

GENERAL.

A Methodist minister of Brooklyn has sued a saloon-keeper for the loss of his son's services through loafing in the saloon.

A white Siberian squirrel was caught in Cheshire, Conn., recently, and the owners have refused a large sum for the rarity.

Passamaquoddy (Me.) Indians are shooting large numbers of deer. They report they have plenty in the vicinity of parts of Eel River.

Susan Morse, of Marlborough, Mass., an elderly maiden lady, died from starvation, having refused to eat food for a number of weeks, her reason being that all food tasted like oil to her.

New York fashionables complain of the poor quality of wedding-cake. As wedding cake is only intended for romantic young ladies to dream upon, we should judge that the worse it is, the more the dreams it engenders.

The Austrian florin bills have this remarkable "feature" about them—that, in holding them up to the light, the vignettes of Emperor Francis Joseph, on the face, and reverse of the bill, are so peculiarly blended in one as to produce the likeness of the German Emperor. This is looked upon as a good augury by the German population of Austria, and the bills themselves are called "alliance bills."

Eastern bank Presidents and Cashiers, it would seem, have but little to learn in the way of absorbing other folks' money. But even they might get a wrinkle or two from President Taylor, of Utah. When certain impracticable saints grew restive because several millions had been swallowed up in the building of a new temple, which yet made no perceptible progress, this able financier set their doubts at rest by a stroke of genius. "Brethren," he remarked, "we don't know exactly how the temple fund stands. There is no need of keeping any account. There is the building going right up before your eyes, and you can all see for yourselves. We will now sing the 336th hymn."

At Calais, Vt., the other day, Ira Carr died of heart disease, from which he had been suffering for some time. The next morning a Mrs. Carr, a relative, who had attended more or less upon the deceased during his sickness, confessed to a son of the deceased that his father had died from two doses of strychnine which she had administered to him; that she was "sorry for it, and would never do so again." This intelligence induced the son to procure a post-mortem examination, the result of which was that the heart was found to be very seriously diseased, which was unquestionably the sole cause of his death. No signs of poison were discovered. Still, the nurse persists in her statements and confessions concerning the poison. She claims that the Lord directed her to do it.

Keep Together.

This article is intended for families and members of families, now happily joined together not only in the bonds that nature creates, but in mutual confidence and affection. To be "encumbered," "weighed down," "hampered" by a family, is certainly a limitation to human freedom; but it is a far less evil than he endures who has none so related to him that he naturally loves them and is beloved by them. If there is any excuse for a human being retiring to a desert, he has it who, without relations—is forced to say, "I care for no one and no one cares for me."

Let it be further stated in this introduction, that when we speak of families we do not mean only groups with a father and mother at the head. There may be a family of brothers and sisters, without such a center as parents constitute, or such a bond as their authority maintains. Indeed, it is all too often in this transition from the one state to the other—in other words, when the head is removed and the family becomes a republic—that the need of keeping together becomes obvious and imperative. Mr. and Mrs. Temple have lived together, brought up their family to maturity, held a good position among their friends, and had a fair share of unity and happiness at home. There were always some business anxieties; some bills were running; some liabilities had to be carried by Mr. Temple. He had to make the best of things, and he did so, till death interrupted his laudable efforts to "do for" his family. And now the trouble begins. Mrs. Temple does not see why she should not be assured against any risk in the future. The oldest son does not see how he can get a chance in life if she is not willing to take some risk. The daughters do not feel inclined to leave their money where it may be lost. The executor sees that trouble is brewing and declines to act. The lawyers have to be consulted by the various parties. The younger son has friends who tell him that if he does not look out there will be nothing for him. There is a spinster aunt who thought her "poor, dear brother" never quite did justice to her, and she counsels her nieces to stand up for their rights; which they do. The result is that all Mr. Temple's affairs are laid open to a world more inquisitive than tender-hearted; a good deal of expense is contracted; the credit of the business is impaired; the seeds of heart-burnings are sown, and the bitter harvest is reaped for many a wretched year; and—last and worst of all—the inheritance of mutual sympathy and affectionate helpfulness that the Temples ought to have enjoyed is lost beyond the power of recall.

How are such things to be avoided? Let us begin with the prevention that is better than cure. Something can be done in impressing an unselfish character on the children in the nursery. They can be taught that they are more to one another than to all the world beside. They can be made to form the habit of studying one another's wishes, and giving way to one another. The brothers can be trained to dwell together in unity, the sisters to delight in one another, in their brothers and in their home. It is not meant, of course, that this can always be done equally easily, or equally successfully.

Something can be done also in taking the members of a family into the confidence of the head and bringing them into the confidence of one another. It

is common enough for young people to grow up with quite exaggerated ideas of the means of the family. The delusion is a pleasing one. It is a pity, so the parents think, to disenchant them. It is no harm, they perhaps calculate, that society should share the impression of the young people. When the process had gone on for a certain time, the illusion has to be kept up. It would make trouble in various directions if Miss Arethusa's young man learned that the family was not nearly so well off as was supposed. But at length the disclosures must be made. A sense of wrong is in the breast of Miss Arethusa, which her brother shares. "It was cruel to let us think," etc., etc., and it will be odd indeed if each be not tempted to get as much as possible out of the apparent wreck.

Young people should be early treated as reasonable beings by their parents. If there be struggles, let them know of them; if there be advantages, let them be understood and rated at their true worth. A habit of mind is thus formed and fostered, as the effect of which the young people—unless otherwise corrupted—will be apt to say, "Father and mother trusted us always; let us trust one another and keep together."

Something may be done also in the way of proper business arrangements. Evil comes from assuming that things talked over and settled in conversation are permanently settled. There may come an unexpected, unsettling force. "Frank is a kind-hearted, good fellow, and will never do anything to make trouble in the family." Very likely; but you can not answer for Frank's future wife, and her mother, and her sisters, and all the "connection" into which Frank enters, and under whose influence he comes in a degree. "There was an understanding that Anna should get," etc., etc. Ah! my dear madam, it is the commonest thing in life for understandings to become misunderstandings.

And, finally, where troubles do arise, it is worth while for families to keep together, even at a sacrifice. There is some grasping on one side, perhaps. Let there be magnanimity on the other. There is a little suspiciousness on the part of one. Let there be special frankness on the part of the rest. There is something disagreeable in the way Sister Martha and her husband carry themselves to you and your wife. My dear sir, just because she is Sister Martha, wink very hard and do not see it. Perhaps, like the other Martha, she is "cumbered with much serving." Perhaps some one has been whispering in her ear, and she has not yet found out the whisperer. Be especially good to poor Sister Martha. Go out of your way to show her attention. Remember her mother nursed you. Your father would have forgiven her a great deal. You are her brother. Keep in your nature, even though your shoulders begin to bend and your hair to get gray, as much as you can of the boy you were when Martha was nearly beside herself because you came home from school. Help Martha—who has real troubles perhaps in her own life, to be young and unsuspecting, and gentle and trustful as when she was a girl. Life is short. Quarrels among kindred, once begun, are long, and, unlike lovers' feuds, they are not the renewal of love. Men and women that "played around one parent knee," now that you are children no longer, keep together, and hand down the spirit of affectionate cohesion to the generation to follow you.—Rev. John Hall, in N. Y. Ledger.

Gov. Blackburn's Quilting Frolic.

The quilting at the Executive Mansion yesterday was the most enjoyable event ever witnessed in Frankfort. At least a thousand persons partook of the right royal Kentucky cheer and participated in the rejuvenating reels and jigs. This was for a fact the Governor's own frolic, and Mrs. Blackburn stood off and lent every whim and fancy an approving smile. The Governor was in town, and the mansion blossomed like a rose.

There was not a semblance of constrained conventionalism, and every one entered into the joys of the evening in a hearty, Kentucky way. The quilts were actually finished in the presence of the guests by the young ladies and gentlemen. It was of lavender silk and beautiful, and when the gaslight fell full upon it the sheen was like the waves of deep Galilee under the starlight of the Oriental sky.

The young ladies were dressed most picturesquely in full-figured calicoes of ancient cut, with banded and powdered hair, crowned with huge black combs.

Miss Dorsie Stanton appeared in a dress worn by her great-grandmother 100 years ago.

Piquant Miss Polk was the focus of all eyes in her quaint but beautifully becoming Mother Hubbard costume. Her beauty and witchery and double-shuffle dark dances set everybody wild with delight. She was too good to cut.

The old darky fiddlers took their places in the corner at the proper time, and the reels rolled on until midnight. The most interesting feature of the evening was a reel, in which Mrs. Blackburn, Miss Blackburn, Miss Polk, Miss Sayre and Miss Stanton took part, and in the vis-a-vis line were such young men as Gov. Blackburn, Dr. C. G. Graham, of Louisville, Senator Rice, of Lincoln County, Col. "Jake" Blaine, of Lawrence, Representative May, Representative Bailey, of Shelby, and other lah-da-dahs. Dr. Graham had not danced before for eighty years. He is now ninety-eight years of age, and it was wonderful how he cut the "pigeon wing."

The supper was in keeping with the spirit of the occasion. Sixteen 'possums and four pigs smoked on the festal board. Other delicacies were in abundance. Apple toddy was ladled from a fathomless punch bowl.

Later on a candy-pulling engaged the attention of the young folks, and they all got stuck on the strength of it.

The reception lasted from four o'clock in the afternoon until twelve at night, and all of the Representatives, State officers, and a great number of Frankfort people and distinguished strangers were present.—Frankfort (Ky.) Cor. Courier-Journal.

Our Young Folks.

MY MOTHER.

When the stars begin to twinkle  
And the dawns are pleasant place,  
When the warm glow of the firelight  
Plays with shadows on the walls,  
I climb into my mother's lap,  
Put my arms about her tight,  
And we sit and talk together  
Till Amanda brings the light.  
She tells me pretty stories  
Of what happened long ago;  
She sings her old songs for me  
In a voice so sweet and low.  
She's the very dearest mother  
In all the world, I know;  
And the only hold me closer  
When I bug and tell her so.  
—M. E. B. Emery, in Our Little Ones.

CHANGING BABIES.

On a bright, warm day, Susy carried her baby brother out to the great farm-yard. It was a very pleasant place. A large barn stood on one side of it, and near this was a poultry-house. The chickens, ducks and geese used to come out of it to stray about the large grassy lot. And in one corner was a nice clear pond.

Susy knew she should find many pretty things out here, and that Baby would like to see them, too. She walked around till the little pet got sleepy, and laid his head on her shoulder. Then she carried him to a long, low shed, where the sheep and cattle were fed in winter. There was some hay in a manger; she laid him on it, and, sitting beside him, sang softly. This is what she sang:

"What will you give,  
What will you give,  
For my little baby fair?  
Nothing is brighter than his bonny blue eyes,  
Or soft as his curling hair."

"What will you bring,  
What will you bring,  
To trade for my treasure here?  
No one can show me a thing so sweet,  
As where, far or near."

"Moo, moo-oo!" said something not far from Susy. "You think that's so, do you?" And Madam Jersey Cow looked very doubtfully at Baby. Said she: "Can he kick up his heels, and frolic all over the yard?"

"Why, no," said Susy; "he can't walk yet."

"Ah; how old is he?" "Nearly a year old," said Susy.

"Nearly a year! My child walked before she was two days old!" The cow gave a scornful snuff and walked off without another look.

"Baa-aa," said an old sheep, walking up with a snow-white, downy lamb. "Let me see. He is a nice little thing, sure enough. But has he only two legs?" "That's all," said Susy.

"Then mine is worth twice as much, of course. If you had two babies, now, we might make a bargain. But he seems to have no wool?"

"No, ma'am," said Susy, "but see what pretty, curly hair he has."

"Don't think I would wish to trade, thank you," said she, and her lamb trotted away and went to eat grass.

"Quack! quack! quack! Let me take a look," and Mrs. Duck flew up on the edge of the manger.

"His feet don't look as if he'd make a good swimmer," she said, looking at Baby's pink dimpled toes.

"Oh, he can't swim at all," said Susy.

"Good-bye," said Mrs. Duck. "All my darlings can swim."

"Chip! chip! chip!" was the next sound Susy heard. From it, nest in an old elm-tree which stood near a robin flew down, and perched on the end of a pitchfork. She turned her head from side to side, gazing at Baby in a very wise way. "What can he sing?" said she.

"Oh, he can't sing at all yet," said Susy; "he's too little."

"Too little!" exclaimed Mrs. Redbreast. "Why, he's tremendous! Can't he sing? Fee-fee-filly-filly-weet-weet?"

"No, no," said Susy.

"All my children sang well at four months. Has he little red feathers on his breast?"

"No," said Susy.

"I shouldn't like to hurt your feelings, but you see how much I should lose on an exchange, and I'm sure you would not wish that."

"No, I shouldn't," said Susy. And Mrs. B. Redbreast flew away.

"Cluck! cluck! cluck!" "Peep! peep!" Mrs. White Leghorn Hen came along with her downy chicks. No wonder she fussed and fumed and cackled at such a rate, Susy thought, with twelve babies to look after.

"I haven't much time to look," said the hen, "and I should hardly be willing to trade. Can your baby say 'peep-peep' when he's hungry?"

"When he's hungry he cries—but not 'peep-peep,'" said Susy.

"I see his legs are not yellow, either, so I'll bid you a very good afternoon." Off she went, ruffling her feathers, and clucking and scratching till Susy laughed aloud.

"I don't wonder you laugh," purred something near her. Susy turned in great surprise. There, at the other end of the manger, in a cozy corner, was her old gray cat. That wasn't all. There were three little kits; a white one, a black one and a gray one. Susy had not seen them before, and she fondled them lovingly.

"She's so proud because she has twelve!" said Mrs. Puss, looking after Mrs. W. L. Hen. "Now I think a small family is much better—three, for instance. Don't you think three enough?"

"Indeed," said Susy, "I think one's enough; if it's teething."

"Mine never has trouble with their teeth. And perhaps I can never teach your baby to purr, or to catch mice. Still, I believe I'll take him, and let you have one kitten, as I have three."

"Oh, no; you don't understand me," cried Susy. "I don't want to change at all. I'd rather have my little brother than anything else in the world." But Mrs. Puss took hold of him as if to carry him off. Baby gave a scream and then Susy—awoke! Then she looked around with a laugh, as she thought of all she had seen and heard in her dream, since she had sung herself to sleep beside the baby.

Madam Puss sat by a hole watching for rats. There wasn't a kitten anywhere. Mrs. Hen was fuming and cackling, and scratching harder than ever.

but Puss did not seem to care whether she had twelve chickens or a hundred. The calf was feeding quietly by its mamma, and the sheep and her lamb lay under the old elm. And in the branches Susy could hear Mrs. Redbreast teaching her birdies to sing.

So then Susy ran up to the house and found supper waiting.

Baby held out his arms and was soon on his mother's lap, as happy as could be. Susy looked at him and said: "God has made everybody and everything love their own babies best, hasn't he, mamma?"

"Yes. We would rather take care of our baby than any other, wouldn't we?" "Yes, indeed," said Susy. And as she rocked the baby's cradle that night she finished her little song in this way:

"Nothing will do, nothing will do; you may travel the world around,  
And never, in earth, or sea, or air, will a baby like him be found."  
—St. Nicholas.

A Buccaneer's Booty.

The following dispatch from Kingston needs an explanation, which the World is glad to be able to make, inasmuch as the story hidden in these few lines is really full of curious interest:

KINGSTON, Jamaica, December 6.—An expedition has just sailed from this port conveyed by a British vessel of war in search of concealed treasure on one of the islands near the coast of the Isthmus of Panama, where, it is stated, the spoils of Buccanier Morgan have been discovered by Mr. Currie, a native of Nassau, N. P.

The island here alluded to is the islet of Santa Catalina, lying about ninety miles off the Mosquito coast in the Caribbean Sea and forming one of the little group known to the few who know anything of Spanish-American history as the islands of San Andres and La Providencia. It is just north of La Providencia, more familiar to American traders as Old Providence, a name given to it to distinguish it from New Providence in the Bahamas. For many years after the Spanish occupation of Central America these islands were attached alternately to the Captaincy-General of Guatemala and to the Vice-Royalty of New Granada. Lying under a fine climate and not destitute of decent harbors, they are also susceptible of profitable cultivation.

It was from San Andres, indeed, that the first seeds of the since famous sea-island cotton were brought to the coast of South Carolina toward the end of the last century by one of the smuggling, trading, fighting Jamaica adventurers, who then frequented the Caribbean coasts of Spanish America. During the seventeenth century these Central American islands, lying as they do out of the immediate control of the Spanish authorities, were continually visited and for years at a time occupied by all sorts of interlopers, and especially by English, Dutch and French adventurers of the free-and-easy type famous as "buccaniers." One of the most eminent of these adventurers, Henry Morgan, a Welshman, made Santa Catalina one of his strongholds during those brilliant operations against the Isthmus of Darien in 1670 and 1671, which ended with the capture and sacking of Panama and the spoiling of the rich Spanish silver galleons in that port. One, at least, of Sir Henry's ships returning to Jamaica laden with the booty both of Panama and of Portobello, is believed to have been plundered and destroyed by her crew at Santa Catalina, and for two centuries past legendary stories like those which cluster in our Northern latitudes around the "lost treasure" of Captain Kidd have been current in those parts touching the spoil hidden in some corner of this remote islet.

During the winter of 1879-'80, while the Earl of Londale, then cruising in the West Indies, lay with his yacht at Kingston, a trader of that place sought him out and told him a tale of the discovery on Santa Catalina, by a certain Mr. Currie, of a cavern, natural or artificial, filled with ancient boxes and barrels, one or two of which on being carefully opened proved to contain great quantities of jewels of various kinds and coin, chiefly of the Spanish mints of the seventeenth century. Some very curious ornaments set with diamonds in an antique fashion and of good many old Spanish doubloons were exhibited to the Earl as proofs of the authenticity of the story, and he was strongly urged to take the narrator on board, go in quest of Mr. Currie to the Bahamas, and then sail for Santa Catalina, to investigate the matter. He was assured that Mr. Currie had been driven away from the island by some of the inhabitants under the leadership of an enterprising Yankee who had got an inkling of the existence of the treasure and was determined not to allow Mr. Currie to profit by it unless he would make a fair division. The story was told so circumstantially and supported with such evidence as to tempt Lord Londale into making the trip, which he probably would have done had not the heart of the Jamaican at the last moment failed him, so that he evaded his engagement to come on board of the yacht and disappeared. From the dispatch which now reaches us it would seem that Mr. Currie has taken up his own case so energetically as to get the support of an English man-of-war in an attempt to secure his treasure trove. Should this prove to be the case, it really is not improbable that the speculation may turn out more advantageously than any quest for Kidd's hidden gains has done. Morgan, who was knighted by Charles II. for exploits which in these days would have sent him to the gallows, died in the English service at Jamaica, leaving a large fortune behind him, and his men carried away from Panama an enormous sum for those days in specie, in jewels and in church ornaments of gold and silver.—N. Y. World.

In Congress, Ga., a few nights since, a mare and a cow, on the place of Mr. Copeland, who lives in Rockdale County, gave birth the same evening, one to a colt and the other to a calf. That night the cow died, whereupon the mare adopted the calf as her offspring, and has been nursing her ever since.

If the Baroness Burdett-Couts survives her marriage ten years she will have paid, without interest, \$3,750,000 for a husband, taking her loss consequent on marriage at £75,000 a year—an expensive luxury, but she could afford it.

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A REMARKABLE STATEMENT.

The Unusual Experience of a Prominent Man Made Public.

The following article from the Democrat and Chronicle of Rochester, N. Y., is of so striking a nature, and emanates from so reliable a source, that it is herewith re-published entire. In addition to the valuable matter it contains, it will be found exceedingly interesting:

To the Editor of the Democrat and Chronicle: Six—My motives for the publication of the most unusual statements which follow are, first, gratitude for the fact that I have been saved from a most horrible death, and secondly, a desire to warn all who read this statement against some of the most deceptive influences which they have ever been surrounded. It is a fact that to-day thousands of people are within a foot of the grave and they do not know it. To tell how was caught away from just this position and to warn others against nearing it, are my objects in this communication.

On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous, any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, had weighed over 200 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who read this statement, realize at times that they are unusually tired, and cannot account for it. They feel dull and indefinite pains in various parts of the body and do not understand it. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely satiated on the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought it was nothing; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a dull, and at times neuralgic, pain in my head, but as it would come one day and not the next, I paid but little attention to it. However, my stomach was out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet I consulted, even as a physician, that these things meant anything serious or that a monstrous disease was becoming fixed upon me. Candidly, I thought I was suffering from indigestion, so doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities of one, and a little of the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled in the bottom. And yet I did not realize my danger, for I was naturally of these symptoms continually. I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly dissipated by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs, or in any other part. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

There is a terrible future for all physical neglect, and impending danger usually gives a person to his senses even though it may then be too late. I realized, at last, my critical condition and aroused myself to overcome it. And Oh! how hard I tried! I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the prominent mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed on my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, nervous prostration; another, malaria; another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; and, other, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of all of which I really had. In this way several years passed, and all of which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I at first experienced were developed into tenfold intensity, and stant disorders—the little twigs of pain had grown into oaks of agony. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a torture to myself and friends. I could not take no food upon my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell upon the carpet, and sively clutched the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in lessening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death premonitory rigors, and constantly. My urine was filled with tube casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys in its last stages.

While suffering thus I received letters from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, rector of St. Paul's Church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation he mentioned a remedy which he had heard much but had never used. Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures which had come under his observation, by means of this remedy, and I determined to try it. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I cherished the prejudice both natural and common with all regular practitioners, and derided the remedy as medicine outside the regular channels being the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice and try the remedy, if he so highly recommended. I began its use on the first day of June and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for one in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was able to retain food upon my stomach. A few days I noticed a decided change for the better, as also did my wife and friends. My coughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was rejoiced to find a proved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover, I would publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever it was needed. I therefore stated, in a lecture in the Corinthian Academy of Music of this city, stating in full the symptoms and almost hopeless condition of my disease, and the remarkable means by which I have been saved. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained 30 pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain, and I believe I owe my life to the present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly re-investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astonishing. I therefore state, as liberally, and as a physician, that I believe MORE THAN ONE HALF THE DEATHS WHICH OCCUR IN AMERICA ARE CAUSED BY BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's Disease has no distinctive symptoms of its own, (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptoms of nearly every other known complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate of "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common complaints, when in reality it was Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system as a thief, manifests its presence by the commonest symptoms, and fastens itself upon the constitution before the victim is aware. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, and as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was working them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, and as such is usually supposed to be heart disease. As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what she says, I implore every one who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of kidney difficulty. Certain agony and possibly death may be the sure result of such neglect, and no one can afford to hazard such chances.

I am aware that such an unqualified statement as this, coming from me, known as I am throughout the entire land as a practitioner and lecturer, will arouse the surprise and possible animosity of the medical profession and astonish all with whom I am acquainted; but I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I am prepared to produce and which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly sufferers such as I was, is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can

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successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequences.

J. B. HENNON, M. D.  
ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 30, 1881.

Economy in Dress, as In Everything, is a Test of the Best Breeding.

It is to be regretted that economy is not fashionable in America. As a proof that it is an unfashionable and even a despised virtue, relegated by the rich to the supposed exclusive use of the poor, who ever hears an American woman in fashionable life, at least, utter the words: "I cannot afford it?" In reality waste only is vulgar, economy is eminently respectable and in good taste. Unfortunately, however, those who practice economy hide it with as much care as if it was a crime, or something to be ashamed of, while waste, which should be considered the distinguishing mark of the ignorant and the stupid, takes first rank with us as the heritage of the "finest people." Happily the "finest" are not the "best people," and the best people always know how to economize, how to use their means, whether large or small, in such a way as to make them go as far as possible. The most perfect lady, the best bred woman, whether her means be large or small, is she who knows in all things, but especially in the matter of dress, how to expend her money to the best advantage. To dress well, a woman must give certain portion of her time and some conscientious thought to the subject. To help those whose means are limited to a clearer understanding of the capabilities of their position, so that they may intelligently economize their resources, we will give them some hints drawn from the experiences of those who have made it a conscientious study.

Unless you can afford to have many dresses, never purchase one, no matter how cheap and beautiful it may be, that is striking or peculiar either in novelty of material or make-up or brilliancy of color. Select unobtrusive, good materials, and make them up into simple garments. If you have but good "best gown" you can vary its appearance much more easily from day to day with the accessories of bows of ribbon, sashes, scarfs and laces, if it is made in simple rather than an elaborate style. One skirt will outwear two trains, and it is even practicable to make a detachable train for such a dress, so that it can do duty both as a costume de promenade and an evening toilet of high ceremony.

Laces of good quality and of several kinds are always a good investment. Even if not "real," they may be selected of the best qualities of imitation, and are more effective in transforming a well-selected "best gown" into a variety of toilets than any other accessory that we suggest. Then, they last from year to year, and the older they are the more valuable they become, and the more beautiful if well managed.

The best materials for a "best gown," while of necessity lying within certain limits, are sufficient to choose from. Suppose it to be of black velvet or plush, it would last with care for five or six years. If of white or cream cashmere or Chudda cloth, it could be made to do duty, with a variety of ribbons and laces, for three seasons, and then be utilized by dyeing and turned into a walking dress for two seasons more. Black satin de Lyon or satin mercerized, and plain black silk of good quality are excellent materials for such a dress when velvet cannot be afforded and cashmere is not preferred. Black satin of the best quality can hardly be worn out in twenty years. If, to prevent fraying, good, deep seams are taken, and the bottom of the skirt well defended by a wide Titan braid, or a good binding (and for this purpose nothing is better than cloth), a satin robe can be worn for twenty years; and when such a dress becomes passe as a dress, the stuff can be used for bows, bonnet trimmings, cording, piping, facings, revers, bindings—everything that comes under the head of trimmings or accessories.

Here are some of the best wearing, lasting and serviceable dress goods for dresses of other than ceremonious uses: Corduroy, which is very durable and will dye, cashmere, merino, alpaca, all soft-finished India cashmères, and Chudda, Shooda, and Radzimir cloths, no matter by what name they are called. Fine, good flannels and all cloths wear well, and will dye. Foulard silk is one of the cheap materials that will last, and look well to the last. All linen goods last well. Fine calicoes, fine satteens, and fine printed goods of all kinds, and good gingham are good investments. Cheap unwashable goods are never economical.

Do not economize, or try to economize, by purchasing cheap bonnets, or gloves, or cheap shoes. The handsomest toilet is degraded by an old pair of shoes, an ill-fitting or cheap glove, or a shabby bonnet. The bonnet must be of best materials, late style, and fresh.

In the matter of wraps it is difficult to advise. Cashmere and India crape shawls, it must be remembered, however, never go out of fashion, while velvet and satin jetted and fringed dolmans and "flites do. One of those really handsome visiters, such as give distinction to a lady's toilet, costs more than the shawl.

Never wear cheap or imitation jewelry. No one is deceived thereby. If you cannot afford real and handsome jewels, substitute bows of ribbon and flowers, or enamel clasp for day wear. Agate stones set in oxidized silver make one of the prettiest and most elegant, because most sensible, of inexpensive scarf or shawl pins. The topaz is one, the amethyst another, inexpensive jewel which, when well set, is in better taste for the adornment of a lady's finished toilet than an imitation diamond or Rhine crystal ornament. Coral also, when of good color, well set, and becoming to the complexion of the wearer, is a choice ornament, giving the required elegant finish to the ensemble of a judiciously, economically, well-dressed woman.—N. Y. Sun.

"Ze super he stands so," said Venturo, the Italian stage manager for Tossi, throwing himself into a preposterously awkward position, to show a Philadelphia reporter one of the favorite attitudes of stage soldiers, sailors and citizens. "He cannot worka he