WESTERN APPEAL

NORTHWESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY.

ST. PAUL, MINN. & CHICAGO, ILL

"ON GREAT WATERS."

[illegible] crossed the harbor bar,
[illegible] and friends afar,
[illegible] the evening star.

With prayer of watchers left behind,
It sails before the springing wind:
Strong is the bark, and God is kind.

O baby-souls, sent forth from Heaven,
To you the sea is also given—
A weary struggle to be striven!

Ye, too, have left the light of home
For warring winds and waves—to roam
Across a dreary waste of foam:

And what shall be the end for *ye*?
Dark shipwreck in the midmost sea?
Or triumph to eternity?

Fear not; for if ye brave the blast
With God's own colors at the mast,
The haven will be sure at last.

—*Arthur L. Salmon, in Good Words.*

THE "BOMBAY FIEND."

Diabolical Work of a Native of India in 1858.

An Assassin Who Manifested a Liking for the Right Ears of Englishmen—The Many Wild Theories Advanced—Caught at Last.

The series of crimes committed by the so-called "Whitechapel Fiend" in a district of London, is a plagiarism on the work of the "Bombay Fiend." The only difference is that one killed only men, and Englishmen at that, and the other kills only women, and women of doubtful reputations. It was in 1858 that the Bombay fiend pursued his bloody work, and during his career I was a resident of that city and saw most of his victims after death. As all were English, and all of them army or civil officers, and as the last mutterings of the mutiny had not yet been stamped out, the British Government took care to suppress the particulars of this fiend's work as much as possible. While a thousand men were quietly searching for him the press was forbidden to give him any notoriety, as it was believed the criminal was a native, and to particularize would be to make a hero of him and induce others to follow in his bloody footsteps.

The first murder occurred in March, 1858, and the victim was an English Captain of infantry. He was leaving a club house at ten o'clock at night, and to reach the street he had to pass between two stores by an alleyway seven or eight feet wide and twenty feet long. This way was lighted by a single lamp.

People were coming and going every two or three minutes, and it was a public thoroughfare in which a woman would have felt perfectly safe from violence. Five minutes after the Captain left the club house an alarm was raised that he had been murdered. A score of us rushed out to find him dead in the alleyway. He had been stabbed to the heart, and his right ear had been cut off. The body had not been despoiled, and the general verdict was that it was a case of revenge. There was a great stir over this, the first of the series, and many natives were arrested on suspicion. The British were carrying things with a high hand then, and some of the parties arrested were tortured to extort a confession. It was given out that one had confessed and been executed, but this statement was only to affect the native population. Not one of the suspects had a word to say to help clear up the mystery.

On the eleventh night after the Captain's murder a Lieutenant of dragoons was found dead at the front door of the bungalow of a friend on whom he was about to call. It was only twenty feet from the gate to the steps, and the path leading up was of sand. It was only just after dark, with many people moving about, and yet no one had been alarmed. The officer had not been dead five minutes when found. As in the other case, he had been stabbed to the heart and the right ear cut off and carried away. This satisfied every body that an assassin was abroad, and the excitement was intense. It was the policy of the Government to suppress the facts as far as possible, but they soon became known to every European in the city, and every man was on his guard from that time on. Those who had been in India longest reasoned that these murders were the work of a fanatic—a religious fanatic. At that date, and even for ten years later, religious fanatics were to be found in every community. They made vows to do this or that for the glory of their God, and it was a rare thing for one of them to abandon his work. I have met natives who had vowed never to walk in a straight line; others who had vowed to sleep standing; others who kept one eye shut, one arm raised, or had vowed not to speak. If the assassin had vowed to take the lives of a certain number of Englishmen he was more to be dreaded than a band of robbers. Nothing but his capture would prevent him from fulfilling that vow, and the fact of his committing two murders in prominent places and leaving no clew to his identity proved that he was a crafty fellow.

There was the usual cry against the police force, but one who stopped to consider for a moment realized how helpless the officers were. A dozen arrests were made and threats, promises and torture used to secure a pointer, but the poor fellows knew nothing and, therefore, had nothing to give up. On the evening of the fifteenth day after the second murder a third occurred. An artillery Captain, who had been through all the mutiny, and who had only that day boasted that he could take care of himself under all circumstances, had called at the bungalow of his brother, who was in the civil service. Not finding him at home the Captain had taken a turn in the garden with his cigar. The three native household servants had noticed him walking up and down, but after a few minutes one of them saw him lying on the ground. The three ran out, and it was to find him dead. The garden was about a quarter of an acre in extent, and was surrounded by a brick wall nine feet high. The assassin had come and gone like a shadow, but he had done his work as well as in the other cases. The one thrust had been sufficient, and the right ear had been cut off. I was one of the first called in when the alarm was raised. I took a torch and examined the wall, and at the rear of the garden I found where a pole had been slanted up against the wall to assist a climber. The man had lifted the pole over to help him down, and I found the prints of his sandals in the soft earth. It was settled, to my satisfaction, at least, that the assassin was a native, although at this point the police brought forward the theory that the person was a European, probably disguised as a native. The arrest of a dozen sailors and vagabonds followed, while all the natives in jail were turned loose. I never knew whether the police believed in the new theory, or whether it was advised by the government, but circumstances went to prove that the latter was the case. The arrest and abuse of innocent natives was causing much excitement in the city, and it was doubtless deemed safer to take another theory. At the same time the authorities offered a reward of £1,000 for the arrest of the real assassin, and a private circular was sent to every European in Bombay warning him to be on his guard.

On the evening of the tenth day after the third murder I was in a reading room much frequented by Europeans. When I left I had to cross a plat of ground about forty feet wide. It was well shaded by trees, but also well lighted by gas-light, and a brick sidewalk six feet wide ran straight to the street. Near the gate leading to the street was the only dark spot, and a bench was here placed beneath a tree. As I came along I noticed a native seated on the bench as if waiting for his master inside. I noticed him as one might glance at a passing carriage, and was going on, when he called:

"Sahib, for God's sake stop a moment! I am very ill. I have been poisoned."

"Do you think you have been poisoned?" I asked, as I left the path and approached him.

"I am sure of it. Let me take your hand."

He seized my left hand in his left, and his fingers had the grip of a vise. He half rose from the bench, and something forced me to say:

"I am sorry for you. I will go and find some Englishman who can render you aid."

"But are you no English?"

"No, I am an American."

He seemed to gasp, and I heard him mutter under his breath as he relaxed his grasp on my fingers. Then he said:

"Never mind, Sahib—never mind. We are all dogs to the English. They would be glad to see me die. I will find a doctor."

He staggered away through the gate and was out of sight in a moment, while I found myself so weak that I was obliged to sit down on the bench he vacated. I had caught sight of a naked knife in his right hand as he half rose from the bench. Here was the assassin! He was a powerful fellow, with muscles of steel. He got my left hand, intending to lift my arm and give me the fatal blow, but when I gave my nationality he desisted. It was the English he was after. I had seen him in the shadow, where all dark faces look alike. I had heard his voice, but all natives of India seem to have the same intonations. Had he been led before me two minutes later in company with others I could not have picked him out. But what assurance the assassin must have! There was not a minute in which some one was not passing. Indeed, as I stood before him two men entered from the street and two left the reading rooms. He hadn't one chance in fifty of committing murder and escaping observation and pursuit, but he took the risks.

It is a fact conceded by the average Englishman that a British official who is willing to take advice is a rarity. The Indian mutiny was years coming. The signs were as plain as the sun at noonday, but British pigheadedness and official egotism refused to see or believe. I verily believe that if a New York detective should proceed to London and secure a straight pointer as to the identity of the Whitechapel fiend he would not only be scoffed at, but obstructions would be thrown in his way. I felt it my duty to go to the English chief of police of Bombay and lay the facts before him as I have before the reader. He began to smile as soon as I began to talk, and presently waved me away, and said:

"Thanks for your kindness, sir, but your story is all nonsense. You don't know these natives as we do. You were a bit scared, you know, and you saw a knife and a plot where nothing of the sort existed. Thanks, sir, but I am very busy to-day!"

I went away feeling mortified and indignant, but revenge was at hand. That very evening, between ten and eleven o'clock, a member of the civil government of the Bombay presidency—he was a tax receiver, I believe—was found weltering in his blood as the assassin's fourth victim. He was lying in a heap in front of a bench in a public park, and it was easy enough for me to realize how it had come about. The native who took my hand had taken his. The knife had gone to the man's heart, and the right ear was missing. A police official came to see me, and I was asked to pay the chief another visit, but this I flatly refused to do. I had been snubbed and insulted, and if he caught his man it must be without help from me. The reward was now increased to £2,000, and over thirty arrests were made within the next two days. The whole city was in a ferment by this time, and as the days went by and the real assassin was not caught, the populace demanded the head of the chief of police, and he had to step down. His successor had more than his keenness and little of his conceit, and when he sent for me I obeyed the summons. He was satisfied that the native who spared me slew the collector, but we were still in the dark regarding the man's identity. Ten days passed, and then a British Major was assassinated on a public street between two lamp-posts. In this instance the hour was late and the Major was drunk. The murder was identical with the others, and during the next day many Europeans left the city.

It was queer how the first clew was struck. Two days after the murder I was talking with an English officer about the bloody business, and the name of the first victim was mentioned.

"Poor Tom!" sighed the officer, "I wonder if he will find any ears to pull in that other land."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, he was a good-hearted companion, but a terrible hard master on his servants. He had his own way of managing them. Some of us believe in kicks and cuffs, backed up with good big oaths, but Tom pulled their ears for them. It was not a week before his death that I saw him pull the right ear of his groom until blood flowed from the torn flesh."

I put two and two together as quick as a flash of lightning, and half an hour later was with the chief of police. It had puzzled every body to understand why the assassin had sliced off and carried away the right ear in each case. Here was a solution of the mystery. The groom had gone into other service, but was easily located and arrested. He was caring for the horses of an officer, and in his box in the stable was found his knife and the four bloody ears. He was a bold, gamy fellow, and he boasted of his bloody deeds. He said:

"I killed my master because he pulled my ear. After killing him I wanted to kill others. I had set the number at twenty. I am your prisoner. Do with me as you like. The four Englishmen I have killed were worth to you four thousand such lives as mine. I am ready to die."

He was executed in public, and died cursing the whole English race. How do you suppose the reward was divided? If any body furnished the clew I did, but the money was divided between the chief of police, who caused the arrest, and the officer who told me about the ear-pulling! They were big-hearted enough to offer me twenty-five pounds each, but I respectfully declined the charity.—*N. Y. Sun.*

MOUNTAIN MYTHS.

The Probable Cause of Feelings Born of Ignorance and Superstition.

Turning back to the heathen and the savage, we see at once whence comes the old feeling about mountains, a feeling born of dark shadows that disappear in the light of knowledge. We have all heard of the Brocken and its witch revels, made famous by the genius of Goethe. The Hartz mountains are so rich in superstitious legends, not that they have more imposing features of their own than many other less celebrated mountains, but because, standing out by themselves on the great northern flats of Germany, they powerfully impressed the imagination of the lowlanders around, and because, this district being one of the last converted to Christianity, they long continued to be a retreat for pagan rites, and thus gained their grim reputation as a seat of witchcraft. Here, as is well known, appears the Specter of the Brocken, when, at sunrise or sunset, the amazed traveler happens to see a magnificent reflection of his own figure thrown upon the sheet of mist vailing some opposite peak. The most extraordinary of all such appearances seem to be that observed at Adam's Peak, in Ceylon, as described for us through a recent expedition undertaken by the Hon. Ralph Abercromby and two other men of science:

"This mountain rises in an abrupt cone, 1,000 feet above the chain and 7,552 feet above sea level. It lies near an elbow in the main range, while a gorge runs up from the northeast just to the west of it. When, then, the northeast monsoon blows morning mist up the valley, light wreaths of condensed vapor pass to the west of the peak, and catch the shadows at sunrise. The party reached the summit on the night of February 21, 1886, amid rain, mist and wind. Early next morning the foreglow began to brighten the under surface of the stratus cloud with orange; patches of white mist filled the hollows, and sometimes masses of mist, coming from the valley, enveloped them with condensed vapor. At 6:30 a. m. the sun peeped through a chink in the clouds, and they saw the pointed shadow of the peak lying on the misty land. Soon a complete prismatic circle of about eight degrees diameter, with the red outside, formed round the summit of the peak as a center. The meteorologist, knowing that with this bow there ought to be spectral figures, waved his hand about, and immediately found giant shadowy arms moving in the center of the rainbow. Two dark rays shot upward and outward on either side of the center, and appeared to be nearly in a prolongation of the lines of the slope of the peak below. Three times within a quarter of an hour this appearance was repeated as the mist drove up in proper quantities, and fitful glimpses of the sun gave sufficient light to throw a shadow and form a circular rainbow. In every case the shadow and bow were seen in front of land, and never against the sky. When the sun rose pretty high, the characteristic peculiarity of the shadow was beautifully observed. As a thin wreath of condensed vapor came up the valley at a proper height, a resplendent bow formed round the shadow, while both seemed to stand up majestically in front of the observers, and then the shadow fell down upon the land, and the bow vanished as the mist passed on. About an hour later the sun again shone out, but much higher and stronger than before, and then they saw a brighter and sharper shadow of the peak, this time encircled by a double bow; and their own spectral arms were again visible. The shadow, the double bow, and giant forms combined to make this phenomenon the most marked in the whole world."—*Ascott R. Hope.*

THE FROTH OF FUN.

A WEALTHY young lawyer spent two days and a night over one case, and at the end of that time could not tell which side he was on. It was a case of champagne.

AN Irishman apologized for running away from a fight in these words: "Bedad, I'd rather be a coward for fifteen minutes than a corpse for the rest of my life."

"JENNIE, dear, 'tis understood that you're engaged?" "Oh, yes, dear Etta." "Is he handsome?" "Yes." "That's good!" "Is he wealthy?" "Yes." "That's better."

A LADIES' sacque house announced at the end or their newspaper advertisement "circulars free on application." The firm received a note the other day from a Vermont lady who had read the announcement, and asked them to send a fur-lined one to her address.

A HORSE-DEALER who lately effected a sale was offered a bottle of porter to confess the animal's failings. The bottle was drunk, and then he said the horse had but two faults. When turned loose in the field he was "hard to catch," and he was "of no use when he was caught."

"WHAT would our wives say if they knew where we are?" said the captain of a "down-East" schooner, when they were beating about in a thick fog, fearful of going ashore. "Humph! I should't mind that," replied the mate, "if we only knew where we were ourselves."

MRS. VENEERING—"Really, my dear doctor, you must come to my ball. It is Lucy's coming out affair, you know, and I shall take no refusal; none at all." Dr. Bygee—"Well, you see, my dear madam, I am a very busy man. My time is not my own." Mrs. Veneering—"Say no more. Include the visit in your bill. There, I shall expect you. Good-bye."

OFFICE BOY—"Please, sir, your wife says you went off this morning without thinkin' about it bein' the anniversary of your weddin', and won't you please go home again and sit down and talk a little while like old times, sir!" Devoted husband—"Certainly, certainly. Bless her little heart! Here, boy, put this card on the door: 'Back in five minutes.'"

AN old Bucksport sea captain thus describes the way in which he dismissed an undesirable suitor for the hand of his daughter the other night: "I just showed him up the companion-way and out on the gang-plank leading from my house, and gently remarked that the wind was off shore, and the sooner he got under way the better offing he would get before morning. He paid off and bore away down the street."

ITEMS ABOUT AUTHORS.

IT is stated that Margaret Deland re-wrote "John Ward, Preacher," six times before its publication.

SCOTT turned out his wonderful romances until he earned for himself the names of "The Great Magician" and "Wizard of the North."

TROLLOPE published forty-five three-volume novels in all, and he received in hard cash for them the sum of £70,000, something like $350,000.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN was a very slow composer, and his note book, published by Moore, shows how he polished and worked over some of his most famous epigrams.

BYRON wrote the "Bride of Abydos" in four days and the "Corsair" in ten, though as a general thing he was not a very rapid writer, often re-writing and making many erasures.

GOLDSMITH labored over his poetry excessively, though his prose flowed forth with ease and without erasures. Ten lines of the "Deserted Village" he considered a good day's work.

GRAY wrote with very great labor and difficulty, and when he was once asked why he had written so little poetry his reply was: "Because of the great exertion in the labor of composition."

JAMES PAYNE, the present well-known novelist, it is said, has turned out as the product of his pen in thirty years over one hundred volumes, mainly fiction, but embracing some other topics.

For immensity of performance Alexander Dumas heads the list. His literary career lasted about forty years, and he boasted that during that time 1,200 volumes were published under his name.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE turned out those marvelous plays of his with astonishing rapidity. Two and three and sometimes four in a year! Thirty-six in all in about twelve years, managing one or more theaters also and acting at times.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON thinks that George Meredith's "Rhoda Fleming" is the strongest thing in English letters since Shakespeare died; and that "if Shakespeare could have read it he would have jumped and cried: 'Here's a fellow!'"

USUALLY the inconsistency is of the man who professes much and does little, but there may be an inconsistency on the part of the man who professes nothing and does much. The profession and the character should be one.

THE estimated consumption of wheat in Great Britain is five and a half bushels per head.

THE man who invented the type-writer did more toward giving women their writes than all the women suffrage associations in the country.—*Norristown Herald.*

PLAYING upon words—type-writing.

SOMETIMES men become crooked in order to help themselves out of straightened positions.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

THE sentence "There's no such word as fail" can hardly be classified as a "cant" phrase.—*Merchant Traveler.*

FATHER TIME travels by cycles.—*Time.*

THE counterfeiter never stands still in his profession. He is always forging ahead.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

WHEN a bald-headed man removes his hat to salute a lady, it does not remind one of a leafless branch, although it's a naked bow.—*Binghamton Republican.*

AN authority on etiquette says that a woman can take a man's hand, but must not shake it; but there is nothing set down in the rules which can prevent her from shaking the man.—*Painesville Democrat.*

WHEN the rug is over the fence it is out.—*Puck.*

AN author's title ought to be: "Write Honorable."—*Washington Post.*

WHY is a man who makes pens very wicked? He makes people steel pens and then says they do write.

SMALL dinner tables may be Parisian, but small dinners are a failure of the average restaurant.—*Germantown Independent.*

AN actress who is presented with costly bouquets at the footlights may be said to be a lady of fine stage presents.—*Texas Siftings.*

A WARNING note—b sharp.

Rheumatism

According to recent investigations is caused by excess of lactic acid in the blood. This acid attacks the fibrous tissues, particularly in the joints, and causes the local manifestations of the disease, pains and aches in the back and shoulders, and in the joints at the knees, ankles, hips and wrists. Thousands of people have found in Hood's Sarsaparilla a positive and permanent cure for rheumatism. This medicine, by its purifying and vitalizing action, neutralizes the acidity of the blood, and also builds up and strengthens the whole body.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

WEDDING SUPERSTITIONS.

THE bees are informed of a wedding in Derbyshire, Eng., and their hives decorated.

THE Romans deemed it an ill omen to meet certain animals on the way to the ceremony. A priest, hare, dog, cat, lizard or serpent was unlucky in the middle ages—a wolf, toad or spider lucky.

IN Greece the groom is lightly sprinkled with water on leaving the home for the ceremony. The bride must visit the over in company with her father or a near relative, to salute it and obtain leave to set out.

IN France, during the middle ages, a ring of straw, or one made from a horseshoe nail, was placed on the bride's finger, and some had as many as five such rings. The couple also stood on a ring during the ceremony.

IN Scotland it is particularly ominous to meet a funeral on the way to the ceremony. Bride or groom was certain to die soon, as the sex of the person buried was male or female. In one part of Yorkshire the groom on meeting a male acquaintance rubbed his elbow for luck.

THE Swedish bride tries to see the groom before he sees her, to gain the mastery. She places her foot before his during the ceremony and sits in the bridal chair first. She must stand near the groom, so that no one can come between them.

IN Brittany, if the wife seeks to rule, she must take care that the ring when placed on her finger shall slip at once to its place on her finger, instead of allowing it to stop at the first joint. The bride who lost her ring lost her appetite, and to break it portended death.

IT is deemed especially ominous in Scotland for a lump of soot to fall down and spoil the breakfast on the day of the wedding, for a bird to die in its cage or for a bird to sit on the window-sill and chirp long. The bride must carefully avoid breaking a dish on that day.

USUALLY the inconsistency is of the man who professes much and does little, but there may be an inconsistency on the part of the man who professes nothing and does much. The profession and the character should be one.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway—"The Fast Mail Line."

Steam heated trains to Chicago; vestibuled trains to Chicago; finest dining cars in the world; excursion tickets to Colorado; excursion tickets to California; excursion tickets to Florida; everything first-class. First-class people patronize first-class lines. For further information apply to the Company's Agents in St. Paul and Minneapolis, or to any Coupon Ticket Agent in the Northwest.

THE man who invented the type-writer did more toward giving women their writes than all the women suffrage associations in the country.

"MY friends laughed at the idea of a $5.00 bone mill, but since I got one of Wilson's, advertised in this paper, the laugh is all on my side. Every one that sees it has to acknowledge it is a perfect success. I can crack enough shells for 150 fowls in 3 minutes; and the same amount will go five times farther than if cracked with a hammer. There is no waste, and a child can crack them. Bones take a little more strength. It also cracks corn easily and well."

WHEN the last one of a quartet of good fellows determines to die, the thing is a foregone conclusion.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Holiday Excursions via the Monon Route.

On Dec. 31st, 1888, and Jan. 1st, 1889, the Monon Route will sell excursion tickets between all stations including Louisville, Indianapolis and Cincinnati, at one and one third fare for the round trip, good returning until Jan. 3, 1889. Pullman Buffet Sleepers on night trains; Parlor Chair Cars on day trains. For rates, tickets and full information, address any Agent of the Monon Route, or call at City Ticket Office, 73 Clark St., Chicago.

THE Chinese does not take his queue from nature. Two-thirds of it is third-class silk.—*San Francisco Alta.*

Smiling Gardens of Plenty

Where nature beams her brightest—in the extreme south, on our sister continent and in the tropics of the Caribbean Sea—are too often the home of malaria, the vertical sun, copious decaying vegetation and bad water, also co-operating to breed virulent disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. It is in such regions that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters gets in some of its most beneficent work.

A PROMINENT band—the engagement ring.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HARSH purgative remedies are fast giving way to the gentle action and mild effects of Carter's Little Liver Pills. If you try them, they will certainly please you.

MEN can talk horse without having a bad cold.

FOR Throat Diseases and Coughs use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Like all *real good* things, they are imitated. *The genuine are sold only in boxes.*

"A REGULAR high flyer"—our American eagle.

DON'T wait until you are sick before trying Carter's Little Liver Pills, but get a vial at once. You can't take them without benefit.

DIAMOND dust—money paid for a solitaire.

LOOK for the best. NATIONAL YEAST. 5 & 10c.

A HAPPY medium—a pleasant spiritualist.

ST. JACOBS OIL

For Bruises and Burns.

Fresh, Strong, Convincing Facts.

Best Results. East Providence, R. I., June, '88. While in the employ of the Barstow Stove Co., applied your St. Jacobs Oil to many bad burns of the moulders and always with best results. GEO. W. HORTON.

Ladder Fell. Galveston, Texas, June 23, 1888. Fell from ladder; bruised and sprained my foot and wrist; suffered five days; was cured by St. Jacobs Oil. JOSHUA WYZETH.

Pitcher's Luck. Detroit, Mich., June 9, 1888. Pitching ball sprained and bruised my arm; two applications of St. Jacobs Oil cured me. LOUIS RUSH.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

For Old and Young.

Tutt's Liver Pills act as kindly on the child, the delicate female or infirm old age, as upon the vigorous man.

Tutt's Pills

give tone to the weak stomach, bowels, kidneys and bladder. To these organs their strengthening qualities are wonderful, causing them to perform their functions as in youth.

Sold Everywhere.

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COLBURN'S PHILADELPHIA MUSTARD

KING OF CONDIMENTS.
A TABLE LUXURY.
BEST FOR MEDICAL USES.
Sold only in Tins. Take No Other.
Never buy loose mustard, as it is generally worthless.

WOLCOTT HEAT TRAP & RADIATOR

Produces 50 per cent. more heat with 25 to 50 per cent. less fuel. It warms rooms over kitchen and parlor with the heat which would otherwise escape through the chimney. It is invaluable for Offices, Stores, and School Rooms. It will keep your house warm in the coldest weather. Full information, catalogue, etc., mailed free to any person. Address A. WOLCOTT, 106 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

GRAINS OF GUMPTION.

OUR value in life is not in being conspicuous, but in being faithful to the work given us, and the trust imposed on us.

BLUNDERING men, instead of admitting their responsibility, try to excuse themselves by throwing the blame upon others.

BE friendly and sociable, but don't go too far. For people to live happy together the real secret is that they should not live too much together.

HE who helps to circulate a piece of gossip is as bad as the one who originated it. To put your fist in a tar barrel, and then go round shaking hands with every body, is what some people like to do.

ALTHOUGH politeness necessarily follows to a great extent set forms, it should have its origin in affection for the individual, or, in a more general way, in consideration for others. When the young man begins to behave at home with less politeness than he exhibits abroad, there is much danger that gradually he will lose that consideration for his immediate relatives which he should have and exhibit.

TACT is born with some men and women, like the supple, delicate fingers of the artist's hand, and those who have it use their gift instinctively. It is not measured alike to those who have it. Men possess it in different degrees; while others, again, are wanting in it altogether. It is the outcome of intellectual and of temperamental qualifications, and implies the possession of clear perceptions, quick imagination and delicate sensibilities. It is these that give the tactful person his subtle intuition of another's mental processes and modes of feeling, and in the same moment exactly the right method of dealing with these.

THE THREE CROSSES.

THE Greek Cross has four equal arms, representing the Gospel preached to the four quarters of the earth by the four evangelists.

THE Maltese Cross is formed of four arrow-heads meeting at the points, the badge of the Knights of Malta. The eight points of this form of the cross are said to symbolize the eight beatitudes.

THE Cross of Calvary is a cross on three steps, which are supposed to signify the three virtues—faith, hope and charity, and is the kind always found on the altars of churches. Then we have the Cross of Constantine, which is simply a monogram of the first two Greek letters of the word Christ.

MINCED SANDWICH.—Chop and pound thoroughly some well-roasted or boiled mutton; season to taste, add four ounces of butter to each pound of meat and beat till quite smooth. Make a pastry as for pie-crust, roll out thin and cover one-half with a thick layer of the minced meat; fold over the other half, pinch the edges together and mark with a knife where the sandwiches are to be divided when cold. Bake in a brisk oven.

If You Are Sick

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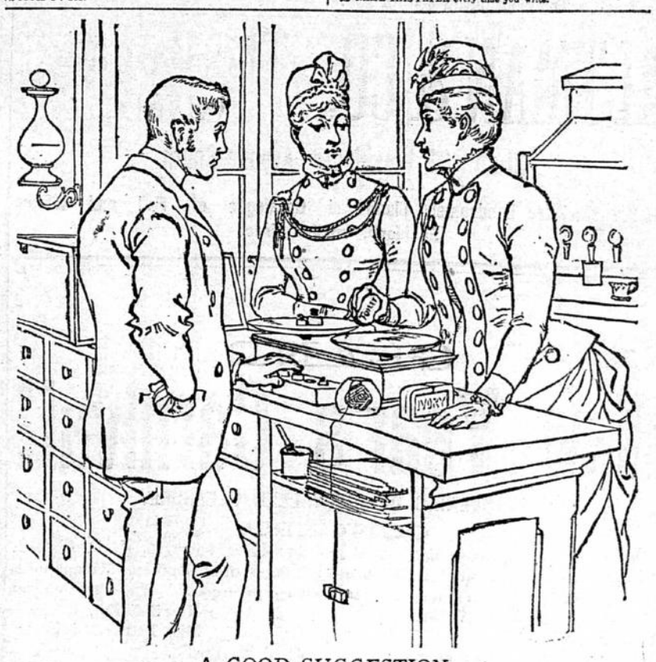

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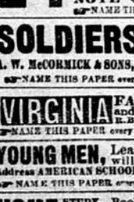

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