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A Sunset.

The wind and the day had lived together,
They died together, and far away
Spoke farewell in the sultry weather,
Out of the sunset, over the heather,
The dying wind and the dying day.

Far in the South, the summer levin
Flushed, a flame in the gray soft air;
We seemed to look on the hills of heaven;
You saw within, but to me 'twas given
To see your face, as an angel's there.

Never again, ah, surely never,
Shall we wait and watch where of old we stood,
The low good-night of the hill and the river,
The faint light fade, and the wan stars quiver,
Twain grown one in the solitude.

Salvation Through Poverty.

Dying alone
Because he is poor,
Going through the invisible door
To the unknown,
All unattended—
All unbefriended—
No one to see it all over and ended,
Priestly or lay;
No one to pray—
No one to say
Good-bye to the spirit departing to-day
Because he is poor.

Open your doors,
Ye angels that take
Unfriended mortals for charity's sake
Up to your floors;
Say, have ye places
Where Love's lighted faces
Shall welcome him, freed from the earth's cold embraces,
Where he was torn
By talons of scorn—
Manfully borne
All night through, though ever more crying for morn—
Because he was poor?

He died alone,
Because he was poor;
None lingered or watched at the sad earthly door,
For hearts are stone
Not one to ache
For his pitiful sake—
Ah! well that the morning was only to break
There by his bed;
None at his head
Save invisible dead—
Who come in our places to watch, it is said—
Because he was poor.

I see how it is—
How it seems to me,
He treads the bright floors, which I barely see,
And the Heavens are his;
His sickness, health—
His penury, wealth—
And bliss insupportable comes, as by stealth
From endless skies.
This is the prize
Of one who dies
Unsunned in the warmth of our human eyes
Because he is poor.

A Strange Delusion.

Placards have suddenly appeared in the most important localities in Canton province of China, charging foreigners with having concocted a diabolical medicine, which causes the bowels and the feet of the victim to swell up within some twenty-five days after it is taken, unless the patient will consent to enter the Roman Catholic church.

The medicine is said to be circulated in all quarters at foreign expense, through the agency of Buddhist nuns, old women and various sorts of hawkers and peddlers. Persons are induced to partake by the representation that a pestilence is impending, from which immunity can be secured only by a dose of the powder. If, when the swelling begins, they refuse to become Catholic they die, and report has it that some twenty thousand persons have already perished.

Of course the excitement caused among an ignorant and superstitious people by such a story is by no means trifling. As a consequence trouble and bloodshot have followed. A poor Chinaman was killed in the streets of Canton, by an excited mob on suspicion of dealing in this powder. A woman was killed in the Yamun, and a man was executed by the Viceroy on the same ground. Sharp despatches by the consuls have been followed by proclamations by the Viceroy and Provincial Judge. The latter order the people to maintain order, under the severest penalties, but at the same time they assume the correctness of the report that such a powder is in circulation. As a reward is offered for any one engaged in its distribution, and as the official retrospects of the matter do not affirm the falsity of the charges regarding foreigners, the impression remains on the minds of the people that they are actually guilty. It is, therefore, clearly a matter of question whether the harm does not surpass the good.

The origin and design of these placards demand the gravest inquiry. To pass them over as mere ebullitions of ignorance which cease to do evil after a lull supervenes, is to practise political quackery, of which we may some day be the victims. First of all, be it observed, these placards are a common agency of stirring up a popular commotion, and placards against foreigners have been known ever since the old Hong days of Canton. What distinguishes the present movement is the extent of territory over which it prevails, and the homogeneity of pain indicates extraordinary facilities for attaining a common understanding and concert of action.

Two theories are advanced to explain the movement. By some it is regarded as part of a plan to overthrow the Tartar dynasty, by embroiling them with foreigners. And it is by no means an ill-chosen agency for that purpose, as I shall point out hereafter. By others it is looked upon as a most ingenious device of the mandarins to implant a deeper dislike of the foreigner in the minds of the common people, and there is an abundance of testimony in favor of this opinion. The manipulations of Chinese state-craft have a special end to accomplish at the present time. The treaties are to be revised, and the inland residence question is to be discussed. The Chinese are bent on refusing that demand. The Earl of Clarendon, moved by the representations of Mr. Burlingame, gave various classes of foreigners a rebuke for not paying more deference to the wishes and prejudices of the people. The Chinese had these papers translated and took the hint, and the mandarins are now manufacturing a public opinion bitterly hostile to the residence of foreigners inland.

No less than four German missionaries iving in inland towns have been driven back to Canton or Hong Kong, while their houses have been looted and destroyed. Since the British Cabinet has ordered that the prejudices of the Chinese should be respected (and which is all right enough in itself), the Chinese have resolved that there shall be an increased multitude of prejudices to be respected. You will hear, of course, that the ostentatious vermilion-tipped proclamations are posted after the placards, and the placards will be pulled down, and you will be told to infer that all is moving on as before. The inference will by no means be just. The mischief intended will be fully accomplished. A condition of public sentiment will be superinduced which may lie passive and dormant enough when not needed, but which can be utilized hereafter if deemed, desirable by the crafty mandarins. Let not the public be deceived by any syren-song of mandarin desire for closer relations with the West. We are drifting in the direction of war rather than of peace.—*Chinese correspondent.*

Another Large Tunnel.—More long tunnels are projected. The St. Gothard Railway, with a tunnel about as long as that through Mont Cenis, will be soon begun. For the tunnel alone it is estimated that about twelve millions of dollars, gold, will be required; and for the connecting lines to join with the Italian and Swiss railways, about twenty-five millions more. This makes thirty-seven millions in all, toward which Germany, Italy and Switzerland have already voted subsidies to the extent of seventeen millions. The remaining twenty millions are to be taken by a "syndicate," thirteen millions in bonds bearing five per cent. interest, and seven millions in shares. Eight years are assigned for the completion of the work; but improvements in machinery often cause estimates like these to be anticipated, and this may be the case with the St. Gothard Tunnel.

A Bird fancier of Philadelphia, who had a large collection of pigeons, Maltese cats, Guinea pigs, and fancy dogs, absented himself, being on a drunken spree. The police broke open his place yesterday and found nearly all the animals dead from hunger.

Cape Horn.

Cape Horn Island is the southern-most extremity of Terra del Fuego, in south latitude 55 deg. 58 min. It is the southern termination of a group of rocky islands surmounted with a dome-like hill out of which is a projection like a straight horn. But Schouten, the Dutch discoverer, is said to have named Cape Horn from *Hoorn*, in the Netherlands, his native place. The whole hill is a bare rock; indeed, how could any thing, even the lowest forms of vegetable life, find root on a place smitten as this is by the waves? Only the lichens, stealing with seeming compassion over every form in nature doomed to barrenness, succeed in holding on to these rocks. The hill is about eight hundred feet high, its base environed by low, black rocks with not a sign even of marine vegetation. One line of these rocks looks like a fort, the seeming gateway, higher than the rest of the wall, being composed of perpendicular fragments. All along the base of the rough hill, low, irregular piles, like a growth of thorns and brambles around a boulder in a field, constitute a fringe, as though nature felt that the place needed some appropriate decoration, and what could be more so than that which she has here given? For a long space toward the termination of the Cape, sharp rocks stand up in groups, and some apart, making a gradual ending of the scene, all in agreement with the wildness which marks the region.

The sight of this spot, the landmark of our continent, can never fade from the memory of the beholder. Like many a remarkable object, it is of moderate size, its impressiveness being due, not to its bulk or height, but to its position. At first you are disappointed in not seeing at such a place something colossal; you would have it mountainous; at least you would have thought that it would be columnar. Nothing of this; you have the disappointment which you feel on seeing for the first time a distinguished man whom you find to be of low stature, whereas you would have had him of imposing appearance. But soon, however, you feel that you are at one of the ends of the earth. Here the Atlantic and Pacific oceans begin, the great deep dividing itself into those two principal features of our globe. Any thing monumental, any thing statuesque, or even picturesque, here, you feel would be trifling. Like silence, more expressive at times than speech, the total absence of all display here is sublimity itself; you would not have it otherwise than an infinite solitude, unpretentious, without form, almost chaotic. Around this point it is as though there were a contest to which ocean each billow shall divide; here the winds and waters make incessant war; the sea always roars and the fullness thereof. The rocks which finally terminate the Cape stand apart, as you sometimes see corners of blocks of buildings where an extensive fire has raged, and the most of the walls have fallen in; but here and there a shoulder of a wall overhangs the ruins.

We stood together as we passed the last landmarks, and sang:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

—*Rev. Dr. Nehemiah Adams.*

Harmless Amusements Necessary.

No particular possession, or condition or course of conduct, insures happiness. The rich pine over what, when poor, they thought would be sure to make them happy. He who in his days of toil, has sighed for leisure, finds, when it has been obtained, that the pains of vacuity are not less than those of oppressive labor. Rigid adherence to particular systems are alike found to disappoint their votaries of the calm felicity which was expected from them. But let us think what sort of world it would be, if only one particular tangible thing, or one particular condition, or one particular course of conduct, were to confer happiness. Evidently it would be a world of utter sameness and languor, instead of the world of infinite variety and incessant activity which it really is. We may be satisfied, then, that happiness was not designed to be the invariable concomitant of any such particular things, but to be a temptation toward an infinite variety of pursuits, and a perpetual activity of our faculties. How otherwise could we have been active beings? How otherwise could the whole of our faculties have received employment? It is true that some things continue longer to give satisfaction than others, and that some of the highest of our sentiments and affections never tire of exercise. We do not, for instance, so soon weary of bread, or sound animal food, or any other of the staple articles of life, as of the luxuries which are more rarely presented. Nor can the practice of any lofty duty ever appear less excellent than at first, but rather the contrary, "as streams their channels deeper wear." But, while the reasons for their peculiarities of our economy are obvious, it is equally clear that changes in diet, and varieties of object and of employment are necessary, in order to maintain the stimulus of life. There ought to be much amusement, and ample facilities for obtaining excitements of an innocent kind. Mental laborers should endeavor to obtain occasional physical employment. Every one should endeavor so to vary his employments, and so to mix them up with amusements and recreation, as to obviate the inevitable consequences of monotony.

Marriage Relations in France.

The following statistical statement of the number of applications for divorce, or rather for legal separations, in France, is interesting. In 1869 the petitions for separations rose from 2,999, which was the number in the previous year, to 3,056. Of these, 2,611 came from the wife, and only 445 from the husband. Four-tenths of the whole number, that is 1,290, emanated from the working classes, 545 from landed proprietors, 490 from peasants, and 485 from the commercial classes. In 442 cases the judge succeeded in effecting a a reconciliation, in 282 the petition was rejected, and in 2,332 the decree of separation was pronounced. The reasons given in support of the petitions throw light on the character of the lower classes of French society. In 147 cases the wife had been guilty of adultery; in 65 the man had kept a concubine in the same house with his wife; in 230 one of the parties had suffered a degrading punishment, and in 2,959 excesses, insults and ill-treatment were the cause of the separation.

Women in England.—A lady in a recent letter from Liverpool says: "Here, as in every other hotel in England, I found ladies at the bar, keeping the register of arrivals, and assigning rooms to guests, receiving payment of bills, &c. So in the telegraph office, and in all the stores and shops, young and well-dressed ladies form a large portion of the attendance. I was greatly struck with it, and believe it would be well for our people to adopt the custom of thus furnishing employment to a large and most dependent class of our people. Wherever there is light and nimble work to be done, we found universally ladies employed. In the extensive draper establishment of Lee, in Liverpool, frequented and patronized by the nobility and wealthy of the land, the long lines of counters were attended by scores of beautiful young girls, tastefully dressed, and who were waiting upon the crowds of ladies and gentlemen purchasing supplies."

The Country Store.

Away from the cities the whole range of lesser everyday wants turns the fulfillment to the country store. And so it becomes a clustering point for all of village life.

There is no limit to its posibilities. If Aunt Ennice wants anything, from a washtub to an ounce of paregoric, she knows where to get it; but when she broke her only pair of spectacles, the other day, she came to us in doubt.

"You keep 'most everything," she said, hopefully.

"Yes, I know; but we don't sell spectacles. People are so different you see. But there are a pair or two about here somewhere, if they will do you any good."

These had come to us from some auction or other, where were congregated the quaint and useless relics of many a previous sale—relics that are still destined, I doubt not, for further kicks adown the vales of time by auctioneers yet unborn. I have them before me now—stout-rimmed, cumbrous, brassy—staring owl-like at me, as if from out the deepening twilight of the past; the glasses so scratched and dim with use and age that it is easy to imagine that within their misty lenses lingers the remembrance of many a vanished scene, and that they feebly attempt, as I placed them astride of my nose, to twist the familiar things at which I look into an unique picture which shall be in keeping with their own venerable aspect.

But they are spectacles. A rare spectacle, too, was the good woman's face as she held them afar, that she might better inspect them with her crippled eyes.

"Goodness! Did you ever! How could people ever wear such things as these? I hope you don't ever expect to sell them."

But thus happily were the resources of our "establishment" vindicated: though less ready were we than other shopkeepers of these parts, who laid a wager that he could fill any single demand, and triumphantly produced a second hand pulpit which was called for.

Such enterprising spirits are not harrowed by any study of the known laws of supply and demand. Within the precincts over which I have been called to exercise a temporary charge, have gathered many things that have long failed to excite the appreciation of our plain country folks—patent medicines, powders and ongnents, of happiest efficacy and illimitable range of cure; polishing powders, enough to burnish the world until it should shine like another sun; preparations and contrivances needing a second inventor to discover use for them or to tell their efficiency—and which are here waiting in dingy and fly-specked state that happy millenial time which shall find for all inexplicable and slighted things a full and legitimate use.

The country storekeeper is in some sort a public character. He finds himself used in a dozen different ways—as banker, orracle, referee, newspaper, directory, intelligence man, etc., almost before he is aware. Gossip and small-talk he should retail with the same graceful alacrity with which he dispenses maceboy and peppermint drops. Thoroughly democratic as an institution, "the store" recognizes no caste, and its door swings freely open to all who come, whatever be their errands. An inviting haunt for all the idle ones among us, its little circle, that is ever shifting its character and its subjects as different characters come and go.

A Remarkable Family.

Here is the history of a remarkable Kentucky family, as told by a Kentucky paper: About one mile from Jamestown, Russel County, there lives one of the most remarkable families in all this commonwealth, and probably in the United States. Mr. James Jeffries, who is now in this city, serving upon the petit jury in the United States Court, tells his own story, and says that he was married before he was seventeen years old, his wife being only five days younger than himself. They lived together seven years without children, when his wife gave birth to twins, a boy and a girl. In the fifteen years which followed, nineteen children were born to the happy couple, each of the first three births being twins, and each subsequent birth alternating between twins and single births, until the fifteen years were accomplished and nineteen children composed the family circle, seven pair of twins being born during the time. Mr. Jeffries is only 45 years old, and is still youthful in appearance and very stout. His wife never had better health in all her life than at present, though she will not weigh a hundred pounds. Her greatest weight at any time was a hundred and ten pounds. The boy of the first twins now weighs a hundred and sixty-five pounds, the girl a hundred and twenty-five pounds. All the boys who are grown have made large men; the girls are of good size and all the children healthy. But five out of nineteen have died. Mr. Jeffries has ten brothers, all of whom are large men, and within the families of these eleven brothers there are thirty-seven pairs of twins, making seventy-four twin children, to say nothing of the host of single births. Five of Mr. Jeffries' children are married, and, added to all these singular facts, notwithstanding the absence of silvery locks on his head, he is the grandfather of five children.

To Exterminate Rats.

Being sadly plagued with rats about my house and farm-buildings, I tried in vain to catch them; they are too cunning to be trapped, and to lay poison I dare not for fear of killing my dogs, cats and hogs, and to wait for them with a gun was a loss of too much time, though I have dropped three at a shot. At last I purchased two goats, which I kept about my fold, barn and stable, the pigstyes being in the fold. In a short time all the rats emigrated—they evacuated the place, cleared right out every Jack of them, and I have not seen a single rat about the place for upwards of three years, but my neighbors who are within eighty rods have plenty of all sizes and ages. Perhaps it is not generally known that where there are many horses stabled together very little sickness prevails if there is a goat about the yard and stables.

A friend of mine in Iowa was so infested with rats that they were to be seen running about his fold and farm-buildings by the half-dozen at a time and playing like rabbits (his farm-buildings are extensive). He tried the goat system, and to his astonishment entirely cleared his premises. He could not leave a rug or buffalo robe in the stable a single night, without having it cut to pieces by the rats. The smell of the goat is obnoxious to the nostrils of the rats, and the two won't be friends and companions on any account whatever. Farmers and livery-stable keepers, try the goat.

French Toast.—Beat four eggs very light, and stir with them a pint of milk; slice some baker's bread, dip the pieces into the egg, then lay them in a pan of hot lard and fry brown; sprinkle a little powdered sugar and cinnamon on each piece, and serve hot. If nicely prepared, this is an excellent dish for breakfast or tea; quite equal to waffles.

In response to an inquiry of a scientific publication, "Whence comes fleas?" a Western journal says it does not care a pickle, but it would like to know where in thunder they go when you go for them.

Chicago.

It is estimated, upon what may be regarded as good authority, that the fire covered over 5,000 acres in the heart of the city; over 20,000 buildings were destroyed, and ninety-three thousand persons dispossessed of their homes; ninety thousand buildings are left standing, fifty thousand people have left the city, and two hundred and eighty thousand remain. Five grain elevators were burned, with one million, six hundred thousand bushels of grain; eleven elevators remain uninjured, containing five million bushels of grain. One-half the entire pork product was burned, with the same proportion of flour. Eighty thousand tons of coal were consumed, and about the same amount is on hand. Fifty million feet of lumber were burned, and two hundred and forty million feet remain unharmed—nearly one quarter enough to rebuild the waste places. The stock of leather was reduced about one-quarter, the value of that burned being about $95,000. The greater portion of the stocks of groceries, dry goods, and boots and shoes were burned up, with more than one-half the ready-made clothing, but the quantities destroyed were scarcely equal to three weeks' supply, and are being rapidly replaced. Ten per cent. of the currency was burned. A careful average of these larger items with smaller ones shows that the city has suffered a loss of not less than twenty nor more than twenty-five per cent. on her total assets, real and personal. The terrible personal experiences published in the Eastern papers are stated, almost without exception, to be fabrications.

The banks are all in full operation.

A Nevada Silver Mine.

Says a correspondent: I put on an old suit of cloths, and, with the Superintendent of the Crown Point Mine, dropped suddenly down a perpendicular shaft one thousand feet into the earth. The temperature was at more than one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, and the miners were sweltering at their labor like the workmen in a rolling mill. The only air they get to breathe is forced down in air pumps from above, and with the best appliances the thermometer rarely goes beyond 100 degrees, and from that to 110 and sometimes 120. I asked the superintendent how men could stand it to work in such a temperature. "They have to stand it," said he. "Sometimes a fellow faints and has to be hoisted up, but generally they sweat it through." "Is it not unhealthy?" I asked. "On the contrary it seems to be very healthy. Men are rarely sick who work in the mines, and they are never troubled with the ordinary colds that so annoy us poor devils above ground." "What wages do they get?" "Four dollars a day." "How many hours do they work?" "Eight hours at a time. There are three relays in every twenty-four hours, and the work goes on day and night without stopping." "How much further do you suppose this vein goes?" "I don't know, but the probabilities are that we shall never reach the end of it." "And it grows warmer the further you go?" "Yes, warmer and warmer."

Luminous Plants.—It will be a new fact to many that plants emit light. From an article on this subject in the *Bowdoin Scientific Review* we learn "that vague ideas of the existence of luminous plants in India and the neighboring countries still float about, as in the days of the old Hindoos and Greeks." There is a vague report that in Afghanistan grows a bush which at night from a distance appears on fire. Baron Huge says that he was told that the Auk River, when swollen with rain, brings down from Thibet pieces of timber which "shine in the dark as long as they continue moist." The root of a grass in the Himalayas is said occasionally to be luminous at night during the rainy season. An inflammable atmosphere is generated about the European Dittany on a calm, still evening, due to the evaporation of a volatile oil. "If a candle be brought near it, this plant is enveloped by a transient flame, without sustaining injury." The tuberose is said, on doubtful authority, to have been observed of a sultry evening, after thunder, to dart small sparks in great abundance from such of its flowers as were fading.

Commercial Statistics.

The trade of the Ohio River, from Pittsburgh to Cairo, amounts to the fabulous sum of $716,000,000 per annum, of which Cincinnatti claims $312,000,000 Pittsburgh $150,000,000; Wheeling $30,000,000. The imports and exports of Cincinnatti combined reach $505,000,000. She has $80,000,000 invested in manufactures; works up $66,000,000 raw material into $127,000,000, thus adding $61,000,000, or nearly doubling the raw material. The population of 218,000 shows an increase in ten years of 36 per cent. The whole value of the property is estimated at $300,000,000, or about one-seventh of the national debt. At the same rate New York should be worth $1,500,000,000. The entire wealth of the United States is estimated at $20,000,000,000. If any of our readers are anxious to spend a part of the eternity before them in counting this little sum, we can tell them that it will require but 1370 years, counting 60 per minute and twelve hours each day.

Waste Paper.—Never throw away old paper. If you have no wish to sell it use it in the house. Some housekeepers prefer it to cloth for cleaning many articles of furniture. For instance, a volume written by a lady who prided herself on her experience and tact, says: "After a stove has been blacked, it can be kept looking very well for a long time by rubbing it with paper every morning. Rubbing with paper is a much nicer way of keeping the outside of a tea kettle, coffee-pot and tea-pot bright and clean, than the old way of washing them in suds. Rubbing with paper is also the best way of polishing knives and tinware and spoons; they shine like new silver. For polishing mirrors, windows, lamp-chimneys, etc,, paper is better than dry cloth. Preserves and pickles keep much better if brown paper instead of cloth, is tied over the jar. Canned fruit is not so apt to mould if a piece of writing paper, cut to fit the can, is laid directly on the fruit. Paper is much better to put under a carpet than straw. It is warmer, thinner, and makes less noise when one walks over it.

Treating.—A party of gentlemen in a liquor saloon disputing whether the American system of not treating was preferable couldn't settle the matter by talking, and so they went to work, testing the matter by practice. First each man took a drink by himself. After that each single friend returned the compliment. And finally each man in the party—there were six of them—asked all the rest to drink. When all that was accomplished, not a soul in the room could tell where the discussion originated, or what it was about.

Mr. Parsons, in his lecture on Paris, tells about a young daughter of the keeper of the Morgue, who is in the habit of entering the room where the dead are lying on the marble-slabs, in the middle of the night, and passing her hand over the clammy faces to see if the jets of cold water, which are kept playing upon the bodies, were falling as they ought.

A Strange Tale.

The following adventure happened in Bath, England, many years ago, and the lady who narrated it to the writer, was, in those days, a young girl staying in the house. It was in the palmy days of Bath, when that now fallen city rivalled London in brilliancy and dissipation; and when all the rich, the gay, and the high-born of England congregated there in the season, and graced the balls and assemblies. Mrs. R——, once the belle of the court of George III., but at this period gradually retiring from general society, possessed one of the largest of the old houses, and gave in it entertainments, which were the most popular of the day. She was celebrated for three things (once for four, but the fourth—her beauty—was of the days gone by): these things were her fascination, her benevolence, and—a set of the most matchless and perfect amethysts. Her house contained tapestried chambers. The walls of the one in which she slept was hung around with designs from heathen mythology, and the finest piece in the room was that which hung over her dressing table. It represented Phœbus driving the chariot of the sun. The figures and horses being life-size, it filled up the space between the two windows, and the horses were concealed behind the old-fashioned Venetian looking-glass, while Phœbus himself, six feet high, looked down by day and by night on his mistress at her toilet.

One evening Mrs. R—— had an unusually large party at home. She wore all her amethysts. On retiring to her room, about four o'clock in the morning, she took off her jewels, laid them on the table, and dismissed her weary maid, intending to put them away herself, but before doing so knelt down, as usual, to say her prayers. While engaged in her devotions, it was a habit with her to look upward, and the face of Phœbus was generally her point of sight, as it were, and the object on which her eyes most easily rested. On this particular night, as usual, she raised her eyes to Phœbus. What does she see? Has Pygmalion been at work? Has he filled those dull silk eyes with vital fire? Or is she dreaming? No. Possessed naturally of wonderful courage and calmness, she continued to move her lips as if in silent prayer, and never once withdrew her gaze; and still the eyes looked down upon hers. The light of her candles shone distinctly on living orbs, and her good keen sight enabled her, after a cleverly-managed scrutiny, to see that the tapestry eyes of Phœbus had been cut out, and that, with her door locked, and every servant in bed in their distant apartments, and all her jewels spread out before her, she was not alone in the room. She concluded her prayers with her face sunk in her hands. We can well imagine what those prayers must have been. She knew there was some one behind the tapestry; she knew that bells and screams were equally useless; and she laid down in her bed as usual and waited the issue, her only omission being that she did not put away her jewels. "They may save my life," she said to herself, and she closed her eyes. The clock struck five before a sound was heard, and then the moment arrived. She heard a rustle, a descent from behind the tapestry, and a man stood at her dressing-table. He took off his coat, and one by one he secured the jewels beneath his waistcoat. What would be his next move? Would it be to the bedside or to the window? He turned and approached her bedside; but by that time she had seen enough, and again closed her eyes and resigned herself to the Providence whose protection she had been craving.

The man was her own coachman. Apparently satisfied by a brief glance under his dark lantern that he had not disturbed her, he quietly unlocked the door and left her. For two hours—they must have seemed two days—she allowed the house to remain unalarmed, her only movement having been to relock the door which her living Phœbus had left ajar. At seven in the morning she rang the bell, and ordered the carriage round just after breakfast. All this was according to her usual habits. On the box was the man who had cost her a night's rest and most probably all her jewels. However, she drove off; she went straight to the house of a magistrate.

"Seize my coachman!" said she; secure him and search him. I have been robbed, and I hardly think he has had time to disencumber himself of the jewels he has taken from me."

She was obeyed, and she was right. The amethysts were still about him, and he gave himself up without a struggle.

Fireproof Buildings.

Scarcely any modern structures merit the epithet of "fireproof." It has been said on good authority that in the city of London only one building—the New Record Office—really deserves to be called so. This is built of iron and stone, and has no room larger than seventeen by twenty-five, and seventeen feet high. *None of the rooms open into others*, but a vaulted passage, by means of iron doors, and if the documents in one appartment were to take fire, they would burn out with as little effect on the rest of the edifice as if they were coals in a grate. Of course, buildings intended for trade cannot often be constructed in this way, but the system might be in more general use than it is. The French practice in buildings is a good one. Instead of using flimsy laths for thin partitions, they employ stout pieces of oak, as thick as garden palings. These they nail firmly on each side of the framing of the partition, and fill the space between with rubble and plaster of Paris. They coat the whole with the plaster. The floors are managed in the same way, as well as the underside of the stairs. Houses are thus rendered almost as near "fireproof" as if built of stone throughout. In Nottingham, England, where they have gypsum in the neighborhood, as in Paris, they form their floors and partitions in the same solid manner; consequently a building is rarely burnt down in that populous manufacturing town.

A Battle Flag.—It will be remembered that the Germans lost one flag in the late war, and that Menotti Garibaldi took pains to inform his antagonist that it was not taken in battle, but found on the field covered with the bodies of its guards. The Emperor William has presented new colors to the battalion, on the ground that the loss "was one of those lamentable events which are the result of untoward circumstances, and for which no one can be held responsible. The flag was neither taken by a victorious enemy, nor abandoned by a discouraged troop of soldiers; its position on the battlefield, amid the corpses of its brave defenders, bears honorable testimony to the character of the men before whom it was borne until the approach of night hid it from the eyes of its guardians.

Workmen Wanted.—The Chicago papers editorially announce that 500 to 600 additional brick and stone masons can find employment in Chicago through the Winter at from four to five dollars a day, and that 2,000 carpenters can find employment through the Winter at high wages. In March there will be employment for twice this number in both trades; also, workers in wood and iron, plumbers, gas-fitters, and all kinds of metal workers will be wanted.

Gentlemen's Fall Fashions.

Striped suits complete in dark neat patterns is the leading style for morning wear. Coat a double-breasted reefing jacket, buttoning three buttons, medium bold lapels, shaped easy to figure, and one inch longer than last season. Waistcoat, single-breasted Newmarket, buttoned one or two buttons at option, well cut away in front, long in the waist, short skirt, good-sized flaps on the hips, edges double-stitched, and striped buttons to match the goods. Waistcoat double-breasted English meltons, in black, blue and Oxford, are taking the place somewhat of the diagonals so long worn, and there are some new styles of the basket, honeycomb and matted weaves in black and blue. Diagonals, however, are still fashionable, and some very pretty new patterns are introduced.

The Prince of Wales frock is the coat most favored of these goods; cut medium length in the waist and rather longer in the skirt than formerly, to button three buttons; lapels faced grenadine, barathea silk, or bound with ducape or ribbon binding; side edges on the skirts, and fancy silk twist buttons. Waistcoat, double-breasted, lapels sewn on, binding and buttons to match the coat.

Stripes are the prevailing style for trousers, quiet patterns in dark colors being preferred. Some very handsome goods with silk mixed stripes of rich coloring are among the best of the season. Trousers are worn wider in the legs, still maintaining the full wide bottom, and having a *straight* appearance. Fancy Berlin waistcoats in original patterns are among the novelties of the season, and are becoming very fashionable, cut double-breasted, bound with fancy ducape binding and silk twist buttons.

Home, Wife, and Saturday Night.

Happy is the man who has a little home and a little angel in it, of a Saturday night. A house, no matter how little, provided it will hold two or so—no matter how humbly furnished, provided there is hope in it; let the winds blow—close the curtains. What if they are plain calico, without border, tassel, or any such thing? Let the rain come down, heap up the fire. No matter if you haven't a candle to bless yourself with, for what a beautiful light glowing coal makes, rendering cloudless, shedding a sunset through the room; just light enough to talk by, not loud, as in the highways; nor rapid, as in the hurrying world, but softly, slowly, whisperingly, with pauses between, for the storm without and the thoughts within to fill up with. Then wheel the sofa around by the fire; no matter if the sofa is a settee, uncushioned at that, if so be it is just long enough for two and a half in it. How sweetly the music of silver bells from the time to come falls on the listening heart then. How mournfully swell the chimes of "the days that are no more." Under such circumstances, and at such a time, one can get at least sixty-nine and a half miles nearer "kingdom come," than any other point in this world laid down in "Malte Brun." May be you may smile at this picture; but there is a secret between us, viz.: it is a copy of a picture ruddely done, but true as the Pentateuch of an original in every human heart.

Leading the Jews Back to Palestine.

An ambitious project has been formed by a small knot of rabbis at Frankfort, viz., to lead the scattered children of Israel back to Palestine, and to establish a Jewish kingdom there once more. Invitations to join the project have been printed in great numbers, and are by this time circulating among the numerous members of the ancient race throughout Germany; and, if we may credit the report of newspapers friendly to Judaism, influential moneyed men in the old imperial capital—the headquarters of German Jews—have given it their substantial support. The originators endeavor to prove that the undertaking is by no means as impracticable as it at first sight seems, and remind their fellow-creeds-men that it is what they pray for—if they pray at all—three or four times every day—viz., in the "Shemoneh Esrech," in their noon and evening, and, in fact, in every prayer sanctioned by their law. Moreover, they interpret the Bible passage. "Return to me and I will return to you," as meaning literally that on the Jews returning to Jerusalem the Lord, and with Him power and prosperity, will return to them.

New York Hotel Employees.—The porters and chambermaids of New York hotels are Irish, but the waiters and cooks are French and Germans and must be thoroughly qualified hands. They are seldom paid less than $30 per month, while in the kitchen department the salaries are as follows: Head cook, $150 per month; second assistant, $130 per month; third assistant, $100 per month; fourth assistant, $70 per month; scullions and other heads, $30 to $60 per month. Besides this the loss from breakages of crockery, and injuries to furniture and in other ways is a large item of expense. In most hotels a large extra stock of all the articles in daily use is kept on hand to replace those that are broken or defaced, while one or two mechanics are kept constantly employed making repairs.

An Escape.—The president of one of the leading western roads, who resides a hundred miles out of Chicago, was visiting in Hartford, Ct., when the fire occurred. He started from New York on Monday evening, when in the same train he found three cars full of ruffians and burglars, bound for Chicago, who all paid their fares and behaved themselves so quietly, that the conductor could not eject them. Yet he and the president and the police knew what class of characters they were. On reaching Albany the president telegraphed General Sheridan of the fact, and requested a telegram at Cincinnati or at a point this side of Chicago. The General telegraphed that he had five thousand troops and could safely protect all inhabitants and property. This telegram was read aloud in the train, and most of the rowdies got off before reaching Chicago.

Reputed Cure for Snake Bites.—Mr. Hetiodoro Ruiz, of Opin in Colombia (New Granada,) reports to his government the successful treatment of snake bites by cauterization. That country abounds in venomous snakes, and their bites are quite frequent. In all, this gentleman had treated some seventy cases. His method is to drop melted sealing-wax on all the fang-marks, and he looks upon the result as due not so much to the cauterant action of the hot wax as to the complete exclusion of the air which the adhesion of the wax secures. At first the wax was given internally as well as applied to the wound, but that part of the treatment has since been abandoned as useless.

Unprotected female (awaking old gent who is not very well)—"Oh, Mister, would you find the Captain? I'm sure we're in danger. I've been watching that man at the wheel; he keeps turning it round, first one way and then the other, and evidently doesn't know his own mind."

The rage for tortoise-shell jewelry has so increased that it is feared the day will shortly come when no more will the voice of the turtle be heard in the land.

A Narrow Escape.

A correspondent writes from Michigan: A thrilling incident and miraculous escape from death was in the case of the family of five children of Mr. William Mann, of Rock Creek. When the mother saw that they must leave their home, after fighting the fire all day, she told the children (five in number), to go to the lake and she would follow as soon as she had gathered up a few articles to take with her. They reached the lake just in time to be taken into a fishing boat, which three neighbors were about to shove off in. The mother in the mean time had gathered up what she could carry, and started for the lake, but found the road which her children had taken so full of smoke and fire and falling trees, that she took another course through the woods, coming out at some distance above where the children had. She knew not whether her pets had passed through the fiery ordeal safely or not. She naturally feared the worst, but finally heard they had been taken off by the boat.

Here commences the romantic and thrilling part of the story. There was not an oar or sweep on board; a piece of board was all they had to control the boat with. For some time the boat rode gently upon the water, all the time working a little out from shore, although they did not realize, on account of the density of the smoke, how far they were getting from shore. They presumed they could easily return at their pleasure. It soon became apparent, on account of the roughness of the lake, that they were rapidly drifting into the lake, and they made all the efforts they possible could to guide their unwieldy craft back toward the shore. Hour after hour they labored, but all was in vain. They knew that if they continued to drift, death was almost sure. All were in the greatest despair.

The oldest of the children, a girl of eleven summers, was the bravest of the lot. She held the baby almost constantly during that terrible trip. On they went, the waves frequently breaking over them—of course all were wet and cold. Night came on with Egyptian darkness. After weary and long, long hours of suffering, daybreak was joyously hailed. They were now beyond the smoke of the burning forests. They were sure they would soon hail some vessel. All day long they looked, until darkness again set in without seeing a sail. At about two o'clock in the morning of the third day out, one of Mrs. Mann's children, a boy of three summers, died from hunger and exposure; when it died it was lying in the bottom of the boat with water half over its little body. The little eleven years old girl said she wanted the men in the boat to put it on the bedding, but they would not, and she was too weak and was holding the baby, and could not do it. The children did not cry much on the last day, as all were nearly exhausted. Finally, after three days and nights, they were drifted on shore at Kincardine, Ont., where their wants were speedily attended to, and from there sent to Port Huron.

During these three days, the reader can imagine the mother's feelings. Everybody that knew of the circumstances supposed of course they had gone to the bottom of the lake. The mother came into Port Huron, and at once went to the relief rooms. After making herself known, and bewailing the fate of her children in piteous sobs and moans (she had supposed them all dead till this moment), Mrs. Fred Wells, the Secretary of the Relief Association, told her her children were here, well and apparently happy. I cannot picture the scene. "Oh! is it so? is it so?" "God bless their little hearts!" "Where are they?" "Take me to them at once!" Mrs. Wells informed her they were near by, and she would take her there at once. Another and more painful part of the story was yet to be told Mrs. Mann. How to do this was a query, all the ladies in the room dreaded to break the dreadful tidings to her. At last Mrs. Mann began to ask her how Emma was, and then the next one. Finally she asked how little Charley was? No one answered for a moment. She looked up and saw at once all was not right. "Is he dead? is he dead?" and commenced weeping as only a fond and loving mother can, for the loss of her boy.

Ladies Wearing Apparel.

A New York fashion Journal says Cloth paletots are so convenient and jaunty that they will remain in favor. They are also most reasonable in price. Among those imported from Berlin are fine cloth jackets, slashed, and in Gothic points, with velvet collar and cuffs, made in the best manner and sold for $18 or $20. Others of coarser cloth, though all wool, trimmed with fringe and velvet pipings, cost from $15 to $18.

Pouson's blue-black velvet, three-fourths of a yard wide, is the quality found most available for this season's garments. It costs from $11 to $15 a yard. The double capes of velvet are much less expensive than polonaises, are graceful and stylish-looking, with the advantage, in addition, of not cutting the velvet in small pieces. A pretty velvet Inverness, with gimp and fringe, is sold for $75; a double cape, or a sacque with cape, for $35, Ladies who have velvet basqueins, or loose sacques made two or three years ago, are modernizing them by adding a large talma, open only half-way up the back, and thus concealing that part of the velvet that has lost its lustre or become worn.

Bright and warm jackets for the house are made of flannel cloth of two or three red shades, scarlet, cherry, or crimson, braided with white worsted curled braid in Gothic patterns, and fringed or scalloped. White flannel cloth is braided with blue or scarlet, blue with white, and black with white or blue. The collar, cuffs, and breast pockets are pointed in Gothic fashion. Price $10.

The most comfortable garment for midwinter is a fur cloak. Seal will be most worn this year, and the shape is a loose double-breasted sacque, bordered with a sea-otter or with beaver. The small round muff must be bordered also. Astrakhan cloaks are given a new effect by borders of another skin, such as fur seal or that of the Persian lamb. Those are in fitted jackets, slashed in each seam, and cost from $90 to $120.

Systematizing Mental Labor.—As a marvelous instance of what one man may achieve by doing systematically and thoroughly whatever he undertakes, we can not do better than consider the life of Alexander von Humboldt. There was no part of the world he had not visited, and he had been nowhere without acquiring the most exact knowledge of the whole country, its geology, its animal life, its botany, all its physical characteristics, as well as the language, habits, customs, laws, religion, and history of its people. He led this life till he was ninety years of age, and even then no fact, in any part of the world, that had any bearing on scientific truth escaped his notice. His mind was a museum, where all the knowledge that had been brought into the world was placed in order, carefully guarded, and always ready for use. We are not wrong in attributing the boundless learning and prodigious memory of this great man to his habit of systematizing his mental labor, and to his power of self-concentration; and to his belief in the wisdom of God.—*Scientific American.*

A capital business—Lending money.

Chicago.

Blackened and bleeding, helpless, panting, prone,
On the charred fragments of her shattered throne
Lies she who stood but yesterday alone.

Queen of the West! by some enchanter taught
To lift the glory of Aladdin's court,
Then lose the spell that all that wonder wrought.

Like her own prairies by some chance seed sown,
Like her own prairies in one brief day grown,
Like her own prairies in one fierce night mown.

She lifts her voice, and in her pleading call
We hear the cry of Macedon to Paul—
The cry for help that makes her kin to all.

But haply with wan fingers may she feel
The silver cup hid in the proffered meal—
The gifts her kinship and our loves reveal.

October 10, 1871. *By Bret Harte.*

Facts and Fancies.

The world is like a treadmill which turns incessantly and leaves no choice but to sink or climb.

A Tennessean, who is already blind of one eye, has been obliged to have his teeth extracted to save the other one.

Many young ladies are accused of wearing their engagement rings in their pockets except when "he" is around.

It is said that the three hardest words of the English language to pronounce, consecutively, are—"I was mistaken."

It is sweet to have friends you can trust, and convenient sometimes to have friends who are not afraid to trust you.

When I see a man's name
Scratch'd upon a glass,
I know he owns a diamond,
And his father owns an ass.

A vermont contemporary is in favor of keeping hens, for the reason that every kernel of grain they eat they give a peck.

A cover-lid knit of shell-work pattern was recently exhibited at a fair in Maine, that contained 786,240 stitches, all knit by hand.

The average wages for laborers in the Chicago ruins are $1.75 per day; for teams, $4.50; for carpenters, $3 to $3.50; bricklayers, $3 to $3.25.

Young ladies declare that this season's bonnets are "perfectly lovely." Their shape is something indescribable; they become most girls, and cost outrageously.

It is claimed that when the necessary works are completed coal can be mined in Alaska, and delivered at San Francisco at a cost of from $5.60 to $6 per ton.

In northern Iowa, notwithstanding the ravages of the potato bug at the beginning of the season, potatoes have not been so large or plentiful for years as at present. They are selling at twenty-five cents a bushel.

The prize of the Cleveland County (Tenn.) Fair for the best butter exhibited, was awarded to Mrs. Patterson, who was mistress of the White House during the administration of her father, ex-President Johnson.

A lady teacher in an Iowa school made a boy stand up and show how he kissed the big girls in the woodshed, in hopes that he would shed tears and promise to do so no more, all the boys are leaving the other schools now, and going to this lady teacher.

A witty clergyman, accosted by an old acquaintance by the name of Cobb, replied: "I don't know you, sir." "My name is Cobb," rejoined the man, who was about half seas over. "Ah, sir," said the minister, "you have so much corn on you that I did not see the cob."

It is said that a number of French soldiers, who were taken prisoners by the Germans and afterwards escaped, are now lurking in the forests of Germany, and that many of them have formed themselves into regular bands of outlaws, who subsist by robbery and depredation.

A Chicago young lady writes to her lover postponing the wedding a year, and remarks that he would be surprised to see her after the fire, from which she emerged with a wardrobe consisting of a pair of pantaloons, one slipper, and a water-proof. After that suit the youth failed to press his. He, too, is a Chicago sufferer.

Pensions, and to Whom Paid.

The following facts in relation to the pension system have been compiled from data prepared for the support of the Commissioner of Pensions:

"The aggregate annual amount of pensions of widows and dependent relatives upon the roll June 30, 1871, was less than on the 30th of June, 1870. This was owing to the lessening of individual pensions by minors reaching the age of sixteen years. There were 57,623 Revolutionary soldiers pensioned for services, 11,308 soldiers of the Mexican war, and 103,791 soldiers of the war of 1861-5 pensioned as invalids. It is thought that the annual expenditures for pensions for other than the latter class have nearly reached their maximum, and that during the next ten years they will gradually and materially decrease."

The following is a correct statement, compiled with great care in the Pension Office, of the total number of soldiers serving in the wars, &c., in which the nation has engaged in since 1775. It will appear in the forthcoming report of the Commissioner of Pensions:

Soldiers of the War of the Revolution	275,000
Soldiers of the War of 1812	387,631
Soldiers of the Seminole War of 1817	5,911
Soldiers of the Black Hawk War of 1832	8,031
Soldiers of the Florida War of 1838 to 1842	29,953
Soldiers of the Creek disturbance of 1836	12,463
Soldiers of the south-western disturbances of 1836	2,803
Soldiers of the Cherokee country disturbances of 1837	3,980
Soldiers of the New York frontier disturbances, and of the Canadian rebellion, 1838	1,128
Soldiers of the Mexican War of 1846	73,260
Soldiers of the War of 1861	2,688,523

A Remarkable Case.—The Syracuse *Courier* tells a remarkable story of somnambulism. A few days ago a lady living in Onandaga South Hollow, dreamt that her father was ill at Hastings, Oswego County, and needed her. She rose, dressed herself, and started on foot for Liverpool, there to take the cars for Hastings. She reached the town a little after daylight, and stopped at the house of Mr. Fay, a justice of the peace, having been asleep all the time. The story does not bear great evidence of being true, for somnambulists rarely, if ever, remember the dreams which make them walk.

[The following we extract from a little book on Chronic Diseases, by R. V. PIERCE, M. D., of Buffalo. N. Y. Our readers can receive this interesting and useful little book, post-paid, by enclosing one postage stamp to the doctor.]

CATARRH.

Symptoms.—In the early stages of the disease the patient may be annoyed with "only a slight dropping in the throat," as many express it, the amount of discharge from the air passages of the head at this stage of the disease being only slightly in excess of health. In some cases the discharge is thick, ropy and tough, requiring frequent and strong effort in the way of hawking, blowing and spitting to remove it from the throat, where it frequently lodges. In other cases, or in other stages of the same case, the disharge is thin, watery, acrid, irritating and profuse. The nose may be stopped up from the swollen and thickened condition of the lining mucous membrane, so as to necessitate respiration through the mouth, giving to the voice a disagreeable nasal twang. The disease sometimes assumes a dry form, there being very little or no discharge. In some cases the patient suffers from headache a great portion of the time, or may experience a dull, heavy, disagreeable fullness or pressure in the head, with confusion of his ideas, which renders him quite unfit for business, especially such as requires deep thought and mental labor. Memory may be more or less affected, and the disposition of those who are otherwise amiable is often rendered irritable, or morose and despondent. The mental faculties suffer to such extent in some cases as to result in insanity. The sense of smell is in many cases impaired, and sometimes entirely lost, and the senses of taste and hearing may be more or less affected.

The secretion which is thrown out in the more advanced stages of Chronic Catarrh becomes so acrid, unhealthy and poisonous, that it produces severe irritation and inflammation which are followed by excoriation and ulceration of the delicate lining membrane of the air passages in the head. As the ulceration eats its way up among the small bones the discharge generally becomes profuse and often excessively fetid, requires the frequent use of the handkerchief, and renders the poor sufferer disagreeable both to himself and those with whom he associates. Thick, tough, brownish incrustations or hardened lumps, are many times formed in the head by the evaporation of the watery portion of the discharge. These lumps are sometimes so large and tough that it is with great difficulty that they can be removed. They are usually discharged every day or two, but only to be succeeded by another crop. It is painfully unpleasant to witness the ravages of this terrible disease, and observe the extent to which it sometimes progresses. Holes are eaten through the roof of the mouth, and great cavities excavated into the solid bones of the face, and in such cases only the best and most thorough treatment, both local and constitutional, will check the progress and fatal termination of the disease.

Only a few of the large number of symptoms which I have described as common to the different stages of Catarrh will be likely to be manifested at one time in a single case. Although they are all *common* to the disease in some of its stages, yet thousands of cases annually terminate in consumption or insanity and end in the grave, without ever having manifested one-half of the symptoms above enumerated.

As the disease progresses, or frequently in its earlier stages, the throat is apt to become affected. It becomes dry, sore or raw, or studded with very small ulcers, which, as seen through the mouth, look like small pimples or "canker sores," for which they are often mistaken. The voice may be more or less affected, especially on exposure to cold or over-exertion, and a hacking cough is not unfrequent. Creeping along the continuous lining mucous membrane of the air passages, the disease gradually extends to the *larynx*, and by the same process of extension the bronchial tubes, and lastly the substance of the lungs, in their turn, are diseased, and Bronchitis and Consumption firmly established. Tightness in the chest, with difficulty of breathing, soreness, darting, sharp or dull heavy pain, or a prickly distressing sensation, accompanied with more or less cough and expectoration, are evidence that the bronchial tubes have become affected, and should admonish the sufferer *that he is now standing upon the stepping-stone to Consumption*, over which thousands annually tread in their slow, yet sure, journey to the grave.

TREATMENT OF CATARRH.

If you would remove an evil, *strike at its root*. This is the "common-sense," or rational way to treat Catarrh. As the predisposing or real cause of Catarrh is, in the majority of cases, some weakness, impurity or otherwise faulty condition of the system, which invites the disease, and needs only the irritation produced in the nasal passages by an attack of cold to kindle the flame and establish the loathsome malady, in attempting to cure it our chief aim must be directed to the removal of that cause. The more I see of this odious disease, the more do I recognise the importance and necessity of combining, with the use of a local soothing and healing application, a thorough internal use of blood-cleansing and strengthening medicine, if we would successfully treat the disease.

As a local application for healing the diseased condition in the head,

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY

Is beyond all comparison the best preparation ever discovered. It is mild and pleasant to use, producing no smarting or pain, and contains no strong irritating or caustic drug or other poison. Its ingredients are simple and harmless, yet when scientifically and skillfully combined in just the right proportions they form a most wonderful and valuable healing medicine. Like gunpowder, which is formed by the combination of saltpetre, sulphur and charcoal, the ingredients are simple, but the product of their combination is wonderful in its effects. It is a powerful antiseptic, and speedily destroys all bad smell which accompanies so many cases, thus affording great comfort to those who suffer in this way. It speedily subdues acute attacks of "cold in the head," thus preventing their resulting in Chronic Catarrh. Its cleansing, antiseptic, soothing and healing properties are truly wonderful. The Catarrh Remedy fluid should be applied by the use of

DR. PIERCE'S NASAL DOUCHE,

which carries it high up and applies it to all parts of the affected nasal passages, and the chambers and cavities communicating therewith. Three or four packages of the Remedy used with this instrument—which is sold by druggists at sixty cents—will do more good than a dozen used in any other manner. While the Catarrh Remedy is being used locally, we must not neglect to correct the constitutional fault upon which the disease generally depends, or the Catarrh, if relieved at all, is very apt to show itself again upon slight exposure. If it does not, the weakness or humor may manifest its presence by developing disease of the lungs, liver, bones or other organs or structures. For this reason in particular, the reader must see the great importance of purifying and regulating the system and building up the strength to a healthy standard at the same time that the disease in the head is being healed by the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Not only will the cure be thus more surely, speedily and permanently effected, but you thereby guard against other forms of disease breaking out as the result of humors in the blood or constitutional derangements or weaknesses.

For this purpose I have discovered a medicine that will, better than any other, accomplish the object sought. To designate this wonderful medicine, I have named it

Dr. Pierce's Alt. Ext., or Golden Medical Discovery.

No other alterative or blood cleanser, and no other pectoral, or throat, bronchial or lung medicine should ever be used with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, as none other is so well calculated to work in harmony with, and assist it in its operations.

Many blood and cough medicines have a tendency to interfere with the effects of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. They should not therefore be used.

My Golden Medical Discovery is the natural "help-mate" of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It not only cleanses, purifies, regulates and builds up the system to a healthy standard, and conquers throat, bronchial and lung complications when any such exist, but from its specific effects upon the lining membrane of the nasal passages it aids materially in restoring the diseased, thickened or ulcerated membrane to a healthy condition, and thus eradicating the disease. When a cure is effected in this manner it is permanent.

Indeed very few cases of Catarrh can be cured at all by the use of local applications only. A thorough course of alterative and tonic treatment must be used with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, if you would derive the greatest amount of benefit. This will require the use of from six to twelve bottles of my Golden Medical Discovery.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy effects cures upon "common-sense," rational and scientific principles, by its mild, soothing and healing properties, to which the disease gradually yields, when the system has been put in perfect order by the use of my Golden Medical Discovery. This is the only perfectly safe, scientific and successful mode of acting upon and healing it.

Scarcely a mail arrives that does not bring me new testimony of cures effected by the treatment which I here recommend. The best evidence of what *can* be done in the treatment of any disease is to be found in the *past* success of the treatment to be employed. An old proverb says, "what *has been* done *may* be done again." In view of these facts, and knowing that *I have cured thousands of the worst cases of Catarrh, and have never failed to effect a perfect cure when I have had a reasonable chance*, I hereby offer in good faith, $500 Reward for a case of Catarrh which I cannot cure. I claim that I can cure any and every case of it if my directions are faithfully followed. Why then trifle with this disease, reader? Why put off the use of the sure means of cure which I offer? Do you not know that "procrastination is the thief of time?" Why try to make light of it by thinking that it is only Catarrh? Do you not know that *consumption and insanity are among its frequent results*, and that thereby *millions of graves are filled?* Do I speak strongly? Can I speak too strongly? Why disgust your friends and associates with the offensive odor of your breath, or by your constant hawking, blowing and spitting, when relief is so easily and cheaply obtained? Is it not a duty that you owe to others as well as yourself to get rid of this disgusting complaint? Do not think that the disease will in time wear out. On the contrary, it will, unless cured, wear *you* out. Do not think that you cannot be cured. *The world moves*, and *medical science is progressive*. Many forms of disease, which would once have been entirely incurable with the means then known, are, in the light of more recent discoveries in medicine, *very easily cured*.

Dr. Pierce's Medicines are sold by druggists everywhere, or the Catarrh Remedy or Nasal Douche will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of sixty cents.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D.,
Sole Proprietor, Buffalo, N. Y.