INDIAN CHIEFTAIN.

W. P. ROSS, J. W. SCROGGS, ... Editors.

VINITA, - - INDIAN TERRITORY.

I WONDER WHAT MAUD WILL SAY.

Dear Harry, I will not dissemble,
A candid confession is best;
My fate—but alas, how I trembled!—
My fate I must put to the test:
This morning I gathered in sadness
A strand from my locks slightly gray;
To delay any longer were madness—
I wonder what Maud will say!

The deed it were well to do quickly—
Macbeth makes a kindred remark;
I wonder if Mac felt as sickly
When he carved the old King in the dark!
The fellows who marry all do it,
But what is the usual way?
Bought! don't I wish I were through it!
I wonder what Maud will say!

Pray advise. Would you fix up a letter
With rhymes about roses and trees?
To tell it perchance would be better:
Alas, mark! I get on my knees!
No; kneeling is now out of fashion
Except in a novel or play.
Ah, love is a Protean passion!
I wonder what Maud will say!

Would you give her a pug or a pony,
A picture or only a book;
A novel—say Bulwer's "Zanoni,"
Or a poem—"Lucile," "Lalla Rookh";
Perhaps from Maillard's, or a necklace
Of pearls, or a mammoth bouquet?
By Jove! I am perfectly reckless—
I wonder what Maud will say!

Shall I speak of the palace at Como
Which captured the heart of Pauline?
There's a likeness of Claude in a chromo;
Would you buy it and practice the scene?
But no! I'm no Booth, nor an Irving;
My fancy has led me astray.
To a lover so true and deserving
I wonder what Maud will say!

Could I warble like Signor Galassi,
To music we'd waltz or we'd soar—
I recall she applauded him as he
Serenaded the fair Leonore;
My stars should resound love compelling,
Far sweeter than Orpheus' lay;
Already my bosom is swelling—
I wonder what Maud will say!

Shall I tell her my love very gravely,
Or propose in a moment of mirth,
Or lead to the sub-ject suavely,
And mention how much I am worth?
Old fellow, I know I shall blunder;
Where shall I possess as bright as the day,
My wits will be dazzled, oh, thunder!
I wonder what Maud will say!

—*Samuel Hudson Peck, in Century.*

THE CROWSNEST GHOST.

A True Story.

It would be almost impossible to discover any one more entirely devoid of superstition than myself. Nevertheless, when I was seventeen years old an event happened which caused me to believe mine a haunted life. I was staying in Paris at the house of my guardian, Sir Charles C——, and dressing for my first ball—a ball at the English Embassy. My dress, a triumph of Parisian taste, had been fastened, and I stood before the glass while my maid arranged the flowers in my hair. A splendid bouquet lay beside my gloves and fan upon the toilet-table.

"Ah, now mademoiselle is beautiful!" exclaimed my maid Justine, in French, as she stepped back to survey her work admiringly.

I blushed with pleasure. It was the first compliment that had been paid me, and my glass told me it was true.

"I wonder who sent me these flowers?" I said, taking up the bouquet preparatory to leaving the room.

"Mademoiselle will doubtless discover her admirer among her partners to-night," was the girl's reply.

At this moment there was a knock at the door. A telegram was handed to me.

"Mrs. Northcote is dangerously ill, and wishes to see her step-daughter before she dies."

Startled, dismayed, but beyond all measure vexed at receiving such an untimely message, I dropped the paper upon the floor. "Bring me a railway guide—quick!" I said to Justine.

Mrs. Northcote was my step-mother, but we had never met. My father had made a mesalliance out in India by taking a half-caste for his second wife, and when he died he left to his widow, for her life, the family estate of "Crowsnest," to which he had only just succeeded. I found by the railway guide that if I changed my dress with speed there was time to catch the last train that night from Paris. By noon next day I should reach Dashshire, in which county Crowsnest is situated.

"Justine," I cried, excitedly, "bring me my traveling dress. You must go with me to-night to England ——"

"Mon dieu, mademoiselle! Would you take off that ravishing dress that suits you to such marvel? Would you give up the ball ——?"

Once more I looked at my reflection in the glass. Once more I took up the railway time-table to study its contents. At nine o'clock next morning there was another train. * * * Meditatively I raised the bouquet to my face. Who was it said: "The woman who hesitates is lost?" The sweet perfume of the flowers permeated my senses. Who had sent them? Curiosity prevailed. I would wait till the morrow, go to the ball, and solve the mystery. Sir Charles and Lady C—— were waiting for me when I descended the stairs. I did not say anything about the telegram; we entered the carriage and were driven to the Embassy.

The ball was brilliant in the extreme, and I completely intoxicated with the adulation I received. "La jolie Anglaise!" "The new debutante!" was on everybody's lips. The night was half over before I even remembered the avowed object of my deferred departure for England—namely, to discover the sender of the flowers.

"Of what were you thinking so profoundly, Miss Northcote?" asked a gentleman, in a way that made me start. The speaker was Mr. Weston. He had been introduced to me a few days before at my guardian's house.

"I was thinking of the sender of this lovely bouquet, and wondering who he is. See, my name, 'Nina,' is spelt out in white violets," I answered, holding the flowers toward him.

"I hope you were thinking kindly of the donor?"

"Indeed I was."

"Thank you. Will you always so think of him—of *me*?"

My surprise was too great to frame an immediate reply. Besides, his manner embarrassed me. It inferred so much more than the mere words. I danced with him more frequently than with any one else, and found a new and strange attraction in his presence. On returning from the ball I told my kind host and hostess of the telegram, and of my determination to start for England on the morrow.

Lady C—— looked grave when she read the message.

"You might have saved a few hours dear, ——," she said.

"Only a very few. And then I should have missed the most delightful experience of all my life!" I answered, fervently.

"But it was a case of life and death, my child," she added, gently. And I felt she had given me a reproof.

My trunks were soon packed by Justine, who accompanied me to England. Sir Charles C——, as my legal guardian, also insisted on going with me, and late on the following night we were driving through the moonless darkness of country roads to Crowsnest. A stately housekeeper met us in the hall.

"Miss Northcote, you come too late," she said, and there was more austerity than sadness in her tone. "My dear mistress died three hours ago. If you had left Paris last night you would have been in time. My lady had a communication she desired to make to you."

"What was it?" I asked, in much distress.

"That no one will ever know in this world," was the answer. And I felt from that moment as though Mrs. Stevens was my enemy.

Sir Charles C—— remained at Crowsnest until after the funeral. Then, in vain, he urged me to return with him to Paris. I was bent on remaining a few weeks longer in the quaint old-fashioned house, which now to all intents and purposes was mine. With the exception of one bedroom in it, a description of Crowsnest is not necessary to the development of my tale, but to describe that is imperative. This room had taken my fancy from the first. It was long and large and low; the walls panelled with cedar-wood. On the panels hung framed tapestry pictures, the work of past generations of Northcotes. The ceiling of cedar-wood, with curiously carved rafters, made the walls look even lower than they were. A time-mellowed square of Indian carpet covered the center of the cedar floor on which stood the bed—of the same wood and richly carved—raised on a dais. There were two windows; that nearest the bed, a bay with diamond panes, the hanging similar to those of the bed, of old-fashioned rich brocade with faded pink satin linings. On the side of the bay window nearest the bed was fixed a modern gas-bracket, which struck me as a strange anomaly and the only incongruity amid the antique surroundings. It was in this chamber my stepmother died, but utterly devoid of all superstitious weakness I decided to occupy it myself. No sooner had my kind guardian left Crowsnest than I told Mrs. Stevens of my intention, whereon she looked troubled, urging various reasons why I should not do so, none of which appeared to me of any weight. At last she said: "It was Mrs. Northcote's wish that that room should not be used. She died in it."

"And do you suppose I am so foolish as to be afraid to sleep there on that account?" I asked.

"It is not my province to suppose anything, Miss Northcote. My late mistress entertained the fancy, and if you had seen her before she died it is my belief she would have given you her reasons herself. As it is ——"

"As it is, Mrs. Stevens," I answered, seeing that she paused, irresolutely, "I am now mistress here, and have set my heart on that particular bedroom. Have it prepared, please, for I wish to occupy it at once."

"As you will," she said, indifferently. But as she turned away I caught a peculiar look on her face, which perplexed as much as it annoyed me. My belongings were promptly removed into the coveted room, my maid, Justine, occupying a small dressing-room adjoining, but to which there was no through communication. The first night of my taking possession of my new quarters was close and oppressive, and I remember waking to find the scent of the cedar-wood slightly overpowering. About midnight I rose; threading my way across the floor with difficulty, for the room was almost in total darkness, I opened the nearest window. The next night, before Justine left me, I desired her not to turn the gas quite out. Three nights later I again woke with a sense of languor and oppression. I did not want to be at the trouble of rising to open the window, but I looked up sleepily. The gas beside the window gave out a dim light; beyond it a faint moonbeam slanting across the room in which lay the shadow of a pear-tree that grew outside close to the house. I could trace the shadows of the branches and the leaves, and watched them as they flickered, stirred by the night wind. Keeping my eyes open in a half-sleepy manner, as I have said, all at once I became conscious of seeing something else besides the gaslight and the moonlight, something that seemed to be between the two. It was faint and indistinct, certainly, but none the less it bore resemblance to a female form. The head appeared resting on the hand, the hair with a ruddy gleam on it floated backward on the shoulders. The rest of the figure was lost in darkness. I was sufficiently awake to know it was no freak of fancy, and yet the figure was altogether so faintly defined and vague in detail that before long I fell asleep and next morning remembered it as a dream only.

The succeeding night, however, I again awoke and on opening my eyes beheld the self-same figure. But this time it was more clearly visible, especially the face, which, turned toward me, I saw to be that of a very beautiful woman. Moreover, to my unspeakable horror and dismay, I discovered in it a resemblance to my step-mother, whom I had seen once, and once only, as she lay dead within her coffin. The sight was the more distressing to me inasmuch as the face wore an expression of mournful sadness combined with one of reproach. Had the spirit of my father's wife returned to earth to upbraid me for not obeying the summons to her dying bed?

A strangely commingled feeling of awe and incredulity possessed me. Of awe, inspired by the presence of a being from another world; of incredulity, that such a visitation could be possible. In vain I closed my eyes, pressing my hands upon them to wipe out, as it were, the sight. Whenever I opened them I saw the beautiful, reproachful face, and it was not until the early summer morning dawned that it entirely disappeared and I rose from my bed sad at heart and worn in body with the weary vigil of the night. Twice more the visitation came; later that for two or three weeks the visits ceased; then were once more resumed. Before I had been two months at Crowsnest all my vaunted courage fled; my entire nature underwent a change. Though I spoke of what I had seen to no one, I was, nevertheless, sensitively conscious that Mrs. Stevens remarked something amiss with me. I was even morbidly fearful that she had suspicion of the cause. I was convinced of this one morning when she said, not by any means unkindly:

"Justine tells me you have not been sleeping well, Miss Northcote. Indeed, I am concerned to see how ill you look. Do you not find the cedar chamber comfortable?"

"Perfectly comfortable, delightful! I would not change it for the world," I replied, evasively.

"Comfortable," and with that haunting presence? Heaven forgive me for the subterfuge! As to Justine, she was continually urging me to quit what she termed "ce villain pays," attributing my depression to the climate, to the dull life I led, to anything rather than to the true cause. But at length her persistency, added to beseeching letters from my guardian, prevailed, and I returned to Paris.

There I renewed my acquaintance with Mr. Weston. It was impossible to be blind to his feelings, his intentions. Every word and look told me that he loved me, and the day came when he asked me to be his wife. To his evident surprise, and to my own inexpressible sorrow, I refused to marry him. Could I join my life—a haunted life—to that of the man I loved with all my soul? True, I had had no visitation from the beautiful, reproachful face since I left Crowsnest; but might it not return at any time, at any hour? Oh, why had my father's wife cast this blight upon my life? Why did she haunt me? Was it such a heinous crime not to have gone in time to see her die?

Suddenly I became possessed with a strange longing to revisit Crowsnest, to see again the weird apparition that had exercised so subtle an influence on my life. With the persistent waywardness of a spoilt child I insisted on going to Crowsnest. I insisted also that no one but Justine should accompany me. My indulgent guardian yielded to my wishes, and I went. But not once during my month's visit did I see the haunting face. I believed then that my persecution was ended.

On my return to Paris Mr. Weston renewed his offer and I accepted him. A few months of married happiness effectually dispersed the cloud that overshadowed me.

My mind—warped, weakened, as it had been by giving way to morbid fancies—gained tone and vigor daily by associating with my husband's, which was eminently matter of fact and practical. It was, therefore, without the slightest forboding of evil that we set off for Dashshire to spend the summer months at Crowsnest. George was much pleased with the old house; above all with the cedar chamber, which I found—without any orders to that effect—had been prepared for us. It was late at night when we arrived and there was not time to alter the arrangement; besides, there seemed no need, for I believed, as I have stated, that I had outlived my fears.

Both George and I were tired by our journey and on retiring to rest we soon fell fast asleep. Towards morning I awoke.

A stream of moonlight flooded the chamber. As of old, the shadow of the pear tree lay along the floor, flickering in the night wind. I watched it for awhile, then—this shadow being closely associated in my mind with something else—I looked towards the bay window, and could scarcely suppress a cry. There, in the old place, between the gaslight and the moonlight, appeared—the face!

"George," I whispered, trembling, "wake! I feel so frightened."

"What is it, Nina? Have you seen a ghost?" he inquired lightly.

"Hush! Look there."

Raising himself upon his elbow he obeyed.

"Why, there is a woman in the room!" he exclaimed, in the greatest consternation. Then, after pausing a few moments, he continued slowly and deliberately, as though reading by a bad light from a book. "No! it is only an illusion—but *what* an illusion! I seem to see most distinctly a beautiful woman, her head turned this way, supported by her hand. Her hair—a bright auburn—hangs loose about her shoulders. It is a handsome face, but sorrowful ——"

"Stay! what are you about to do?" I asked, as, rising, he made a quick movement forward.

"To dispel the illusion, darling."

So saying he shook the curtain violently.

"May all ghostly visitants be as easily dispersed," he continued, laughing, as the figure quivered, swayed, became distorted, then, in a moment, vanished.

"But what *was* it?"

"I will reproduce it and you shall see."

He loosed the curtain and it fell to the ground in the old folds and creases, as it was before. There, sure enough, she was again.

"And is this what scared you on your first visit here?" he inquired, turning to me suddenly as though a new light broke on him.

"Yes. I thought it was the spirit of my step-mother. I imagined the likeness of course." Then, between laughter and tears, I made full confession of all my superstitious folly.

Next morning we closely interrogated Mrs. Stevens. She expressed her belief that the cedar chamber was haunted, and that the communication her mistress had desired to make to me was to that effect.

We read of strange results brought about by the juxtaposition of certain heavenly bodies. Here was an instance, unique in its way, in which a heavenly body—the moon—aided by such commonplace earthly materials as a modern gas jet and an old faded silken curtain, produced as perfect a specimen of a beautiful female ghost as ever visited our world.—*Belgravia Annual.*

Quite Indifferent.

This, from North Carolina (once called the "Tar Heel State"), may be relied on as authentic. The educational advantages enjoyed by the boys and girls of North Carolina during the earlier decades of the present century were of a very limited kind. There were, however, at that day, a few institutions of learning whose reputation extended beyond the limits of the State, and whose standards of education were among the best. Notable among them was one located at the seat of justice in the County of B——, which still maintains its reputation. A certain planter resided in a contiguous county, whose eldest son had attained to the age when at the present day young men are fully prepared to enter colleges, and whose education was sadly deficient. What he had was acquired by occasional and intermitted attendance at the "log schoolhouse" in his vicinity, at such times as an old-fashioned school-master "taught and birched" the boys and girls.

The father of the lad in question, possessed of ample means, determined that his son John should be placed at the aforesaid school in the village of A——; and accordingly, accompanied by his son, carried out his intention, leaving him with ample means and prepaid tuition under charge of the worthy principal. On taking leave of his son he was informed that monthly reports would be sent him by mail of his son's progress in study, etc., etc. At the expiration of the first month the report was accordingly sent, and a note, as follows, accompanied the report: "When you placed your son John under my charge you forgot to direct what branches you desired him to be put in." This note of reminder rather confused the worthy old gentleman, whose own education barely enabled him to read and write (the latter by no means an easy task for him). Consulting his wife, and after with her reading and re-reading the report and note, he replied thereto as follows:

SIR.—We got your letter and see you want to know what branches we want John put *to*; we about cure what *they are* so you *keep* him outen Tar River.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Simple Musical Method.

The new tonic solfa system of teaching music is not patented, and is quietly being adopted in Eastern cities. Prof. Carl F. Kroeb, of the Stevens Polytechnic at Hoboken, describes it as follows: "It abolishes the signs for notes at present in use, and all the old staff notation," said he, "and represents the tones by a simple method which anybody can understand. The musical intervals are the same in all keys, consequently no flats or sharps are needed in writing music for the voice. They are confusing and do not represent any reality. In place of the pictured notes simple letters are used—'d' for do, 'r' for re, 'm' for me, etc. 'Old Hundred' written is as follows, 't' meaning 's':

d|d:t,|l,:s,|d:r|m:m|m:m|r:d|
f:m|r:d|r:m|r:d|l,:t,|d:s|m:d|
:f|m:r|d

"This is written the same in every key; it is only necessary to have the key right at the beginning. The learner needs a careful drill on the intervals, so that he can strike them at will. The method does all this in a novel and philosophical manner. With the new method no time is lost in puzzling when the key changes. The letters above indicate what the notes are, the long lines are the bars, the short ones are the middle of the bars; the colons separate the pulse or beats, and the commas denote half-beats. The inventor was Rev. Mr. Curwen, an English clergyman, who died recently. It is called the Tonic Solfa system, because all the symbols show their relation to the tonic or key-note. People who have sung well all their lives and are getting good salaries are just finding the very a b c of their art." Musicians generally do not look favorably upon the new way.—*Exchange.*

Talking Against Poker.

Poker-playing and poker clubs, whether clubs in fact or only so-called, should be discountenanced, because of their demoralizing effect upon persons addicted to the game. It dulls the feelings of generosity; it makes men selfish, harsh and deceitful; it causes them to lie, to be profane and often to cheat, while it leads to evil associations generally. Men will sit down to play poker with men whom they would not like to introduce into their families and some with whom they would hate to be seen in public. It has a tendency to make men neglectful of their legitimate calling and their families, and the money lost in the game would greatly enhance domestic comfort and happiness if employed in that way or saved for future use. Whether merchant, physician, lawyer, mechanic, principal or clerk, when infatuated with this game, and when spending nights at the gambling table, instead of resting in bed, they are surely liable to neglect business, unfit themselves for duty by their nightly orgies, while they depreciate the value of their services to clients or employers. It impoverishes the mind as well as the purse, and it destroys amiability and establishes fretfulness and ill-humor.

The game is usually begun as a means of amusement, with very small stakes; but, being enticing and infatuating, it soon becomes a daily habit, and a cancer slowly eating its way into the vitality of the victim. Most players are bound to lose, as the chances are by no means as equal as people may think they are. As the losses increase in amount and frequency, the minds of the players become worried and troubled, and the continuous attempts to win back lost money tends, in most cases, to renewed ventures. Then comes more worry and gloominess and trouble. Invariably the efforts to regain only result in new and heavier losses.

It is a positive fact, and can be proved in almost every instance (at least I could prove it as far as my own experience reaches), that in every club there creeps in the course of time a few persons who are possessed of great patience and a penchant for trickery, who, under the guise of gentlemen, simply come to play to pass away their spare time, and they seem to have a great deal of time to spare for this purpose. It is not wonderful, under these circumstances, that many persons retire from the club room with not only empty purses, but with exhausted credit, and go home to punish their innocent families by their unaccountable chagrin and nervousness. Men who but a short time since deem no purchase burdensome, now find that the ordering of an overcoat is a severe test of their financial capacity. Poker is very amusing and very engaging, but men are not content with mere amusement, and do not seem to care for stopping anywhere short of embarassment or ruin. It is horrible to carry about with one the humiliating consciousness of being an unsuccessful gambler.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Discreet Jeweler.

"Anything I can show you to-day?" asked the jeweler.

"Well, ahem, yes," replied the young lady as she placed a package on the counter. "Did these ear-rings come from here?"

"Yes'm."

"Did they cost forty-five dollars?"

"Um!"

"And are they solid gold, with real pearls?"

"Um!"

"They were a Christmas present, you see."

"Ah!"

And the jeweler retires to the rear of the store and whispering inquires:

"Joe; who bought these?"

"A young dude who is probably that girl's beau."

"What was the price?"

"Ten dollars."

"And what were we to say if she called?"

"Forty-five—solid gold—real pearls."

"Yes—ahem—you know," says the jeweler as he returns to the counter—"happy to inform you that the original price was seventy-five dollars, but as the purchaser is one of our best customers we let them go for forty-five dollars. Bring 'em in any time you want seventy dollars in cash."

Exit young lady looking tickled to death—*Detroit Free Press.*

—General Butler has stopped smoking. The radical change of habit is adopted by advice of his physician. The General's capacity for work has always been something enormous, and with the advance of years he shows not the slightest desire to reduce his hours of labor, but he feels a loss of vigor, and is willing to sacrifice any habit that is calculated to weaken his powers. He is nothing of an invalid, however.—*Boston Herald.*

—They were returning home from the theater, and had nearly reached her home, when the young man observed, "Isn't the weather cold and raw?" She must have misunderstood him. "Raw," she said, hesitatingly. "Yes, I like them raw, but," she continued, looking sweetly in his eyes, "don't you think they are nicer fried?" What could he do?—*Chicago Saturday Herald.*

—A pearl necklace owned by a New York lady is valued at $100,000, and yet the pleasure she derives from wearing it is as skim milk beside golden cream when compared with the pleasure the Dakota girl experiences while wearing a necklace composed of a strong, honest arm. This is semi-official, but it can be relied on as being correct.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 22, 1884.			
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	$5 00	@	5 70
Native Heifers	3 00	@	4 00
Native Cows	3 00	@	4 25
Butchers' Steers	4 00	@	5 00
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	4 35	@	6 00
Light	4 00	@	4 60
WHEAT—No. 1	90	@	91
No. 2	80½	@	81
No. 3	72	@	73
CORN—No. 2	39	@	40
OATS—No. 2	29	@	29½
RYE—No. 2	49	@	50
FLOUR—Fancy, per sack	2 10	@	2 20
HAY—Car lots, bright	7 00	@	7 50
BUTTER—Choice dairy	20	@	25
CHEESE—Kansas, new	09	@	10
EGGS—Choice	18	@	19
PORK—Hams	13	@	14
Shoulders	6½	@	7
Sides	8½	@	9
LARD	9	@	9½
WOOL—Missouri, unwashed	18	@	19
POTATOES Per bushel	35	@	40
ST. LOUIS.			
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	5 50	@	6 00
Butchers' Steers	4 00	@	5 00
HOGS—Good to choice	5 50	@	5 80
SHEEP—Fair to choice	3 75	@	4 50
FLOUR—XXX to choice	3 30	@	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Winter	1 01	@	1 02
No. 3	95	@	96
CORN—No. 2 mixed	47	@	48
OATS—No. 2	31	@	31½
RYE—No. 2	54	@	54½
PORK	14 50	@	14 75
COTTON—Middling	10½	@	10¾
TOBACCO—New Lugs	4 40	@	4 75
Medium new leaf	6 25	@	5 75
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Good shipping	5 40	@	5 90
HOGS—Good to choice	5 80	@	6 25
SHEEP—Fair to choice	3 75	@	4 50
FLOUR—Common to choice	5 00	@	5 75
WHEAT—No. 2 red	90	@	90¾
No. 3	78	@	80
No. 2 Spring	90	@	90¾
CORN—No. 2	32	@	32¼
OATS—No. 2	22	@	22¼
RYE	57	@	57¼
PORK—New Mess	14 40	@	14 75
NEW YORK.			
CATTLE—Exports	5 25	@	7 25
HOGS—Good to choice	5 75	@	6 00
COTTON—Middling	10¼	@	10¼
FLOUR—Good to choice	4 50	@	6 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 07	@	1 07¼
No. 2 Spring	1 00	@	1 01¼
CORN—No. 2	61	@	61½
OATS—Western mixed	40	@	42
PORK—Standard Mess	14 25	@	14 50

Out in Arizona.

Hon. A. W. Sheldon, Associate Justice, Supreme Bench of Arizona Territory, writes as follows: "It affords me great pleasure to say, from my personal observation, and you know the scope of such has been very extended, that St. Jacobs Oil is the great and wonderful conqueror of pain, the sovereign cure for all bodily aches and pains, and I cheerfully bear this testimony."

THE rabbit is now the fashionable pet. Its long ears are very appropriate to go with those of the people who keep such things about the house.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A DANGEROUS AMBUSCADE.

Discovered Rarely in Time—The Most Deceptive and Luring of Modern Evils Graphically Described.

[*Syracuse Journal.*]

Something of a sensation was caused in this city yesterday by a rumor that one of our best known citizens was about to publish a statement concerning some unusual experiences during his residence in Syracuse. How the rumor originated it is impossible to say, but a reporter immediately sought Dr. S. G. Martin, the gentleman in question, and secured the following interview:

"What about this rumor, Doctor, that you are going to make a public statement of some important matters?"

"Just about the same as you will find in all rumors—some truth; some fiction. I had contemplated making a publication of some remarkable episodes that have occurred in my life, but have not completed it as yet."

"What is the nature of it, may I inquire?"

"Why, the fact that I am a human being instead of a spirit. I have passed through one of the most wonderful ordeals that perhaps ever occurred to any man. The first intimation I had of it was several years ago, when I began to feel chilly at night and restless after retiring. Occasionally this would be varied by a soreness of the muscles and cramps in my arms and legs. I thought, as most people would think, that it was only a cold and so paid as little attention to it as possible. Shortly after this I noticed a peculiar catarrhal trouble and my throat also became inflamed. As if this were not variety enough I felt sharp pains in my chest, and a constant tendency to headache."

"Why didn't you take the matter in hand and check it right where it was?"

"Why doesn't everybody do so? Simply because they think it is only some trifling and passing disorder. These troubles did not come all at once and I thought it unmanly to heed them. I have found, though, that every physical neglect must be paid for and with large interest. Men can not draw drafts on their constitution without honoring them sometimes. These minor symptoms I have described, grew until they were giants of agony. I became more nervous; had a strange fluttering of the heart, an inability to draw a long breath and an occasional numbness that was terribly suggestive of paralysis. How I could have been so blind as not to understand what this meant I can not imagine."

"And did you do nothing?"

"Yes, I traveled. In the spring of 1879 I went to Kansas and Colorado, and while in Denver, I was attacked with a mysterious hemorrhage of the urinary organs and lost twenty pounds of flesh in three weeks. One day after my return I was taken with a terrible chill and at once advanced to a very severe attack of pneumonia. My left lung soon entirely filled with water and my legs and body became twice their natural size. I was obliged to sit upright in bed for several weeks in the midst of the severest agony, with my arms over my head, and in constant fear of suffocation."

"And did you still make no attempt to save yourself?"

"Yes, I made frantic efforts. I tried every thing that seemed to offer the least prospect of relief. I called a council of doctors and had them make an exhaustive chemical and microscopical examination of my condition. Five of the best physicians of Syracuse and several from another city said I must die!

It seemed as though their assertion was true for my feet became cold, my mouth parched, my eyes wore a fixed glassy stare, my body was covered with a cold, clammy death sweat, and I read my fate in the anxious expressions of my family and friends."

"But the *result?*"

"Came at last. My wife, aroused to desperation, began to administer a remedy upon her own responsibility and while I grew better very slowly, I gained ground surely until, in brief, I have no trace of the terrible Brights disease from which I was dying, and am a perfectly well man. This may sound like a romance, but it is true, and my life, health and what I am are due to Warner's Safe Cure, which I wish was known to and used by the thousands who, I believe, are suffering this minute as I was originally. Does not such an experience as this justify me in making a public statement?"

"It certainly does. But then Bright's disease is not a common complaint, doctor."

"Not common! On the contrary it is one of the most common. The trouble is, few people know they have it. It has so few marked symptoms until its final stages that a person may have it for years, each year getting more and more in its power and not suspect it. It is quite natural I should feel enthusiastic over this remedy while my wife is even more so than I am. She knows of its being used with surprising results by many ladies for their own peculiar ailments, over which it has singular power."

The statement drawn out by the above interview is amply confirmed by very many of our most prominent citizens, among them being Judge Reigel, and Colonel James S. Goodrich, of the *Times*, while General Dwight H. Bruce and Rev. Prof. W. P. Coddington, D. D., give the remedy their heartiest endorsement. In this age of wonders, surprising things are quite common but an experience so unusual as that of Dr. Martin's and occurring here in our midst, may well cause comment and teach a lesson. It shows the necessity of guarding the slightest approach of physical disorder and by the means which has been proven the most reliable and efficient. It shows the depth to which one can sink and yet be rescued and it proves that few people need suffer if these truths are observed.

A REPORTER describing a wedding said "it was all over in a very few minutes." Gracious! Sounds like a hanging.—*Progress.*

The Record of the Fairs.

The superiority of Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color over all others made, is again demonstrated by its record at the Autumnal Fairs. The test of practical use is what tells the story, and the great value of the premiums given by the Agricultural Fairs, lies in the fact, that the judges in these cases are regular farmers, who know what their needs are and what will supply them. Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color, which has taken first premium at all fairs where exhibited, is put up in a vegetable oil so prepared that it can not become rancid, a most important property, the lack of which is fatal to so many of the Butter-Colors offered for sale. It does not color the buttermilk; it imparts a bright natural color, which is unattained by many others; and being the strongest is the cheapest Color in the market.

STANLEY has discovered a river in Central Africa called Kidomelonga. It can not be very far from Lake Nyum-nyum.—*Detroit Post.*

Solid Comfort.

Every one likes to take solid comfort and it may be enjoyed by every one who keeps Kidney-Wort in the house and takes a few doses at the first symptoms of an attack of Malaria, Rheumatism, Bilious-ness, Jaundice or any affection of the Liver, Kidneys or Bowels. It is a purely vegetable compound of roots, leaves and berries known to have special value in kidney troubles. Added to these are remedies acting directly on the Liver and Bowels. It removes the cause of disease and fortifies the system against new attacks.

THE father of twins may not wish to have any more children, but he's got two.—*Boston Post.*

I HAVE been entirely cured of a terrible case of Blood Poisoning by the use of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) after trying everything known to the medical people without relief. JNO. S. TAGGART, Salamanca, N. Y.

TO THE ladies: Marriage is ever a mistery; but anything is better than perpetual miss-ery.—*Chicago Times.*

FROM Magnolia, Ark., Mr. T. J. Gunnels, writes: "*Samaritan Nervine* cured my son's fits."

FRECKLES are not so bad. It is said that one girl does not object to seeing them on another girl's face.

GARDENERS, Farmers and Dealers send stamp for Ruhlmann's Great Wheel-Hoe Circulars. Ruhlmann, Lockport, N. Y.

THE President's cabinet is a valuable piece of furniture. So is the weather bureau.

THE life-giving properties of impure blood are restored by using *Samaritan Nervine.*

A Messenger of Health.

Sent free to sufferers from nervous, chronic and blood diseases, brain and heart affections, nervous debility, exhaustion, etc., who have failed to find relief. It tells of wonderful cures effected by Dr. Scott's Coca, Beef and Iron, with Phosphorus. Sold by druggists; $1. Dr. Scott, Kansas City, Mo. Ask your druggist for pamphlet.

A WOMAN'S heart, like the moon, is always changing, but there is always a man in it.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar

Stop the most violent explosions of coughing. Piso's Toothache drops cure in one minute.

NO SMOKING allowed in this room, said a waiting passenger to the stove.—*Philadelphia Call.*

"A GOD-SEND is Ely's Cream Balm," writes Mrs. M. A. Jackson, of Portsmouth, N. H., on May 22, 1882. "I had Catarrh for three years; had tried nearly all remedies but to no purpose. Two or three times a week my nose would bleed quite freely and I thought the sores in it would never heal. Your Balm has cured me." This preparation is not a liquid or a snuff, and is easily applied. Price 50 cents.

A MAN who had seven buckshot taken from his head remarked that quite a load was taken off his mind.

GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN has used Durang's Rheumatic Remedy for rheumatism with splendid results. It is taken internally and cures atonce the worst cases. Ask your druggist for it or send for free pamphlet to R. K. Helphenstine, Washington, D. C.

THE horse-shoe doesn't bring good luck when the horse applies it.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC (S. S. S.) has cured me entirely of bad Blood Poison. I went one hundred miles to get it, and it made me as sound as a new dollar.

J. W. WEYLES, Meadville, Pa.

"I AM purchased by faith," says the clock, "but I'm known by my works."

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WHY is love like a potato? Because it shoots from the eyes.

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ELY'S CREAM BALM when applied by the finger into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment will positively cure. Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Ely Brothers, Druggists, Owego, N.Y.

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