A WONDERFUL DAUGHTER.

"A strong face? You may well say that, ma'am, and the picture don't half do her justice either. I recken it would be hard to find a woman now like the one who owned that face, and her life was a story just like those you've read in books. If you don't mind, I'll tell yon about her." The old man closed his eyes a moment, as if to recall from his inner thoughts the years long passed, and while he waited I studied more closely the face in the picture before me.

Many years must have come and gone since the artist had given the last touch to his work, but it smiled upon me in such a living way, and stood out so plainly upon the canvas that it needed no word to tell that it had been the work of a master hand. A massive frame of heavy guilt that had grown but little dimmed by time, and the laces resting at her throat gave evidence of wealth. It was a young face, a strong face, almost a handsome ace; but its great characteristic was intellectual force and intense will power. This gave her a sort of fascination that held the observer who had seen it once, until he must look and look again. It was not the kind of a picture usually found in cottages, and seemed out ot keeping with the old man, who sat on the vine-covered porch, dreaming the Autumn days away.

I had lost my way in rambling through the outskirts of Tullahoma, one of our New England towns well known for its cottages, and had stumbled upon this cottage before I was aware. The old man, venerable with age, and alone, attracted me. I asked permission to rest, and while waiting for a drink of spring water, my eye rested on the picture I have mentioned, and caused me to exclaim, "What a strong face!" He was ready for the story, which I will give in his own words:

"You see we had been married ten years, and never a chick or child had come to us. It was getting sort of lonesome for us to sit down morning, noon and night, just us two, and we begun to talk of adopting a child, when a pair of twins came. They were born Thanksgiving morning, and though it is nigh on to 40 years since it happened, I can see those two little heads lying on the pillows just as plain as if it had happened to-day. One was a boy. "That's for company for me," she added. "What shall we call them?"

"Something that means something," I answered.

After thinking and talking and praying over it, we made up our minds to call the boy Welcome, and the girl Thanksgiving. That's her in the picture, and every one'll tell you I speak the truth when I say she was as smart a girl as ever drew a breath.

Welcome was always delicate, but she was always strong and well, and knew more than any girl I ever saw. We lived over the mountains, in a neighboring county then, where schools were poor, and children couldn't have a chance to use their brains; for you see, if a body can't be taught to use their intellects, it's worse than if they didn't have them, for they just keep a working inside with nothing to do, till they wear out body and sold. So when the twins were ten years old; I said to my wife, "Samanthy, do you know what we're doing?"

"No, Ephraim," says she, and she looked up suddenly.

"We're making idols of those blessed twins, and not doing our duty by them."

"I've thought the same thing," she said

"What's to be done?" says I.

"Pray about it," she says. Samantha was a wonderful woman to pray about everything.

"Something else must be done," says I.

"What's that?"

"Sell this place and remove to Tullahoma, where they can get good schooling. Whoever knew a child to teach herself to read when she was three years old, like our Thanksgiving? And we might better starve their bodies than their minds, for their minds last forever?"

"You're right Ephraim, you're always seeing what must be done. We'll sell this Fall.

And so we did, and came to this very cottage, and settled down where we could send 'em to school, and began to take college students to board. Wife was a good cook, and we soon had as many as we wanted. One of 'em was a poor chap who offered to teach the twins for his board. It was getting cold weather, and this was just what we wanted. So he took them under his charge, and they learned so fast he said they'd soon be ready for college. One day he came to me and said:

"Do you know you've got a wonderful daughter Mr. Woodward? Some day her name will be known all over the world as a very learned woman. She ought to be splendidly educated."

"Do your best, Collins, and I'll buy her books," said I. So then he let her begin Latin and Greek, and when he graduated she was 15 years old and ready for college, only women could not go to college then.

"They can't keep me from studying at home, anyhow," she said to me, "and I'll keep up with Welcome in all his studies just as if I was in college."

That year a young man named Cyril Hazlitt came to board at our house. His father was a rich man in New York, but no one would have guessed it to see Cyril, for he was quiet and well behaved, and uncommonly fond of his books. No sooner did he get acquainted with Welcome than he found out Thanksgiving studied every night and kept up with him just as if she was going to graduate. This made him take the notion of giving up his room in college hall, and hiring our parlor, so he could help her, for he had a better fit than most of the freshmen, and didn't need to study quite so hard. In a month he was like one of us, and he and Welcome were just like brothers. College fellows used to make fun of him for being at our house so much, calling him one of the triplets, but he was too sensible to care, and went on just the same. I can see those three youngsters now, sitting in that very sitting room, studying night after night. It's hard to think it was so long ago, but they are waiting for the old man, all of them, over there.

Just as he was getting ready to graduate, the war broke out. He was determined to go from the first, but we kept coaxing him to wait, and Welcome told him if he would wait until vacation, he would go to; so he quieted down a spell, and said but little about it. I noticed Thanksgiving looked pale and did not eat well, but I thought it was studying too hard, or worrying about Welcome's going to war; but I never dreamed she cared for Cyril till one night we were all sitting on the porch, and we saw some one running toward the house. It was a bright moonlight night, as light as ever a night could be, and soon as he was near enough we saw it was a student who took his meals with us, named Sam Fellows. He had no sooner come within calling distance then he shouted:—

"Have you heard the news? There's been a battle! Our side has lost. I am going."

"So am I," said Cyril, jumping up.

"And I," says our Welcome. Thanksgiving just shut her hands tight together, and said not a word.

"I have waited too long already, and shall go at once." As Cyril spoke he came forward and taking Thanksgiving's hand brought her right up before me, and then he spoke so all could hear:—

"Mr. Woodward, I must ask you what I never meant to ask till I was ready to take her to a home of her own. I love Thanksgiving as I love myself and I would marry her before I enlist. As my wife she could come to me if necessary, and if worst comes to worst, she would have my property. Can we be married at once? You know me and you know whether I could make her happy."

Poor child! Though she was nineteen, I thought of her as a child, and I saw in the moonlight her face grow whiter and whiter, and I believe she would have fallen down if he had not put his arms around her and kept her up.

Well, they were married late that night, and next day nearly all the senior class started for Washington, and we were alone—wife, Thanksgiving and I. That day a low covered buggy, with a jet-black horse came up from town, and the man who left it said that Cyril had told him to bring it up for his wife.

In the next mail came a letter, telling her to ride every day, and show how brave she was by keeping cheerful, and well, and happy. It was a hard matter, but she was no common girl; and every morning at sunrise she would start off on a ride with either her mother or me, and then come home and work all day as if she were paid for it. We all knew what it meant—that she made herself tired so as to sleep nights, and so we let her work as much as she liked. One day a letter came from New York. It was from Cyril's mother, saying they would be there next day to call on their son's wife. I saw two bright red spots come on Thanksgiving's cheeks as she read it, but not a word did she say. She brought in fresh ferns for the sitting-room, and made the house look as cheery as if it were summer time; and when it was time for them to come, she took a book in her hand, and sat down by the window.

I knew what she thought, and I knew she wished they had not come at all; but as you said, ma'am, she was a strong character, and never hung back from what she thought right to do. And so, when the carriage drove up, and an old gentleman with a gold-headed cane asked if Mrs. Hazlitt lived there, she went forward and bowed, and said that was her name. There were three of the strangers, his father, mother and sister, and all of them looking at Thansgiving as if they wanted to see what kind of a girl she was, and not over friendly, I thought, at first; but in a moment they put their arms around her and kissed her, and began to talk about Cyril as if it did their hearts good to tell how they loved him. When they got through, I said: "We know all about him, and we set a sight of store by him; but we have a boy of our own, just as good, who is with him now, if he's alive." At this, they all burst out laughing, and were just like old friends.

They staid a week at the hotel, coming up every day for Thanksgiving to go driving with them, and then took her with them. Wife and I did not dare to say we could not ler her go, for we could see she was getting paler and paler every day, so we never let on how lonely we'd be without her; but when she was gone, we felt as if the world had slipped from our feet, and we were all alone. She wrote to us every day, telling us the places she was visiting, Niagara Falls, the sea shore and the great lakes, and by and by we got kind of used to doing without her, and living on her letters. We never saw her again till Christmas, and she came up to stay a month with us, bringing that picture as a Christmas present. She was just the same as she always was, only a shade more stately. She was dressed like a high-born lady, I can tell you, and if her husband had been safe and her twin brother, I knew she would have been as happy as a queen.

She told us all about the high society she had seen, and how the richest and best of the ladies gave up their fine dresses and pleasurings to scrape lint and make comforts for soldiers, but she did not tell us what I found out afterwards, that she had given her time to hospital work in New York, so as to know better what to do if she was needed for the soldiers. One night a telegram came to her saying:

"I am ill; come to me. WELCOME."

"This means Cyril," she said, and left on the afternoon train for New York. You can imagine how our hearts quaked with fear at the thought of our boy's danger. "Faith, ma'am, is a great thing, but it does not take away human love. We waited for another message. It came next day, and told us both boys were sick in the hospital. Then we prayed for strength and tried to be patient. The third day came the word:

"Meet me on the train at midnight."

Should we meet both or one? We dared not think, and again we waited, and as we waited, prayed. They both came. Our boy Welcome and his twin sister, but he was lying with his face upturned in his coffin, and she, almost as white, could not speak. He was the first of all the college boys to die, and his grave is near the gate of the college burying ground. I somehow can't remember all that followed. It seemed as if I lived in a terrible dream. Wife mourned over Welcome and tried to save Thanksgiving's life, as the fever fought for her. Weeks passed, and she got well. Then I knew all. She had found husband and brother in the hospital, the one getting better and the other dying. She had never left them till Welcome died, and then she came to the old home. Cyril's parents were with him, and when she was once more able to move about, he wrote that he was going into battle and would not fear death if only he could have seen her first.

"I must go now," she said; "I am needed elsewhere, and if your hearts ache at home, you must remember how many other hearts are aching and breaking. I am glad Welcome went and died for his country. So must you be."

From that time she never came home while the war lasted. I used to see her name in the papers as a wonderful woman, as brave as she was good, and good as she was brave. Then I would remember what her first teacher said of her, and say to myself, "Yes, its just as he said only she is noted, not for her intellect, though she had it, but for her great heart, which is better." Her hands, never used to constant labor, were so tender that she had to harden them with salt and water to make them tough enough to bear all she went through. Her husband had been promoted from grade to grade, till he was called Col. Hazlitt. He had been through many battles untouched, but at Fredricksburg he fell. A sharpshooter pierced his lungs with a bullet, and for three days he lay among the wounded. She saw him in her dreams lying there, and she started to find him. With a permit in her hand she went herself to the field of battle and searched among the fallen for her husband. At last she found him, senseless as if dead. She made them carry him to the hospital, and ordered the bullet removed. They took it out under his left shoulder, and gave him up to die. She never left him until he was out of danger, and as soon as he could be moved took him to New York. He was never well after. A cough settled on him, and consumption did what the bullet failed to do. When she was 23 she was a widow. I know what you think, ma'am; you think she was better off than many of the widows of that year—and so she was, but you must remember that she had lost a brother as dear to her as herself—a part of herself—and you must know she never had friends like other girls, for she had always lived at home with us, so she was more alone than any other woman.

Did she come home then? No, indeed. She took the fortune he had left her, and gave days and nights to helping the poor soldier's widows. Whenever she could hear of anyone that was needy, there she would go with kind words and a purse of money. I could never tell you what she did, and unless you heard her in the dead of the night groan out the name of Cyril or Welcome, you would never have dreamed she was a broken-hearted woman. In five years she joined them. Her last words were: "O Cyril—oh Welcome!" and then dropped asleep with a smile on her lips. Wife went next, and now I'm the only one left behind. I sit here every day in the sunlight, and think how much bright it is with them over there, and I wonder how much longer I will have to wait, for I've been alone for a long time, then I look at the picture there and say to myself, "Surely I can be patient and prove myself worthy of being the father of our Thanksgiving."—Advance.

Slang of the Day.

Philadelphia Ledger.

Too many slang phrases have been forced into the language of our citizens' daily intercourse. Believing it would be a benefit to people to let them see how these expressions look in print, I send you a few that may be heard on the streets, and even in society, where you would least expect to hear them.

"That's the kind of a hairpin I am," is something I heard a girl of about 17 say to a companion on Eighth street the other evening.

How often do we hear the remark, "You bet," "You bet your boots," or "You bet your life" and "Cheese it."

The other day I heard one man say to another that he was going to the "Gin mill" to "Cook his goose." "That's too thin," he is a "Bilk," a "Beat," a "Deadbeat," he's "Up the spout," "Used up," "Settle his hash," "Throw up the sponge," "Give him the bounce," "Don't get yonr back up," "Not for Joseph," "In a horn," "Over the left," "Not if I know myself," "For instance," "Thanks." This last is the cigarette dude's sickening expression.

Again we hear "That's what's the matter with Hannah," we are in "Full feather," or we will "Run our face," "Cut it fat," or "Draw it mild," "Give us a rest," or "Sport a new title," a "B. T. I." (big thing on ice), "On the the D. Q. (dead quiet), and "O. K." (quite correct.)

We also hear "Pull down your vest" and "Chuck out your chest," that the man with the "Decorated bugle," has the "Jim-jams." "Got 'em bad," "Flying ax-handles," and a "Mansard over his eye," that he proposes to "Whipe off your chin," see the "Man around the corner," "Put a head on him," a "Big head," then "Light out," "Leather," and finally "Irrigate" by "Taking a snifter of "Three fingers of clear juice," and with his friend "Tom Collins" will "Hire a hall," "shoot the hat," "Grub a check" and take a little "Kentucky" wine, thereby "Driving another nail;" he is a "Smart Aleck," a "Tody blossom," "Went off on his ear," "Top heavy," therefore for him we will "Make it warm," "Pile on the agony," for he must either "Put up or shut up," he has "Too much jaw," is Barefooted on top of the head," must "Throw the bones," "Nominate his poison," "Swamp votes," and when "Bustead" or "Dead gone," we can "Stave him off" and "Drop him gently," as he is "A little too fresh" and a "Tough citizen."

All this, however, is nothing to "Old money-bags," the "Bloated bondholder," "Fine as silk," "We make em ourselves," "Taking it all in," "Beating his way through the world," "Sit down on him," "Old hoss," "Full of crookedness," "Irregularities," "An ornament," "Snatch him bald-headed." "Another man gone wrong."

We are told to "Go off and die," to "Take a tumble" and a "Drop," he "Died with his boots on," "Go throw yourself" and "She is a daisy," "Ah! there my size," "Rats," that such and such a thing is a "Rough deal" or a "Square deal," that we "Can stand the racket" and "Give your tongue a vacation."

How many of these expressions are in daily use and how often some of them are seen in the press of the great cities.

A Pretty Stiff Story.

There is a problem in this town for the temperance people to solve. He is in the neighborhood of fifty years old, and his life for the last ten years has been the comment of all who know him. His business requires the finest eye, the most delicate touch and dreamy fancy, and, moreover, there must be inventive talent that needs replenishment as the seasons come and go. Yet for ten years he has averaged between thirty and forty drinks of hard liquor every day. Frequently he has been known to drink sixty times a day. He does not confine himself to whisky, gin or brandy, but jumbles them all up, taking brandy before breakfast and gin and whisky the rest of the day. He has been known to take nine gin fizzes before 8 o'clock in the morning. He is in bed every night at 10 o'clock, and up at 6 in the morning. He attends strictly to business, save for the time that is occupied in dashing in and out of a neighboring hotel bar room. He is well known up town, and the pride of his friends is that this human sepluchre of rum has never been seen intoxicated. Some swell New York boys who tried to follow exactly in his footsteps for a single day were seen floundering into a Turkish bathing establishment before 10 o'clock in the morning.

There is news from Cochin, China, that a meteorite of great size has fallen not far from Tayninh. This brings to mind the Cranbourne meteorite, found near Melbourne in 1861, and weighing 4 tons, which is one of the largest known. That found in Brazil, weighing 14 tons, is also one of the largest known. But it, again, is far behind the meteoric mass found in 1870 by Nordenskjold at Ovijak, in West Greenland. He found three meteorites there—one weighing 4 tons, another weighing 14 tons and a third, weighing 22 1-2 tons.

The Funereal Month of March.

An observant metropolitan barber says that he can tell one's physical condition by the state of the hair!

The Bible tells us that with his hair gone Samson lost his strength. The Romans considered baldness a serious affliction and Julius Cæsar was never quite satisfied with himself because his poll was bare.

The face, however, is the open book and one can readily trace in its various expressions, lines, changes and complexion the state of the system.

The eye that is unusually bright and yet has a pallid brightness, the face upon whose cheeks nature paints a rose of singular beauty and flush, more marked in contrast with the alabaster appearance of the forehead and nose and lower part of the face, is one of those whom the skilled physician will tell you will some day dread the funeral month of March, because it is then that consumption reaps its richest harvest. Consumption they tell us is caused by this that and the other thing, by microbes in the air, by micro-organisms in the blood, by deficient nutrition, by a thousand and one other things, but whatever the cause, decay begins with a cough and the remedy that will effectually stop the cause of that cough cures the disease of the lungs.

That is all there is of it.

The cough is an evidence of a wasting. To stop it effectually, a remedy must be used that will search out the cause, remove that and then heal the lung and do away with the cough. This is the power, special to itself, possessed alone by Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption remedy. This is no new-fangled notion of narcotics and poisons, but an old-fashioned preparation of balsams, roots and herbs, such as was used by our ancestors many years ago, the formula of which has been secured exclusively by the present manufacturers at great trouble and expense. It is not a mere cold dryer. It is a system-searcher and upbuilder and a consumption expellant. Where others fail, it wins, because it gets at the constitutional cause and removes it from the system.

J. W. Hensaw of Greensboro, Pa., on Jan. 15, 1888, reported that "he had derived more real benefit for the length of time, from Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption remedy than he had for years from the best state physicians."

If you have a cough, night sweats, "positive assurance in your own mind that you, oh—you, have no consumption," and yet lose flesh, appetite, courage, as your lungs waste away, you may know that soon the funereal month of March will claim you, unless promptly and faithfully you use the article named. If other remedies have failed try this one thoroughly. If others are offered, insist the more on trying this unequaled preparation.

Some persons are prone to consumption and they should never allow the disease to become seated.

Her Own Way.

"A pusson sometimes gits more ob dere own way dan agrees wid dere own healt," philosophically remarked an old colored woman to her mistress "I mind onct dat I wanted ter visit my sistah, 'n'nuffin mus' do but dat I mus' go in Moses's ox-kyart. Moses was a-goin' down dere faw to do some haulin', 'n' I tole him to take me 'long.

"He says to me, 'Polly dem oxen is mighty fresky, an' yer bes' not go wid all dem pickaninnies', but I paid no 'tention ter 'im.

"I tuck six or seben ob de smalles' chillen; and climbed into dat ox-kyart.

"Well, fus' ting I knowed dem oxens 'gan ter trot, and I yelled ter Moses, ter know what was de matter.

"'Dey is makin' for de water!' says 'e.

"'Stop 'em, den, for massy's sake!' says I.

"'I can't,' says 'e.

"Wid dat I jumped outen dat kyart leabin' all dem pickaninnies in dar. Den I war in distress sho' 'nough, 'n' I yelled, 'O dem axens! O my chillens!' And all de time dem beasts kep' a-lopin' for de branch, 'n' Moses was runnin' 'n' yellin' 'gee' 'n' 'haw' 'n' raisin' a pow'ful dus', but couldn't stop 'em.

"Putty soon I saw young Mars Robert comin' down de road, 'n' I says, 'Mars Robert, for goodness' sake keep dem oxens from de drink!' 'n' he jis say, 'whoa dar now!' 'n' dey stop stock still.

"I got out dem chillen, 'n' I haint been so sot in my way eber sence!"

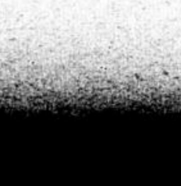
The Comstock silver mines in Virginia City mining science has reached its highest point, according to a San Francisco newspaper, which says that there they carry water down a vertical shaft to the depth of 1,700 feet, and then gear it back to the surface, running the gigantic mills by the 1,700 foot pressure. When the plan was suggested to engineers of Europe they laughed at it; but now it's a proved success and furnishes a power immeasurably greater and cheaper than anything hitherto applied in mining.

Another story is related concerning Emperor William's economic habits. On a recent cold morning his servant brought him his military cloak which he has worn for many years. He put it on, looked into the glass, and remarked that the collar ought to be renewed, as it seemed faded. The attendent suggested it would perhaps be better to get a new cloak, whereupon the Kaiser replied: "What are you thinking of? The cloak is good enough. I have not even worn it as long as a good coat has to serve for recruits."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar



THOUSANDS SAY THAT ELY'S CREAM BALM Cured Them of CATARRH.

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 235 Greenwich, N. Y.

Doing Up a Man.

Detroit Free Press.

A well-dressed, well-satisfied man stood leaning against a lamp-post at the corner of Woodward avenue and Congress street recently to enjoy the sunshine and the panorama of travel, when a man who had been observing him from a doorway for some time walked up to him held out his hand and said:

"Hello! Dick, you here?"

"You are mistaken, sir," coodly replied the other.

"What! Are you not Dick Richards?"

"No, sir."

"Come now, Dick, no playing off. That was a bad affair of yours in Mobile, but I'm glad to see that you got away. I shan't blow on you."

"Sir! You are mistaken in your man!" exclaimed the other. "My name is not Dick Richards, and I was never in Mobile in my life."

"Good!" whispered the other. "Don't give yourself away, but look out for the peelers. Any of 'em can pick up on the description. Mum is the word. Ta-ta."

And he went back to his doorway, while the other man got red and white by turns and finally moved off down the street. He had no sooner left the post than the other took his place, and as he rubbed his hands together he chuckled:

"He was too well dressed and taking too much comfort, and I had to do it."

Open or Shut.

Riding on a railway train, a gentleman sitting next an open window was tapped on the shoulder sharply by a woman behind him, who said, "I wish you'd shut that window right off, mister, I'm freezing."

"Freezing!" exclaimed another woman, who occupied the same seat with the gentleman; you ain't doing anything of the sort. I'm just suffocating with the heat."

"I'm freezin' I tell you!"

"And I tell you I'm suffocating!"

"I'll tell you what to do," said an elderly man in the front seat, turning around impatiently; "shut the window by all means, until this one is suffocated, and then open it until the other freezes to death!"

This was decidedly a rude remark, but it emphasized the need of courtesy if one wishes to travel pleasantly on railroad trains.—Youth's Companion.

Bismarck will be seventy-three years old on April 1.

Persons prematurely gray can have their hair restored to its youthful beauty, by using Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, the best article in the market.

An exchange contains the following information regarding the value of rare American coins: The half-dolla of 1852, representing Liberty seated is in circulation. It is worth $1.75. The quarter of 1853, with rays, is also occasionally met. It brings $2. Among silver dollars of recent coinage, the 1858 dollar, representing Liberty, seated, is the most valuable. It is worth $15. The dollar of 1838 has a flying eagle on the reverse side. A little worn it would pass without notice. It is worth $15. So is the same coin of 1839. Both are in circulation. The 20-cent piece of 1877 is worth 1.50, and of 1878, 1.25. They are to be met, though rarely. The valuable dimes and half-dimes were all coined before 1846. The silver 3-cent piece of 1873, with the large star brings 60 cents; the copper 2-cent piece of the same year is worth the same. The flying-eagle cent of 1856 sells for $1. All the gold coins coined prior to 1833 command premiums.

At New York the extensive lace factory of Duden & Co. was burned with a large quantity of valuable lace intended for export. Loss, $100,000.

"I have thee on the hip," cried rheumatism seizing his victim and tossing him on a suffering bed. "Not so," he cried, "not so! Wait, my ancient foe, just five minutes, until the boy brings a bottle of Salvation Oil, then we'll see who wins the day.

Patti, it is said, guards herself carefully against cold. She evidently does not believe in free concerts, but does believe in the free use of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, as it has cured her several times.

Trooper Charles Allman committed suicide in Milwaukee recently.

Unitarian Literature

Explaining the Liberal Faith as held by Unitarians, sent free by addressing M. E. Partridge, 1108 Harmor Place, Minneapolis, or J. E. McCain, 194 Pleasant Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

A farmer near Rush City, Minn., committed suicide by blowing his brains out with a musket.

A colored school teacher near Owensboro, Ky., is accused of having betrayed seven female pupils.

AN EXTENDED POPULARITY. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have been before the public many years. For relieving Coughs and Throat Troubles they are superior to all other articles. Sold only in boxes.

During the war, Dr. Lloyd, of Ohio, from exposure contracted consumption. He says: "I have no hesitation in saying that it was by the use of Allen's Lung Balsam that I am now alive and enjoying perfect health." Don't experiment with new and untried medicines. If you have a cough or cold, take at once Allen's Lung Balsom.

Baron Richtofen, professor of geology in the university, and a famous Chinese explorer, is dead.

The North Star Lung and Throat Balsam is a sure cure for Coughs and Colds.

A sensational suicide occurred in Chicago Miss Josie McCullen had agreed with William S. Hartnell, who shot himself the day before, to follow his example, and fulfilled her promise.

100 Doses One Dollar

This is not a catch line only, but is original and true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is the very best spring medicine and blood puiifier. Now, reader, prove it. Take a bottle home and measure its contents. You will find it to hold 100 teaspoontuls. Now read the directions, and you will find that the average dose for persons of different ages is less than a teaspoonful. Thus the evidence of the peculiar strength and economy of Hood,s Sarsaparilla is conclusive and unanswerable.

"Feeling languid and dizzy, having no appetite and no ambition to work, I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. with the best results. As a health invigorator and for general debility I think it superior to anything else." A. A. RIKER, Utica, N. Y.

"My wife and myself were both generally run down. Hood's Sarsaparilla brought us out of that tired feeling, and made us feel like young people again. It has done more for us than all other medicines together." RICHARD HAWKHURST, Amityville, Long Island, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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The old Universalist church at Minneapolis, Minn., one of the landmarks of the city, is burned.

A Prominent Merchant in Trouble.

Old moneybags mopes in his office all day,
As snappish and cross as a bear;
The clerks know enough to keep out of his way,
Lest the merchant should grumble and swear.
Even Tabby, the cat, is in fear of a cuff,
Or a kick, if she ventures too near;
They all know the master is apt to be rough,
And his freaks unexpected and queer.

What makes the old fellow so surly and grim,
And behave so confoundedly mean?
There's certainly something the matter with him—
Is it stomach, or liver, or spleen?
We've guessed it—his liver is sluggish and bad,
His blood is disordered and foul.
It's enough to make any one hopelessly mad,
And greet his best friend with a growl.

The world-wide remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, will correct a disordered liver and purify the blood, tone your system and build up your flesh and strength.

Don Piatt, who has been seriously ill at Washington, has somewhat improved. He was removed to Providence hospital.

What It Means.

To the man or woman who has never been ill, the word "health" is meaningless. But to the one who has suffered and despaired, health appears as a priceless boon. To the thousands of unfortunate women who are suffering from some of the many forms of weaknesses or irregularities peculiar to their sex, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription holds forth the promise of a speedy restoration of this "priceless boon."

The Iowa house has defeated the woman's suffrage bill.

The spooks and goblins that delight
To fill with terror all the night;
That stalk abroad in hideous dreams
With which dyspepsia's fancy teems,
Will never trouble with their ills
The man who trusts in Pierce's Pills.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets: —vegetable, harmless, painless, sure!

W. F. Meader, the ex-grain commission man of Minneapolis, Minn., has been indicted on a charge of selling store wheat.

At Humboldt, Mich., the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic freight and passenger depot was burned. Nothing was saved. Loss and insurance about equal.

Piso's cure for consumption is the best cough medicine. If you don't believe it take a dose. By druggists 25c. a bottle.

Bronson Alcott left a diary that fills fifty-seven large bound volumes.

Sir William Harcourt is particularly fond of cultivating cabbages.

Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 Cents.

Valentine Winter, a banker of Dayton, Ohio, at a family dinner distributed $500.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl st N. Y.

Con. Hennesey, the thief who escaped from the bailiff at Minot recently has been arrested at Great Falls, Mon.

BARBED WIRE.

If you have barbed wire fences, keep Veterinary Carbolisalve in your stables. It cures without a scar and renews the hair its original color. 50 cents and $1.00 at Druggists or by mail. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

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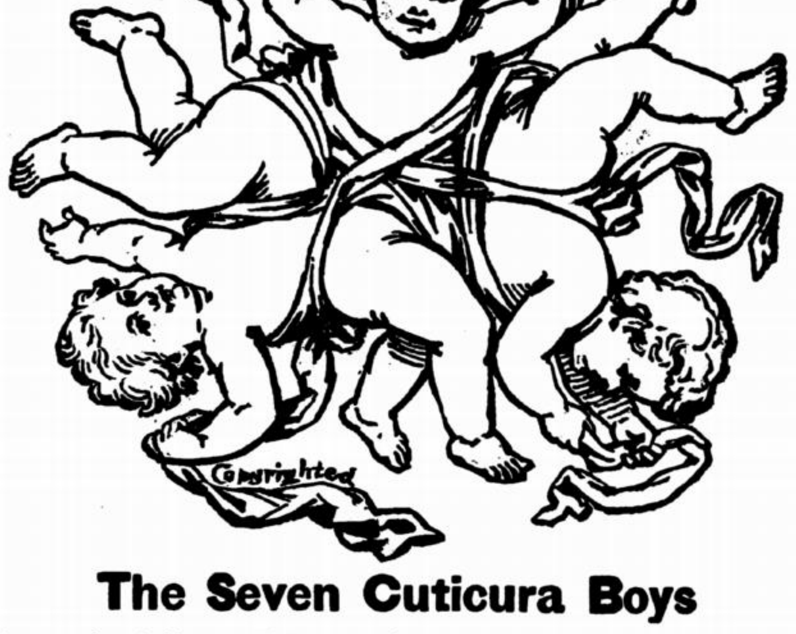

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Your most valuable CUTICURA REMEDIES have done my child so much good that I feel like saying this for the benefit of those who are troubled with skin disease. My little girl was troubled with Eczema, and I tried several doctors and medicines, but did not do her any good until I used the CUTICURA REMEDIES, which speedily cured her, for which I owe you many thanks and many nights of rest.

ANTON BOSSIMER, Edinburgh, Ind.

The CUTICURA REMEDIES are in great demand. The CUTICURA RESOLVENT sells better than any other blood purifier. The CUTICURA SOAP is praised by my customers, especially mothers, who say it is the best for babies, preventing and curing scall head and similar diseases.

GEORGE HOBBS, P. M., Collins, Texas.

Our little son will be four years of age on the 25th inst. In May, 1885, he was attacked with a very painful breaking out of the skin. We called in a physician, who treated him for about four weeks. The child received little or no good from the treatment, as the breaking out, supposed by the physician to be hives in an aggravated form, became larger in blotches and more and more distressing. We were frequently obliged to get up in the night and rub him with soda in water, strong liniments, etc. Finally, we called other physicians, until no less than six had attempted to cure him, all alike failing, and the child steadily getting worse and worse, until about the 20th of last July, when we began to give him CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally, and the CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, and by the last of August he was so nearly well that we gave him only one dose of the RESOLVENT about every second day for about ten days longer, and he has never been troubled since with the horrible malady.

H. E. RYAN, Cayuga, Livingston Co., Ill.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this fourth day of January, 1887. C. N. COE, *J. P.*

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Physicians who have failed to cure their patients should try this medicine before they give the case up, as we know many valuable lives have been saved by being persuaded to give it a trial.

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