THE MACKEY ROMANCE.

The Poor Nevada Widow Whose Daughter Has Just Wedded the Prince Colonna.

Some twenty odd years ago there dwelt in California a family of three persons, father, mother and daughter. The latter was a mere child. All were young. The father was a physician. Unfortunately he injured his not very extensive practice by intemperance. His habits became so dissipated that his poor wife, despairing of his reformation, and also of the possibility of independent action on her own part to secure the support of herself and child, proposed a separation. The man agreed to it; but he was not put out like Rip Van Winkle. He was assured that while he lived she would never cease to help him, and that when he mended his ways their old relations would be restored. He departed to cure himself, if possible, and become worthy of the woman who, sorely beset, undertook the maintenance of the family. Encouraged by his wife's prayers, letters, and heroic conduct, the doctor redeemed himself. At least he thought so, and his poor wife was more than willing to believe it. He returned to her home and heart, warmly welcomed back to both. Unluckily, he had either miscalculated his will power, or the demon of indulgence was simply asleep, and by no means dead within him. He went back to his cups, and very soon the skeleton finger of poverty was laid upon his domestic affairs. The devoted wife, unwilling to undertake an experimental separation, and unable to remain where she was, determined to try what change of scene would do for this miserable man who, naturally kind, talented and wholesome, seemed to be insanely abandoned to the devil of strong drink. Just at this crisis rumors had reached California of the Comstock lode discovery, and thither many of the mining population drifted. Across the Sierras to Virginia City this little and most wretched family journeyed.

The doctor pulled himself together for a while and did some business, but his health was gone, and very soon he died. Widow and orphans were left in the very depths of poverty. The generous doctors had clubbed together to bury the doctor. They made up a purse for mother and child from time to time, and thus saved both from utter deprivation of food, shelter and raiment. There was at that time, superintendent of one of the mines, a sturdy young Irishman, who, from the lowest rounds of the ladder, had begun to push his way to fortune. He was not then more than moderately well off, and little dreamed of the Monte Christo casket in store for him. He used to carry the weekly or monthly stipend to the widow, and his visits to her became more and more frequent. At last he married her, and her days of fear on the score of poverty were over. She possessed a well-to-do husband, who was the master of his possessions, and certain to make his way in the world. But in the days of distress the unhappy woman had resorted to the morphine habit, and could not, of her own effort, release herself from it. A young physician at Virginia City, who had recently graduated in France, informed her that if she would visit Paris and put herself implicitly under the care of his old master there, her cure would be guaranteed. While the husband remained to uncover, with the present junior Senator from Nevada, the richest silver deposit the world has ever known, the wife crossed the seas and submitted to a rigorous medical treatment. It was successful after many months of endurance. Meanwhile, the famous California and Consolidated Virginia Mines were penetrated by the husband, and the world-renowned bonanza, of which he was principal owner, made him at least forty times a millionaire. The wife in Paris, now perfectly cured and blooming, at once rose into prominence and celebrity, for how could the marvel-loving Parisians help adoring a woman whose talents and beauty were matched by such fabulous wealth so romantically discovered. For years this lady, who is no other than Mrs. John Mackey, has been a silver queen in the most splendid capital of Europe. She has lived in palaces. Noblemen and men of genius have paid court at her shrine.

Now all Paris, and therefore all the universe, is in a ferment over the marriage of Miss Mackay and the Prince Colonna. The drift is nuptially to Rome, the City of the Soul, and to Italian nobility. It is a miraculous bridging of the chasm that lies between the mining gulch of the Nevada Mountains and St. Peter's Church, where stands in supernal splendor "the grandest dome that mortal hand has painted against God's loveliest sky." Little did the widow of the wretched doctor of Virginia City imagine that she would fairly roll in wealth, dwell in palaces, be courted by Church and State, be familiarly associated with the proudest names of the descendants of the crusaders, and finally become the mother-in-law of a Prince Colonna, whose nobility dates back almost to the time of Saladin. The family name is as famous as any in history, and the heir of the Colonna family has, at twenty-seven years of age, wedded the daughter of the poor doctor who fell by the wayside in Nevada, and sleeps his last sleep in that stony desert.—*Augusta Constitution.*

WAYS OF WALL STREET.

How the Few Insiders Spread Information for the Benefit of the Outsiders, for Whom They are Laying.

To those who watch the Wall street fluctuations in stocks, and wonder about the causes, this week's quotations must have been mystifying. Speaking generally, it may be said that there are not more than a round dozen men who are able to be controllers of the changeful figures, and even they sometimes fail in their attempts. Their names begin with Gould and include Sage, Mills, Woerishoffer, Cammack and Vanderbilt. The smaller operators are gamblers, pure and simple, with no power for manipulation. During this week the processes of stock boom and depression have been in unusual use, and it is good time to explain them. The cardinal principle is the dissemination of misleading rumors. Secrecy is the second doctrine. Quite as often as not, Gould does not trust more than one agent in a movement, and it is not until the activity has been increased by a renewal two or three times of this order to buy and sell a big lot that he begins to work his wires. There are in Wall street half a dozen agencies for the distribution of news. They send out every hour printed sheets like small newspapers, or manifold copies of their information. These agencies are then used by Gould to put his information before the public.

It runs something like this, as the Union Pacific deal begins to develop: "The recent activity in Union Pacific is attributed to buying by Mr. Gould. His friends say that he is very bullish on the stock, whose earnings for the six months just ending will show a very large increase." A half hour later this announcement is made: "Some of the largest capitalists in the street are with Gould in the Union Pacific deal, and very much higher prices are predicted for the stock." Then comes something like this: "The January earnings of Union Pacific show an enormous increase over those of a year ago, and they justify the predicted increase in the March dividend. Friends of the Road say that it never was so prosperous."

Then it is that the average speculator begins to wonder whether he had not better buy a little Union Pacific or increase his holdings if he has bought, and while he contemplates, in rushes a wide-awake young man waving a slip of paper about the size of an ordinary bank check, shouting: "Sell you a put on Union Pacific for thirty days, 100 shares ninety for $125. The stock just sold for ninety-one. Cheapest put you ever saw. Signed by Sage, 100." This announcement simply means that Sage will insure any one who will give him $125 against loss from the decline of Union Pacific below ninety for the next thirty days. It is pretty conclusive proof that Sage believes that Union Pacific is to advance. Just then another News Agency slip is handed in. It says: "Instead of an increase in the regular March dividend of the Union Pacific Road it is now said that there will be a stock or a scrip dividend of about twenty per cent. Mr. Gould is very much annoyed because this information has been made public before he and his friends have acquired all the stock they wanted. It is evident that there is to be a great rise in the stock."

And so all day long flows the news in a dozen different ways that Union Pacific is to boom. The put and call brokers carry it from office to office. The newspaper financial articles all discuss it. The stock is very active in the Exchange and is advancing. It looks as though it would never stop going up. Everybody who speculates at length has purchased. If he did not get in at the beginning of the deal he is sure to at the end. If he did not believe the stories about the magnificent prospects of Union Pacific when they first came out he is sure to now, for they have been reiterated hourly from the first. The stock has advanced from 91 to 95. The reports are that it will go to 105 or 110. The reports have all proved true thus far; why not prove true hereafter? So he buys. The stock holds very firm for a day or two, but does not advance any more. The good news begins to fall off. The put and call brokers are offering privileges on some other stock. Nothing more is heard of an extra dividend. The price begins to decline. Now it is 94, now 92 3-4, now 92 1-4, now 93. "What's the matter with Union Pacific?" cry the speculators, in alarm. "Oh, Gould's unloading," say the bears. The speculators rush to get out. Down goes the market under their offerings. They have sold at a loss. Gould had unloaded on them. He had sold them the stock they had bought at 95, and ten to one he buys it back of them when they unload at 93 to 92 1-2. And so the Wall street game goes on year in and year out. It is a losing game every time for the beginner, and usually for the veteran speculator.—*N. Y. Special to Courier-Journal.*

WILD TURKEYS.

The Curious Ways Hunters Have of Getting a Shot at Them.

Hunting the wild turkey is considered very good sport, but as they are only in season during the cold months it requires a hunter of endurance to find them. In the mountains they have a curious way of getting a shot. After building a "blind" of boughs to hide behind, the hunter throws a quantity of grain upon the ground within easy gunshot, and drops a few grains in lines radiating probably for a hundred yards in every direction through the woods. There is then a plan upon the ground like the hub and spokes of a wheel. Early in the morning the wandering flock of turkeys will find one of these spokes and run along it, eating as they go, until they reach the feast of corn at the hub. This is where the hunter is concealed, and you can imagine the rest. They get to the feast, but like Polonious, it is a feast "not where they eat, but where they are eaten."

Another device for luring them within gunshot is the turkey call, a sort of whistle made often from a wing bone, and with which the voice of a turkey can be very well imitated. The male birds answer and gradually approach, amid breathless interest on the part of the sportsman, until bang! bang! off go both barrels, and it frequently happens, off go the turkeys with only the loss of a few feathers.

The gobbler is an ill-natured churl and will break up his wife's nest and smash the eggs every time he gets an opportunity. Worst of all he kills the young, not alone of his own family, but also of his neighbors. This teaches mother turkey to hide her nest away and to guide her young so they will not be discovered by the male. The instinct clings to them in domestication and they require close watching to prevent the nests from being hidden away.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A London Street Scene.

Mr. Labouchere relates this little scene of London life: "As I was walking along the Strand late one evening last week, I saw some better acting than I have seen for a long time at a theater. Two little children were seated on the steps of Exeter Hall. The girl, about ten years old, with her head thrown back, seemed to have dropped asleep from hunger and fatigue, and the boy, who looked about seven, with one arm twined about his sister, had buried his curly head in her lap. Compassion filled the passers-by. Suddenly a little urchin ran up to the sleeping pair and muttered 'Coppers!' Half a minute later some four or five policemen passed along, but the 'babes in the wood' had already vanished. In half a minute more I looked again and saw the little pair, and their former attitude was so well resumed that only the evidence of my own sight could persuade me that they had ever quitted it."

—Off the coast of Lower California, diving for black pearls is quite extensively carried on, a year's production averaging from $500,000 to $1,000,000.

HOME AND FARM.

—The noon meal for working horses should be principally grain. It can be quickly eaten, and will not disturb the stomach.—*Chicago Journal.*

—It is worth recollecting that bar-soap should be cut into square pieces and put into a dry place, as it keeps better after shrinking.—*Toledo Blade.*

—By rubbing with a damp flannel dipped in the best whiting, the brown discoloration may be taken off cups in which custards have been baked.—*Exchange.*

—Feathers continue to play a most important part nowadays in the trimming of both gowns and bonnets. Some of it, especially small bird plumage, is very beautiful.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—This is for a simple, but good tea cake: Take one-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one egg, one-half cup of sour milk or butterm lk, one teaspoonful of soda, one cup of dried currants washed and dried, with flour enough to make as stiff as pound cake.—*N. Y. Post.*

—A writer informs the *Prairie Farmer* that a bleaching process has been invented whereby a demand, at remunerative prices, is created for all the flax straw that can be grown. He says that when cut close to the ground, bound and kept straight in threshing the straw is worth as much per acre as the seed.

—The *American Cultivator* remarks that milk-producers should lend their hearty co-operation to any reasonable measure for the rigid inspection of milk in cities and large towns. An abundant supply of pure milk will stimulate its increased use. With the mass of consumers, a cent or two extra per quart for milk is not so much of an object as the certainty of its good quality and absolute purity.

—It may be valuable to vineyardists to know that a herd of 300 young turkeys kept a large vineyard in Fresno County, Cal., clear of bugs and worms during the past season, while in the neighboring vineyards not so protected the worms and bugs almost destroyed the crop. And the turkeys were in fine order for Thanksgiving, and, being exceedingly fat, brought a snug price that fully paid for the expense of herding them in the vineyard.—*Albany Journal.*

SUCCESSFUL FARMING.

The Question of Success in Agriculture Is a Question of Manure.

The farmer who has learned how and with what materials to feed his land in order to keep it at a high standard of productiveness, has found the key not only to his individual success, but also to social progress and great national prosperity. Such a position is a proud one and well worthy to excite the ambition of the best blood of the land. The hopes of the human race—its future continuance and glory, or deterioration and extinction (however heterodox), depends upon this issue. Countries that have been devoured by generations of the past, present to-day the melancholy proof of the statement. We may, therefore, assert that except future generations learn to fertilize the soil and restore what they take away, "they shall all likewise perish." There is no escape from this conclusion, whether we treat it lightly or seriously. Like the locusts of Egypt, we are now devouring this goodly land, and, while we are full of its fatness, in the plenitude and joy of our strength we swell out with pride and laugh to scorn the idea of calamity; but the impoverishment of a country creeps on with the certainty of fate; nor does the past furnish us with any example of a nation aroused to a sense of the danger sufficiently strong to counteract the tendency to depletion and ruin. Only in modern times, under the light of science, do men begin to look at the root of this question and endeavor to repair the waste which has destroyed or rendered effete so many nations of the earth. The whole superstructure of society and government, with all their ramificat ons, machinery and accumulations of wealth, rest upon the single industry of agriculture, whether that be scientific, enlightened and vigorous; or whether it be barbarous, blundering and weak, keeping alive the nation but furnishing no materials for progress and advancement.

If this is a truth it is one of the very first importance to all orders of men, and whatever may be our pursuits our first duty and great anxiety should be for the welfare of our National agriculture that the people may be fed. And the supplies are not to be diminished, but increased in proportion to population. But what if a period arrives, as in France at this moment, that wealth can not be acquired in the pursuit of agriculture? That eight or ten years of scientific economical management and industry, even with large capital, fails to return remunerative profits on the investment? If such a condition could be announced of American agriculture to-day it would create universal alarm and consternation; and yet we are in the same direction with all the glorious advantages of a new continent before us. Our forests are rapidly disappearing, millions of acres of the best lands in the country when first settled are worn out and lie idle; our rivers, once navigable, are turning into shoals, with the soil we have permitted to be carried away with the rains, and the earth is bald, barren and deserted in many sections where once populous and wealthy. To cap the climax the trades, though dependent upon agriculture, are sapping the foundation upon which they rest. They do not mean to do it, but the fact remains all the same, as the outgrowth of the desperate speed now universally made to get rich. The profits of the farm go into stocks and bonds, into public works, into useless taxation to support useless offices, into worthless works in rivers and harbors, and to magnify the pride and pomp of towns and cities, while the country which surrounds them sinks into poverty and wretchedness. In the desperate struggle the farmer has no time to study science, no time to contemplate his future condition. His sole concern is how he shall live to-day, and all resources are taxed to the utmost and his land hurriedly drained of its strength in the hope of finding more when it ceases to yield.

Of course there are exceptions to the rule and some are found availing themselves of the advantages of modern improvements and profiting by the discoveries of science; but the masses are still unawakened to the danger of drawing continually upon the fertility of the land without adequate returns for the improvement of the soil. Neither is it sufficient to rely on barnyard or compost manure for a long series of years. These are valuable and ought by no means to be neglected; but they furnish the vegetable elements mostly, when the mineral may need replenishing as well.—*Savannah (Ga.) News.*

VERY SAD.

The Weather Question Brings Trouble to Two of the Oldest Inhabitants.

First old pioneer as he meets second old pioneer on the street—"Morning to you. Winter seems to have broken?"

Second old pioneer—"Well, I can't agree with you."

First—"According to my experience the cold weather is about over."

Second—"And my experience warns me that it may last a month yet."

"First—"Pooh. My diary says that——."

Second—"Bosh! My journal shows that March has been unusually cold for twelve years past."

First—"Who do you hire to keep your journal?"

Second—"And you talk of your diary! Did you chalk it down on the hen-coop door?"

First—"You are getting to be a dotard!"

Second—"And you always were one!"

First—"You don't know weather when you see it!"

Second—"And you can't set up for no prophet over me!"

And they glare at each other, and rub elbows, and double up their fists in their pockets, and retire backwards to a safe distance, wishing each other dead.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Olive.

There is no productive tree requiring so little culture as the olive tree. Many farmers in France, Italy and Spain never prune, nor cultivate, nor manure it, though they derive moderate crops every two years. But when properly cultivated and well fed it is apt to give enormous crops—very large one year and a moderate one the intervening year. When planted from the rooted cuttings it is likely to bear fruit four years after. Its productive capacity increases and reaches its maximum when the tree is about twenty years old. Beginning with its sixth or seventh year it will give remunerative crops. In a virgin soil like ours, eight or ten gallons of berries to a tree may be expected when six to eight years old. As the market price for salted olives in barrels is now in San Francisco about $1 per gallon, and as the pickling and packing will not be over thirty cents per gallon, it follows the cultivation of the olive is going to attract much more interest in California than viticulture, because, either by pickling or making oil, it will pay three or four times as much.—*Modesto (Cal.) Republican.*

—Oscar Wilde defines fashion in dress as a form of ugliness so unbearable that we have to alter it every six months. Egyptian dress lasted for 2,000 years, and Greek dress nearly 1,000 years, and wherever dress has been beautiful and rational it has lasted for a long time. The texture and color may have altered, but the dress has remained the same. As to style, he had seen a bonnet composed of nothing but a stuffed bird alighting on a piece of tulle. That did not strike one as very sensible material of which to make a head-dress in a climate such as ours. On a Paris fashion-plate he had seen under a bonnet of the stuffed-bird-and-tulle school a note to this effect: "With this kind of bonnet the mouth is worn slightly open."

—A few remarks on the care of watches are made by a writer in the *Popular Science Monthly.* A good watch should be oiled once a year and cleaned once in three years. If a jeweler tells you that there is some very serious trouble or break in your watch, which will cost several dollars to get repaired, ask him to take the watch "down" and let you see the trouble. It is better to wind one's watch in the morning than in the evening, since if you wind it at night and expose the watch to the cold, the chilling of the tightly-wound mainspring may break it. Frequently empty out the dust that accumulates so quickly in your watch-pocket. It will not injure the watch or clock to turn the hands backward.

—The applications of electricity become more varied every day. Telebarometers, telethermometers, telemanometers, and telehydrobarometers have recently been invented which respectively record, at distant points, air-pressure, heat, steam-pressure, and water-stages. A California electrician has also invented a process whereby gold, silver and copper can be instantly smelted by a lightning-stroke.

Seven Wise Men Baffled.

The N. Y. *Morning Journal* says that Mrs. F. G. Kellogg, 50 E. 86th St., was partially paralyzed, and lay for seven days in convulsions. Physicians were engaged and discharged until seven had failed to help or cure her. She was unable to leave her bed, and was as helpless as a child. After using all sorts of salves, ointments, lotions and plasters, her case was given up as hopeless. She was induced to try St. Jacobs Oil as a last chance. She began to improve from the time the first application was made, and by its continued use, she has completely recovered.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, March 16, 1885.

CATTLE—Native Steers	$5 30 @	6 60
COTTON—Middling	11⅛@	11¾
FLOUR—Good to Choice	3 60 @	5 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	91 @	92
CORN—No. 2	51½@	52¾
OATS—Western Mixed	38 @	39
PORK—New Mess	.... @	13 50
ST. LOUIS.		
COTTON—Middling	10¾@	11
BEEVES—Good to Heavy	5 25 @	5 40
Fair to Medium	4 50 @	5 15
HOGS—Common to Select	4 40 @	4 90
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	3 25 @	4 50
FLOUR—XXX to Choice	2 80 @	3 45
WHEAT—No. 2 Winter	83¾@	84
No. 3	78½@	79
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	39 @	39½
OATS—No. 2	30¾@	31
RYE	60½@	62
TOBACCO—Lugs	3 30 @	4 50
Medium Leaf	4 00 @	7 30
HAY—Choice Timothy	13 00 @	13 50
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	23 @	25
EGGS—Fresh	16 @	17
PORK—New Mess	12 50 @	12 75
BACON—Clear Rib	6⅞@	7
LARD	6⅝@	7
CHICAGO.		
CATTLE—Exports	4 50 @	5 90
HOGS—Good to Choice	4 70 @	4 95
SHEEP—Good to Choice	3 50 @	4 70
FLOUR—Winter	4 10 @	4 30
Patent	3 55 @	5 10
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	76⅞@	77⅞
No 2 Red	78½@	79
CORN—No. 2	38⅝@	41½
OATS—No. 2	28⅜@	30½
PORK—New Mess	12 60 @	12 65
KANSAS CITY.		
CATTLE—Native Steers	4 75 @	5 60
HOGS—Sales at	4 40 @	4 60
WHEAT—No. 2	.... @	62¾
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	.... @	32¾
OATS—No. 2	.... @	29
NEW ORLEANS.		
FLOUR—High Grades	4 20 @	5 00
CORN—White	56 @	58
OATS—Choice Western	.... @	41
HAY—Choice	18 00 @	18 50
PORK—Mess	12 75 @	13 87½
BACON—Clear Rib	.... @	7⅞
COTTON—Middling	.... @	10⅛
LOUISVILLE.		
WHEAT—No. 2, Red	.... @	88
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	.... @	46
OATS—No. 2 Mixed	.... @	35½
PORK—Mess	.... @	13 00
BACON—Clear Rib	.... @	7
COTTON—Middling	10⅛@	10⅜

How Women Differ from Men.

At least three men on the average jury are bound to disagree with the rest just to show that they've got minds of their own; but there is no disagreement among the women as to the merits of Dr. Pierce's "*Favorite Prescription.*" They are all unanimous in pronouncing it the best remedy in the world for all those chronic diseases, weaknesses and complaints peculiar to their sex. It transforms the pale, haggard, dispirited woman, into one of sparkling health, and the ringing laugh again "reigns supreme" in the happy household.

A DOOR belle—The pretty maid servant.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Human Calves.

An exchange says: "Nine-tenths of the unhappy marriages result from human calves being allowed to run at large in society pastures." Nine-tenths of the chronic or lingering diseases of to-day originate in impure blood, liver complaint or biliousness, resulting in scrofula consumption (which is but scrofula of the lungs), sores, ulcers, skin diseases and kindred affections. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" cures all these. Of Druggists.

WHAT is a great deal worse than raining cats and dogs? Hailing a stage.

• • • • The worst pile tumors cured in ten days, rupture in one month. Pamphlet two (3ct.) stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

NOTHING to speak of—A dude.—*N. Y. Journal.*

Young Men, Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for 30 days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

A MOTHER'S example is sometimes followed by her son in after years. Perhaps this is the reason some men are so slippery.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES will relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases. *They are used always with good success.*

THE self-raising flour of the markets is a great boon to those who are unable to raise a barrel of flour themselves.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute. 25c. *Glenn's Sulphur Soap* heals and beautifies. 25c. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

WORTH, the great Paris dressmaker, is coming over to this country to lecture. We hope that he is not coming with any biased views.—*Chicago Tribune.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

RED STAR TRADE MARK. COUGH CURE. *Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons.* PROMPT, SAFE, SURE. Cure for Coughs, Colds and other Throat and Lung Affections. FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE. AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A.

ST. JACOBS OIL. TRADE MARK. THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY. For Pain. Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises and other Pains and Aches. Fifty Cents. At Druggists and Dealers. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A.

BARNABEE'S SONGS; —OR— AN EVENING WITH BARNABEE.

The many thousands of delighted hearers who have spent "Evenings with Barnabee" will be more than pleased to see his famous Songs gathered in this book, which is one of the best comic collections extant. 21 Songs; 150 pages, sheet music size. Edited by Howard M. Dow. Price, $1.25.

Merry-Making Melodies.

A Vocal Visitor to Cheer the Children. By Wade Whipple, who understands the children's taste, and provides for them 21 attractive Nursery and other Songs, with accompaniments for Piano or Organ. Sheet music size. Well adorned with Pictures. Price, 75 cents.

Fresh Flowers. The new and brilliant Sunday School Song Book for the Younger Scholars, by EMMA PITT. Very sweet hymns and tunes, not babyish, but nice. Plenty of pictures. 25 cents, $2.40 per doz.

Gems for Little Singers.

For Primary Schools and the Kindergarten. By E. U. Emerson and G. Swaine. A great success. Full of sweet songs with picture illustrations. 30 cents, $3.00 per doz.

3 GOOD CANTATAS for Choral Societies, are **Herbert and Elsa,** (75 cents) by EUGENE THAYER, a thrilling story of Highland life; **Christoforus,** ($1), Grand Sacred Cantata, by RHEINBERGER, and **Heroes of '76,** ($1). Scenes from the Revolution, by TROWBRIDGE and CONN. Mailed for Retail Price.

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

Quaker Testimony.

Mrs. A. M. Dauphin, a Quaker lady, of Philadelphia, has done a great deal to make known to ladies there the great value of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as a cure for their troubles and diseases. She writes as follows: "A young lady of this city while bathing some years ago was thrown violently against the life line and the injuries received resulted in an ovarian tumor which grew and enlarged until *death seemed certain.* Her physician finally advised her to try Mrs. Pinkham's Compound. She did so and in a short time the tumor was dissolved or caused to slough off, and *she is now in perfect health.* I also know of many cases where the medicine has been of great value in preventing miscarriage and alleviating the pains and dangers of childbirth. Philadelphia ladies appreciate the worth of this medicine and its great value."

ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH. Causes no Pain. Relieves at Once. Thorough Treatment will Cure. Not a Liquid nor Snuff. Apply into nostrils. HAY-FEVER. Give it a Trial. 50 cents at Druggists; 60 cents by mail registered. Sample bottle by mail 10 cents. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

FUN Bro. Jonathan's Jokes 80 pages. Illustrated. Sent, Postpaid, for Twelve Cents. Excelsior Publishing House, 29 & 31 Beekman St., New York.

CANCER Treated and cured without the knife. Book on treatment sent free. Address F. L. POND, M. D., Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

$250 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample FREE. Address JAY BRONSON, DETROIT, MICH.

BRYANT & STRATTON'S Business and Short-hand School, St. Louis, Mo. 800 students yearly. Young men taught Book-keeping, Short-hand, penmanship, and assisted to positions.

"We Have Used It."

TO THE PUBLIC:—From personal experience, as well as from observation of its marked efficacy in other cases that have come under our notice, we cheerfully recommend

RED STAR COUGH CURE —AS A— Safe and Reliable FAMILY MEDICINE.

Combining the power to relieve and cure promptly, with the rare quality of being entirely free from opiates, poisons and narcotics, as demonstrated by the analyses of recognized medical authorities, it may justly be termed a

Valuable Discovery.

We concur in the official opinion of the Commissioner of Health of Baltimore, that "it happily supplants the objectionable and not unfrequently harmful features of other cough mixtures."

BALTIMORE, Md., Feb. 9, 1885.

R. M. McLANE, Governor of Maryland.
CHARLES B. ROBERTS, Attorney-General.
F. C. LATROBE, Mayor of Baltimore.
A. P. GORMAN, United States Senator.
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