How the Czar is Crowned.

The Assumption is the Cathedral of Rheimes, the Westminster Abbey of Russia. Here the Emperors are crowned, and here is preserved the ancient throne of the Czars in carved wood, known as the throne of Wladimir-Monomaque. The pillars, arches, and walls of this church, which was built from beginning to end by Italian architects in 1475, are ornamented by large Byzantine images of longbearded saints, whose heads are shown upon a background of gold. These holy personages in their purple garments look like a procession of Asiatic potentates, silent and stern.

The iconostasus of the Assumption is a dazzling wall of jewelry, a fabulous display of gold, of precious stones, of pearls, and diamonds. To this wonderful wall are suspended miraculous images of great antiquity—virgins with dark eyes and brown skins that belonged to grand dukes and were brought from Novgorod, Pskof, Kiew, and Constantinople. Their halos are constellated with precious stones that twinkle like stars and shine like red sparks. Upon their garments and dalmatics of gold, topazes, sapphires, emeralds, and rubies display marvelous embroideries that interlace each other like garlands of flowers. The miraculous image of the Virgin of Wladimir that orthodox piety attributes to St. Luke wears a diamond necklace valued at 200,000 roubles. Emeralds as large as nuts are set in the massive golden crown of this Virgin.

Close to the iconostasus a canopy covers the chair of the Patriarch, and in front of it a velvet tent marks the place of the Emperor. Lamps of Silver and vermilion with flickering lights, and great wax candles with their steady and soft jets, are not sufficient to awaken the obscurity that sleeps under the somber vaults of the old cathedral.

The ceremonies of the coronation take place in this church with a pomp and splendor that are peculiarly Oriental. Before the Czar arrives the high priests with the cross, assisted by two deacons carrying holy water in a basin of gold sprinkle the passage that the Emperor is about to take. Then, arranging themselves upon the steps that surround the imperial platform, surmounted by a canopy of crimson velvet with tassels and fringes of gold, come the grand dukes and grand duchesses, all the members of the imperial family, the diplomatic corps, the high dignitaries of the empire, senators in red uniforms, ministers bedizened with badges and cordons, marshals in brilliant uniforms, ladies of the court, and young ladies of honor in the national costume, including the kakochnik (a golden diadem embroidered in gold or pearls), representatives of the merchants of all the cities of the empire, most of them in blue or black gowns fringed in gold, deputations from Asiatic peoples allied to or subjects of the Emperor, Chinese, Mongolians, Tartars, Baskirs, Kalmuks, Khirgees, Boukharas, Circassians, Georgians, Mingrelians, Laplanders, Esquimaux, Persians, Turcomans—a strange and wild mixture of different races, half clad, and armed, some with bows or lances, others with yatagans with silver handles, or swords with wooden hilts rudely carved.

This dazzling and picturesque procession advances, preceded by a platoon of guards of honor, with cuirasses of red cloth starred with silver, and by two mounted heralds with gold embroidered brocades, red velvet caps, and maces. The Imperial arms, borne by high functionaries, are placed at the left of the throne upon a table with a cover of gold. Grouped in front of the church under the portal draped with velvet, the clergy, with crosses and miters, are resplendent in their chasubles and dalmatics, sparkling with gems. The Metropolitans, led by the Metropolitan of Kiew, holding censers, await the arrival of the Emperor.

At last the Czar appears. He descends the Red Staircase upon which a Persian carpet, flowered with roses, is placed. He wears the uniform of a general of division, with red trousers, and he walks under a large canopy that puts over his head a flock of golden eagles in a blue sky.

The Metropolitan of Moscow presents him the cross to kiss, while the Metropolitan of Novgorod sprinkles him with holy water. The princes of the church conduct the Czar to the throne. Then the Metropolitan of Moscow approaches his imperial Majesty and presents him with the orthodox profession of faith, which the Czar reads aloud, standing with his hand upon the guard of his sword. After reading he receives the two Metropolitans of Kiew, who ascend the steps of the throne and bring him the coronation mantle. The Czar takes it from their hands and places it upon his shoulders. Then he bows before the Metropolitan of Moscow, who places his hands over him and recites a prayer.

Finally, the Czar arises, majestic and superb, dressed in his mantle of brocade lined with ermine, and, taking the imperial crown sparkling with diamonds, he places it with his own hands upon his head. At this moment the Empress advances and kneels before her august spouse, who, taking off his crown, holds it an instant over the forehead of the Czarina in token of her share in his omnipotence.

In the courtyard of the Kremlin the cannons thunder. The three hundred churches of Moscow ring their joy bells, and the vaults of the old cathedral are filled with songs of gladness and of triumph.

The mass begins. The silver doors of the iconostasus are opened. The Archbishops of Novgorod and of Kiew approach the Emperor and inform him that all is ready for the anointment. The Czar descends from his throne. The Empress accompanies him to the door of the sanctuary, the threshold of which no woman can cross. The Metropolitan of Moscow then dips in the vase that contains the holy oil the golden branch that he holds in his hand, and anoints the temples, the eyelids, the nostrils, the lips, the breast, and the hands of the Czar while uttering the words, "Behold the seal of the Holy Ghost." And after each holy unction the Metropolitan of Novgorod wipes away the traces. The ancient Czars for seven days used not to wash the parts of their bodies that had thus been anointed.

Conducted to the altar, the Czar partakes of the communion, while the Empress, still kneeling at the door of the iconostasus, receives also the communion from the Metropolitan of Kiew. With the crown upon his head, the new Czar departs through the north portal, passes through a double row of Cossacks armed with lances, and of Grenadiers with gilded helmets, and amid the applause of the populace enters the Cathedral of the Archangel St. Michael, where he kisses the holy images, after which he re-enters the ancient palace by the Red Staircase.

The repast of the coronation is given in the Terem. The Emperor and the Empress, served by the marshals of the court, eat alone. The superior officers, headed by the chief marshal and escorted by officers of the guards with drawn swords, bring in the dishes that the Metropolitan blesses one after the other. When the Czar wants to drink, the diplomatic corps retires, walking backward, and singers in gala costume, with swords by their sides, advance and execute, during the rest of the repast, different pieces of the old Russian repertoire.—*Journal De Rome.*

The Golden Robin.

When the robin sings no longer and a general silence prevails among our familiar birds, save the frequent brief notes of the song sparrow, it is delightful to hear once more the loud, musical call of the golden robin just returned from a month's vacation in the woods. I have never ascertained to my full satisfaction why these birds leave us immediately after their young have flown, and why they return about the middle of August. I have never traced their course, but have reason to believe they retire to the woods, perhaps for the protection of their young. They are absent about three weeks, and on their return we hear their song again, though it is not so loud or so frequent as in the early summer.

The golden robin in the early summer is the most conspicuous and attractive bird that visits the New England States. He is constantly moving from tree to tree in quest of insects. His principal colors are scarlet and gold, and save the scarlet tanager he is the most gorgeously arrayed of all our summer visitants. His notes remind one of those of the Virginia red bird; they are louder, but as often repeated, always charming and never wearisome. The lively song of the red bird is perhaps less varied, but it is even more constantly repeated.

I have always looked for the arrival of the golden robins on the first appearance of the cherry blossoms. Seldom in any year of my life have they failed to make their appearance simultaneously. If a dozen flowers could be counted on a cherry tree in any of our gardens, we were sure to hear the song of the golden robin poured forth as if to announce them. In the sping of this year (1882) this coincidence failed. A cherry tree near my window was in full bloom a week before any golden robin was seen or heard in the neighborhood. April and May of this year were months of unprecedented cold, and the birds seemed to be affected by it more than vegetation; but a rainstorm of a week's duration, that began just as the cherry blossoms appeared, was probably the chief cause of the lateness of the golden robin's arrival.

The golden robin is not heard so early in the morning as the common robin, and he does not, like that bird, sit on a perch and warble continuously. Whenever he alights on a tree he utters his few loud notes, and perhaps repeats them when he is about to fly away. Hence the song may be regarded as announcing every change of his situation. This loud and musical strain often repeated greatly enlivens the early morning chorus, and contributes more to the hilarity of early summer than the note of any other bird.

Though the golden robin sings no continuous song, he always finishes his strain, so that his pauses are very unlike those of the cat bird, who repeats two or three notes as if he had begun to sing and then stops. If he was going to say the words, "Do ye know what ye are about?" he would say, "Do ye," then pause a minute. Again he would say, "Do ye know—" then pause five minutes. Perhaps the next time he might repeat the whole sentence. His notes—except on rare occasions, when he may sing perhaps five minutes without a pause—are fragmentary. The golden robin delivers his whole strain, though it is short.

The nest of the golden robin is an extraordinary specimen of bird architecture; but it is so well known that any description of it to be new must be false. It has been known sometimes to weave several yards of tape or twine into its nest. The bird evidently understands the art of tying, though perhaps it could not tie a regular sailor's knot. It simply winds a string or tape round the supporting branches, and then weaves the remainder into the nest. Its knowledge of the art is just sufficient to answer its ends, and it can proceed no further.—*Wilson Flagg, in Boston Transcript.*

The Last Man's Club.

The death of Robert Riddle, of No. 1,337 Hanover street, on Sunday, leaves but four survivors of the original Last Man's Club, of this city, which was organized with fifteen members thirty years ago. Mr. Riddle was the president of the club, which was organized by the following members of old Vigilant Fire Company: James Gallaway, John Gallaway, William Riddle, Robert Riddle, W. Y. Owens, W. Kucher, William Wilkison, Anthony White, W. C. Fry, James Hennessey, Theodore Wilson, John H. McIlwain, George K. McIlwain, John Roy, and Theodore Adams, the last four being the only survivors. It was agreed when the club was organized that on the 2d of January of each year the members should all attend a supper, and that a regular organization should be maintained until the death of all the members, the last survivor to take the club effects to his home as a memento. Through thirty years this agreement has been kept. At each supper plates were laid for all of the dead members, and each was toasted in turn. On Jan. 2, 1882, there were eleven empty chairs at the table. Mr. Riddle, who has just died, presided, and a wager was made that he would, as had all of the other presidents of the club, die before the other members. A president will have to be elected on Jan. 2 next. In view of the fate of the presidents of the club, candidates for the position are backward about announcing themselves.—*Philadelphia Record.*

PITH AND POINT.

—You can get out of Philadelphia by rail 1,140 times in twenty-four hours, and if that isn't often enough you can hire a special train.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The young man who sent a fifty-cent scrip to New York to obtain valuable knowledge, received the following recipe: "When you whittle, draw your knife from you."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—"I declare," exclaimed Brown, "I never saw such a time as you have with servant girls. I don't believe you will ever be satisfied till you can have one manufactured to order." "Nonsense, Brown," said Mrs. B., "I shall be satisfied when I find one ready maid."—*Boston Transcript.*

—Did you ever notice how the face of a child brightens up when you begin to tell some of his quaint sayings or cunning capers? Well, that trait is one the child never outgrows, but it strengthens with his years, and would continue should he live to be as old as Methuselah.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A grandfather, coming to read his paper, found that he had mislaid his spectacles, and thereupon declared: "I have lost my glasses somewhere, and can't read the paper." A little three-and-a-half-year-old girl, desiring to assist him, answered: "G'an'pa, you go outside and look froo ze window, and I'll hold ze paper up so you can read it."—*Our Continent.*

—Scene—Passenger depot. Characters—Atlanta negro and country darky. Colloquy opened by the Atlanta negro: "Wher' you goin', buddy?" "Duz you own dis shed?" "No." "Ner none er dese kyars?" "No." "Ner none of deze yer railroads?" "No." "Ner no tavern?" "No." "Well, den, yer don't wanter come buddyin' me, an' yer don't want no infermashun. De kinder infermashun w'at you git out'n me'd be mighty ap' fer ter sour on you."—*Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.*

—The Visionary Robin.—A happy Robin was one day Chanting a Requiem over the Deceased Summer in the Forest. Having finished, it said: "And now I'll away to the Balmy Land where all the year the Magnolias are full of Humming-Birds, where—" In Response to the Bang of a Gun in a Small Boy's hand, the Robin concluded not to go South, and two days after it was Sold for a Quail on a Railroad Lunch Counter for a dollar. Moral—Don't Sing too loud until you are out of the Woods.—*R. K. M., in Puck.*

—Hand in hand with him down the flowery paths of local tradition should go the well-to-do citizen of the American Athens who recently looked upon the picture of Warren in the Old South Church, on exhibition at the Mechanics' Fair, and asked a bystander what it represented. "That is Warren addressing the people of Boston from the pulpit of the Old South Church during the British occupation." "Oh, is it?" replied the well-to-do citizen, evidently somewhat puzzled; "happened some time ago, hey?"—*Boston Post.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The greatest pressure in a steam boiler is at the bottom. The water adds one pound pressure for each twenty-seven inches depth.

—More attention is now given to draining swamp land in the Southern States than at any time in their history. The expense is, of course, considerable, but the outlay is compensated for in the large crops produced, and in the great saving in the matter of fertilizers.—*Courier-Journal.*

—The Willimantic Thread Company, who own 20,000 acres of white birch in Maine, are going to erect there a spool-finishing factory that will employ some 300 men. Hitherto the timber has been sawed into blocks in Maine and transported to Willimantic, Conn., for finishing.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A new screw adapted to be put in position by driving has been invented and is said to enter the wood without tearing the grain. A cone point is used instead of the gimlet point, and the screw thread has such a pitch that it drives in barb fashion, and once in position is very difficult to remove.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A quart of cream can be kept perfectly good for months in the highest temperature by an ounce of boro-glyceride. Professor Barff proposes to save railroad carriage for milk by condensing it in the country and mixing it with boro-glyceride, so that it has only to be mixed with water when needed.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Professor Carl Himly, of Kiel, has invented a gunpowder which completely resists the action of water. The old caution "keep your powder dry" is hereafter unnecessary, though the "trust in God" part of the admonition is still applicable—especially to the man who handles the new-fangled stuff.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Until recently, Mexico has not raised coffee enough for the supply of the people. About fifteen years ago more attention began to be paid to coffee culture, and trees to the number of a million have been planted every year. It is believed that in a near future Mexico will export not only coffee, but sugar and tea.—*Chicago Times.*

—About six months ago a cavalry soldier at the Walla Walla garrison invented a breech-loading army carbine. He was recently ordered to Washington to submit the improved weapon to the Secretary of War and a board of officers appointed to consider the report upon its merits. The committee approved the arm, and on their report the soldier received $60,000 out of the National Treasury for his invention.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—Mr. Charles T. Howard, Treasurer of the Providence Telephone Company, has invented an instrument which appears to be a valuable adjunct to the telephone. It consists of an ingenious combination of switches and safety catches, so arranged on the outside of the building that by the simple turning of a knob near the telephone all connection with the outside wire is severed. The instrument includes lightning-arresters, and an arrangement against stray electric light currents. By these of this attachment in places of business, safety from lightning and powerful electric light current is secured by turning the knob when a building is closed for the night.—*Chicago Times.*

Our Young Folks.

GOOD-BOY-LAND.

Did you ever hear of Good-Boy-Land,
The wonderful country of Good-Boy-Land?
Where houses of taffy, on every hand,
And mountains of plum cake and gingerbread stand;
Where the streets are all paved with doughnuts brown,
And a wall of sweet almonds surrounds each town;
Where a lemonade sea meets a white sugar strand—
Oh, believe me! 'tis jolly in Good-Boy-Land.

Marbles, both agates and snappers are there,
Common as dust in the streets and the square;
Peg-tops in place of green leaves, on the trees
Whiz in the sunshine and hum in the breeze;
Bicycles roll in a very queer way
Over the meadows and hide in the hay,
While as for velocipedes, running so quick,
You'd hit half a dozen in throwing a stick—
Never before was a country so grand
As the wonderful Kingdom of Good-Boy-Land.

Wait till I tell you the very strange rules
Followed in all their most flourishing schools!
Out in the gardens their class-rooms are set
(They never have rain, so they cannot get wet),
And there upon bushes the lessons all grow:
Plums of arithmetic hang in a row,
Apples of history, grapes of fine writing,
Drooping in clusters so sweet and inviting,
Luscious ripe pears tumbling into their laps
Full of geography questions and maps,
Nuts full of spelling, and oranges sweet
With algebra problems all ready to eat:
Believe me or not, this is certainly so,
And the more that you swallow the more you will know.

Then in the winter 'tis like to a dream,
With frozen pudding and fine ice-cream,
But no more cold than a summer day,
And the garden of lessons in bloom alway!
Merry sweet girls and bonny brown boys
Devouring the fruit studies and picking their toys,
Filling their lives in the jolliest way,
With dates and statistics, with sums and croquet,
For a dunce was a thing that they never could stand
In that wonderful country of Good-Boy-Land!

Never a quarrel, and never a scold,
Never a cough there, and never a cold,
Nobody dirty, and nobody bold,
No one too hot there and no one too cold;
Nobody ever comes walking down-stair,
But slides on the banister, feet in the air;
Every one knows how to swim and to row,
Every one owns both a gun and a bow,
A base-ball, a foot-ball, a jack-knife, a watch,
A great pocket full of the best butter-scotch,
And this is the pleasantest part of the frolic—
You can eat it all day without getting the colic!
Oh where is the government ever was planned
With such law and such order as Good-Boy-Land?

Dolls are there, thicker than crows in the corn,
Beautiful French ones as ever were born;
Story-books splendid in colors and gold,
Full of such stories as never were told:
There's nothing to tear there and nothing to mend,
And every one's every one's else best friend:
Late you get up there and late you lie down,
And always you wear a Kate Greenaway gown:
The wee-est wee girl both dances and sings
(You see it's like Heaven, but no one has wings,)
And four-button gloves hang in pairs on each hand,
In that wonderful country of Good-Boy-Land!

Where is the country? and how do you go?
Well that's just the thing I am dying to know!
Somewhere, I judge, in the moon or the stars,
Perhaps it is Venus, perhaps it is Mars;
And you travel—who knows? by the boat or the train,
Which leads one direct to the Castles-in-Spain,
Or some roundabout way that's not easy to learn,
In the kind of balloon that is made by Jules Verne,
Or a telegraph wire, or the wing of a bird—
But I'll find the way first, and then send you back word!

—*Mary E. Blake, in Wide Awake.*

THE POOR DOLLY.

A Story for Very Little Folk.

It was a good while after Christmas, when Susie and Jennie, two little girls who had enjoyed the holidays very much, made up their minds that they would let their doll-babies have the same pleasure that they had had, and that they would give them a Christmas of their own. So they set up a little tree, and got out the dolls' stockings to hang up, and did everything that little girls do for dolls when they give them holidays of this kind. But Susie thought they ought to do something more than this.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said she to Jennie. "We'll have a poor dolly. She shall be hungry and cold and wear ragged clothes, and then our dolls, who have everything they want, shall invite her to their Christmas party, and give her some of their clothes and good things, and hang some presents for her on their tree, and never say one word to hurt her feelings."

"Oh, that will be splendid!" said Jennie, and the two little girls hurried off to find a poor dolly. They had three good dolls, whose names were Henrietta, Laura and Carminative. The other name of this last doll was Balsam. They had read the whole name on a bottle, and they thought it very pretty. They once had another doll, who lost her arms, and so she had been put away in a closet. They thought she would make a good poor dolly, and so they brought her out and called her Ann. They tore her clothes, which were pretty old, anyway, and made her look very ragged and cold.

Ann was invited to the Christmas party, and she came. The tree was all ready, the dolls' table was spread with their best china, and there was candy, cake and jelly, besides almonds and raisins.

"Now then," said Susie, "I will speak for our dolls and you must speak for Ann."

Jennie agreed, and then Susie said, speaking for Henrietta.

"How do you do, little girl? Are you very cold? Come up close to the fire, and eat some of this jelly. It will warm you." And then Susie took a small teaspoonful of the jelly, and after putting it to Ann's mouth, she of course ate it herself.

"Thank you very much," said Jennie, speaking for Ann. "I think I will take some of this candy as well as the jelly." And Jennie put a piece of candy to Ann's mouth and then into her own.

"Are you very poor?" said Susie, speaking for Laura. "Is your father dead? Do you like almonds?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Jennie, speaking for the poor dolly, and each of the little girls gave her an almond, and then ate them themselves.

"Have you any little brothers and sisters?" said Susie, speaking for Carminative Balsam. "Do they have to go out and work?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Jennie, for Ann. "They go out to work at five o'clock every morning. They are very young."

"What do they work at?" asked Susie, speaking for Henrietta.

"They make buttons," said Jennie, after thinking a-while.

Then all the dolls were set up at the table, and Susie and Jennie ate for all of them, giving the poor dolly just as much as the rest. After supper the presents were taken down from the tree, and Ann had a little silver thimble which had once belonged to Jennie.

It was now time to hang up the stockings, and Susie said that Ann must hang up her stocking just the same as the rest.

Then all the dolls were laid on their faces on the floor, so that they should not see, while Susie and Jennie played they were Santa Claus and his wife, and filled the four stockings with small bits of candy and pieces of apple cut quite small. As Ann was so poor, a raisin was also crammed into her stocking. When the dolls were taken up and seated in a row, and after they had looked at the stockings long enough to wonder what was in them, each one's stocking was placed in her lap.

It was now quite time for Ann to go home, but before she went away Henrietta gave her a frock; Laura gave her a little straw hat, while Carminative gave her a red shawl, which was much better for her than a cloak, as she had no arms. Some cake, and some of the jelly that was left, was wrapped up in a piece of paper for her to carry home to her mother and her little brothers and sisters, and then, being made just as happy as it was possible for a poor dolly to be, she was taken back to the closet, which was now supposed to be her mother's home, up a little alley.

"Those children of ours," said Susie, in a thoughtful tone, "ought to be much happier for having been kind to that poor dolly."

"I think they look happier already," said little Jennie, who looked happy herself for even having played at kindness.

When the older sister of these two little girls has time to make arms for poor Ann, Susie and Jennie intend to adopt her into their family, and be mothers to her, as they are to the other dolls.—*St. Nicholas.*

Right in Meeting.

It was one Sunday, more than twenty years ago, that little Annie May went to church for the first time.

She wore a blue embroidered dress, and a white embroidered cape, and blue shoes and white stockings, and a white straw bonnet with wide blue strings tied under her mite of a dimpled chin. Her eyes matched the ribbon, and her cheeks were pink as a rose, and her hair was almost the shade of my canary's wing.

Altogether, she was a very sweet and dainty little maiden, indeed.

Elder Rogers was the preacher. Annie knew him very well. He came to her papa's house often in a big covered carriage, and he brought her apples in his pocket, and took her on his knee and told her stories while she ate them.

Annie remembered all this; and when the elder had taken his place in the pulpit, she slid off her seat and crept out under the settees to the pulpit, before anybody knew what she was going to do. She held up her wee mouth.

"I've come to give you a kiss," said she, "and I want you to tell a story."

The congregation smiled—all but Annie's Aunt Jane. The elder smiled, too, and took the kiss, and told Annie she must wait a little while for the story.

Annie climbed up in the big chair to wait. But she couldn't keep her blue eyes open, and the first thing she knew Aunt Jane was shaking her awake.

"I'll bring you the story to-morrow," laughed the elder.

"And apples?" asked Annie.

Wasn't she a funny little girl? But she didn't know any better, you know.—*Youth's Companion.*

The True Secret.

At the house where I was staying there were two little sisters whom nobody could see without loving, for they were so happy together. They had the same books and the same playthings, but never a quarrel sprang up between them—no cross words, no pouts, no slaps, no running away in a pet. On the green before the door, trundling hoop, playing with Rover the dog, or helping mother, they were always the same sweet-tempered little girls.

"You never seem to quarrel," I said to them one day; "how is it you are always so happy together?"

They looked up, and the eldest answered: "I s'pose 'tis 'cause Addie *lets me*, and *I let* Addie."

I thought a moment. "Ah! that is it," I said; "she lets you, and you let her; that's it."

Dear young friends, did you ever think what an apple of discord "not letting" is? Even now, while I have been writing, a great crying was heard under the window. I looked out.

"Gerty, what is the matter?"

"Mary won't let me have he ball," bellows Gerty.

"Well, Gerty wouldn't lend me her pencil in school," cried Mary, "and I don't want her to have my ball."

"Fie, fie! is that the way sisters should treat each other?"

"She shan't have my pencil," muttered Gerty; "she'll only lose it."

"And you'll only lose my ball," retorted Mary, "and I shan't let you have it."

But these little girls, Addie and her sister, have got the true secret of good manners. Addie lets Rose, and Rose lets Addie.—*Band of Hope Review.*

The End of the Trip.

Of the last hours of Engineer Crulman, who died at Syracuse a few days ago, a local paper tells the following: During his last hours he became delirious, and in imagination he again made his regular trips from Syracuse to Buffalo. The minutest details were commented upon. He describes the appearance of the country, and at Rochester noted he was a minute or two ahead of schedule time. Near Buffalo, at the crossing of the Buffalo, New York and Philadelphia road, he started suddenly and exclaimed: "They signal danger!" and reached out his hand with an effort to put on the air-brakes. He seemed to accomplish this and bring his train to a stop. "It is all right now, the train is safe and the trip is over," he said, and turning upon his side he breathed his last.

—The youngest insane patient who ever entered Bellevue Hospital, New York, is Willie White, aged ten years. His deplorable mental condition is due to a physical malady that has partially paralyzed him.—*N. Y. Sun.*

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY.
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims. 1

Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

DR. JOHN BULL'S
Smith's Tonic Syrup
FOR THE CURE OF
FEVER and AGUE
Or CHILLS and FEVER.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

The genuine SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP must have DR. JOHN BULL'S private stamp on each bottle. DR. JOHN BULL only has the right to manufacture and sell the original JOHN J. SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP, of Louisville, Ky. Examine well the label on each bottle. If my private stamp is not on each bottle do not purchase, or you will be deceived.

DR. JOHN BULL,
Manufacturer and Vender of
SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER
The Popular Remedies of the Day.
Principal Office, 831 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

The true antidote to the effects of miasma is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This medicine is one of the most popular remedies of an age of successful proprietary specifics, and is in immense demand wherever on this Continent fever and ague exists. A wineglassful three times a day is the best possible preparative for encountering a malarious atmosphere, regulating the liver, and invigorating the stomach. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

NEWEST AND BEST.

The Ideal Methods!

For Violin, Guitar, Cornet, Piano, Cabinet Organ, German Accordeon, Flageolet, Clarinet, Flute, Fife and Banjo. Eleven books, by SEP. WINNER. The newest and best cheap instructors going, with new, modern and sprightly music. The IDEAL METHOD FOR THE CORNET, for instance, has 24 instructive pages, and 88 good tunes.

Price of each book, 75 cents.

GOUNOD'S NEW ORATORIO,
THE REDEMPTION.

Novello's Edition. The only one adapted to Gounod's original orchestration, is just out, and its publication is considered the greatest event of the kind since the production of Mendelssohn's ELIJAH in 1846. Send at once for specimen copy.

Price, $1.00.

The Singing School Season is upon us. Do not think of neglecting our new and very superior books.

The Peerless. (75 cts.) W. O. PERKINS' newer variety and more perfect arrangement than any preceding Singing Class Book by this author.

The Ideal. (75 cts.) L. O. EMERSON'S newest and well adapted for classes, conventions and social singing.

Any book mailed, post-free, for retail price.

LYON & HEALY, Chicago.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

THE MOST GORGEOUSLY ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF ADVENTURES,
the most thrilling and fastest selling ever published is now offered to AGENTS. All sincerely wanting employment write for particulars and LOW TERMS to SCAMELL & CO., 210 N. Third st., St. Louis, Mo

Unsurpassed in America. To become a Musician, SINGER, or PLAYER, ask Conservatory circular of W. D. Sanders, Jacksonville, Ill

$225 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—90 best selling articles in the world; 1 sample free. Address J. A. Bronson, Detroit, Mich.