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A Poet's Epitaph.

BY WILLIAM M'INTOSH.

I think, of all the touching stories
In that dear book we call divine,
Surpassing Revelation's glories,
The angel's song, the manger shrine,
The life of love and sacrifice—
Those words that tell the mother's care
When He outgrew, in strange, sweet guise,
Her human arms, most pathos bear;
When His high mission led the boy apart,
His mother kept His sayings in her heart!

In the great temple's holy place
The child's sweet face with sages grave,
Like sunlight in a wood's dark ways,
Strange contrast made; yet not to brave
Their solemn purpose, for His thought
In reverent answer, clear and true,
Held them in awe, and she who sought
Saw him transfigured to her view.
She felt, yet knew not His diviner part,
And, wondering, kept His sayings in her heart.

We call him God yet men may claim
A privilege as dear as this—
To breathe a mother's sacred name,
To feel a mother's tender kiss.
And joyous boyhood hoping high,
Or passion-led in meaner ways
May, pausing, hear that mother's sigh
That mourns his shame or breathes his praise;
Be his the nobler or the baser part
His mother keeps his sayings in her heart.

Be this a poet's epitaph!
More dear, more sure than a passing fame;
So make the cold world weep or laugh,
To proud a task he may not claim.
One critic's heart responsive thrills,
His mirth, his pathos sways it well;
The mother's eye his picture fills,
Her spirit owns his fancy's spell.
Grant me but this! I ask no meed of art—
"His mother kept these sayings in her heart."

*But His mother kept all these sayings in her heart.—Luke 1:58.

AN ADVENTURE IN ITALY.

Toward the close of a sultry summer day, a young Scotchman alighted from a traveling carriage at the village of Monterosa, in Italy. In reply to the obsequious landlord, with whom guests of the milord class were "like angel visits few and far between," he announced his intention of remaining a couple of days, desired to be shown to his room, and ordered coffee to be served in the parlor. In a few minutes he descended to the public room of the inn, and with much relish sipped the cup of refreshing coffee which the landlord had brought in: and proceeded to fill and light a favorite meerschaum, and blowing clouds of fragrant smoke toward the low ceiling, was soon immersed in a brown study.

The traveller, whose name was Frank Melville, was about 28 years of age, and a good specimen of manly beauty. Exactly six feet 'in his stockings," his figure was so well proportioned that you did not give him credit of being more than the average height. His short, curly, light brown hair framed a countenance ruddy with health and sparkling with good humor; while the deep blue eyes shone with intelligence. He was an artist, and had seized the first opportunity to put into execution a long-cherished intention of making a tour in Italy; and the desire of beholding fresh scenes had induced him to turn aside considerably from the well beaten route pursued by the ordinary tourist.

He had hitherto experienced great pleasure in his tour. But nevertheless, when the shades of evening began to fall, he generally felt somewhat solitary, and longed for some companion with whom to compare notes and exchange ideas. On the particular evening on which our story opens, he felt more than usually restless and low-spirited. A craving for some excitement took possession of him. But in the quiet, secluded village of Monterosa, what excitement, mental or physical, could be found?

There being no other way open to him of passing the time, he decided to try a stroll. The narrow, irregular street of the village was almost deserted; nothing was to be seen except some children playing in the sand, and geese walking in long procession, cackling as they went. Striding rapidly onward, Melville soon came to the outskirts of the village, and plunged into the adjoining forest. The luxuriant leafage of the stately trees, which were in the full vigor of their growth, naturally obtained his chief admiration. The air was scented with the odor of fresh resin and mosses; while a perfect stillness, as of a sanctuary, prevailed, more fitted however to increase his depression, than to afford him the mental stimulus for which he craved. He had walked at a smart pace for some thirty minutes when the sudden sinking of the sun and the deepening twilight warned him that it was time to retrace his steps. Turning back, he was soon conscious that he had lost his way, and began to lament his imprudence in venturing so far into an unknown and apparently trackless forest without having taken some bearings by which to shape his course.

Just as he was beginning to resign himself to a night under the trees, he discerned the smoke of a fire at no great distance, and heard in the still evening air the notes of a violin. A walk of a few minutes brought him to the scene. In the shelter of the walls of an old ruined castle were seated some twenty or thirty gypsies, grouped in every variety of picturesque attitude round the customary triangle, from which hung a large pot over a wood fire. The men wore red waistcoats, ornamented with large silver buttons, which glittered in the firelight; the women—at least the younger ones—scarlet bodies and chemisettes trimmed with gold embroidery, and round their necks rows of glass beads. A few withered old crones, yellow and toothless, who served as foils to their younger companions, completed the band. As the fire gleamed and flashed on the picturesque group, so bright with color Melville longed for the pencil of a Salvator Rosa, that he might preserve the scene forever on canvas.

The gypsy who had been performing on the violin ceased playing at the approach of Melville, and speaking in excellent Tuscan, invited him to be seated and join their primitive repast. Melville accepted the invitation as frankly as it was given. From boyhood the Zingari, their origin, strange customs and wanderings had been a favorite subject of study with him. He had read many of the books describing there wonderful people, Borrow's "Zincali" among the rest: and was familiar with a considerable portion of the vocabulary of the Italian gypsies; indeed, the manners and habits of this roving race had always possessed for him a peculiar and fascinating interest.

In a few minutes Frank was discussing a portion of a hedgehog which, rubbed with garlic and stuffed with walnuts, had been roasted on a spit over the quick-fire.

"Where is Melita?" exclaimed the violin player, whose name was Orlando. "What has become of her?"

Our tourist was in the act of raising a cup of some very good Silician wine to his lips, when his look fell upon a vision of feminine beauty, such as he had never seen in all his travels. Through an opening of the tent, came a young girl, apparently not more than eighteen years of age. Slightly above the middle height, her slender, supple figure moved across the mossy carpet with bewitching grace. Large oriental eyes, full of liquid lustre, softly gleamed from beneath eyebrows black as night. The features were perfect in their contour. The finely chiseled nose, the lips "like cupids bow," the softly rounded chin might have served as models to a modern Phidias. The abundant hair was of a lighter tint than the eyebrows, and of a rich warm brown. The complexion was also somewhat lighter in color than the ordinary gypsy type, but still sufficiently dark to show that she came of Bohemian stock.

Gallantly springing to his feet, and extending his hand, Melville offered to conduct her to a place at the evening meal, with an air as respectful as if he had been accosting an English Duchess. But the gypsy girl refused the proffered hand, and seating herself by the side of her brother, gazed with some little curiosity, at the stranger guest, and declined to partake of the feast.

[illegible]per over the artist shared the [illegible]s of his large pouch with his hosts—there is no surer passport to the heart of a gypsy than to make him a present of tobacco—and then listened with unalloyed pleasure to the musical efforts of Orlando on the violin; at the same time he observed the effect of the wierd instrumentation on the eloquent features of the Bohemian girl, which seemed to reflect all the varrying emotions of the player.

Suddenly it occurred to him that the lovely Melita in her national costume would form an admiral subject for a water color sketch. Turning to Orlando, he enquired if he might come on the following morning to the camp and take a sketch of his sister. Melita overheard the whispered request, and her dusky cheek for a moment deepened with gratified vanity, as she smilingly assented to the enquiring glance of her brother. When about to depart, Frank heard with some surprise that he was only a couple of miles from Monterosa, so confused had been his attempts to find his way through the labyrinth of trees. Orlando volunteered to conduct him to the outskirts of the wood: and accepting the offer, he bade adieu to the lovely Melita. During Orlando's brief escort, Melville spoke but little, for before his mind's eye was the eloquent glance of the gypsy girl. Even during the fitful watches of the night and in his disturbed dreams Melita's face appeared again and again; and it was with unrefreshed sensations that the artist beheld the morning sun shining through the windows of the inn.

II

"This is your last sitting, Melita." It was on the morning of the seventh day after Frank Melville had first met the Zingari that these words were spoken. The young Scotchman was putting the finishing touches to a large water-color drawing representing Melita as a gypsy queen. The progress of the work had been watched by the tribe with mingled feelings of wonder and delight; and the girls dark eyes had shone with pleasure and pride as she looked upon the life-like portrayal of her wondrous beauty.

The knowledge which the young artist possessed of gypsy manners and customs had placed him on a special footing with Melita and the other members of the band so that they almost regarded him as one of themselves, and referred to matters in his presence which they would have carefully shunned in the case of any other "house-dweller." Melita would sometimes speak of the pleasures of her nomadic life; its liberty and freedom from care; its health-giving character, its opportunity for the study of the changing seasons, the anima's and birds abounding in the fields and woods; on which occasion Frank would feel his pulse beat faster until he almost yearned to resign the feverish and tumultuous life of cities, and casting in his lot with those who dwell in tents, never more to return to the walks of ordinary life.

In reply to his observation that this was her last sitting the Zingari cast down her eyes and murmured: "I am very sorry."

"Sorry, Melita! I can assure you that as a general rule, the last sitting is always a day of rejoicing at least to the sitter."

"But you will go away, now that the picture is finished?"

He was not certain, but he rather fancied that he saw a pearly tear as she spoke these words. "Well," he answered, "my stay here is coming to an end I must admit; but I can afford a few more days. Come let us have a stroll." Slowly the pair walked in the direction of a running stream near the gypsy encampment. "Melita, I must make you some return for your good nature in sitting to me. What shall I give you?"

The girl's dark eyes flashed indignantly as she raised them to those of the speaker, and Melville beheld an expression on those lovely features which he had never seen before—an expression which warned him to beware of the passionate Italian blood which coursed in the gypsy's veins. He therefore hastened to explain.

"Not money, Melita; I do not mean that—of course not. But what is there that you would like to have for your picture?"

Melita grasped both his hands within her soft, warm palms, and looking fixedly at him, whispered: "Give me *your* picture, in return for mine. Then, when you are far away beyond the sea in your own country, that will remind me of these happy days and of the stranger who was so kind to me."

"I am glad that I can comply with your request at once," Melville answered; "but I wish that you had chosen something else. I am afraid that my photograph is a poor recompense for all your patience and kindness in sitting to me. See, I have some with me in my pocketbook." With these words, Frank took a carte from the book and handed it to her.

Melita gazed earnestly several moments at the young Scotchman's handsome lineaments—it was a capital likeness—and as she did so her cheek became pale, and the hand which held the picture trembled visibly. Then, placing the picture in her bosom, the Bohemian murmured: "It shall never leave my heart!" Adding, after a pause, 'Come, let us return to the camp."

Retracing their steps, they walked on for some time in silence. Melville was by no means a vain man, but of course he was not ignorant of the fact that he was handsome. "Can it be," he asked himself, "that this young girl has fallen in love with me?" Then, as he rememembered her warm, sensuous nature and the violence of her passions, he shuddered. But on the other hand he had only known her seven days. However, he decided that it would be best for him to depart at once, before any tender impression he had unwittingly made should sink too deeply for her peace of mind.

Melita was the first to break the silence. "Do you know why I asked you to return to the camp?" Then, without waiting for a reply, she continued: "I felt that I could not remain in safety near the water."

"In safety near the water! What in the world do you mean?" was her companion's astonished exclamation.

Smiling sadly, Melita answered: "Have you never felt an almost uncontrolable impulse—an impulse you could not account for—to do some rash act—to throw yourself from some dizzy height, or plunge into some rapid stream, and thus end at once and forever all the cares and sorrows of this life?"

"My youthful Melita," he said, "can scarcely have had troubles sufficient to cause her to seek relief from them in a sudden and violent death."

Again the Zingari shook her head sadly. "I know not," she said. "But had I been alone just now, I should have sought death in that running stream." Then, observing her companions anxious look, a bright smile irradiated her expressive features as she said: "But do not be concerned, that moment is past."

"Forever, I trust?' Melville gravely asked.

"Yes, forever."

They had now arrived at the camp. The startling confession to which he had listened during the last few minutes had strengthened Melville's resolve to leave the place without delay, before further unpleasant incidents occurred. He would return to the village, and dispatch a hasty note to Melita, saying that he was unexpectedly compelled to leave immediately for Bologna. In this way he hoped to avoid the awkwardness of a personal farewell.

Although he felt that such conduct might be termed shabby after the hospitality he had received from the gypsies, and Melita's kindness and good nature in sitting by the hour as the model for his picture, he felt also that anything was better than a scene. It was both an act of kindness and a duty to nip in the bud an attachment he could not return. The first thing to be done, however, was to get possession of the picture. Turning to his companion, he said: "Melita, I am going to remove the picture to the village to-day."

A suspicious glance, shot from her lustrous eyes. "You are going away—I feel it! I shall never see you again!"

The artist laid his hand on hers, and as he did so he felt the hand he held tremble. An irresistible temptation seized him, and he kissed her. He felt that he was taking a long and everlasting farewell; and thus they parted, without another word being spoken between them.

After he had gone some little distance, he turned and waved his hand to the girl, who still remained where he had left her as motionless as a statue.

III.

Frank Melville was a man of prampt action. Within an hour he was on his return to the inn, he had left the village of Montcrosa, first dispatching a brief note to Melita, telling her that urgent business called him away, and regretting the necessity for his sudden departure. He then took up his quarters at a small village about twenty miles from his former halting place, and determined to remain there for a day or two, until he had decided on his future plans. He felt more depressed than he had thought possible in consequence of parting from the charming Zingari. In vain did he endeavor by writing, reading and sketching to banish her image from his thoughts. Wherever he went or whatever he did, the gypsy girl's face was always before him.

On the evening of the third day after he had left Monterosa he was seated in the little parlor of the village inn. He had hired two rooms, his bed-room being immediately behind the sitting-room, and both on the ground floor. The landlord entered and said a visitor wished to see him. While Frank was wondering who it could be, a step was heard in the passage, and a young gypsy brushed past the landlord and confronted his guest. It was Orlando! His swarthy countenance wore an expression of bitter vindictiveness.

Melville held out his hand and uttered a welcome in the gypsy language But Orlando took no notice of the outstretched hand or the young Scotchman's salutation. His left hand played nervously with a long bright knife which was loosely stuck in his belt. "Where is Melita?"

The words were uttered in an intense whisper, the while his coal-black eyes, lurid with some hidden emotion, were fixed on Melville as if he would read his inmost thoughts.

"Melita! Is she not with you? I have not seen her since I left the camp."

The gypsy paused. Then he asked: "Is that the truth?"

Melville sprang to his feet, his face aflame with anger. "If you were not Melita's brother I would throw you out of the window!" was his passionate exclamation.

Again the gypsy paused perfectly unmoved by the angry reply. He had never lifted his piercing eyes from Melville's face during the interview. Apparently satisfied, he now extended his hand and said: "I believe you."

"But stay, Orlando," Melville replied. "Tell me what has happened? Where is Melita?"

"I only know that she left the camp directly she received your letter."

"And where are you going now?"

"To find her, if I can," sullenly replied Orlando, as he strode rapidly from the room, leaving Frank a prey to the most torturing suspense and anxiety. But this was not of long duration. As he sat by the window musing on the strangeness of the girl's sudden disappearance, the shadow of a human figure was projected upon the newspaper which lay unheeded at his feet. Looking up, he beheld Melita! Hastening to the door, he opened it, and led her into the room.

"Have you seen your brother Orlando?" he asked.

"Orlando here?" came in accents tremulous with fear from the girl's white lips, as she slowly sank into Melville's arms in a half fainting condition. Speedily recovering herself, however, she darted an apprehensive glance toward the door, and said: "If he finds me here he will kill you!'

"Calm yourself—don't be alarmed, Melita, no harm shall happen."

"Ah, you know not Orlando's nature! Forgive me for coming to you, but I longed so much to see you! I felt that I must see you or die! You know you promised to come again to the camp."

"I know I did, Melita; but I acted as I thought for the best. I wished to spare us both the pain of a parting."

A faint, gratified smile broke over the wan features of the gypsy as Melville uttered the word "both."

"But you appear fatigued," he continued. "I fear you are ill. You can tell me another time—to-morrow—how you found me. Meantime, I will ring the bell for the servant. She will conduct you to a room where you can get some rest, of which you must be much in need. I have no fear of your brother. He is hardly likely to come again to the same place. He is doubtless miles away by this time, searching for you."

The Zingari turned a pleading and timorous look on Melville. "You are not angry with me? I did so wish to see you!" The next instant an almost angry flush spread over her beautiful face. "Oh, why did you come to the camp? I was happy till you came!" A passionate flood of tears, the violence of which shook her slender figure like a wind-tossed willow, served somewhat to relieve her excited feelings. Then, as a deep blush suffused her face and neck, she exclaimed eagerly: "Could I not go with you as your servant—your slave—anything rather than remain here? I dare not return to the tribe"

Suddenly, as she spoke, her watchful ear detected the sound of cautious footsteps on the gravel-path beneath the window, and in another moment a man had entered the room.

It is Orlanda. With a look of fiendish hate upon his grim and pallid visage, he dashes himself upon Melville, and the dagger which glitters in his right hand has come down with deadly effect—and in another moment the assassin is gone.

A piercing shrick ran through the house, and as the frightened inmates entered the chambe they beheld the lifeless body of the hapless gypsy girl in the arms of Melville. She had cast herself between her brother and his victim and had received the fatal blow. Her last dying gaze was fixed on the countenance of the man she had loved and whom she died to save!

Frank Melville is now a prominent artist. He has never married, and is likely to remain a bachelor until the end. His adventure with the gypsies is engraven on his heart and mind in characters which death only can obliterate. The place of honor in his studio is occupied by a large picture, painted by himself, of a beautiful brunette of 18 summers in the costume of a gypsy. When any one inquires as to the name and origin of the subject, he replies in a tone which discourages further questions: "She was an Italian gypsy."

Bad Medicine.

A young physician who had long worshiped at a distance was one day suddenly called to see her. He found her suffering from no particularly dangerous malady, but she wanted him to prescribe for her nevertheless; so he took her hand and said impressively:

"Well, I should—prescribe—I should prescribe that—you—get—married."

'Oh, goodness!" said the interesting invalid, "who would marry me, I wonder?"

"I would," snapped the doctor, with all the voracity of a six foot pickerel.

"You!" exclaimed the maiden.

"Yes."

"Well, doctor, if that is the fearful alternative, you may go away and let me die in peace."

If the wall about the stove has been smoked by the stove, cover the black patches with gum shellac, and they will not strike through either paint or calcimine.

A Tender Spot Touched.

"I don't suppose you allow any one to go over the bridge yet," said a countryman, addressing one of the workmen on the East river bridge.

"Not yet," said the workman.

"Well, I thought I'd just like ter kinder walk up to the top of the tower 'un look the thing over. I suppose you wouldn't mind—"

"No one allowed on any part of the bridge," said the workman.

"I've heard tell a good deal 'bout this bridge, and I thought since I was a stranger in the city—"

"We have had too many people bothering us already," said the workman, "and the boss won't allow any more inside the gates."

"Well, that's kinder tough on a man what's come nigh on to seventy-five mile to see that bridge. Now, I expect you feel mighty high when you get up there. Must be over a hundred feet to the top of that big tower."

"Four or five hundred," said the workman.

"Do tell," said the countryman. "Now, I expect as I'd get giddy like if I went up there. I don' mind running the risk, though."

"Can't be done," said the workman. "Dead against orders."

"You don't happen to be a drinkin' man, do you?" asked the countryman, winking and putting his hand into his pocket. "Cos if you do, I'd like to have you drink my—"

"You needn't expect to bribe us?" said the workman. "We're used to that sort of thing, and the best thing you can do is to dust right out."

"Dust what?"

"Get. Move on."

"When will you be ready to receive visitors, anyway?" asked the countryman.

"Not in months yet."

"Now, that's too all fired bad," said the countryman. "Afore I left hum, Eliza says she, 'Zekle, if you com' hum from York without crossin' that bridge you hain't no husband of mine no more. It's your big chance to become famous in our village,' says she, an' you hain't got a drop of go nor snap in ye if you don't take advantage of it.' Now, stranger, be you a married man?"

"I am," said the workman.

"Then you understand how I'm p—"

"Go across," said the workman stepping aside, and allowing the countryman to pass on to the bridge.

A Night Telegrapher's Nap.

A man who lately held the position of night telegraph operator at one of the stations on a New England railroad has related to a reporter of The New Haven Union a personal experience which serves to illustrate the chances of disaster to which travelers are constantly exposed. He was the only man in the depot at night and his hours were from 7:30 P. M. to 7:30 A. M. One night he dropped asleep at his instrument and the next thing he knew he awoke to hear the rumble of an approaching train, and his telegraphic call vigorously sounded on the receiver before him. To his dismay he perceived that his right hand and arm were asleep, as the common expression is, and totally useless, and it was only with great difficulty that he could give an intelligible response to the signal with his left hand and scrawl a brief memorandum of the instructions which followed. However, he did succeed in stopping the approaching train and giving the important orders which he had just received. "But," said he to the reporter, "the affair frightened me so that I determined never to nap any more in that office, and to get off the road just as soon as I could find a decent place elsewhere."

No Complaints from the Boarders.

A Detroit milkman some time since secured a customer, whom he soon discovered meant to pay in promises, but he realized that if he quit serving her he stood no chance of collecting the debt already contracted. He therefore planned to oblige her to dismiss him, and began by adding one-fourth water to the milk. No fault being found, he put in fifty per cent, of water. Three days passed without complaint, and the amount of water rose to seventy-five per cent. In three or four days more he served her with two quarts of water colored by a gill of milk. Next morning he expected to hear from it, but as the servant girl made no complaints, he asked:

"How does the family like the milk?"

"Pretty well, I guess."

"No complaints?"

"Not as I've heard. Missus is a widow, you know, and doesn't drink tea nor coffee on account of having the dyspepsia; and the boarders have all they can do to complain of the butter!"

The man gave it up as a bad job.—Detroit Free Press.

"I see that Judge Gresham, is spoken of as one-legged soldier," said an army comrade to the new Postmaster General. "He is not a one-legged man, although it probably would have been better for him if he had let his leg be amputated. He was wounded in the left leg, three or four inches below the knee, by a minie ball, which fractured the tibia, and has given to the leg a decided curve. He walks with a cane to this day, and, although sprightly on his feet, he frequently suffers intensely from the old fracture. For several years after the war he was obliged to use a crutch. I was with him when he was shot, July 20 1864. Blair's corps, the Seventeenth was feeling its way around Atlanta to invest the city, fighting the enemy every foot of the way. General Gresham was in command of the Fourth Brigade, and was marching on foot with his regiment, the fifty-third Indiana, through the woods, when a rebel bullet struck him in the leg There was no regular engagement in progress at the time, but our forces were driving the enemy. It didn't seem to us like a pitched battle, but the list of the killed and wounded ran into the thousands."—*Washington Dispatch.*

A boy who rejoiced in bare feet six days in the week, was compelled by his mother to put on shoes when he went to church or Sunday school in a village a mile distant from his home. No sooner, however, was he out of maternal sight than he pulled off the heated leather boxes, because they made his feet swell, and tying them together by the strings, threw them over his shoulder and jogged on, as usual. He was soon overtaken by a rich neighbor in a fine family wagon, who asked him to ride. The boy was bound for the Baptist church, and the wealthy farmer to the Presbyterian. Slinging his brogans under the seat he enjoyed the proffered ride, and was set down at his own church, forgetting his shoes, while the rich man went to his own destination. In Sunday school the teacher was prosy, and the boy got to sleep during the lesson, which was on Lazarus and the rich man.

The teacher concluded his lecture on the lesson of the day with the question, "What became of the rich man?"

The boy roused up from his snooze just in time to answer:

"He drove up to the Presbyterian church."

"No," answered the teacher, "he lifted up his eyes in hell."

"No, he didn't," persisted the boy, "he went up to the Presbyterian church and he's got my new shoes under his wagon seat."—Troy Times.

A new French gun is twenty-nine feet six inches long, weighs fifty tons and costs $120,000. It is wire wound and is expected to put a ball through fifteen inches of armor, heavier than any on our monitors, at a distance of seven and a half miles.

General Grant's portrait would have been placed on the new two cent stamp but the engravers could not agree as to the proper elevation of his cigar. This should be a warning to children who are expecting to be president and get upon the small denominations of postage stamps.

How to Answer "Mashers."

There lives in St. Louis a very sensible old German named Muller, who keeps a store. He has a daughter named Mina. Not long since she attracted the attention of one of those unfortunate creatures called "mashers,' so called because their noses need mashing about ten times a day. He found out where she lived, and next day an unkempt urchin brought Miss Muller a personal note, marked "strictly confidential." The contents of the note were to the effect that he loved her for herself alone. The following postscript was added:

P. S—That my darling may make no mistake, remember that I will wear a light pair of pants and a dark cut-away coat. In my right hand I will carry a small cane, and in my left a cigar Yours forever.

ADOLPHUS.

As the urchin said he was told to wait for an answer, Miss Muller took the note to her father and requested him to write an answer. The old man did so, stating that his daughter would be at the appointed place at the time specified by proxy, he, her father having authority to represent her at the proposed caucus. The postscript read as follows:

P. S.—Dot mine son may make no misdakes, I vill pe dreshed in my shirt-sleeves. I vill vear in mine right hand a glub; in mine left hand I vill vear a six shooter, 45 calibre. You will recognize me py de vay I bats you on de head a goople dimes twist mit de glub. Vait for me on de corner, as I have somedings imbordant to inform you mit. Your frent,

HEINRICH MULLER.

For some unexplained reason Adolphus was not on hand when he was wanted, much to the grief of the old man, who meant all that he wrote.

My Mother-in-Law.

Rural Press.

How well I remember the first time I saw her sitting out of doors on a lovely summer evening surrounded by her children. They were of all ages from ten to twenty-four, young men and maidens as well as girls and boys, but to her they were all "the children" still, as she was to them the ideal mother.

I was a shy, awkward boy of sixteen, who had come to attend school in the neighborhood, and had brought from my aunt a letter of introduction to Mrs. Gray. This I had sent to her the day before, and now, as I advanced upon the garden path, she rose from her seat and came forward to meet me. The pleasant smile, the warm clasp of the hand, as she called me by name, scattered much of my usual bashfulness at once. She did not put me through the ordeal of a series of introductions; she merely said: "Children, this is Frank Fielding, whose mother was my dearest friend at school."

Then turning to me, she said: "I shall not puzzle you with a long strigg of names, Frank; you will soon find out for yourself which is Kate and which is George, and all the rest of them. Now sit down and tell me about your good aunt and father."

While I answered her questions, the girls were flitting hither and thither; two of the boys brought out a table and chairs, and presently Mr. Gray appeared, and all sat down to tea under the spreading branches of a magnificent oak which stood near the house.

Then the merry chatter began, and very soon I knew all the family names, and amused myself by trying to apportion each to its proper owner. When the daylight faded, we went indoors, and all too soon the evening was ended which seemed to me one of the pleasantest I had ever spent.

It was my first glimpse of home life, utterly unlike any I had known before. My father was a grave, stern man, whose one ray of sunshine had passed away when my mother died, after a single year of wedded life. Kind to me always, and conscientious in fulfilling all a father's duties, he never knew how to unbend, and I feared as much as loved him. His oldest sister who had come to take charge of the house and me, was very much like him in character and in manner, and I had grown up in an atmosphere of restraint and repression.

What a revelation it was to me as I grew more familiar with this happy family; for it soon came to pass that I spent all my leisure evenings with them. There I saw the father and mother treated almost like an elder brother and sister, called pet names, coaxed, and even teased or joked, yet never with a shadow of disrespect; love ruling the whole household, the fair reflection upon earth of that perfect love which casteth out fear.

I was soon the familiar friend of the boys, and as such treated with entire lack of ceremony by their sisters. Bright, attractive girls, they were much admired by all the young men of their acquaintance; but in those early days, if I fell in love with any one under that hospitable roof, it was with the mother rather than with any of the daughters.

Years sped on. My school-days finished, I entered a bank in the same town and settled down to a man's work and a man's duties. Then it was that a sudden light dawned upon me. Wedding after wedding I had attended where either bride or bridegroom had belonged to the Gray family. The home nest was almost deserted; only the youngest daughter remained. What if some one should steal her away? I could never go to that wedding—never see my little Jennie given to another.

My little Jennie! I did go to her wedding very soon after, but it was to stand beside the fair bride, and to take her into my own keeping until "death do us part."

And now did a sudden change come o'er the spirit of my dream. Mrs. Gray had seemed to me one of the noblest of women; was she henceforth my natural enemy because she was my mother-in-law? Let the record of these years answer.

Did any change disturb the even tenor of our lives, whether it was joy or sorrow, the first one we sent for was "Mother." Children were born to us; they were first welcomed to her arms, watched over night and day, until their young mother was restored to her usual strength and health, and were ever after as much at home at grandmamma's as under our own roof. If one of them fell ill, she was at our side, relieving half our anxiety by her mere presence. Was there an interesting lecture or concert to which I wished to take my wife, or a pleasant excursion to be enjoyed on a holiday, she could go with an easy conscience and a light heart if only the babies were with mother.

Now, as I look back, I wonder at the selfishness which allowed us to make all such demands upon her time and strength, for there were five other families of married sons and daughters to whom she was all that she was to us.

The officious interference so often charged against mothers-in-law as a class, we never knew from her, perhaps because we never looked for it. Kind words of counsel and advice, given frankly when they were needed, seemed to me, as to my wife, fitting and proper coming from our mother. How much we owed to her wisdom, her discretion and her tact, we never knew until we lost her presence from among us.

In the midst of her busy and useful life the summons came, so suddenly that it seemed impossible to realize it. But yesterday she was with us, full of eager sympathy, as we talked of our plans for the future; and now—could it be that she was dying?

My poor little wife, with an infant but three days old, was instantly alarmed by her absence, and threatened with serious illness from grief and anxiety. I went from one to the other with messages of love and tenderness. All was peace with her whose work on earth was ended, and in quietness and confidence we waited, her last care being for her children.

When all was over I turned away with a heavy heart to bear the sorrowful tidings to my wife. As I walked down the street, I was too much absorbed in my own thoughts to notice a group of young men with whom I was acquainted, until I was accosted by one of them:

"Hello, Fielding; what's the matter. What makes you look so blue?"

"Why," exclaimed another, "to look at you a fellow would think you had lost your mother-in-law."

This witty sally was received with a shout of laughter, as such remarks invariably are. I waited for a moment until the merriment had subsided, then I said:

"My wife's dear and honored mother died an hour ago. She herself is lying ill at home, and I am on my way to break the news to her. Good morning, gentlemen."

I turned away as silence fell on the party, and was gone before there was time for explanation or apology.

Years have passed and time has softened our keen sense of sorrow, but still we miss the faithful friend, the wise counselor, the loving and unselfish companion; and often, as I read the taunts and sneers thrown out at those who stand in the same relation to others, I am filled with indignation, for the story I have given from my own experience finds the counterpart every day in countless homes throughout the length and breadth of the land. Women, good and true, are daily contradicting by their useful lives idle and silly accusations which are brought against them; and it is time that some of these who owe them so large a debt of gratitude should speak out as I have done in this little tribute to the memory of my mother-in-law.

Chinese Wealth.

In China a man buys his wife. If she has small feet, the price paid for her is greater than if her feet were large, for small feet are a sign of nobility, and noble wives are expensive in China. The extent of a Chinaman's wealth may be inferred from the size of his wife's feet. If he has no wife, he may be set down as a poor man. That way of looking at matrimony as an indication of wealth was recently expounded by a Chinese baker in Los Angeles, California:

Two gentlemen from the East stepped into his shop to taste Chinese pastry. They found the baker willing to explain as far as his knowledge of English would permit, how each thing was made. He also showed the visitors about the bakery, and answered all their questions.

At last he turned to the younger of the gentlemen and asked,—

"You gottee wife?"

"No," answered the young man, laughing, "not yet."

'Oo, you poor man!"

"Why what do you mean?"

"You no gotte wife; you poor man." Then he turned to the other American with the same qunstion,—

"You gottee wife?"

"Yes, I've got one at home," was the reply.

"Oo, you lich man—he no lich; he no gottee wife. How muchee your wife cost?"

"Cost! I don't no just how much, but she costs a good deal," said the man smiling; but have you got a wife?"

"No, no, me no gottee wife. Me no lich; me poor. Me save money—save thousand tollar—go home China, buy wife."

"Well, how much does a wife cost in China?"

"Oo, oder plices. Good wife, allee big feet, leetle plice; allee same leetle feet, big plice. Oo, cost heap pile, dlesses and eatee!"

The cool way of estimating a lady's value was a new thought to the Americans, who were glad their home was not in a land where all the romance of courting is unknown, and marrying a wife is merely a matter of dollars and cents.

Tomatoes in California.

From the Los Angelos Times.

Notwithstanding the fact that the winter just past has been the coldest known in California, at least the present generation, the thermometer falling four degrees lower than ever before recorded by the signal service observations, and being said to have reached the most exceptional figure of 22 degrees at some points in the country, as marked by the ordinary thermometer, notwithstanding this fact the Los Angelos market has been supplied with the succulent tomato every day during the entire winter, and they are still brought in by the wagon-load. There are a few locations where in a season such as the past, the tomato vine can withstand the cold and continue to grow and ripen its fruit. The points which are furnishing the tomato now are in the Cahuenga range, west of this city, where they seem to have a perfect immunity from frost. There are a few other points in the hills surrounding this city where frost seldom makes its appearance, but, they are few. Persons who have these are very fortunate, and realize good prices from their winter vegetables, peas and tomatoes principally. The former, however, are raised very generally even upon our low lands. Most of the tomatoes are shipped to Eastern markets, where they bring high prices. About two dozen boxes were shipped by Woodhead & Gray to Denver a day or two ago, which in that market will bring from 15 to 20 cents per pound.

Three Feet of Tongue.

The old saying that women have long tongues was exemplified in court this morning, when Dan McCarthy and his wife Ann were charged with having committed an aggravated assault on Mary Hughes.

In giving her evidence Mrs. Hughes said: "I was goin' down Chestnut street on Patrick's Day, and when near McCarthy's house, met Mrs. McC——' Says she to me says she 'Are yez goin' to put up a Patrick's pot Mrs. Hughes. 'I am dhat' says I and wid dhat she coaxed me into dthe house where Mr. Hughes shuk hands wid me. He axed me to take some whiskey, but I said I prefer beer, and gave him 25 cents, warnin' him to spend only 15 cents. He brought the beer in but refused to give up the tin cints, and I got mad. He thin threw the beer in me face an' av course I had some spirit and tried to upset tha bottle av whiskey. He was to quick, and knocked me down wid the botile, cuttin' my ear off. He then choked me an' as thru as yer live yer Worship me tongue protrud a yard"

The surprised Magistrate remanded the prisoners till to-morrow for further evidence, *Toronto News.*

A NEW HAVEN belle and heiress who died recently willed her entire fortune to a Brooklyn gentleman to whom she was engaged to be married. The will was at once contested by the uncle of the girl and her father. The latter had separated from his wife and daughter many years before, but made his appearance to look after the property. The contestants claim no irregularity in the will, but insist that the estate ought not to go out of the family. The document, however, was admitted to probate, and now the uncle files claims against the property, and has induced others to do the same, which if allowed, will materially diminish the amount of the bequest. The bills produced include charges for board, laundry work, use of carriage, etc., these being furnished the young lady on occasions of visits made on her uncle's invitation. The legatee, who wasn't marrying for money, of course, nevertheless fights manfully for his rights.

A young man writes: "Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla cured me of nervous debility, weak urinary organs, disturbing dreams, etc., after I had tried a dozen doctors. I think the fact that it is a sure cure for nervous debility should be generally known. It may save many useful lives."

"Jerome! Jerome!" cried Mrs. Butterfield to her eldest boy, "what are you throwing to those hens?" "Gold beads, mother, and the peaky things think it's corn."

No Trouble to Swallow

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" (the original "little liver pill,") and no pain or griping. Cure sick or bilious headache, sour stomach, and cleanse the system and bowels. 25 cents a vial.

A boy upon being asked what trade he would like to follow. "Well" said he, I guess I'll be a trustee, for I notice that since father got to be a trustee, we always get a pudding for dinner."

"Became Sound and Well."

R. V. PIERCE, M. D.: *Dear Sir*—My wife, who had been ill for over two years, and has tried many other medicines, became sound and well by using your "Favorite Prescription." My niece was also cured by its use, after several physicians had failed to do her any good.
Yours truly, THOMAS J. METHVIN.
Hatchers Station, Ga.

Trifles light as blonde hair have been known visibly to affect the movements of great men.

Hard Lumps in Breast.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I wrote you some time ago that I thought I had a cancer. There was a large lump in my breast as large a walnut, and had been there four months. I commenced taking your "Golden Medical Discovery," "Favorite Prescription" and "Pellets" in June, and the lump is gone.
Yours gratefully, MRS. R. R. CLARK
Irvington, Mich.

Winnipeg, the political capital of Manitoba, shows phenominal growth. It was incorporated in 1874 with a population of 3,000 and an assessment of $3,000,000, but it has a population now of 30,000, and the assessment this year amounts to $30,000,000.

**"Better bear present evils than fly to those unknown." Better still, use Kidney-Wort and make your present evils fly to parts unknown. If you find yourself getting bilious, head heavy, mouth foul, eyes yellow, kidneys disordered, symptoms of piles tormenting you, take at once a few doses of Kidney-Wort. Use it as an advance guard—either in a dry or liquid form—it is efficient.

The hog raiser, like the vintner, is known by his swine.

Purify and renovate the system with Allen's "Iron Tonic Bitters," the Grand Blood Purifier, and system rejuvenator of the 19th century. All genuine bear the signature of J. P. Allen, St. Paul, Minn.

"Jury," said an Arkansas judge, "you can go out and find a verdict." If you cant find one of your own, get the one the last jury used.

*Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a most valuable medicine for ladies of all ages who are afflicted with any disease peculiar to the sex. Her remedies are not only put up in liquid forms but in Pills and Lozenges in which forms they are sent securely through the mails.

Plaids will be used for street wear, but not for house wear. Plaid out, so to speak.

☞No family dyes were ever so popular as the Diamond Dyes. They never fail. The Black is far superior to logwood. The other colors are brilliant.

Dresses will be worn short during the summer months. So will the old man's boodle.

What Every Man Wants to Know.

"Just what hotel to stop at," is what every man wants to know when he leaves home. As some of our many readers may not be decided upon this point, we regard it an unlimited pleasure to recommend all those contemplating a visit to the city of New York, to stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite the Grand Central Depot. Carriage hire and the expense of baggage transfer will be saved; an elegant room can be obtained at $1.00 per day and upwards. attendance received will be both prompt and courteous; while the restaurant cafe, lunch and wine rooms are the finest in the country. In a word, a single person or family can live cheaper at the Grand Union than at any other first-class hotel in New York. Stages, horse-cars and elevated railways pass the door for all parts of the city. Take our advice and try the Grand Union.

Over at the Atlanta custom house some of the colored brethern were discussing the appointment of a democrat as district attorney. "Whach you tink 'bout hi?" asked one of them of a white official near by. "I think it is a bad precedent," said he. "Dat's me, too! I tink President Artur is de badest President we's had sense de wah, an' I'se gwine ter vote agin him on de nex' whurl!"

—Dr. Benson's Skin Cure consists of internal and external treatment at the same time and it makes the skin white, soft and smooth. It contains no poisonous drugs. $1. at druggists.

In Central America marriages the groom provides the entire trousseau of the bride, but as it generally consists of a piece of cotton about a yard square, it doesn't cost him a deuce of a lot.

—"*The headache in my case was one of long standing but Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills conquered.*" C. T. Reiner, German Minister of the Gospel, Leslie, Ohio. 50 cents at druggists.

Every time we think of it, we always feel glad that we are not an ancient Roman. The clothes seem to be airy enough and they appear to fit easily, but it must have been very trying to be compelled to talk in blank verse all the time.

SKINNY MEN
"Well's Health Renewer" restores health, and vigor cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility. $1.

It is said that if you count a hundred slowly, when anything happens to disturb, you will not swear. This is probably the reason that most men count a hundred when they slip on a banana skin, and are about to blend with the sidewalk.

"BUCHUPAIBA."
Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1. Druggists.

The proper study of mankind is how to organize a respectable luncheon for twenty-five cents. Man may want but little here below, but he makes a great disturbance if he doesn't get everything.

"ROUGH ON RATS."
Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

Never put off till to-morrow what you can wear to-day.

Worms cause peevishness, fevers, convulsions, and frequently death. A pleasant, safe and certain remedy is DR. JACQUE'S GERMAN WORM CAKES. Sold by all druggists.

Pure Cod Liver Oil made from selected livers, on the seashore, by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have taken it once prefer it to all others Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in the market.

Chapped Hands, Face, Pimples and Rough Skin cured by using JUNIPER TAR SOAP, made by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York.

Headache, constipation, liver complaint, biliousness are cured by that mild cleansing remedy which never produces pain, EILERT'S DAYLIGHT LIVER PILLS, only 25 cents. Sold by Druggists.

The Conductor.

Winona, Minn., November 29, 1879.

I had been suffering with a severe cold for several days, and was so hoarse I could not speak above a whisper. November 16th, I met one of Dr. Warner's agents on my train; he handed me a bottle of White Wine of Tar Syrup, and one hour after taking the first dose my hoarseness commenced to leave me. In twenty-four hours my voice was quite clear and natural, and the cold nearly cured. It is the best remedy I ever saw.
Respectfully,
C. W. WARREN, Conductor,
Chicago & Northwestern R. R.
For sale by all druggists.

Restless, fretful, crying children are suffering and need for their relief Dr. WINCHELL'S TEETHING SYRUP, which is useful not only for all disorders of teething infants, but cures coughs, colds, croup, sore throat, colic and cramps of older children, and should be kept in every house for emergencies. Try it, only 25 cents. For sale by all druggists.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are an effectual Cough Remedy. Sold only in boxes.

One-third of all who die in active middle life are carried off by consumption. The most frequent cause is a neglected cold, cough, hoarseness, bronchial trouble or asthma. all of which may be permanently cured by EILERT'S EXTRACT OF TAR AND WILD CHERRY. Sold by druggists.

St. Jacobs Oil
THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.
Relieves and cures
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia,
Sciatica, Lumbago,
BACKACHE,
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
SORE THROAT,
QUINSY, SWELLINGS,
SPRAINS,
Soreness, Cuts, Bruises,
FROSTBITES,
BURNS, SCALDS,
And all other bodily aches and pains.
FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

It is an undeniable fact that many serious attacks of disease have been prevented in time by promptly administering the proper homœopathic remedy. Every household should have a book on domestic practice and chest of remedies for emergencies. Price lists describing the various styles with prices can be obtained by writing to any of BOERICKE & TAFEL'S PHARMACIES. New York, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Baltimore or Chicago.

A farmer's wealth depends on the condition of his stock. When scraggy and feeble they are especially liable to distempers, fevers, colds and all diseases which destroy animals. Thousands of dollars are saved annually by that valuable old standby, UNCLE SAM'S CONDITION POWDERS.

THOUSANDS of persons who are bald to-day might have full heads of hair if they would only use CARBOLINE, a deodorized extract of petroleum which is the only preparation ever discovered that will do this.

An economical man will keep the leather of his harness soft and pliable which preserves it from cracking or ripping. He always uses UNCLE SAM'S HARNESS OIL. Sold by all Harness Makers.

Personal! To Men.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro Voltaic Belts and Electric appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health an manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is involved, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

Sprains, bruises, stiff joints, burns, scalds, and rheumatism are relieved by Uncle Sam's Nerve and bone Liniment. Sold by all druggists.

The Bad and Worthless

are never *imitated* or *counterfeited*. This is especially true of a family medicine, and it is positive proof that the remedy *imitated* is of the highest value. As soon as it had been tested and proved by the whole world that Hop Bitters was the purest, best and most valuable family medicine on earth, many imitations sprung up and began to steal the notices in which the press and people of the country had expressed the merits of H. B., and in every way trying to induce suffering invalids to use their stuff instead, expecting to make money on the credit and good name of H. B. Many others started nostrums put up in similar style to H. B., with variously devised names in which the word "Hop" or "Hops" were used in a way to induce people to believe they were the same as Hop Bitters. All such pretended remedies or cures, no matter what their style or name is, and especially those with the word "Hop" or "Hops" in their name or in any way connected with them or their name, are imitations or counterfeits. Beware of them. Touch none of them. Use nothing but genuine Hop Bitters, with a bunch or cluster of green Hops on the white label. Trust nothing else. Druggists and dealers are warned against dealing in imitations or counterfeits.

For all Diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Urinary Organs, Malaria and Bright's Disease. The Best Blood Purifier.
WARNER'S SAFE KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE
The black engraved portion of this card is a ⅓ size fac-simile of the end of the wrapper of
Beware of Fraud.
Unscrupulous parties have tried to imitate our Remedy and deceive the public by using SIMILAR NAMES, but do not be deceived; see that the word SAFE with picture of an Iron Safe, on a black wrapper and white letters is on every package. Also, see that it is on the label and stamp, and take no other.
H. H. WARNER & CO.
ROCHESTER, N.Y.
☞This remedy is an absolute specific for the diseases of women; for the nervous troubles of youth, and for the debility that precedes old age. As statistics show that all diseases arise from the kidneys or liver we can guarantee freedom from disease by reason of the power which our Safe Kidney and Liver Cure possesses over these organs. For Diabetes ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.
A Sure Cure for all FEMALE WEAKNESSES, Including Leucorrhœa, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Flooding, PROLAPSUS UTERI, &c.
☞Pleasant to the taste, efficacious and immediate in its effect. It is a great help in pregnancy, and relieves pain during labor and at regular periods.
PHYSICIANS USE IT AND PRESCRIBE IT FREELY.
☞FOR ALL WEAKNESSES of the generative organs of either sex, it is second to no remedy that has ever been before the public; and for all diseases of the KIDNEYS it is the *Greatest Remedy in the World.*
☞KIDNEY COMPLAINTS of Either Sex Find Great Relief in Its Use.
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the Blood, at the same time will give tone and strength to the system. As marvellous in results as the Compound.
☞Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. The Compound is sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3 cent stamp. Send for pamphlet. *Mention this Paper.*
☞LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents.
☞Sold by all Druggists.☜

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THE GREAT CURE
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As it is for all the painful diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.
It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.
THOUSANDS OF CASES
of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in short time
PERFECTLY CURED.
PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
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IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR
A NEW DISCOVERY.
☞For several years we have furnished the Dairymen of America with an excellent artificial color for butter; so meritorious that it met with great success everywhere receiving the highest and only prizes at both International Dairy Fairs.
☞But by patient and scientific chemical research we have improved in several points, and now offer this new color as *the best in the world.*
It Will Not Color the Buttermilk. It Will Not Turn Rancid. It is the Strongest, Brightest and Cheapest Color Made,
☞And, while prepared in oil, is so compounded that it is impossible for it to become rancid.
☞BEWARE of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for they are liable to become rancid and spoil the butter.
☞If you cannot get the "improved" write us to know where and how to get it without extra expense.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

KIDNEY-WORT
HAS BEEN PROVED
The SUREST CURE for
KIDNEY DISEASES.
Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.
Ladies. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weaknesses, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.
Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.
Acts at the Same Time on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.
KIDNEY-WORT

A GREAT MUSICAL SUCCESS.
Minstrel Songs,
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Nearly 100 of those world-famous Plantation Songs and Popular Melodies, that have made the fortune of Minstrel Troupes, and of which Ditson & Co. hold the copyrights of a large number. No true original pleasing melodies may be found in this volume than in any other extant.
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The MUSICAL FAVORITE contains about 50 very musical pieces of medium difficulty, by the most popular composers, as Waldteufel, Gottschalk, Blake, Wilson, Schumann, Aubert, Lamothe, etc., in all 61 composers.
Price $2, plain; $2.50 Cloth.

VERY EASY INSTRUCTION BOOKS, with very entertaining airs for practice, are Winner's
IDEAL METHODS
For Violin, For Guitar,
For Piano, PRICE OF For Cabinet Organ,
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Simple instructions, and nearly 100 tunes in each. Mailed, postpaid, for retail price.
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Established, 1872; Incorporated, 1880. For the Cure of Cancers, Tumors, Ulcers, Scrofula and Skin Diseases.
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Fifteen years in use. Pardee's Asthma Remedy.

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