The Wellington Enterprise
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SONG.

I.

There's a garden by a river,
Where the grasses bend and quiver
On the river's reedy edges.
Roses crimson all the hedges,
And a leafy lane runs down
Through the meadows to a town,
In a winding way.
But where lies that garden blowing,
Where that river, stilly flowing,
And the lawn through meadows going,
I shall never say.

II.

Something fairer than a rose
In that unknown garden grows,
Something sweeter than the rhyme
Sung by birds in lilac-time;
Fairer than a dream of youth.
Thought all lost to care and ruth.
Something with a heart like May;
Rose and lily all in one;
Golden hair caught from the sun;
Eyes with laughter overrun.
What? I'll never say.

III.

Dreamy face and rosebud mouth.
Breath like spring winds from the south,
Eyes disclosing more than lies
Hedged beneath the bended skies
Of a day in May.
So, when days grow longer, sweeter,
Grow the rare June hours completer;
And the winter's time for snowing
Leaves the June winds chance for blowing.
I will seek this garden; growing
Where I'll never say.

SLEEP.

In a tangled, scented hollow,
On a bed of crimson roses,
Stilly now the wind reposes;
Hardly can the breezes borrow
Breath to stir the night-swept river.
Motionless the water-sedges,
And within the dusky hedges
Sounds no leaf's impatient shiver.
Sleep has come, that rare rest-giver.

Light and song have flown away
With the sun and twilight swallow;
Scarcely will the unknown morrow
Bring again so sweet a day.
Song was born of Joy and thought;
Light, of Love and her Caress.
Nothing's left me but a tress;
Death and Sleep the rest have wrought—
Death and Sleep, who came unsought.

—*Scribner's Magazine.*

A RIVER DREAM.

Mile-end was a small country town; but such a town! The houses were packed and pressed and crowded together, making them look as though they would suffocate for want of air. Then they were so dilapidated and faded and tumble-down, it seemed a wonder they kept up at all. To look at them at a distance you would think, from the queer way the roofs all slanted and leaned toward each other, and a trick some of the houses had of poking up inquisitive looking dormer gables and windows in quite unexpected places, that they had some important secret that they were whispering about and hobnobbing over. And then the narrow, crooked streets, with their seas of mud and filthy gutters, and debris-littered sidewalks, the very stones of which had a dissipated, rakish air, as if instead of lying quietly in their places and doing their duty, they could do nothing better with their time than go knocking about in a disreputable fashion, to trip up unwary passengers. And then the odors! Surely, Cologne itself never boasted a larger and more extensive collection; at least, for the sake of its luckless inhabitants, let us hope so. A more unhealthy, undersized, dirty, gossipping, miserable, worthless set of human beings surely never existed anywhere. The men were mostly out of work and drunk, the women lean and ragged and unwomanly, and the children little and weird and wolf-eyed. Many was the drunken brawl and scene of brutal violence that awoke the midnight echoes of the streets, and fever and malaria unmolested stalked abroad. Within, the houses were as uninviting as without—with a separate family on every floor, sometimes within every room. What wonder that the health and the morals of the place should be at a terribly low ebb.

And what seemed to make it more painful and pitiful was the loveliness of the valley in whose lap lay this pestilent little town. The green, flower-gemmed meadows were so fresh and fair, the air was so fragrant and balmy, the birds sang so sweetly, the little flowers were so brilliantly hued and so daintily formed, the river and its many shady back-waters and tributary streamlets were so fresh and bright and sparkling, and the murmuring music that they made blended in such sweet harmony with the tinkling of the sheep-bells, the lowing of the cattle and the clear, ringing note of the skylark, whose bit of a body seemed a mere speck far away against the blue. It lay, this lovely valley, like a glorious picture, nobly framed by shadow-swept hills and over-arched by heaven's cloud-flecked blue. But, though rich in beauty and healthful with heaven's breezes, it yet clasped a canker-spot of corruption to its breast; like a beautiful woman whose soul is worthless and diseased. Very few of the miserable inhabitants of Mile-end, not even the children, ever found their way out of the noisome atmosphere of the streets into the purity and beauty of the woods and fields beyond. Like the grub that tastes of the nut it feeds and fattens on, the dirt and squalor and poverty of the place seemed to grow into the hearts and minds and natures of its people, and to rub out all capacity for enjoying what was better and purer than themselves. And yet even here, brutal and degraded as were the many, in the few, terribly small as that minority was, might be found high and noble instincts, that pushed themselves up through the poisonous soil, and groped painfully upwards and onwards to the light. Even here, as everywhere, might be found instances (rare perhaps, but still there) of brave patience, endurance and heroism under great stress of suffering and misery and wrong. Then, too, although in most of those poor semi-savage breasts vice and sin had nearly elbowed out any virtue that nature might have originally planted, it must not be overlooked that great as the sin was, as great was the suffering; and who shall say, if these poor souls had been born into the clover of this life, as regarded their physical and moral surroundings, what fair and delicate and beautiful blossoms might not have expanded and bloomed in their natures!

Mile-end was a very old as well as a very dirty place, and one particular house in its principal street stood forward into the road several feet beyond its neighbors, its upper story quite overhanging the basement. This house was so old that it almost tottered when the wind blew—as it often did at Mile-end—even in spite of the wooden props, themselves rotten now, with which it had been buttressed up. But in spite, or perhaps because of its age, and discomfort, and dilapidation, it was beautifully mellowed and harmonious in the tone of its coloring. Tufts of vivid green moss and yellow and gray lichen at intervals carpeted and softened the red tiles, and hardy clumps of orange wallflowers filled up the gaps left by departed bricks and mortar, thus throwing over the actual decay and rottenness a glamorous veil of picturesque beauty. Within this house was cruelly old, and cold, and comfortless; the beauty of decay was all outside, and only its stern reality existed within the frail and draughty walls. There were ten rooms in this house, which gave shelter to seven families. The noise and brawling were incessant, never seeming to stop night or day, for when at last the sickly children were asleep, the night was made hideous by the drunken blasphemies and low quarrels of the degraded men and women, and the reeking air was thick and heavy with gin and tobacco and disease. In one of these rooms—it was in the projecting upper story, which through an unusually wide window commanded a view all up and down the street—lay on a straw pallet on the floor, barely covered with an old patchwork quilt, a boy of about fourteen, who, judging from his constant cough, labored breathing and emaciated limbs, was in the last stages of consumption. Beside him on the narrow bed lay a girl a few years older than her brother, fast asleep. She was pale and thin and dirty; but there was a rare beauty in the firm, soft curves of the mouth and chin and in the low, broad brow, up from which was swept a thick, tangled mass of curly brown hair. Tears glistened on the long brown lashes, and the eyebrows were knit together in a painful frown, which suddenly relaxed as the sick boy watched her with tired sunken eyes, and a sudden, glowing smile lighted up her face.

"She can allus dream and escape to the beautiful world she tells me about," he muttered, with a wistful, impatient sigh; "and I can never even sleep."

Yes, she was dreaming, but not so deeply but that the movement and sigh of her brother woke her. "Whaten's the trouble, Harry dear? Be ye worse to-night?"

"O no," he said, and sighed again. "I was just a-wonderin' where ye was, ye smiled so, and I longed to be there too."

"O Harry, I was 'way off, out o' sight o' houses an' streets an' such like, all alone in the valley; an' all the trees an' the flowers an' the river spak to me to give me comfort."

"Ah! the valley," said the sick boy; "that's where I want to go, as I used to, 'fore I was took bad. If I could sleep p'raps I could go too." Here he was interrupted by a terrible fit of coughing, which only left him strength to gasp feebly for "water."

A cracked cup without a handle stood on the window sill and in it was a little water. The girl rose to get it, but as she was handing it to her brother the door opened and their father staggered in. For an instant he looked at his children, and in a drunken fit of senseless passion struck the girl a savage buffet, which made her reel, and shattered the cup into fragments in her hand.

The girl's brow flushed crimson with anger and pain, and her brown eyes flashed fire. "You miserable, drunken brute!" she said.

"None o' yer sarce, gal, or I'll kill yer!" and he glared at her dangerously, with arm uplifted to strike.

"Faither! faither!" commanded rather than implored the sick boy, sitting up with an effort, and holding out a thin, pale hand between them, while a hectic red blazed in his cheeks and vivid light shone in his sunken blue eyes. "Don't yer strike her, or God will strike yo!" There was a strange, almost unearthly look in the boy's spiritualized, suffering face, that awed the man into temporary soberness.

As he paused with arm uplifted, looking at his son, an expression of shame and uncertainty crossed his features; he hung his head, avoided the boy's intense eyes, and his arm slowly dropped by his side.

"Faither," said the boy, in a gentler tone, "yo've hurt her—yo have, and she's so good to yo."

The man shifted uneasily from one foot to the other and looked up at his daughter, who was standing defiant and angry, with a dull-red mark on her cheek and neck. When her brother spoke her face softened and her lips quivered; she knelt suddenly by the bed and put her arms around him, saying in a piteous voice as the big tears fell on his yellow hair, "It's no for me I mind! It's for yo. Whaten will ye do the night through withouten water? There's no a drop more i' the house nor the street."

The boy said nothing as he stroked his sister's brown head, but the wistful, longing look in his eyes, and the half sigh he could not repress, showed how much he needed the water. The man looked at them for a minute, and then the fumes of the gin he had taken overpowered him again as he reeled to the opposite corner of the room, where he fell on to an old mattress, and in a moment was fast in a deep, drunken sleep. The boy closed his eyes wearily and turned his face to the wall. The girl kissed him and settled him as comfortably as she could, then rose from her knees and went to the window, which she partly opened. The moon was high and full, and the street without looked as bright as day. A sudden idea seemed to strike her, for she smiled brightly as she went softly to the bed and stood gazing at the brother she loved so well and knew she should be able to keep so short a time. "My boy!" she said, with an intensity of pitiful love in her face, and stretching her clasped hands out over him as though she would keep him with her in spite of everything. "My boy! he is all I have," she murmured. "Dear God, take care of him till I come back," and with the love still in her face she softly left the room. She went out into the brilliant summer night and walked swiftly down the street towards the lovely valley beyond, looking up at the quiet stars as she went, something of whose peace and rest seemed to be reflected into the depths of her usually troubled eyes. After a while she left the town behind her and walked rapidly through the fields and lanes and woods till she came to the river's brink. How lovely it looked! The trees and flowers and grasses seemed outlined in purest, palest silver—a very fairy network! and the quietly flowing river sparkled and shone with the glorious radiance of the moon and the stars. The girl sat down on the stone that projected into the river and filled a jug she had brought with the cold, sparkling water which she had come to fetch for her brother. She seemed spell-bound with the beauty of it all, and sat there quite a long time looking down at the reflections deep in the water, and now up to the sky far above her head. "If only my boy could be here," she thought, "how happy he wud be! Maybe he wud get well if he comed here—he loves the dumb nateral things so." Her tears fell into the clear rippling water. A little breeze sprang up, and tiny wavelets, silver-bright, lapped up and over the stone to her feet. "O river, dear river," she said, leaning towards it, "last night in my dreams yo spak to me, pitied me and was sorry for my boy. Can't yo spak agin now?" The wavelets rose higher and murmured and whispered in the wind; and as she listened the silvery, inarticulate sounds resolved themselves into words:

"Child," the river said softly, "the sweet spirits that live beneath my waves and in the woods and trees there, brought you to me in your sleep, and we tried to comfort you."

"Why did you not bring my brother too and comfort him?" the girl said. "He's sore in need."

"He would not sleep," the river said. "But take him some of my water to drink and he will sleep, and you will both come to me in your dreams, and I will cure him and make him well."

"Ah! you wull?" cried the girl—a beautiful light and brilliant smile waking her face into a wonderful beauty. "I wull go to him at once't. Where be the spirits who talked so kind to me last night?"

"O," said the river—and it seemed to smile and ripple all over in the moonlight—"you will see them again when you come with your brother in your dream."

The girl refilled her jug, nodded brightly to the river, and hastened home with feet winged with hope and love. She found her brother awake and gasping for breath. "Harry, Harry!" she said, tenderly leaning over him and raising him on her arms. "See! I've brought yo some water, all fresh and pure out o's river."

His faded eyes brightened, and he eagerly drank it, and then with a smile lay back on her breast. "That's fine an' nice," he said. "How dids' go so far? Thou's a good lass to go for me."

"Yo didna miss me while I was gone, did yo, Harry?"

The boy looked up at her with a loving smile and tear-filled eyes: "I allus miss yo, little sister, when yo's not wi' me." She bent over him and passionately kissed his pale lips.

"An' now," she said, "yo mun go to sleep, an' I'll go too; and yo'll wake up right an' fine an' well to-morrer, an' you'll never be sick no more."

"Wull I no?" said the boy, smiling up at her eager face. "Yo looks lovely to-night—like an angel," he said; and added, after a minute, still smiling, "I can sleep now. Yo mun lie down by me—so, and put your arm roun' me—so; an' now kiss me, little sister."

The moon streamed in on them as they lay clasped in one another's arms asleep, their lips almost touching, and the brown and gold of their hair shining in the light.

Harry woke first in dreamland to find himself sitting on the bank of the river in the moolight, waiting for his sister; and as he waited all nature seemed to wake just to welcome him. The trees that waved their stately arms and silvered foliage above him whispered: "Welcome! welcome!" The little pollard willows down by the water all nodded and spoke to him cheery words; the sleepy flowers who sat swaying and nodding on their stalks, opened their brilliant eyes to smile at him; and even the long, graceful grasses and rushes rustled and bent and bowed towards him, and did all they could to express their good-will. The very frogs stopped croaking to look kindly at the sick boy, with their bright eyes; and the crickets ceased rubbing their legs for a minute. "O, how good it do feel to be here!" he sighed, and fairly laughed for joy; and all nature seemed to take up the echo and laugh, too, for company; and the frogs and crickets croaked and chirruped louder than ever; and the bats took up the falsetto parts in the chorus; and the nightingale sang a solo that thrilled him with its beauty.

His sister came then, wandering along by the river, bright and happy, and sat down by him. "Harry," she said, kissing his thin cheek, "yo wull get all well again now; wull not yo?"

And the river answered, tossing a tiny wreath of shining spray on to her lap: "Yes, yes; he will; he will!"

"Harry," said the girl, clasping her hands together, and looking up at the blue, down over where the stars were shining and twinkling—"I feel so happy now, that it seems somehow I c'ud die just for nothin but joy. Be yo not happy, too?" and she laid her soft cheek against her brother's.

"It be all just so sweet an' glorious, sister, that I cannot find the words to put it into—I can on'y feel it here," and he clasped his hands to his heart.

"Get up, get up," sang the river, "and come with me."

So they got up and followed the twistings and bendings of the stream hand-in-hand. The girl noticed that at every step his walk became lighter and more buoyant; a warmer tinge flushed into his pallid cheeks, and his eyes seemed to have caught the radiance of the stars. As for her, she went bounding and dancing along by his side, a very impersonation of youth and health and happiness. In their joyous progress they were never left alone. From behind every tree they passed, and from the tender heart of every flower, and up from the silvery water, beamed the cheery faces of dryad and hamadryad, elf and water-nymph, and every face had a blessing in it. As for the river itself it chattered and prattled and laughed all the way. There never was such a talkative river. Its spirits were so high that every time the wind murmured and rustled a kindly wish through the trees it curved and coquetted and dashed up arrowy, silver-pointed darts of water all round and about the boy and girl. At last, after wandering for a long, happy while beneath the stars, they came to a lovely moss-and-flower carpeted dell in the wood, overarched by branching trees, whose foliage made a wonderful lacey pattern against the gold-spangled blue above, and in whose lap the river lay a clear, deep, emerald pool, on whose translucent surface bloomed numberless water-lilies, open to night, against their custom, to do them honor, and whose pure white blossoms, with their snowy moon-brightened petals and golden eyes, rose immaculately perfect from the noisome impurities beneath, and sat queen-like among a tangled net-work of long pink stalks and shining, green, plate-like leaves. The brother and sister stood still by the water's brink, feeling hushed and awed by the great, calm beauty of the place. As they stood there silent, the boy so thin, and fragile and spiritually fair, with the new and radiant light as of another world shining in his blue eyes, and the girl, in her sweet, strong beauty, reminding one of the water-lilies at her feet, in that they were both so fair and had equally sprung from muddy impurity and filth, they seemed emblems of spiritual and material life. The river scarcely murmured now, but just whispered as the trees waved gently in the breeze, "Children, I have brought you home to the spirits who love you. Good night, good night."

Then the children saw that they were not alone, but that two figures clothed in long, flowing draperies sat beneath the drooping trees. They were both beautiful, exceedingly; but the face of one was as the face of an angel, glorious with an infinite peace and joy, while the face of the other, though beautiful, was sad, and drawn and tear-stained, as though with passionate suffering and pain.

"Children," said she with the sad, solemn face, as they stood before them silent and awed, "we have been waiting for you to-night—my sister and I;" and she smiled. The girl looked at them, and instinctively shrank away from the beautiful, sad being who had spoken and went close up to the other, whose eyes were fixed, beaming and smiling, on her brother.

"Yo are so beautiful," she said, "an' look so bright and happy. Wull yo make my boy well, so he can enjoy hisself in the fields and woods?"

Then the spirit with the radiant eyes rose and beckoned to the boy. "I come to take your brother home," she said, "where he will be well and joyful always."

"An' may I no come too?" the girl asked, putting her arm round her brother's neck, as if to keep him with her. 'I cannot live withouten him!" Her mouth quivered and the tears welled up big and bright into her eyes.

"My child," the spirit answered softly, "you cannot come with your brother now—the time is not yet; some day I will come for you, and he will come with me to welcome you. But now my sister wants you still, and has work for you to do."

The girl turned and looked timidly up at the sad-eyed spirit, who said: "Yes, my child, you belong to me; my sister has called your brother from me. In that he is happier than you. But I will love you too. You need not fear me if you will only trust me and be brave. Will you come?" She held out her arms to her; and the girl, touched and attracted by the sad face went towards her and said, still holding her brother's hand tightly clasped in her own: "I am not afeard o' you, an' I wull trust yo; but I cannot give up my boy!"

"You must!" the sister-spirit answered.

In spite of the glowing beauty the children both felt that her will was inexorable.

"Sister," said the boy, "yo mun let me go; I feel her drawing me, an' I cannot stay. I wull be so happy. An' yo wull come to me. Kiss me an' let me go!"

She turned and clasped him passionately in her arms. "I wull let yo go." she sobbed, "but it be so hard, so hard! We was so happy together."

"I be so tired," he murmured, as he leaned, supported in her arms, with his head against her breast and his lips close to hers.

The radiant-eyed spirit approached them and took the boy by the hand. "Come!" she said gently. "I will take you home."

"My boy! my boy!" cried the girl piteously; and for a moment, as she held him fast in her strong, young arms, it seemed as though her love were deep enough to keep him in spite of the spirit's call.

"Sister, let me go. I wull come again to yo, an' fetch yo."

Then with a moan, she loosed her arms and kissed him and let him go. Then the spirit wrapped the boy in her garments, and kissed him solemnly on brow and eyes and mouth; and behold! beneath the power of that embrace, his face brightened into health and life and beauty; and the immortal radiance that breathed from the spirit's form fell upon him and glorified him. And as his sister gazed wonderingly at him, the spirit took him by the hand, and they disappeared from her sight. Then she with the saddened eyes came to the girl and bent over her as she wept, and whispered, laying her hand on her brow: "Be brave, and fear not!" and then she too vanished. It was morning, and the sun was peering curiously in at the window of the queer tumble-down house in Mile-end. And this was the sight it saw. The father was still breathing heavily on the floor; and on the bed the brother and sister still lay close clasped in each other's arms. Her breathing was soft and regular, and her cheeks were wet with tears. On his face shone a radiant smile, for his was the sleep of death!—*Exchange.*

The Chicago Postoffice Burned.

CHICAGO, Jan. 4.

At 3:30 o'clock this afternoon fire was discovered in the Honore Block, corner of Dearborn and Adams streets. This edifice which is one of the finest in the city, was the first erected immediately preceding the great fire in 1871. It was rebuilt soon after on the same plan in French Renaissance style, almost classical in its severity. It is 192 feet on Dearborn street and 150 on Adams. It was five stories high, with basement and Mansard roof, faced with Lemont limestone and finished in brick, iron and stone. The foundation and wall were of unusual stability, the lightest wall being sixteen inches in thickness. It was built for a hotel, but being remodeled for business purposes was occupied by the postoffice soon after the fire of 1874. Its original cost was over $300,000, but it could probably be put up now for less.

The floors were occupied as follows: Basement by the post-office; first and second floors by the post-office and by the Chicago & Alton Railroad Company; third floor by Gen. Sheridan and staff as army headquarters of the military division of the Missouri; fourth floor by the military and by the following lawyers: Lawrence, Campbell & Lawrence, Isham & Lincoln, Paddock & Ives; fifth floor by the Quartermaster of the Army, by the heavy mail department and by Shuefeld & Westover. The latter firm were just moving in, and lost their law library of 4,000 to 5,000 books. The upper rooms in the Mansard roof were occupied by the watchman and others as a domicile.

The fire originated in the carpenter shop in the basement. While the carpenter was absent in the upper stories, the flames swept without warning up the hatchway to the roof and drove out the tenants of the upper stories in an incredibly short time. The rapidity with which the flames progressed after reaching the top of the building prevented escape by the stairway of a number of postoffice employes, who were driven to the roof, and for a time remained there in an agony of suspense and alarm awaiting rescue. A woman who leaned imploringly out of a window in the fifth story was saved by the gallantry of a fireman who ascended the fire-escape and bore her earthward in his arms. The men were saved not an instant too soon by a long rope which was procured, and on which they in turn slid to the ground. The mail matter was gotten out of danger in a short time, and all the valuables about the postoffice were locked up in the vaults. The mail matter was taken to the new Singer building on State and Washington streets, whence business will be transacted for the present. The postal cars will do a large amount of the work which would otherwise fall on the department. All the mails left to-night as usual.

The building, which is owned by the Connecticut Mutual Insurance Company, was damaged to an amount variously estimated at $100,000 to $150,000. Insured for $200,000.

The Potter Investigation.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 31.

The Potter sub-committee met this morning—Present, Hon. Clarkson N. Potter, chairman, and Ex-Gov Cox. Oscar Arrayo, Secretary of State, produced the records of his office relating to the election of 1876. P. G. Deslonde, Secretary of State under Gov. Kellogg, testified to affixing his signature to the first set of Republican Electoral certificates; signed it Dec. 6; didn't recollect signing any second set during Christmas week. Witness also testified that he furnished to Gov. Kellogg during August, 1876, blank commissions for the Supervisors of Registration and clerks to be used by George L. Smith, present Collector of this port, while running for Congress in the Fourth District. Judge Billings, of the United States District Court, testified to a request having been made upon him to return the first set of Republican certificates, as it was alleged they were informal. Judge Billings declined to grant the request and subsequently the second set was handed to him. Peter Joseph, the Republican Elector testified to facts already known about signing the first and second sets of Republican certificates. J. D. Kennedy was examined, and declared that he had not spirited away the negro Kelly as he had been charged by some Northern papers; in fact Kelly was now and had been for some months in Washington, Messrs. Raymond, Lloyd and Malony, clerks in a carpet house here, testified to having found in their store on Sept. 19 a bundle of documents left there by and addressed to Mrs. Agnes Jenks. These documents were produced before the committee. The most important was one purporting to be the alleged original "Sherman letter." Chairman Potter made a statement to the press to the effect that these documents had been dropped by Mrs. Jenks for the purpose of imposing upon the committee. He declared that the so-called copy of the Sherman letter was a forgery. The committee then adjourned to Wednesday morning.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 1.

At to-day's session of the Potter Committee Mr. John Ray, counsel for Secretary Sherman, filed a communication setting forth that he had no intention of offering further evidence on the subject of intimidations in the elections of 1876. Ex-Gov. Michael Hahn was examined, and corroborated the statement of Ex-Secretary of State Deslonde, to the effect that blank commissions of appointment for supervisors of registration and clerks had been furnished to George S. Smith for use in the Fourth Congressional District. Hahn at the time was State Registrar of Voters. Witness testified that while Superintendent of the Mint here he appointed Thomas D. Jenks to a position. The only recommendation Jenks had was a verbal one, and the witness declined to tell the name of the gentleman making this recommendation. Chairman Potter then announced that inasmuch as several witnesses wanted in the committee were in Washington the committee would adjourn to meet in that city next Tuesday. In the meantime Mr. John Ray, representing Mr. Sherman, and another gentleman to be selected by the chairman, would remain in New Orleans and take whatever testimony might be offered in rebuttal of the evidence already taken by the committee. The committee then adjourned. Mr. Potter says Col. F. C. Zacherie will probably be appointed to act with Hon. John Ray in taking testimony after the departure of the committee.

After the committee adjourned, Mr. Potter remarked in conversation that the object of this visit of the committee to New Orleans was to give Secretary Sherman an opportunity of producing any further evidence in support of his charge of intimidation in the election of 1876, and inasmuch as Mr. Ray, counsel for Sherman, had communicated to the committee that he had no further evidence to offer on this subject, the object of the committee on this visit was accomplished. The members of the committee left for Washington this afternoon.

The Union Pacific—Report of the Government Directors.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.

The Government directors have sent their annual report to the Secretary of the Interior. They are of the opinion that the Union Pacific, in view of the extremely liberal aid it has received from the Government, and the brilliancy of its success as a commercial enterprise, should be judged by the most severe standards known among the railroads of the country. Measured by this standard, they report the deficiencies many and apparent. At the same time the property is being brought up with steadiness, though slowly, to a fair degree of average excellence. The failure to replace with steel rails the worn out iron rails is sharply criticised, and the directors say although the policy now pursued by the company in regard to the material condition of the property is careful and sufficiently safe, it is by no means liberal, nor such as the country has a right to expect or the Government to insist upon.

The policy as respects the completion and renewal of the road which the company apparently has pursued and now is pursuing might, perhaps, if judged by the test of strict business principles in the shrewd management of a practical monopoly, be deemed a fairly liberal one. The property, instead of deteriorating, is being brought up with steadiness, though slowly, to a fair degree of average excellence. It is still, however, far short of what, with its original endowment and large present earnings, it ought to be, and very far short in almost every respect of that high standard of excellency, both in scope and in detail, to which those familiar with the great trunk lines of the country are now accustomed. There is, however, nothing in the present shape of organization, as regards the division of labor and study of detail, which would indicate that it is a work of any superior organizing mind. It gives rather the impression of being simple even to crudeness, and quite lacking in system. It is true Union Pacific has always been operated and renewed under circumstances unfavorable at least to its thorough reorganization. Its ownership has more than once changed, and, as is well known, it has at times been in hands more solicitous as to the movements of the stock market than honestly desirous of attaining even material excellence. No system whatever has been pursued in filling up subordinate positions. As vacancies occurred, officers have come to the road from all sections of the country, and have brought with them theories and methods which are far from uniform. They did not recognize some standards, nor was it obvious they in many cases have any conception of what the highest standards were.

The road is reported liberally equipped with rolling stock. The company seems to be pursuing a systematic and sufficiently liberal policy of renewing its bridges, and the road bed, although as a whole not yet brought up to the proper standard of excellence, is being rapidly improved, and the completion of needed improvements will be a simple and inexpensive matter.

However it might be if the road were completed and brought throughout up to a first-class standard, it is obvious the percentage of operating expenses to earnings is now smaller than it should be. The policy of the company should be a public spirited policy. The community has the right to expect that in its commercial relations strict business principles should be tempered with liberality. It would not seem, therefore, unreasonable to ask the development of the country, and easy and economical exchange of traffic should be considered by those invested with the management, as well as the strict business view of the largest profit. In any event it is clearly the mission of those representing the National Government in the Union Pacific direction, if, indeed, they have any mission to develop the principle of public responsibility, and keep it continually in the minds of those more immediately interested with the management. The business policy of the corporation should be large and liberal-minded, above all a policy which seeks, as far as circumstances will permit, to avoid all discriminations, and to deal reasonably and equitably, both with other roads and differently circumstanced individuals and communities.

All things considered, its tariffs, though high in comparison with those on some trunk lines of the East, are lower than the average; in no respect appear extortionate. These tariffs, which were practically put in the trans-continental business of the country, were devised by two freight agents, never before being publicly announced or submitted for consideration even to the Executive Committee or Directors, and were finally put in force, to the utter surprise of the public, by the verbal authority, so far as can be ascertained, of the President and a single director.

The through business over the Union Pacific is mainly done by large houses. They have special contracts covering it at less than published tariff rates, and these lack that element of publicity which will always remain one real safeguard against discriminations.

By the act of May 7th, 1878, commonly known as the "Pacific Railroads Funding bill," the Government would seem to have given its formal approval to the present business policies of both these corporations by insisting on having a share of their results. In the report which accompanied that act the Senate Judiciary Committee very distinctly rests it on the large net earnings of the roads to which it applies, and expresses the opinion that these earnings "will be largely increased in the future;" and again that they "in the future will not be less than they were in the five years of 1872-6." These net earnings in part were, however, and if maintained they will in future continue to be, the direct result of that policy on the part of those managing the Union Pacific which the directors, in this report, have felt it their duty to criticise. The directors have already intimated their belief that the percentage of net earnings (fifty-eight per cent. returned by the Union Pacific during the last five years is considerably larger than it should have been. The adoption by the company of a liberal policy as respects renewals and local business development would, unquestionably, for some years to come decrease that percentage. The Government should, however, for obvious reasons, exert all its influence to that end.

Meanwhile the legislation referred to would seem to sanction a wholly different policy, in the unnaturally large results of which it is proposed to secure its fair share to the National Treasury. The Government becomes, in short, one of the principal beneficiaries from the system of railroad management, which is, to say the least, in some respects, unjust, in some respects harsh, and in nearly all respects illiberal to its own citizens. While the Government occupies this position it would seem difficult for those who represent it more immediately in the direction of the company to exercise any considerable influence in favor of a policy more liberal but less immediately profitable.

The course of the company in its business policy toward the public is, in some respects, considered open to much adverse criticism on the ground of illiberality, but nevertheless, present tariffs do not appear to be extortionate. The directors, in their report, think the enactment of the recent funding act has had a direct tendency to retard at present the adoption of a more liberal but less immediately profitable policy by the company, the Government having thus become one of the principal beneficiaries in the present system of management by exacting a large proportion of the proceeds. They report that a consolidation of the Union Pacific with its connecting branch lines is not now desirable in public interests, but they recommended that the companies be compelled to submit their differences on the subject of "pro rating" to a decision of some impartial board of arbitrators. In conclusion, the directors indorse the recommendation of Secretary Schurz for legislation which shall enable the Government to cede to the railway company all sections of grazing or desert lands on one side of the road and receive from it all similar sections on the other, in order that each party may dispose of the land in large tracts, in which alone they are desirable or susceptible of profitable use by purchasers.

Do Potatoes Mix.

We remember seeing on exhibition at the Shelby Fair last fall a half bushel of potatoes which were entered as russets. The judges were inclined to give them the premium, but on account of the appearance concluded they must be of the peerless variety. The tubers really looked much like the latter, but many of them strongly bore the marks of the russet. Now, the question arises, do different kind of potatoes which are cultivated a length of time together mix?

The following from a correspondent of the *Western Farm Journal* bearing upon the subject, and taking the affirmative view, will be read with interest:

He says: Many years ago I saw changes going on in the hills, for which I could not account, and the very existence of which was stoutly denied by prominent cultivators, the change being always ascribed by them to accidental mixings in handling. But I determined to find out for myself the cause, whatever it might be. I began by planting strong-growing varieties in alternate rows with others less strong, contriving to have both blossom at the same time. After two seasons the result began to appear in new and distinct varieties. In some instances entire hills would be changed; in others only a single eye in a tuber. And these changes extended to the time of ripening, the color of the vines and their habits of growth, and would be permanent. The first thing I learned was that the impregnation took place one year and affected only the buds or eyes, to be followed the next year by the changes in the tubers; and with very few exceptions the quality of the variety thus produced is always inferior to the original. Without doubt the laws that apply to particular breeds of animals apply also to particular varieties of vegetables, and the foreign substance enters into the circulation of the plant, and deterioration is the natural result of the introduction of bad blood. The deterioration is constantly taking place without the aid of man, and will take place in spite of him. Getting seed from a distance does not remedy the evil, for the cause exists universally.

The flower of the potato is what botanists call a "wildflower." It has no attraction for insects. A bee never touches it nor a fly. The pollen is carried by wind to a considerable distance, as the pollen of corn is carried, and impregnation takes place in the same way wherever there are flowers to receive it.

There seems to be but two remedies, and they are but partial. One is to select the ripest and most perfect tubers from the hills and grow seed from them, rejecting from the product all the small and imperfect ones. This is my own practice, and from such seed-plots I am careful to pick all flower-buds before they open. The other is to procure varieties of undoubted excellence and grow them as long as it is profitable.

How Oysters Are Fattened.

Very few persons who feed on the large and toothsome oysters which are served up at the raw boxes of many of the oyster-houses in this city have the remotest idea from what source the luscious bivalves are obtained or in what manner they are fattened.

The oyster obtained from Tangier sound, Lynnhaven, and what are known as the Seaside oysters, are a rather small oyster, inclosed in an immense shell, their native element being salt water. These oysters, when dredged and brought to the Baltimore market, are sold to the packers and others at the rate of about sixty cents a bushel.

Recently a plan has been discovered by which these oysters can not only be fattened in a very short time, but their value enhanced at least 150 per cent. Two of the larger oyster-packing firms are now engaged in this business, and the manner of procedure is described as follows by one who has watched the operation:

When the oysters are unloaded from the pungies they are transferred to scows, over which a deck is built, and on which deck the oysters are placed. Each of these scows will carry a deck load of about 600 bushels of oysters. The scows are then towed to a point in the Patapsco River near the Berry Bar Bridge, where the water is quite shallow.

The vacant space in the scow, between the deck and the bottom, is filled with water by means of a valve, and the scow is sunk. There she is left during two flood tides, when the water is pumped from her by means of a small machine provided for the purpose, and the scows are then towed up to the city again.

The change from the salt to the fresh water and the immersion of the oyster during these flood-tides, it is said, fattens them until what was at first but a comparatively insignificant oyster becomes a plump and luscious bivalve, filling its entire immense shell.

After this operation, the oysters, which, as stated, cost originally about sixty cents a bushel, are placed on the market, and readily command from $1.50 to $1.60 a bushel.

Yesterday there were seven scow loads of these oysters immersed, and the firms engaged in the business have twelve scows constantly employed. The whole operation is under the supervision of one man, who undertakes the fattening for a consideration of ten cents a bushel, the firms furnishing all the appliances.—*Baltimore News.*

Manufacturing Sorghum.

A Minnesota letter to the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* says: "The cane sorghum should be perfectly ripe for harvest; the ripest will produce best sugar. In the present season the cane which stood the longest made the largest proportion of sugar. If the cane is not ripe before frost it will pay to cut, but the planter must not expect as good quality of product. Do, therefore, not procure seed of late growing. The Minnesota early amber is without doubt the earliest sort known, as well as the richest in saccharine matter. By letting the cane season a while in the field after cutting and before pressing a better quality of sugar is obtained. The useless properties seem to dry out, and nothing like as much green gummy scum rises in boiling as is the case if the cane is worked immediately after cutting. The leaves must not be stripped off during the curing process, or a loss is occasioned; two or three weeks is about the time required for curing. If not frozen, the cane will keep for two months. Freezing injures the quality. Frozen cane should be worked as soon as possible. If by splitting a cane the pith is found to have a greenish appearance, it indicates injury by freezing. The natural color is white. When going to the mill the seed heads must be cut about one foot from the head and then dried. The cane should be dry when hauled to the mill or sheds. All broken cane will sour and damage the product.

President Lincoln as a Deadhead.

Here's a true souvenir of the great Abraham Lincoln. It is a true copy of a letter on file among the archives of the Chicago and Alton road at the Superintendent's office in Bloomington. It is a modest request for the renewal of a season pass on the Alton road:

Springfield, Feb. 13, 1858.—R. P. Morgan, Supt. C. & A. R. R.; Dr. Sir: Says Sam to John, "here's your old rotten wheelbarrow. I've broke it usin' on it. I wish you would take it and mend it, case I shall want to borrow it this afternoon." Acting on this as a precedent, here's your old "chalked hat." I wish you would take it and send me a new one, case I shall need to use it the 1st of March.

Yours truly, A. Lincoln.

If chickens have cholera give them wet food for a few days, well stirred into one feed a teaspoonful of sulphur, and into the next about a teaspoonful of powdered charcoal, and so alternate the food for about three days.

Be sure and call for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, if you are troubled with a bad cough or cold. It will give you relief. For sale by every respectable Druggist. One bottle, 25 cents; five bottles for $1.00.

—When Ham was sick was he cured by smoking?—*N. Y. Mail.*

RECIPES, ETC.

Are the farm implements all under cover well cleaned and oiled.

Potato Balls.—Mash eight boiled potatoes; add butter, size of an egg; two spoonfuls of milk; a little salt; stir it well; roll with your hands into balls; roll them in egg and crumbs; fry them in hot fat or brown in the oven.

It Pays.—Take good care of young stock during the winter—it pays. Raise the best breeds of stock of all kinds—it pays. Keep the young animals growing and give them plenty to eat—it pays. Give every animal you keep a warm place to sleep—it pays.

Farmers can find much to their profit in a study of the markets, both domestic and foreign. Keep watch on the movements of bread-stuffs and stock, and note the fluctuations of prices, and the shrinkages as compared with former years. There is food for reflection here.

The following is a good receipt for worms in horses: Powdered poplar bark, two ounces; powdered sulphur, four ounces, mixed well. Divide the mass into twelve parts, and mix one with the food every night. This will not only remove worms, but also tone up the digestive organs, so that the parasites cannot for a time find foothold.

Ice Cream Cake and Raisin Pie.—Take one pound of raisins, turn over them one quart of boiling water. Keep adding so there will be a quart when done. Grate the rind of one lemon into one cup of sugar, three spoonfuls of flour, one egg; mix well together; turn the raisins over the mixture, stirring the while. This makes three pies. Bake as other pies.

Jumbles.—One cup butter, two of sugar beaten together, one cup milk, half teaspoonful soda stirred into the milk, and four eggs; beat it well together; add spice of any kind, six cups of flour; roll it rather thin, cut it with a tumbler and with a wine-glass to form a ring; brush them over with the white of an egg, and sift on a very little fine sugar before baking. Bake them fifteen or twenty minutes.

Cream Cakes.—One pound of flour, half pound of butter and one pint of boiling water, pour water boiling hot on the batter, and put it over the fire; as soon as it begins to boil stir into the flour; when cool, add nine eggs, well beaten. Drop the crust on tins and bake in a quick oven fifteen or twenty minutes. When they are done open them and put in as much custard as possible. It is a great improvement to the appearance of the crust to rub it over with the white of an egg before it is baked.

One of the adjuncts to the workshop of every farm ought to be a set of tools needed in mending harness, so that the boys may, on rainy days, learn a new trade, and save quite an expense. With harness a stitch in time saves, not nine, but ninety-nine more. The essentials are two awls, needles, waxed ends, and a clamp to hold the pieces to be sewed. The last may be made out of a couple of barrel staves fastened to a block and tightened by a strap around the middle. Some mending will have to go to the shop; but, in the course of the year, quite a sum can be saved by merely sewing up the ripped and torn places in the harness or padding. We have found copper rivets, sold in half-pound boxes, of great advantage in mending harness. Half-inch rivets come into play oftenest, though a few three-quarter-inch ones may be needed.

Great Merit.

All the fairs give the first premiums and special awards of great merit to Hop Bitters, as the purest and best family medicine, and we most heartily approve of the awards, for we know they deserve it. They are now on exhibition at the State Fairs, and we advise all to test them. See another column.

Why, Verily!

Why be an animated tallow-shop when Allan's Anti-Fat is a safe and sure remedy for obesity, or corpulence, and will reduce the most ill-proportioned form to a graceful outline within a few weeks. It contains no ingredients that can possibly prove deleterious to the system. A well-known chemist, after examining its constituents and the method of its preparation, gives it his unqualified indorsement as a remedy that "cannot but act favorably upon the system and is well calculated to attain the object for which it is intended."

BALTIMORE, Md., July 17th, 1878.
Prop'rs Allan's Anti-Fat, Buffalo, N. Y.:
Dear Sirs—I have taken two bottles of Allan's Anti-Fat and it has reduced me eight pounds. Very respectfully,
Mrs. I. R. Coles.

Reduced Price.—Twenty-five cents will now buy a fifty-cent bottle of *Piso's Cure for Consumption.* Thus the best Cough Medicine is within the reach of everybody. For sale by all druggists.

Particulars regarding Electric Belts free. Address Pulvermacher Galvanic Co., Cincin., O.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK. Jan. 7, 1879.

FLOUR—Extra Ohio	$3 70	@	$5 00
WHEAT—Red Winter, No. 2	1 09½	@	1 10
No. 1 White	1 09¾	@	1 10½
CORN—No. 3	..	@	44½
OATS—Mixed Western	30	@	31
RYE—Western	56	@	57½
PORK—Mess	8 50	@	8 87½
LARD—Prime Steam	5 90	@	5 95
BUTTER—Western	08	@	33
CHEESE—Ohio	02	@	08½
EGGS—Western	27	@	28
HOPS—Western	08	@	13
CATTLE	7 00	@	10 50
HOGS	3 25	@	3 50
SHEEP	4 00	@	5 37½

CLEVELAND.

FLOUR—XX White	$....	@	$5 75
XX Red, No. 1	....	@	5 00
Spring, X Red	....	@	2 75
WHEAT—No. 1 Red	....	@	98
No. 2 "	....	@	93
CORN	42	@	46
OATS—No. 1	..	@	27
RYE	44	@	45
BARLEY—State	95	@	1 10
CHEESE—Choice Factory	09	@	09¼
Skims	04	@	05
BUTTER—Choice	16	@	17
EGGS	21	@	22
PORK—Mess	7 75	@	10 00
POTATOES	40	@	50
HONEY	15	@	17
HOPS	10	@	14
SEEDS—Timothy	....	@	1 25
Clover	....	@	3 70
Red Top	....	@	80

CINCINNATI.

FLOUR—Family	$4 20	@	$5 25
WHEAT—Red	90	@	1 00
CORN	32	@	33
RYE	51	@	52
OATS	25	@	27
BUTTER—Choice	13	@	15
HOGS—Common to Light	2 25	@	2 80
Packing	2 85	@	2 90

BUFFALO.

BEEVES—Best	$4 80	@	5 00
Medium	3 60	@	4 50
HOGS—Common to fair	2 80	@	2 90
Heavy	2 40	@	3 10
SHEEP—Fair to good	2 80	@	3 60
Best	4 00	@	4 75

TOLEDO.

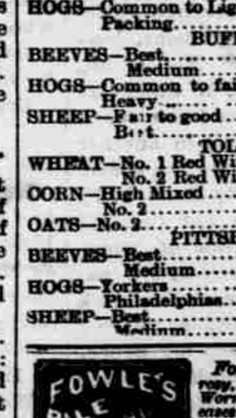
WHEAT—No. 1 Red Winter	..	@	
No. 2 Red Winter	..	@	95¼
CORN—High Mixed	..	@	32¾
No. 2	..	@	32
OATS—No. 2	..	@	23

PITTSBURGH.

BEEVES—Best	$....	@	5 25
Medium	4 25	@	4 75
HOGS—Yorkers	3 20	@	3 30
Philadelphias	3 25	@	3 35
SHEEP—Best	3 25	@	4 05
Medium	2 50	@	4 00

FOWLE'S PILE AND HUMOR CURE

For all kinds of Piles, Leprosy, Scrofula, Tetter or Ring-Worm, Salt Rheum, and all Diseases of the Skin and Blood. One bottle warranted to cure all cases of Piles; from one to three bottles all cases of Humors. If your Druggist has not got it, ask him to send for it. Price, $1 per bottle.



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Special Offer. Our new improved double coiled metalic telephone is the finest in the world, and the only completely satisfactory low priced instrument, with Spring Call Attachment, made by practical machinists on scientific principles; warranted to work one mile, unaffected by changes in the weather. We will send to one address one sample set comprising two Telephones, two walnut holders, six copper bound insulators and 200 feet heavy wire, at 25 per cent. discount from regular rates, which is $3, for the $4. Instruments. This offer will not hold good after Jan. 25, 1879, as our goods will then be sufficiently well known to sell through the trade, and we shall be obliged to strictly maintain the retail price. Any person of ordinary intelligence can put them up by following directions sent with each pair. We have sold during three months nearly 1000 of these instruments, and have hundreds of testimonials from all parts of the country. We guarantee all instruments sold. For any Telephone that fails to work, we will refund all charges. Ask any Commercial Agency, and you will find we are good for all we agree to do. Name this paper when you write. Kent, Woodman & Co., 26 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

MEN and WOMEN wanted everywhere for the greatest MONEY MAKING business of the day. $1 to $2 per hour easily made in any locality. Will prove it or forfeit $500. Goods entirely new. Samples free; write at once. Box 2620. WILDES & CO., Boston, Mass.

Scroll Saws, Lathes, Farmers' & Mechanics' Tools. Catalogue free. All goods at manufacturers' prices. John Wilkinson, 77 State-st, Chicago.

Brain Exhaustion.

For the last twelve months I have tested Fellows' Hypophosphites, and I find that in Incipient Consumption, and other diseases of the Throat and Lungs, for Diptheric prostration and Cough following Typhoid Fever, prevalent here, it is the best remedial agent I have ever used. But for exhaustion of the powers of the brain and nervous system, from long-continued study or teaching, or in those cases of exhaustion from which so many young men suffer, I know of no better medicine.

EDWIN CLAY, M. D.
Pugwash, N. S., January 14.

Testimonial to Mr. Fellows.

We, the undersigned, clergymen of the Methodist Church in Nova Scotia, having used the preparation known as Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, prepared by Mr. James I. Fellows, Chemist, St. John, N. B., or having known cases wherein its effects were beneficial, believe it to be a reliable remedy for the diseases for which it is recommended.

James G. Hennigar, Pres. of Conference; John Murray, ex-Pres. of Conference; Richard W. Weddall, Alex. W. Nicholson, etc., etc.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

I, JOHN HANNAS, being a Blacksmith by trade, had often felt the want of some means whereby I could soften iron at the forge, so that I could work it at a better advantage. This induced me to make many experiments with different substances which offered the best prospect of success. It was on one of these occasions that I discovered the wonderful effects of Electro Silicon on the Human System.

I had a defect in three of my fingers, which were bent or shut up in my hand in such a manner, by the contraction of the cords, that they were very troublesome to me in my daily avocation. I could not handle my tools as I wished, and often thought I would have my fingers cut off to get them out of the way. I have used everything that offered any hope of relief, but all to no effect. Well, I say, I was working with Electro Silicon at the forge, and of course could not prevent its coming in contact with my hands.

I took no notice of the effect it had produced, until one day, wishing to use a heavy hammer, I grasped with my crooked hand, and much to my surprise I found my crooked fingers straighten out, and I had as much use of them as ever. I could hardly believe my eyes. I showed my hands to my wife and family, and a general rejoicing was the result.

I had a neighbor living about a mile from my shop who had a lame knee, caused by the chords being contracted by rheumatism. I sent him a bottle of Electro Silicon Liniment, and told him to use it thoroughly. He did so, and at the end of three months he was able to throw aside his cane and walk to my shop apparently as well as ever. It had worked just as it did in my case—producing a perfect cure. I gave it to others of my neighbors and friends (for miles around), who were suffering from Swelled Limbs, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Stiff Joints, Burns, etc., all of which it cured without any trouble. Finding that the Electro Silicon Liniment would penetrate the skin of man further than any other substance, it occurred to me that it must be good for the horse, and it has proved itself one of the very best applications in all external diseases occurring to the noble animal. Prepared by the

Electro Silicon Liniment Co., Elmira, N. Y.
Price, 50 cents per Large Bottle.
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New Opera! Cantatas!

H. M. S. PINAFORE.

Comic Opera, by Arthur Sullivan,

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JOSEPH'S BONDAGE. By Chadwick, $1.00
BELSHAZZAR. By Butterfield, 1.00
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Three Cantatas which are magnificent when given with Oriental dress and scenery. The last one is easy.

"Pauline" ($2.)—"Palomita" ($2.)—"Diamond Cut Diamond" ($1.)—"Guardian Angel" (50 cts.)—"Lesson in Charity" (60 cts.)—"Maud Irving" (60 cts.) are Operettas requiring but a few singers, and are capital for Parlor Performances. The last three are Juveniles.

In Press: "THE SORCERER," by Sullivan.

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Is an absolute and irresistable cure for
DRUNKenness, Intemperance and the use of Opium, Tobacco, Narcotics and Stimulants, removing all taste, desire and habit of using any of them, rendering the taste or desire for any of them perfectly odious and disgusting. Giving everyone perfect and irresistable control of the sobriety of themselves and their friends.

It prevents that absolute physical and moral prostration that follows the sudden breaking off from using stimulants or narcotics.

Package, prepaid, to cure 1 to 5 persons, $2, or at your Druggists, $1.75. Temperance and charitable societies should use it.

It is harmless and never-failing.

HOP BITTERS MFG. CO., Sole Agents, ROCHESTER, N.Y.

The Hop Cough Cure Destroys all pain, loosens the cough, quiets the nerves and produces rest. It never fails in performing a perfect cure where there is a shadow of hope. Try it once and you will find it so.

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GRAEFENBERG Vegetable PILLS Are the mildest ever known, they cure HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, LIVER COMPLAINT and INDIGESTION. No griping or nausea. These PILLS Tone up the system and restore health to those suffering from general debility and nervousness. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. per box.

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THE FATHER MATHEW REMEDY

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A choice from over 1,000,000 acres Iowa Lands, due west from Chicago, at from $3 to $8 per acre, in farm lots, and on easy terms. Low freights and ready markets. No wilderness—no ague—no Indians. Land exploring tickets from Chicago free to buyers. For Maps, Pamphlets and full information apply to IOWA RAILROAD LAND COMPANY, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, or 92 Randolph Street, Chicago.

$350 A MONTH—Agents Wanted—36 best selling articles in the world; one sample free. Address Jay Bronson, Detroit, Mich.

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