedly to the house of his son-in-law and at once he asked him:

"What have you done with my daughter!"

"I have done nothing with her, sir."

"Where is she?"

"I don't know."

"Then you will tell me nothing about her!"

"No, sir."

CHAPTER II.

The lady's father understood at once that he would only lose time by insisting; he questioned the servants, went to the chief of police and gathered all possible information.

The functionary quietly explained that there were every day women disappearing from their conjugal domicile; he had even the kindness to communicate statistics compiled with great care by the head clerk of the bureau of police showing that the annual average of these disappearances was much larger for women between twenty and thirty-five than for women that were older or younger.

The desolate father clamored against the hypothesis which this communication implied; he answered for his daughter's moral character, and, besides, supposing that she had left her husband willingly, she would have made known her intention or explained her flight; she would have carried with her some luggage, and, moreover, the husband would not have accepted this departure with such incredible resignation. But the chief of police put to him the following dilemma:

"Either your daughter went away willingly; in this case I shall send you to an inspector, who will put at your disposal some of his agents who are accustomed to make these kind of researches; it will cost you a few hundred dollars; but I doubt of the success in the absence of the clew. Or else there has been a crime committed, as you seem to believe. I have not sufficient ground to order immediately a search to be made; but you can address yourself to the district attorney, who, upon your affidavit, will put the wheels of justice in motion."

This was very grave, but the unhappy father, after having consulted his wife and a few intimate friends, after having sent to the family lawyer, who could obtain no explanation, he thought he could not pass in silence Leonora's disappearance, and he decided to put the case in the hands of judicial authorities.

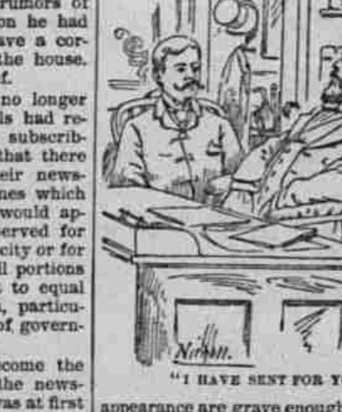
The public prosecutor had the case explained to him. Mr. and Mrs. Champion were rich property owners. Leonora was their only daughter. They had made the acquaintance of Gustave Brownlow in the country at the house of a mutual friend. Gustave belonged to an honorable family who had owned a fortune, but had lost it again. Nothing wrong was known concerning him, if not that he was without money and without a position. They had not encouraged his attentions to Miss Champion; but the girl had fallen deeply in love with the handsome gentleman. The parents refused to give their consent to the marriage; the girl declared that she would never take any man for her husband but Gustave. They were obstinate on both sides, and when she came of age she married her favorite suitor. Unfortunately, Leonora, once she had attained her majority, enjoyed the free disposal of a large fortune which had been left her by an aunt, and the young man must have been acquainted with this fact. The marriage had taken place against the formally expressed will of the parents, and since that time all relations between the two families had been broken off.

It was known through the servants and the school friends of Leonora, who continued to visit her, that there was trouble in the house, that there were often violent storms between the husband and the wife. The absolute silence in which Mr. Brownlow shut himself up justified any kind of supposition, for he had no interest in covering up the wrong doings of his wife if there had been any, or to hide the motives of her absence if he knew them. Of course it was repugnant to impute a murder to a man whose education and bringing up seemed to prevent such suspicion. But it was not impossible that a man of a secretive nature might have been carried away by a moment of anger and that once the crime committed he had applied all the resources of a cultivated and intelligent mind to wipe out all traces.

The district attorney could hardly believe that a man of position like Mr. Brownlow could have committed so frightful a crime. He knew besides how difficult it is to hide a body. If the husband had come back from a journey one would suppose that he had thrown his wife over a precipice, drowned her in a river, or strangled her in some wood. But he could not have left his house until seven o'clock; he had returned at three o'clock in the morning. It was not in eight hours that he could have found the necessary time for the execution of the crime. It was legitimate to exact from him an explanation as to the employment of his time and to discover what reasons he might have given to himself for this apparently unexplainable disappearance.

On the next morning Gustave Brownlow received an invitation to present himself at the office of the public prosecutor. On seeing him enter this officer was struck by the expression of gloomy determination which was stamped on his face; one could read in it at the first glance a cold resolution and an entire self-possession. He took a seat without saying a word, looking attentively at the prosecutor. The two men observed each other before opening hostilities. The people's lawyer waited for a moment in the hope that his adversary would by his first words betray sentiments of some kind; but the silence becoming prolonged he was forced to open the conversation.

"I have sent for you, sir, to ask you for some explanation of the disappearance of Mrs. Brownlow. I warn you that a complaint has been lodged by your wife's family, and I hope that you will not persist before me in the attitude that you held at the time of the visit of the chief of police. The circumstances which accompanied this dis-



"I HAVE SENT FOR YOU."

appearance are grave enough to impel me to demand an account thereof."

"I have nothing more to tell you, Mr. District Attorney, than I have told already to the persons who have questioned me on this subject. I do not know where my wife is."

"Under what circumstances did she leave your house?"

"That does not concern you."

"How, sir!" exclaimed the lawyer, confounded. "You forget that you are speaking to the representative of the law. Let me remind you of it."

"I do not know by what right you question me upon what passes in my house, and I find your inquisitiveness offensive."

"There can be no offense in the exercise of a legal mission. I invite you to answer me and to do it politely."

"Set me the example by not mixing yourself in my affairs without being asked."

"I am obliged to mix myself in your affairs," answered the prosecutor, becoming impatient; "before going farther in this affair I had a wish to talk with you in the hope that the explanations that you might have given me would put me in a position to calm the anxiety of a justly alarmed family; but your answers justify all suppositions."

"What suppositions do you allude to?" asked Gustave Brownlow.

"You have killed your wife."

"You are impudent, sir."

"Take care, sir; you insult me."

"It was you who insulted me first by throwing in my face an allegation unbecoming among well-bred people. Name two of your friends; I will put them in relation with my own and to them we will submit our difference."

"What! A challenge! You may retire, sir. I shall find a way to make you speak."

"It was not worth while to disturb me if you had nothing else to tell me."

The two interlocutors coldly separated.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Western Bank Statement.

An old chap who has been running a private bank in Wisconsin, being appealed to for some sort of a statement or annual report, posted this on his door the following day: "Notice—This 'ere bank has got $55,000 behind her. She don't owe nobody a cussed cent. Good paper discounted, as heretofore, and nobody proposes to cut sticks for Mexico or Canada."

CAVALRY RIDING DRILL.

An Ex-Trooper Tells How Raw Recruits Are Put Through Their Paces.

The first riding lesson usually takes place in the "riding-school," where, as the floor is covered with "tan," the recruits who come off will fall softly. The military authorities don't want their recruits laid up in hospitals. The lesson consists of leading the horse around the riding-school; so that the axiom of learning to creep before walking is slightly modified here, for the recruit learns to walk his horse before riding him. When he has led his horse around for awhile, the horse's head is brought in from the boards (i. e., the walls of the school), and the recruit is taught to "stand at ease" and to step from side to side of his horse's fore feet in measured paces. Then comes the "mount;" and usually the unfortunate recruit has no sooner got up on one side than he rolls over on the other, owing to the vagaries of his horse, who knows that he has a recruit in hand, and takes advantage of it. Presently the order is given to "march," and away file the horses around the school walls, many of the pupils thinking horseflesh is very perverse in rubbing its side against the school wall with a recruit's leg for a buffer. The day when I got my first riding lesson many of us started off by pulling on our horses' mouths, and got (to quote our rough rider) "all over the shop like a pack of sheep." After a few turns round—during which the "rough" taught us the aids to horsemanship in the preliminary stages of the "walk"—we learned that we were not to "pull our horses' heads off," but to handle the reins gently by feeling them with our wrists and not with our whole arms. All we had to do (we were told) was to sit there and keep our bodies upright with our chests forward, by hollowing the back and drawing in our stomachs, as well as to keep our "chins off our stocks" and our heads up. We began to see that learning to ride was no trifling job. When it came to fixing our legs, getting them well back, raising our toes and sinking our heels, we got more to do than we ever bargained for. Your teacher is a hard man to please; and I'm sure that by sheer practice recruits at Canterbury have got all their stomachs pressing up against the diaphragms. Otherwise how do they muster such small waists and such pigeon-like chests? The fact is that lungs, heart, liver, stomach and spleen are all packed together chestwards, like a tin of Australian mutton. Whether nature ever intended such a cramming is a question that the military authorities don't study. Make your men as wooden as possible—never mind nature, is their dictum; and certainly they are listened to. After we had done a little walking around the riding school we got more confidence; and thought, no doubt, that we should like a bit of a "trot," just to see what that was like. When it did come to trotting many of us fell off, or nearly fell off, and went hobbling around the school—to quote our rough—riding again "like a lot of stuffed dolls riding yer horses from nose to croup." And certainly many of us were more often on our horses' withers and haunches than on the center of their backs, and we had our arms more often round their necks than holding our reins. The "rough" called us to a halt, and even here we were at fault. Some of us pulled too much, or we pulled too little, or we pulled awry, with the result that our horses were "all over the shop." At last we had stopped, our friend the "rough" again let us know a bit of his mind about our first appearance as cavalrymen. He never saw such a blooming' lot of asses in all his born days; my old mother could ride better than you," etc. He had probably told the same yarn to generations of recruits; but really we believed that we were a set of out-and-out duffers.

After a few months' riding drill the cavalryman learns to ride his horse at all paces; and when he can take him through the turns, circles and windings of the menage drill, and knows how to use his "arms" mounted, he is fit to call himself a real cavalry-man, and is ready to go on and fight his country's wars when he gets the chance. If the reader wants to learn more of cavalry equitation, he had better join. A few months drill will teach him all he will care to learn.—London St. James' Gazette.

THE ARBOR DIABOLI.

Discovery of a Third Specimen of the Carnivorous Devil's Tree.

I have taken much interest in the study of botany during my sojourn in this country, the flora of which presents one of the richest fields for the scientists in the world, and have wandered some distance from town on several occasions in my search for specimens. On one of these expeditions I noticed a dark object on one of the outlying spurs of the Sierra Madre mountains, which object excited my curiosity so much that I examined it carefully through my field-glass. This revealed that the object was a tree or shrub of such an unusual appearance that I resolved to visit the spot. I rode to the mountain, the sides of which sloped sufficiently for me to make my way on horseback to within a few rods of the summit. But here I was stopped by an abrupt rise so steep that I despaired of reaching it even on foot. I went around it several times seeking for some way to climb up, but the jagged, beetling rocks afforded not the slightest foothold. On the top of this knob stands the tree I had seen. From the spot on which I now stood I could see that it somewhat resembled in form the weeping willow, but the long, drooping whip-like limbs were of a dark and apparently slimy appearance, and seemed possessed of a horrible lifelike power of coiling and uncoiling. Occasionally the whole tree would seem a writhing, squirming mass. My desire to investigate this strange vegetable product increased on each of the many expeditions I made to the spot, and at last I saw a sight one day which made me believe I had certainly discovered an unheard-of thing. A bird, which I had watched circling about for some time, finally settled on the top of the tree, when the branches began to awaken, as it were, and to curl upward. They twisted and twisted like snakes about the bird, which began to scream, and drew it down in their fearful embrace until I lost sight of it. Horror-stricken, I seized the nearest rock in an attempt to climb the knob. I had so often tried in vain to do this that I was not surprised when I fell back, but the rock was loosened and fell also. It narrowly missed me, but I sprung up unhurt, and saw that the fallen rock had left a considerable cavity. I put my face to it and looked in. Something like a cavern, the floor of which had an upward tendency, met my sight, and I felt a current of fresh air blowing on me, with a dry, earthy smell. Evidently there was another opening somewhere, undoubtedly at the summit. Using my trowel, which I always carried on my botanizing expeditions, I enlarged the hole, and then pushed my way up through the passage. When I had nearly reached the top I looked out cautiously to see if I should emerge within reach of that diabolical tree. But I found it nowhere near the aperture, so I sprung out. I was just in time to see the flattened carcass of the bird fall to the ground, which was covered with bones and feathers. I approached as closely as I dared and examined the tree. It was low in size, not more than twenty feet high, but covering a great area. Its trunk was of prodigious thickness, knotted and scaly. From the top of this trunk, a few feet from the ground, its slimy branches curved upward and downward, nearly touching the ground with their tapering tips. Its appearance was that of a gigantic tarantula awaiting its prey. On my venturing to lightly touch one of the limbs, it closed upon my hand with such force that when I tore it loose the skin came with it. I descended then, and closing the passage returned home. I went back next day carrying half a dozen chickens with which to feed the tree. The moment I tossed it the fowls, a violent agitation shook its branches, which swayed to and fro with a sinuous, snaky motion. After devouring the fowls, these branches, fully gorged, dropped to their former position, and the tree, giving no signs of animation, I dared to approach it and take the limbs in my hand. They were covered with suckers, resembling the tentacles of an octopus. The blood of the fowls had been absorbed by these suckers, leaving crimson stains on the dark surface. There was no foliage, of course, of any kind. Without speaking of my discovery to any one about, I wrote an account of it to the world-famous botanist, Prof. Wordenhaupt of the University of Heidelberg. His reply states that my tree is the arbor diaboli, only two specimens of which have ever been known—one on the peak of the Himalayas and the other on the island of Sumatra. Mine is the third. Prof. Wordenhaupt says that the arbor diaboli and the plant known as the Venus fly-trap are the only known specimens, growing on the land, of those forms of life which partake of the nature of both animal and vegetable kingdoms, although there are instances too numerous to mention found of this class in the sea. The Portugese man-of-war may be mentioned, however, as one, and the sponge as the best known specimen of this class.—Chihuahua (Mex.) Cor. Globe-Democrat.

WOMAN'S PROGRESS.

Rights and Benefits She Has Gained in the Past Century.

In Washington's time women had scarcely any rights or opportunities out of the domestic circle.

A married woman was a legal nonentity. The husband was the legal guardian of the wife, or rather he possessed all the rights of both. In law the twain were one, and that one was the husband.

To-day a wife is in many respects a distinct, independent being in law. She may acquire, hold, convey and will property. She may engage in business, carry on trade, make contracts. She may sue and be sued, may enforce her rights and defend them.

Both married and unmarried women have acquired political rights. In certain Territories a suffrage equal to that enjoyed by men has been conferred on them. In some States they may vote for certain officers and hold certain offices. Everywhere there is a growing tendency to enlarge the political rights of all women, as there is to enlarge the civil rights of married women.

Still more striking has been the opening of a vast and varied sphere for the occupation of women. In literature they have come to the front in large numbers. In trade and industry countless thousands are employed. They are found in office and store, in shop and factory. A large proportion of the sex have ceased to be dependents. They have become wage-earners and self-supporters. They are respected and honored for battling with the necessities of life and earning their own livelihood.

And this vast army of employed women and girls is destined to increase with every coming year.—N. Y. Herald.

The American's Tips.

The tips given by Americans in England are almost always too large, and by this they add to their expenses in a manner which greatly astonishes English people, who regard all tips as an exaction, not to be inflated in a spirit of liberality, but to be reduced to a minimum in a spirit of economy. An American always likes to seem to be richer than he is. An Englishman does not care a button what the porter thinks of him, and gives the man what he thinks such a man ought to expect, and no more. In the same way Americans always increase their expenses by traveling first-class, on a sort of noblesse-oblige principle, a habit which causes infinite amusement among the more economical English, and gives point to the old joke that no one travels first-class except fools and Americans.

Happy Homes.

Here's a health to the wives and the mothers
Who sit in our households to-day;
Who are glad when they brighten for others
The hours that go drifting away.
May their eyes keep the light of the gladness,
Their hearts hold the fullness of bliss
That banishes shadows and sadness,
And what need we ask more than this?

But—how can this happiness be kept? What shall protect those we love,—those who make a Heaven of the Home,—from the ravages of disease that is often worse than death,—that is, in fact, a *lingering* death! The question is easily answered: Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—the standard remedy for all of those peculiar diseases to which women are subject—is what must be relied on to preserve the health of wives and mothers. It *prevents* those diseases, and it *cures* them. It is a blessing to women and therefore a National blessing, because it gives health to those about whom the happiness of home centers, and the strength of a Nation is in its happy homes.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, or Anti-bilious Granules; in vials, 25 cents; one a dose. Druggists.

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER has become a more inveterate cigar-chewer than ever. He sometimes indulges in twenty cigars a day. His cigars are spoken of as "Widow Butler's weeds."

Dishonored Drafts.

When the stomach dishonors the drafts made upon it by the rest of the system, it is necessarily because its fund of strength is very low. Toned with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, it soon begins to pay out vigor in the shape of pure, rich blood, containing the elements of muscle, bone and brain. As a sequence of the new vigor afforded the stomach, the bowels perform their functions regularly, and the liver works like clock work. Malaria has no effect upon a system thus reinforced.

THE Chicago clearing-house has decided that hereafter gold coins should be received at the banks only at their actual value as shown by weight.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.

Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass, stock country in the world. Full information free. Address Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

A MONTREAL man has patented a device by which he claims he can make a year's supply of ice for seventy-five cents.

DOBBINS' Electric Soap has been made for 24 years. Each years sales have increased. In 1888 sales were 2,047,620 *boxes*. Superior quality, and absolute uniformity and purity, made this possible. Do you use it? Try it.

A SALMON caught on the Pacific coast had an iron spike seven inches long, with a half-inch head, in its stomach.

DO NOT suffer from sick headache a moment longer. It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pills will cure you. Dose, one little pill. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

THE dark oranges grown in Florida are known there as the "African russet." They are growing in popular favor.

DID you ever answer a newspaper advertisement? Try W. L. McKay, whose advertisement "Men wanted" appears on this page.

A PAIN centrally located may double a man and thus naturally increase his sighs.—Binghamton Republican.

FRESHNESS and purity are imparted to the complexion by Glenn's Sulphur Soap.
Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

WHEN a girl is bent on getting married she stands straighter than ever.—Kentucky State Journal.

YOU can't help liking them, they are so very small and their action is so perfect. One pill a dose. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Try them.

A FINE portrait of Mrs. Cleveland has lately been placed in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, June 3.

LIVESTOCK—Cattle—Common	$1 75	@	2 75
Choice butchers	3 65	@	3 90
HOGS—Common	3 75	@	4 15
Good packers	4 20	@	4 30
SHEEP—Good to choice	3 75	@	4 25
LAMBS—Good to choice	6 50	@	7 00
FLOUR—Family	3 50	@	3 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red		@	80
No. 3 red		@	72
Corn—No. 2 mixed		@	35
Oats—No. 2 mixed		@	25½
Rye—No. 2	46½	@	47
HAY—Prime to choice	12 50	@	13 00
TOBACCO—Medium leaf	10 00	@	14 75
Good leaf		@	16 75
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	13 12½	@	13 25
Lard—Prime steam		@	6 45
BUTTER—Choice dairy	11	@	12
Prime to choice creamery	19	@	20
APPLES—Prime, per bbl	1 50	@	2 00
POTATOES—Per bush	37	@	38
NEW YORK.			
FLOUR—State and Western	3 30	@	4 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red		@	74½
No. 2 red		@	80
Corn—No. 2 mixed, new	39	@	40¾
Oats—Mixed	26	@	30
PORK—New mess	13 25	@	13 50
LARD—Western Steam	7 05	@	7 07½
CHICAGO.			
FLOUR—Wisconsin winter	5 50	@	5 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red		@	76¾
No. 2 Chicago Spring		@	76¾
Corn—No. 2		@	33¾
Oats—No. 2	21¾	@	21½
PORK—Mess	11 80	@	11 85
LARD—Steam	6 62½	@	6 65
BALTIMORE.			
FLOUR—Family	3 60	@	4 65¼
GRAIN—Wheat, No. 2	82	@	82¼
Corn—Mixed		@	40¾
Oats—Mixed	29	@	30
PORK—Mess		@	14 75
LARD—Refined		@	12 00
CATTLE—First quality	4 25	@	4 50
HOGS	6 25	@	6 50
INDIANAPOLIS.			
GRAIN—Wheat, No. 2 red	81	@	77¼
Corn—Mixed		@	32¼
Oats—Mixed		@	25
LOUISVILLE.			
FLOUR—A No. 1	50	@	5 00
GRAIN—Wheat, No. 2 red		@	80
Corn—Mixed	36	@	36¾
Oats—Mixed		@	25
PORK—Mess	13 00	@	13 50
LARD—Steam		@	7 00

Rheumatism IS CURED BY St. Jacobs Oil. AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. THE CHAS. A. VOGELER CO. BALTO. MD.

Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

A Good Appetite is essential to good health. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a wonderful medicine for creating an appetite, toning the digestion, and giving strength to the whole system. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

RRR RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

The most certain and safe PAIN REMEDY in the world that instantly stops the most EXCRUCIATING pains. It is truly the GREAT CONQUEROR of PAIN, and has done more good than any known remedy.

For SPRAINS, BRUISES, BACKACHE, PAIN in the CHEST or SIDES, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, or any other EXTERNAL PAIN, a few applications act like magic, causing the PAIN to INSTANTLY STOP.

For CONGESTIONS, INFLAMMATIONS, SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COLD in the CHEST, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, PAINS in the Small of the Back, etc., more extended applications are necessary to effect a cure.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

CURES all INTERNAL PAINS, CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, NAUSEA, VOMITING, HEARTBURN, DIARRHEA, COLIC, FLATULENCY, FAINTING SPELLS, quickly by taking internally as directed.

Sold by Druggists. Price, 50 cents.

REMARKABLE CASE.

For two years I had rheumatism so bad that it disabled me for work and confined me to my bed for a whole year, during which time I could not even raise my hands to my head, and for 3 months could not move myself in bed, was reduced in flesh from 180 to 86 lbs. Was treated by best physicians, only to grow worse. Finally I took Swift's Specific, and soon began to improve. After a while was at my work, and for the past five months have been as well as I ever was—all from the effects of Swift's Specific.

Jan. 8, 1889. JOHN RAY, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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I never had anything to do me so much good. I recommend them to all as the best medicine in existence."

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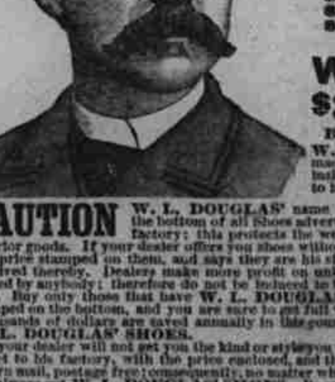

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$5.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE.
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All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

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Best Material. Best Style. Best Fitting.

W. L. Douglas' $3.00 Shoe, shown in cut below, is made of fine Calf, on lasts modelled for the foot; smooth inside as hand-sewed shoes, and no tacks or wax thread to hurt the feet. Every pair warranted.

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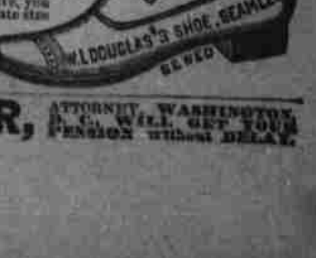

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