SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—A Scotch schoolmaster chastises his pupils by pouring castor oil down their throats.

—Some lady in the East, who does not wish her name disclosed, has given Mills Seminary, San Francisco, $9,000 for a library building.

—At the meeting of the Board of Missions of the American Bible Society at New York, recently, an appropriation of $109,640 was made for foreign work.

—The Nashville *Advocate* says: "If you would make real improvement in your Christian life you will do well to begin by improvement in the manner of spending your Sabbaths."

—Within four years the Methodist Episcopal Church has expended $5,455,000 for religious publications, and the Methodist Book Concern has supplied $3,500,000 worth of literature.

—Says the New Orleans *Christian Advocate*: "There are fourteen county towns—court house seats—in Kentucky in which there is not and never was a church building of any denomination."

—The Methodist Episcopal Church South, according to late reports, has a membership of 894,132 members, an increase on the previous year of 26,747. The number of traveling preachers is 3,863, and of local preachers 5,892.

—The venerable ex-Governor Downey, of California, has given $500 to furnish a new school-house in the town of Downey, that State, and at his suggestion an inscription will be placed on its portals reading: "Order is Heaven's first law. Be good children, and true to your country."

—A minister suddenly stopped in his sermon and sang a hymn. "If the members of the choir are to do the talking," he explained, "they certainly will permit me to do the singing." And then things in the neighborhood of the organ became more quiet.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Several French women and one young American girl, Miss Laura White, are studying architecture in the special school at Paris with a view to making it their life work. The *Citoyenne* says that already several women have distinguished themselves as builders and house decorators. The exquisite carpenter's and cabinet maker's work in the Mayor's house at Passy has been executed by a lady.

—At a recent meeting of the Congregational Club of New York, the topic of discussion was "The Pulpit as seen from the Pews." The first speaker, Mr. Austin Abbott, said among other things that the first point the preacher has to regard is that the habits of business men of recent years have changed. Time was, when a man was willing to have a business transaction proposed one day, consider it during the next, and give his answer on the third. To-day he wants immediate decision. Everything is to the point. He wants exactly that element in the sermon. The sermon may be long, provided it go by logical steps from point to point, and never retrace its steps; but if it go around and around in an endless circle, he doesn't wish to hear it.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—When once the young heart of a maiden is stolen, the maiden herself will steal after it soon.—*Moore.*

—We are surprised to learn that Daniel Montague has the oldest piano in the United States. We have always supposed the family next door owned it.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—I never feel comfortable when there's a man around that smiles all the time. The only dog that ever bit me never stopped waggin' his tail.—*Josh Billings.*

—"What shall I write about?" asked a young reporter of the managing editor. "O, write about the first thing that comes to hand," was the brief order. The scribe drew his pay that night for an article on "door-knobs."

—At a Columbia (Ky.) hanging there were a thousand women present. There is nothing envious about a woman excepting where her own sex is concerned. She always likes to see a man get up in the world.—*Troy Times.*

—A French composer, learning that the original of Byron's "Maid of Athens" was living in poverty, composed a song and sent her the proceeds of its sale. This is truly kind and thoughtful. Most composers would have sent her the song, too.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—"Ah, I owe you a thousand dollars," said a chronic borrower, accidentally meeting his creditor. "O, don't mention it," answered the creditor, politely, but in a mournful tone. "We won't, we won't," replied the debtor, pressing the man's hand.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"Experience may be a dear teacher," remarked a minister as the contribution box was returned to him empty, "but the members of this particular flock who have experienced religion have accomplished it at a very trifling cost. The choir will please sing the seventy-ninth hymn, omitting the first, third and fourth verses, in order to save unnecessary wear on the organ."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—A few days ago a lady entered a store and asked to be shown some dress goods. She was shown a piece at $1.25 a yard, but this not being good enough another at $1.50 was handed down, but she still objected. The clerk then took down the first piece shown her, telling her it was the best in the store at $1.75 per yard. She took ten yards at that price and left perfectly satisfied that she had received the best.—*Chicago Times.*

—There is a neat story told of a lady whose husband had a very small foot, of which he was extremely proud. She flattered him and encouraged his vanity, so that every time he bought tighter and tighter shoes. It was excruciating pain to go about in them, but he would not confess it. However, when he reached home in the evening his slippers were such a welcome relief that it was a difficult matter to induce him to go out after dinner. From a great club man he became noted for his domestic habits. Madame smiled to herself, but said nothing.—*Progress.*

To Parents.

Surround your children when at home with objects and influences which will make their minds best able to enjoy and expand under the teachings of the public instructor. If they see you surround the home with beautiful things, because you love them, they will do so, too. If they see your garden arranged for beauty as well as utility, while all over the homestead stern economy yields to a reverential love of nature, and to a sense that the gratification of the eye and the mind is quite as important as the gratification of the appetite, they will grow up with liberal, generous feelings and opinions; they will be men and women who have the best interest of the world at heart.

Fashions for the Season.

It is amusing to see the air with which it is occasionally announced that jet is to be very much used this season. Was there ever a season in which it was not used? And now that jetted lace and jetted trimmings are made by machinery, and can be bought for a song, it will flourish more than ever upon cheap grenadines and serviceable black mantles. There are specimens of jetted trimmings that are beautiful, but they are overpowered by a vast amount of cheap and showy beaded embroidery upon lace, which, nauseous as it is, sounds as well in print as if it were the richest and rarest of its kind. The entire jetted front to a dress can now be bought for five dollars, and jetted trimming lace for fifty cents a yard—a great temptation to shine at small expense. Red or gold, lilac or amber satin can be bought with a linen back for eighty-five cents a yard, and when the plain front and basque are covered with lace and the back draped, who is to know that it did not cost five dollars per yard? But the jetted laces will be still more popularly used for trimming thin black dresses, grenadines, peagees, nun's railings and crepe de chine. Jetted fringes and laces can be employed in profusion without taxing the strength of the most delicate tissue, as the beads are hollow and the weight nothing in comparison to that used a few years ago.

Crepe de chine is an expensive fabric, and for this rich jetted ornamentation has a special and elective affinity. Like peagee, it requires lighting up in order that its strength and beauty may be seen, and a fine jetted trimming—not upon lace but upon the material, or in the form of passementerie or fringe—fulfills this office. The virtue and vice of jet is its availability. It is used upon all cheap mantels, cheap bonnets, bonnets that are stretched upon a blocked frame, covered first with some high colored satin at fifty cents a yard, and then with jetted lace, with border for the brim and the edge behind. These can be bought as low as $2.50 each.

Biscuit tints are fashionable this season, as they have been more or less every Spring for many years. They always appear with the new importations, because they are used as a mark of distinction and in the making of the most elegant fabrics abroad, and are sent here with the natural idea that they possess the same significance. But this is not the case at all. In Paris, and to a less extent in London, black is the badge of labor; it is the uniform of the business and professional woman, while the laboring populations are still more widely separated from fashion and its votaries, more especially on the Continent, by the short stuff or cotton dress and the clumsy and time honored accessories of their class. Abroad, therefore, these fine tints are a badge of distinction. Hyde Park and the Bois de Boulogne are gay with the most delicate tints, pale blue, sea shell pink, buff, ecru and cream white, while the streets of the two great cities, English and French, are black, morning and evening, with the myriads of business and professional workers who form the same sort of funeral procession from the cradle to the grave.

The straw bonnets are, as yet, quite secondary to the bonnets made up of gold embroidered tissues, or real lace over satin, and trimmed with aigrettes and gold ornaments, or with clusters of fine flowers. Gold lace over primrose satin looks well, and fine real lace over pink, with aigrette of white marabout, powdered with silver. It must be understood that gold lace in small designs and of genuine untarnishable quality is meant. The market is glutted with coarse rubbish that is an insult to the intelligence of the average woman to make for her wearing. A novelty in straw is a hat with a high crown, and brim rolled upon the edge, which is enlarged in a circular form upon the front, so that upon the head it assumes the appearance of a bonnet. The favorite color in these straws is a dull ecru or light mulberry. Upon the mulberry tint, a darker shade of mulberry would be used for velvet folds and facing, and a group of mushrooms in natural color. A dark ecru hat of this kind was seen on Easter Sunday, trimmed with mulberry folds and facing and a group of three mice, above which a cock's plume swept over the crown.

The *Revue de la Mode* for May shows a model of a dress, with plaited skirt of striped silk, the plaits vanished at the bottom and trimmed with lace which falls over a plaiting of plain silk. The draped tunic and waist is of plain silk, the front of the tunic trimmed with lace intermixed with knots of satin ribbon. Similar knots hold the draperies and trim the sleeves. A scarf of black lace encircles the throat, is crossed on the bosom and, passing under a strap of silk, is carried on either side to the back, where it mingles with the draperies of the pouf. It is very graceful and effective.

Dresses of satin rhadames, covered completely with lace flounces, draperies and overlays, are in the hands of dressmakers. Black Chantilly lace is used for entire dresses in Paris, and trainless dresses, with Watteau like grace, made of lace over pale satin rhadames, rule the day there. One of the most striking novelties in new fabrics is Chantilly silk; the ground is shot in all colors, blue and pink, brown and gold, green and cardinal, etc. On this brilliant ground is thrown a kind of raised embroidery in a mossy, velvety appearance, like an application of lace. It is decidedly original and stylish, either in dark colors for visiting costumes or in light shades for evening toilet.

Black gros grains are made up with an overdress that has the basque front sloped to long peplum pointed sides, while the back is in princess shape. Black velvet ribbon fastened in the under arm seam is tied on the front in a point, and the peplum ends have each a large passementerie ornament, or else ribbon loops and floating ends. The fronts and sides of the skirt are covered by a deep, sharply-pointed apron, that has five wide folds turned upward across it, and on each fold is laid a row of embroidery or of lace. For a black satin skirt that is covered by two very deep llama lace flounces, held down each side by rosettes of black satin ribbon; the basque front and princess back are made of black embroidered China crape, with a satin vest, and the new feature of this is cutting away the basque beside the vest, and sewing a wide flounce full on each side of it, to droop carelessly on the satin vest from the throat down, and fall in drapery on the hips.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—Herb Tea: Take a half pound of camomile and a quarter of a pound of gentian root; put them in a jug and pour over them a quart of boiling water; let it stand one hour; then strain into a bottle. Take a wine glass full, fasting.—*Toledo Blade.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, defines that parental fondness which ruins so many children nowadays as "love that has lost its wits."

—The constitution of Alabama forbids the formation of any new county of less area than six hundred square miles, or the formation of a new county of that size if it reduces any old county below that minimum.

—In St. Petersburg, with its million of inhabitants, there are but three newspapers published in the Russian language, save the official *Messenger* and the *Journal de St. Petersburg.* There are two German papers.

—The Connecticut Legislature has settled it. A bill was introduced a short time ago to tax geese and bachelors, and was opposed by a Mr. Harrison, who said that there already was a bill taxing geese, and a man who had lived a bachelor to the age of thirty would come under it.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Governor Cleveland, of New York, has signed the bill prohibiting the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine. This has created a breeze among the manufacturers of that article, who have large amounts of capital invested in the business, and who are loudly denouncing the measure as unconstitutional and unjust. They declare that they will defy the law and let the courts decide on its validity.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—It is said that the scene of the recent Vedder-Pearson tragedy at Luna Island, Niagara Falls, is the precise spot, where, in 1850, a young man named Addidgton playfully threatened to throw the little sister of his betrothed (who, with her mother, completed the party visiting the spot) into the rapids. The child shrieked and sprang from his arms into the swift running water. He instantly jumped in to save her and both were lost.—*Buffalo Express.*

—From experiments made upon the pulse and temperature as affected by smoking, it has been found that the rate of both is increased. Let the average temperature of non-smokers be represented by 1,000, then that of moderate smokers would be 1,008, and while the heart of the former class was making 1,000 beats, in the latter there would be 1,180 in the same space of time. This quickening of the action of the heart is considered a dangerous symptom.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A Chicago museum exhibits a double-headed cow, described as follows: "This cow has two well-formed heads of equal size and is well armed with four brass-tipped horns. The main head possesses all the features of a bright and intelligent member of the bovine family, but the other other lacks the expressive eyes. However, the animal sees, hears, and breathes with both heads, eats with one and drinks with the other. The body is perfect and handsome, the cow being a full-blood Durham."

—One of the bloody customs among the Hindoos of a certain class is to require every woman, previous to piercing the ears of her eldest daughter preparatory to her being betrothed in marriage, to undergo the amputation of the first joints of the third and fourth fingers of her right hand. The amputation is performed by the blacksmith of the village, who, having placed the finger in a block, performs the operation with a chisel. If the girl to be betrothed be motherless and the mother of the boy have not before been subjected to the operation it is incumbent on her to suffer the operation.

—A Massachusetts Yankee went to California several years ago, got dead broke, and was on the point of starving to death. He then joined the Piutes at the Pyramid reservation. He remained there until he had fully mastered the language and habits of his dusky friends, and then painting himself and assuming the garb of the red men went to Walker Lake, where, in consideration of his able advice in the councils of the tribe, he was elected a chief and allowed three wives. He says that, although he sometimes longed for news from the Bay State, he was perfectly content to remain where he was, as he found the roaming, independent life of the Piutes just the thing for a man tired of the busy scenes of civilization.—*Boston Herald.*

The Mysterious Language of the Lunch Counter.

"Three up, coff!" called the waiter. The reporter looked curiously to see what the unusual order meant. The waiter brought the customer three small cakes and a cup of coffee.

"One brown buck," cried another waiter. In a few minutes he brought the customer a plate of buckwheat cakes done brown.

"Beef and" and "ham and" were frequently heard, and the orders were filled with beef and beans and ham and eggs.

"Give me a plate of beans," he said to the waiter.

"One plate of Boston strawberries," yelled that functionary.

The old gentleman was startled, but soon received his favorite dish at a cost of ten cents, while New York strawberries would have cost him fifty.

"Cincinnati quail, have it fat!" was the next order.

The cook cut off a large slice of fat pork and put it on the range.

"All waiters," said the proprietor, who sat at the door to see that no man escaped without paying his bill, "have a system of abbreviation and a peculiar nomenclature for food. Some of our customers know this technical form of ordering so well that they use it themselves."

A well dressed man here entered, and, taking a seat at the table, ordered the waiter to bring him two fishballs.

"One sleeve buttons," cried the waiter, while the cook softly repeated, "sleeve-buttons."—*New York Dial.*

The Wood Family Horse.

John M. Wood, of Washington, Ga., had a horse that he thought the world and all of, notwithstanding it was too old for any use—not being able to eat anything but corn-meal gruel. The other morning, finding it dead in the stable, he ordered a coffin for it and sent out notices of the funeral. There was a large concourse of people present—some attracted by the novelty of the affair and others out of respect for the old horse, which was known far and near on account of his many virtues. It had borne Mr. Wood's father through all the campaigns from the Ohio to Savannah, and was surrendered by Johnston to Sherman at Greenville, but immediately returned to Mr. Wood in compliance with Sherman's orders that all captured horses should be turned over to the Confederate soldiers, in order that they might have something to begin farming with. For many years it was the mainstay of the Wood family.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

An Eye on the Conductors.

"Passenger conductors in California have about forgotten what the term 'knocking down' means," said the wearer of a gold-laced cap and brass-buttoned coat to a reporter on a Southern Pacific Railway train recently; "but in former days they could have told you—had they a mind to—how they had been able to buy Consolidated Virginia stock, smoke two-bit cigars and get a new suit of clothes once a month without the necessity of going very deep into their salaries."

"But the conductors were close-mouthed regarding such transactions then, and how is one to know but that with the same quietness and the same opportunities on their part now, there may still be the same number of private assessments levied on the companies?"

"Yes, I know that's what people seem to think; but I will give you my word of honor that, so far as my knowledge in the matter extends, such is not the case. It isn't because the conductors are any more honest nowadays than formerly, but because they run greater risks."

"How is that?"

"Well, there is a system of private surveillance going on nearly all the while, a sort of railroad detective agency, which practically precludes the chance of a man knocking down as much as fifty cents a day. This system is maintained at a cost which far exceeds the amount that might be diverted from the coffers of the company by the conductor who looks out for the main chance, or who strives to make up in salary what he loses in social comfort by being away from his home and family for twenty-four days of the month. I do not know that this system is necessary to the aims of the company, though it certainly exists. A man would be as much deterred from 'knocking down' if he were given to understand that there were detectives aboard his train, even though there were not, as he would if each passenger had been secretly constituted a ferret for the railroad. There is a better opportunity for a freight conductor to add to his monthly stipend than there is on the biggest passenger train now running on this coast. There a man has everything his own way, and, by standing in with the brakemen, he may reserve for his own use a good share of what turns up in the way of non-ticketed passengers. Then, too, a man on $60 or $75 a month can peculate with better conscience than one who is receiving $100 or $125, unless the latter has some grudge against the company—and most of them manage to work up such a grudge on slight provocation. My solution of the question," continued the conductor, as he winked his eye significantly, "would be to allow conductors sufficient salary to place them above the temptation of appropriating the company's cash."

"Can the ferrets always be relied on by the company?"

"No. Occasionally the railroad employs the wrong man for a detective. An incident occurred not long ago where a passenger in the same seat with a spotter turned in $4.50 for fare and the conductor failed to make any account of it to the company. Instead of reporting the misappropriation the spotter made the conductor come down with $4 and left only fifty cents in the hands of the latter, who, though somewhat disgusted at such treatment, doubtless considered himself lucky to fall in with a man who was on the same lay as himself. Even as it was, he expected to be switched off for a month or so after the incident.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Sammy Bumgarten's Silver Mine.

Sammy Bumgarten is a Pennsylvania Dutchman—his ancestors have lived in the neighborhood of Middleburg, Snyder County, Pa., for two hundred years, and he still cultivates the farm of his great-grandfather. His wife, sons and daughters are Pennsylvania Dutch to the backbone. Only Sammy and the boys can speak English, which they have picked up in the outside world. Home-made Dutch is the language of the family. Sammy is forty years old. Nothing has ever happened till last winter to dam up the even flow of his life. He has cultivated his farm and raised a little corn and wheat, cattle, pigs and horses; while in the winter the monotony of life was varied by trips up the Shade mountains to cut white pine shingles on the property of the New York speculator whose lands adjoined his, and who in despair had given up writing letters to his agent complaining of the disappearance of the white pine from his tract. Reason enough there was; for Sammy and his ancestors had been poaching shingle cuttings for many generations.

Last winter one morning the whole family left the farm and went up the mountain to cut shingles—father, mother, three red-cheeked girls and two big-shouldered sons. High above the valley Sammy cut down a big white pine that grew out of a mass of boulders. It was dinner time when the tree fell, and they all sat down on the root to eat their scrabble and pie. While thus occupied Mrs. Bumgarten picked up a little piece of stone, in which were imbedded particles of matter that shone like silver. "Pop, it's silver," she said: "I read in the papers how silver looks." A few knocks with the axe revealed the fact that all the rocks were filled with the shining particles; and from that time forth the New York speculator's white pine was respected. The family marched down the mountain, and set to work talking and dreaming about the silver mine. Sammy used up the savings of a life time in buying, at a dollar an acre, a strip of the mountain side of a thousand acres containing the rocks. He bought it from the New York man, who remarked, that as Sammy had cut the timber off without paying for it, he thought it was a generous act to come forward and buy the bare rocks.

When the purchase was completed and the deed recorded at Middleburg, Sammy sat down and wrote the following letter to a Wall Street man, whose name his wife found in the paper.

MIDDLEBURG, Snyder County, Pa., Febry 19th, A. D., 1884.

Mr Wm C Middlebum & Co, wall street, New Yorke state:

SIR: I was tolte that thare ware som Ridge rainral man in Wall streete New Yorke, so I ride you. Plees led me know and the names of tham, plees send them ride to my place.—I haf fount silver.—I think id will mak 100 pount silver to the tun of Rock and my wive bronounced id ridger yed. Yrs truly,

SAM BUMGARTEN.

Sammy and his wife and children have waited since last winter expecting to hear from Wall Street. The farm is half cultivated, the neighboring timber is undisturbed, and they think and talk of nothing but the millions they expect from the 1,000 acres that cost $1.00 per acre.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

—A wholesale tobacco dealer in New York City claims that cigarette smoking is dying out, and that 14,000,000 less cigarettes were sold in 1883 than in 1882.—*N. Y. Times.*

"How to Keep Your Husband Home Nights."

A few days ago a Detroit wife was reading a newspaper article which tickled her almost to death. It was entitled: "How to Keep Your Husband at Home," and it was about the Troy wife who turned the sitting room into a saloon and thus wedded her husband to his home and kept him in nights.

This Detroit wife cackled and grinned and cackled again, and vowed that she'd follow the plan to the last detail. That evening, when her husband had finished his supper and was making a rush for his hat to go down and see a man on $100,000 worth of business, the exultant wife led him into the library. There was sawdust on the floor, six big spittoons artistically arranged around the room and a bar on which rested half a dozen bottles of beer and a supply of beer glasses.

"My angel wife, may Heaven bless you!" exclaimed the husband, as he looked around him and took in all the details.

Then he walked around and expectorated in each spittoon, and he walked up to the bar and swore like a trooper and called for beer. When he had drank it he kicked over the chairs and said he was just as good as Vanderbilt or any other man. When he had imbibed some more beer he kicked over the bar and broke the bottles, and as soon as his wife began to talk politics he blacked her eye and went into the clean out the place. When the neighbors finally got the man quieted down things were endwise and crosswise all over the house, while half the neighborhood were hunting for a fire alarm box and the other half for the police. When the hysterical wife had finally explained her plan to the mob filling the parlor the husband sat up on end amidst the wreck and waved his fists about and shouted:

"You bez your booz! Nicesz s'loon in this town! Nicesz wife in D'troit! Everybody come up'n driz at my 'spense! Whoop! Wherezer man who wants 'er run out nights!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Wouldn't Exaggerate.

"A freight car doesn't appear to be a big thing, but you have no idea what it will hold until you come to crowd it once," remarked a passenger, as we passed an "boarding car" for track hands. "I'll tell you what I saw once out in Nebraska. At a station called Sutton, on the extension of the Burlington Road, the whole town for about a month was one freight car. Yes, sir, just one freight car run out on a couple of old rails by the side of the track. It contained the freight office, ticket office, telegraph office, waiting-room, express office, and a real-estate office, a grocery, with wet goods attachment, a small stock of dry goods, and the agricultural implement man had his stock scattered around, and his office in the car. The railroad agent's family lived in the car, too, and his wife took in boarders. Near that airt all. The last day I was there I saw a sign on that car, "Furnished Rooms to Rent," but afterward learned that meant a bunk in the tent on the roof. I wouldn't exaggerate about this freight car just to squeeze in a little joke like that."—*Chicago Herald.*

CURES OF RHEUMATISM AND SCIATICA.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., March 3, 1884.

I am a boat-builder living at Peekskill, New York. I have been greatly troubled during the past winter with Rheumatism in my back and shoulder. I have used ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS and they always relieve the pain. I have used other plasters recommended by friends, but I find ALLCOCK'S decidedly the best. We have used them in the family for some years, and would not be without them.

WM. F. OSBORN.

CROTON LANDING, New York, Jan. 21, 1884.

This will certify that BRANDRETH'S PILLS and ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS cured me of a very severe attack of sciatica. I was taken with this severe pain on January 4, 1881, and, having tried various remedies without benefit, I bethought me of the above named medicines. I took two pills every night at bed-time, and put five ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS on my limbs. I had not use them over three days before I felt great relief, and in thirty days I was completely cured. They took all the rheumatism out of my system. Thanking God first, and you secondly, I am truly yours, etc.,

E. CHASE,
Principal Public School, Croton Landing.

When purchasing a *Porous* Plaster, be sure to get "Allcock's." All other so-called Porous Plasters are imitations.

NOT what its cracked up to be—An ancient egg.

"Mother Swan's Worm Syrup," for feverishness, worms, constipation, tasteless. 25c

THE fame that comes from hanging is but hemp-tie honor.—*N. O. Picayune.*

PAPILLON Cough Cure is a delicious vegetable syrup. A cure for Whooping Cough, that has never failed. By druggists.

"Buchu-paiba." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney and Urinary Diseases, $1.

A BROKEN idle—The tramp.—*Boston Post.*

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, May 20, 1884.			
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	$5 25	@	5 90
Native Heifers	4 10	@	5 00
Native Cows	3 25	@	4 00
Butchers' Steers	5 20	@	5 27½
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	4 90	@	5 40
Light	5 05	@	5 20
WHEAT—No. 1	1 02	@	1 03
No. 2	99	@	1 00
No. 3	76	@	78½
CORN—No. 2	42	@	45
OATS—No. 2	28	@	29½
RYE—No. 2	50	@	52½
FLOUR—Fancy, per sack	2 25	@	2 30
HAY—Car lots, bright	7 00	@	7 50
BUTTER—Choice dairy	20	@	25
CHEESE—Kansas, new	11	@	12
EGGS—Choice	10	@	12
PORK—Hams	12	@	13½
Shoulders	7½	@	9¾
Sides	9¼	@	9¾
LARD	9	@	10
WOOL—Missouri, unwashed	15	@	18
POTATOES—Per bushel	45	@	50
ST. LOUIS.			
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	5 90	@	6 40
Butchers' Steers	5 25	@	5 75
HOGS—Good to choice	5 50	@	5 75
SHEEP—Fair to choice	4 50	@	5 50
FLOUR—XXX to choice	3 75	@	4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Winter	1 10¼	@	1 13½
No. 3	1 03¼	@	1 04
CORN—No. 2 mixed	50	@	53
OATS—No. 2	33½	@	33¾
RYE—No. 2	60	@	61
PORK	16 55	@	16 75
COTTON—Middling	10	@	11½
TOBACCO—New Lugs	4 40	@	4 75
Medium new leaf	6 25	@	5 75
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Good shipping	5 70	@	6 10
HOGS—Good to choice	5 30	@	5 70
SHEEP—Fair to choice	6 00	@	6 50
FLOUR—Common to choice	5 00	@	6 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 09	@	1 09¾
No. 3	78	@	80
No. 2 Spring	85½	@	86
CORN—No. 2	54¾	@	55¼
OATS—No. 2	32	@	33
RYE	60	@	62
PORK—New Mess	17 20	@	17 30
NEW YORK.			
CATTLE—Exports	6 22	@	6 50
HOGS—Good to choice	4 75	@	5 20
COTTON—Middling	10¼	@	10½
FLOUR—Good to choice	4 50	@	6 75
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 00¾	@	1 01½
No. 2 Spring	1 05	@	1 06
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To a cold is like oil on troubled waters. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

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MRS. ANN LACOUR, of New Orleans, La., writes: "I have a son who has been sick for two years; he has been attended by our leading physicians, but all to no purpose. We had in the house a bottle of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. We administered it and he was instantly relieved."

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WE take pleasure in informing the public of the merits of Papillon Catarrh Cure. It will cure Chronic Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Rose-cold, and for Hay Fever no remedy is as effective. It has cured hundreds of cases. Sold by druggists.

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"ANOTHER expedition to the pole," said the man, as he wended his way to his barber shop.

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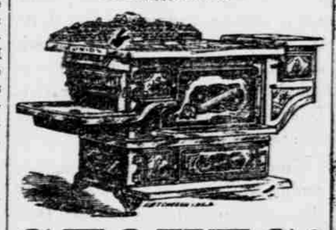

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CANCER for 14 YEARS.

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Yours thankfully, ELIZA TINSLEY.

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