A WAR LYRIC.

"We're coming, Alexandrovitch, at least a million more,
From Kahineshaeja's bay and Obskaisgouba's shore,
From Karakousyi's frozen wild, from Tymskaia's plain—
We're marching Alexander, with all our might and main.

From Gatmonsckina's forest, from Tscherborbeskoi's vale,
From Wossisgourbaka's blooming fields, from Olymskia's dale,
From Kakamajosa's villages, from Meldouscharki's isle—
We're coming, Alexander, the weary rank and file."

BABY'S LITTLE RED SHOES.

[Ella Guernsey in Carl Pretzel's Weekly.]

"An' you'll bring 'em next time, papa?"

"Yes, sweetheart."

"You won't forget again?"

"No, papa won't forget this time. See, I'll write it down: One pair of little red shoes for our lassie wi lint white locks. Is that right?"

"Yes, but you forgot the tassels and little red bows. Can you 'member so much, papa?" And an anxious little face with laughing eyes of blue looked lovingly into papa's own of darker hue.

It was a tiny home, a rented one, just big enough to shelter three people, poor in everything save health and love.

Faded and worn were the scanty garments of cotton that the brakeman's wife and baby cheerfully wore. The horn of plenty had not been emptied in that house; yet blithely the good wife sang as she roughened the once soft, white hands striving to keep a happy home for Charlie and the baby.

"Toddlekins shall have her new shoes, red bows and silk tassels, or any fal-lal she wants, if papa has to go without his dinner. And what does my big girl want from the other end of the road."

"Only your safe return, Charlie. If you knew that the whistle of the engine, the whirr of the wheels, never fails to send a thrill of fear through the heart of somebody, who in wearing suspense waits at home, dreading the worst, for you, baby and I. Could you know, you'd stay at home with us, I am sure, I'm sure."

"If papa stops at home, baby would not get her new shoes. It's a silly mama to fear and tremble when he brakeman is a sure-footed, careful fellow."

And hurriedly catching up the lunch-basket, with a hasty good bye papa was gone.

Pressed against the window-pane was the face of little Lulu—a sober, thoughtful countenance, little dreaming of the dangers that surrounded "dear pappy," but she did know "mammy" was sad, and the "tears wunned down her face" when he was away, and that smiles chased them away when he was home again.

"Is it four, six, eight, ten hours until he is home again, mammy?"

"Twenty-four, my darling. More than you can count yet a bit."

Merrily the little one played beside her mother, who deftly sewed upon coarse garments for a poorer and overworked neighbor, thus earning a small pittance.

Tingle, ting, rattled the sleet against the window, and chill blew the wind.

"Does you like the pitiy, shiney snow, mamma," asked baby Lulu.

"Not now, baby."

"But you once did."

"Yes; a long time ago, mamma liked to see the ice and snow."

"What makes you cry so? Isn't pappy a big, big man?"

"Yes, baby, pappy is a big man."

"And can't big men take care of themselves? Don't cry, mammy; baby do not like to see you." And the wee, soft hands endeavored to smooth away the lines of care from the white forehead.

The hours wore on and the storm ceased not. Only two hours until time for No. 19 to come in.

"He'll soon be here now, baby," and mamma smiled gravely as with a shout of glee baby perched upon a high chair beside the window, though blue from the nipping cold that came in through many crevices.

A few moments later there came with pitying eyes and white face, with slow step, a comrade of Charlie's.

"No need to tell me. I know it now," and the messenger knew the newly-made widow needed no preparation for the woeful tidings he had brought her.

Only a brakeman—one of many thousands—and 'twas icy, sleety weather. The sure-footed, brave Charlie had looked his last upon the loved ones at home.

Charlie was no shirk. Wind and weather alike he braved; bread for the dear ones he won, in the very face of death, and now it had claimed him.

"Charlie was no soft weather boy," said the comrade, attempting to say something that would change the quiet, despairing, silent woe that was too deep for sobs and tears.

A few hours later "pappy" came home, and he had not forgotten the litte red shoes.

Tenderly the young mother, holding close to her heart baby Lulu, who still held the new shoes, knelt beside her husband, whose ears were deaf to the voices of his loved ones.

Only a brakeman killed while discharging his duty. An old story—ice and sleet—a slippery footing—a noble life cut short—a happy home made desolate—a baby fatherless. Wonderingly the baby looked upon the cold, white face, unable to understand why "pappy" was so silent; and soon, tired out, she lay fast asleep, clasping close the red shoes, the brakeman's last purchase.

"I Know a Thing or Two."

"My dear boy," said a father to his only son, "you are in bad company. The lads with whom you associate indulge in bad habits. They drink, smoke, swear, play cards and visit theatres. They are not safe company for you. I beg you to quit their society."

"You need't be afraid of me, father," replied the boy laughing. "I guess I know a thing or two. I know how far to go and when to stop."

The lad left his father's house, twirling his cane in his fingers at the "old man's notions."

A few years later, and that lad, grown to manhood, stood at the bar of a court before a jury which had just brought in a verdict of "guilty" against him for some crime in which he had been concerned. Before he was sentenced he addressed the court, and said, among other things: "My downward course began in disobedience to my parents. I thought I knew as much of the world as my father did, and I spurned his advice, but as soon as I turned my back upon home temptations came upon me like a drove of hyenas, and hurried me to ruin."

Mark that confession, you boys who are beginning to be wiser than your parents. Mark it, and learn that disobedience is the first step on the road to run. Do not take it.

Poe's Kindliness to a Young Savant.

[E. H. Trafton in the Christian Union.]

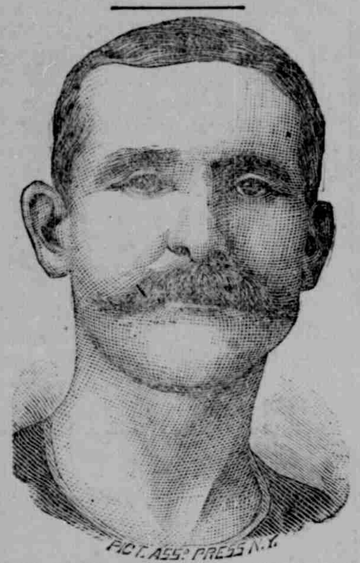
Trudging along the road near a Pennsylvania village, his pockets filled with snakes, toads and bugs, the ten or twelve years old Aughey—whose instinctive love for these creatures found its earliest expression in gathering them up in this way—was suddenly stopped by a young man. He had a pale face, dark hair, a high forehead and deep set, piercing eyes. He had a serious, unhappy air, but his voice was kindly as he bid the young naturalist come to him.

"Now," said he, "do you know what this is?" taking one of the harmless little snakes.

The boy only knew its common, local name; whereupon the young man told him his correct scientific name, after making his delighted pupil [now Territorial Geologist of Wyoming] repeat the ponderous words, to be sure he understood them correctly. Then he went on with each reptile and each bug he had in his possession, until the child had mastered his fascinating object lesson, the many-jointed names of each specimen being firmly fixed in his mind by some little history of the habits of each, showing how closely they had one and all been studied by their teacher.

After that first meeting many others followed, in which the patient, loving labors of the teacher were amply rewarded by the glowing enthusiasm of the pupil. Finally, the boy was told that whenever he was puzzled in his researches to write a letter, asking what he desired to know, to be deposited in the village postoffice. He availed himself of the offer, and, in addition to the definite and precise information sought, the teacher would criticise, with delicate tact, the composition of the letter itself.

MEN OF THE HOUR.



THE FATAL LEAP FROM BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

ROBERT EMMETT ODLUM, KILLED BY JUMPING 125 FEET.

The death of Robert Emmett Odlum, of Washington, reported in the morning newspapers of May 20, 1885, was a sore shock to the public. While the feat by which the bold diver lost his life was a foolish one, it was one that appeared practicable and safe to the man who executed it, who was an expert diver, and had performed acts of daring in his profession only second to that in which he was killed. Moreover, the public admire exceptional courage, and are disappointed and grieved when harm overtakes one who exhibits it. Robert Emmett Odlum is remembered with deep regret because of his melancholy fate.

The circumstances under which he died are familiar to every reader. His life was one of peculiar interest.

Robert Emmett Odlum was a native of Washington, D. C. He was born thirty-seven years ago. Always fond of water he learned to swim before he could read. While very young he distinguished himself in his native city, by leaping several times from the Aqueduct Bridge into the Potomac. His skill in swimming was as remarkable as his courage in diving; he was victor in many contests. Five years ago he established a swimming-school in Washington. In 1881 he traveled with Paul Boyton, giving exhibitions. He spent the summer of 1882 at Old Point Comfort, where he looked after the bathers. In July of that year he rescued three persons from drowning, among them a son of Schuyler Colfax. Odlum was not fortunate in business matters, and his latest experiences in making a living were discouraging. During the summer seasons, for the last two years, after he had made an unsuccessful attempt to conduct a resort at Lower Cedar Point, on the Potomac, he acted as special policeman in a concert garden. More recently he was usher in a theater at Washington. For a time he was a clerk at Willard's Hotel, Washington. He arrived in New York from the capital four days before he took his fatal leap from Brooklyn bridge. From his remarks in conversation with Paul Boyton and others it appears that he was sanguine of being unhurt in the performance of his perilous feat, which he probably regarded as an advertisement. The mother and sister of the unfortunate man reside in the city of Washington.

Value of Shepherd Dogs.

The owner of any considerable number of sheep, writes a Western shepherd, can not make an investment that will bring him greater returns than to buy a good shepherd dog. But good dogs are nearly as scarce as good Indians, and very few ever have an opportunity to buy one that is well trained, for the owner of such a one never wants to part with it if he can possibly avoid it. The Scotch collie has been used in the care of sheep for so many generations that a love for sheep is inherent in him, and he has a natural love for them. I now have a four-months-old collie pup that I am compelled to keep tied to prevent from running with the sheep and worrying the lambs by playing with them. As a general thing, a shepherd is not worth anything as a worker until he is a year old, and up to that age any attempt to teach him anything about driving will be a useless tax on his owner's stock of patience, and it is best only to attempt to teach him to keep behind you and to lie down when told to. As soon as he gets old enough to become in some degree quiet, you may begin his education, and you had better make some iron-clad resolutions about keeping your temper before you begin. It is well to remember two or three things when training a pup; one of them is, never punish him for doing what you have told him to do, even if he overdoes the matter, and another is, when it is necessary to punish him, don't box his ears or kick him, but whip him with a switch or dog-whip, and make him stay with you when you are done whipping him. It is useless to attempt to train a dog without the use of a whip, and it is just as useless to give him more than two or three blows when you do whip him. The first thing to teach him is to go around the flock, and it will be necessary for you to go with him a few times until he knows what the command "Go 'round 'em" means. Then he can be taught to drive the flock before him without help, and most dogs will learn these things in a few weeks. In giving this command, always use the same form of word for the same work, and always motion with your hand in the same direction you want him to go. When he has obeyed a command quickly, call him to you and caress him and he will appreciate it. After a collie begins to learn, there is no limit to the knowledge he may acquire short of perfection as a driver. He may be taught right and left, to head sheep out of a gap in a fence or other places, and be made to be in a gate while his owner goes any distance. The secret of success in training a dog is to exact obedience, and if it is given without trouble, show your appreciation by caresses.

Care of Horses' Feet.

[American Agriculturist.]

Horses in civilized lands suffer more from ailments of the feet than from any other cause. The feet of a horse are subject to many injuries, both from bad shoeing and from ill-kept roads, and it is important for owners of horses to study well how these causes of diseased feet can be avoided. But in the consideration of this question there are some points not well understood. The London Stockkeeper gives a statement that a horse weighing 1 600 pounds, when drawing a load, bears a weight upon the feet of two tons, the extra pressure being caused by the downward force of the act of drawing. Now, an average horse's draft power amounts only to a forward strain of 157 pounds. As the horse is only exerting this forward force by pressure upon the collar, it is clear, the feet can not press with any more force upon the ground, so that the above explanation of the cause of injury to the horse's foot, is imaginary. It is not the force exerted by work at all. A wild horse, galloping at the top of his speed, presses upon the ground with his feet more than a horse moving a ton in a wagon upon a road at the rate of two miles an hour; and yet wild horses have excellent feet and are never lame. But they have a choice of a smooth path, and have no blacksmiths to cut away the frogs of their feet, and so deprive them of the very means nature provides for the protection of the foot. If the roads were kept in good condition and free from loose stones, and the frog on the foot was never pared, horses would rarely suffer from foot-lameness. Frog-pressure expands the heels, toughens the horns, cures corns, and does much toward giving a horse sound feet.

A Pair that Won.

[Pittsburg Post.]

A tough old club man, notably a stickler for exactitude at poker, was brought the other night in direct antagonism with a bewitchingly beautiful maiden. He held three kings; she held cards which, according to Hoyle, couldn't have won a pot anywhere near it, and yet he pushed the chips over to her after a moment's hesitation.

"What under heaven did you do that for?" a friend who saw both hands asked.

"Her two pairs beat my three of a kind," he replied.

"But she didn't have two pairs."

"Oh, yes she did—a pair of aces in her hand and a pair of eyes in her head—blue ones, with tears in them. They'd beat a royal flush if I held it."

An Independent Home View.

[Chicago Times.]

The Illinois Legislature has re-elected General Logan for a six years' term in the United States Senate. In one aspect, the occurrence might justify a repetition of the late Matt Carpenter's mot about a similar election in Wisconsin. "The Legislature has created a six years' vacancy in the Senate." For any purpose of statesmanship or the advancement of an enlightened public policy, the State of Illinois might as well be unrepresented in the Senate as be represented by Mr. Logan.

[Hartford (Conn.) Courant.]

The old familiar Pond's Extract is indeed a household friend. It is a medicine which no well regulated family can afford to be without. For half a century it has been before the public, and from year to year, as its merits and wonderful curative properties have become known, it has steadily grown in popular favor, so that now it has probably a greater sale than any other standard preparation on the face of the globe. To subdue pain and control Hemorrhages of all kinds it has no equal. Be careful to get the genuine.

A Determined Editor.

[Tower Hill (Ill.) Labor Advocate.]

Since I commenced running this office every expedient has been resorted to to run me out of this place by ridicule, defaming and every other way they could devise, but Monday morning as I came to the office I found on the door the infamous initials K. K. K., with a skull and cross-bones depicted thereon, and in another place written "A word to the wise," which is going one step too far, and I wish it distinctly understood that the mob that waits on me with any ku-klux designs I will see that subjects for six funerals are prepared from out of the mob, for this editor don't scare worth a damn.

How often is the light of the household clouded by signs of melancholy or irritability on the part of the ladies. Yet they are not to be blamed, for they are the result of ailments peculiar to that sex, which men know not of. But the cause may be removed and joy restored by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which, as a tonic and nervine for debilitated women, is certain, safe and pleasant. It is beyond all compare the great healer of women.

The President's Eye Open.

[San Francisco Call.]

The startling statement has obtained circulation among the best-informed politicians that a secret and highly confidential agent of President Cleveland has been in San Francisco for two months collecting reliable information about the condition of Democratic affairs here and the relative merits of the rival factions and leaders. The confidential agent has ostensibly been looking after the business of a prominent New York firm, but in reality has been looking into the political question in a way which the Pacific coast embassadors at Washington never dreamed of. This, it is thought, accounts for the remarkable knowledge of California's politics which the President displays to the astonished committees that have waited upon him.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Imitations and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "Horsford's" is on the wrapper. None are genuine without it.

He Named Them Quickly.

[Texas Siftings.]

"So you have got twins at your house?" said Mrs. Bazumbe to little Johnny Samuelson. "Yes, mam, two of 'em." "What are you going to call them?" "Thunder and Lightning." "Why, those are strange names to call children" "Well, that's what pa called 'em as soon as he heard they were in the house."

The intimate relation existing between the liver and kidneys is shown by the fact that when one or the other of these important organs is affected the other is likely to suffer through sympathy. Mishler's Herb Bitters acts with like efficacy upon both. It drives out the impurities that infest them, and restores a healthy and regular action. The true properties of the preparation are among the most valuable qualities, and have proved beneficial where others have failed.

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Great Blood Purifier,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE,

Scrofulous or Constitutional, Hereditary or Contagious, be it seated in the Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Flesh or Nerves, Corrupting the Solids and Vitiating the Fluids.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Headache, Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Venereal Troubles, (see our "Treatise on Venereal and its Cure, price 25 cents by mail,) Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Skin Diseases, Eruptions on the Body and Face, Pimples, Boils, Blotches, Sores, Ulcers, Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,

LIVER COMPLAINT, ETC.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back along the loins.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in teaspoonful doses, while others require five or six times as much.

Sold By Druggists. One Dollar Per Bottle.

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Ready Relief

It was the first and is the only

PAIN REMEDY

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application,

In From One to Twenty Minutes.

No matter how violent or excrusiating the pains, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Will Afford Instant Ease.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Catarrh, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sciatica, Pains in the Chest, Back, or Limbs, Bruises, Bites of Insects, Cold Chills and Ague Chills.

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS,

Looseness, Diarrhoea, Cholera Morbus, or Painful Discharges from the Bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

Thirty to sixty drops in a half tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

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In Its Various Forms,

FEVER AND AGUE.

FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a Remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarial, Bilious, Scarlet and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

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DR. RADWAY'S PILLS, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

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PINKEYE.

A Remarkable Cure of a Horse.

Col. James L. Fleming, a prominent grocery merchant, a member of the firm of Fleming & Lofton, Augusta, Ga., makes the following statement of the treatment of a valuable horse with Swift's Specific:

In the fall of 1883 I had a valuable colt taken with a severe case of pinkeye, which resulted in the most fearful case of blood poisoning I have ever seen. After eight or nine months of doctoring with every remedy that I could hear of, I despaired of a cure. At this time the horse was unable to move, because of swollen limbs. His right hind leg was as large as a man's body, and had on it over forty running sores. He had also a number of large sores on his body and other limbs. He was a most pitiable looking object, and I was advised to end his sufferings with the shot gun. He was a valuable animal and I did not want to lose him. After racking my brain in search for another remedy more efficacious, I thought of Swift's Specific. I knew it was invaluable to the human family as a blood purifier, and why should it not be for the animal as well? I did not hesitate, but sent last July to Atlanta for a supply.

I began the treatment with 4 oz. of S. S. S. and 4 oz. of water three times a day. This I continued for a week. Then I increased the dose to 6 oz. of each, and continued for a week. Then I increased to 8 oz. and run it a week, when I went back to 6 oz. again. The result was that at the end of the first week the horse had a fair appetite, which he had not had since his sickness. At the end of the second week even greater improvement was apparent, for many of the sores were healing nice and the horse manifested a desire to move about. At the end of the third week he began to show gain in flesh, and had full appetite. The swelling had about disappeared. I used in all about 15 bottles of Swift's Specific, and when I quit its use the horse had only four small sores left on him, and they healed up immediately.

In August last all symptoms of the disease passed away, and up to date no signs of the return of the trouble have made their appearance, and the horse has done a mule's work on my farm.

I regard it one of the most remarkable cures I have ever known. Thus this great medicine has proven a boon to the animal as well as to the human race. JAS. L. FLEMING,

Augusta, Jan. 9, 1885.

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PRESENT THIEVING TARIFF,

TO INDIANA DEMOCRATS: Since issuing our last annual prospectus you have achieved a glorious victory in your State and aided materially in transferring the National Government once more into Democratic hands. Your triumph has been as complete as your faithfulness through twenty-four years was heroic.

In the late campaign, as in former ones, the SENTINEL'S arm has been bared in the fight. We stood shoulder to shoulder, as brothers, in the conflict; we now ask your hand for the coming year in our celebration of the victory.

Our columns that were vigorous with fight when the fight was on will now, since the contest is over, be devoted to the arts of peace. With its enlarged patronage the SENTINEL will be better enabled than ever to give an

Unsurpassed News and Family Paper.

The proceedings of Congress and of our Democratic Legislature and the doings of our Democratic National and State administrations will be duly chronicled, as well as the current events of the day.

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