ANNEXATION OF CANADA.

The Disastrous Attempt to Accomplish It by Force—A Famous Retreat.

The present agitation concerning the relations between Canada and the United States recalls the time when the annexation of that country was proposed to be brought about by force of arms. The project was entrusted to the brave General Montgomery, assisted by the famous patriots, Colonels Ethan Allan and Seth Warner. While engaged in this invasion Ethan Allan was taken prisoner by the British and sent to England, where he experienced very harsh treatment.

It was Colonel Warner who twice conducted his men safely home, though the march was constantly surrounded by dangers. Once Montgomery sent them home because their time was out, and though they were willing to continue in service, they were without sufficient clothing, and none could be had in that country.

Colonel Warner had hardly arrived home before he heard that Montgomery had been killed, and the cause, as well as the lives of the men, were put in great jeopardy. He collected his men again and at once started for Canada to assist his countrymen in their extremity. But his efforts were of no avail, and it was soon found necessary to take up the line of retreat.

It was the dead of winter, and only necessity sanctioned moving the troops. The terror of pursuit and the rigor of the season furnished sufficient cause for alarm and haste. Colonel Warner remained with the rear of the army, and aided them in many ways most effectually as he was a man well posted in caring for the sick and this knowledge now came into excellent use.

He must keep the army in motion, not a day must be lost, and yet he was without any chest of medicines. But he understood the medicinal use of roots and herbs, and of proper care at critical times, and with these allies, he made an effectual fight against disease among his men.

When Ticonderoga was reached and the roll called, thanks to Seth Warner, but few vacancies in the ranks appeared.

Col. Warner saved the lives of hundreds of men in this way, and he did a noble work, but it remained for his namesake, H. H. Warner, head of Warner's Safe Cure establishment, to give the same kind of remedies then used to the people of to-day, in "Warner's Log Cabin Remedies." These remedies have been adopted after thorough trial and investigation, and they are remedies of established reputation. Being wholly vegetable, they can be used without any fear as to the results.

Among the new remedies is a Sarsaparilla for the blood, Hops and Buchu for the stomach and digestion, Cough and Consumption Remedy, Scalpine for the head and hair, Rose Cream for that terrible disease, catarrh, a Log Cabin Liver pill, a Log Cabin plaster, and an extract for internal and external use. Our readers may rest assured that there is merit in every article.

Golden Days Gone Bye.

I looked up into that sweet face with the with the wrinkles of 80 years upon it and said: "Mr. Whittier, you are surely very happy to-day, surrounded as you are with such touching tokens of appreciation."

"Yes, yes" he replied' "I am happy; but—but—" he faltered as he turned away to hide the gathering tears. "it is my last birthday. It will soon be over." Finally the subject of matrimony was referred to, and a cloud gathered over his face. "Ah," he said "I was so interested in my poetry and I in slavery struggle that I permitted those golden days to go by without getting married, and now I am sorry." [Philadelphia Press.

The Hendricks monument fund now aggregates $22,000.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO } LUCAS COUNTY, ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that can not be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. '86.

A. W. GLEASON, [SEAL] Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

The Evening Star office at Kansas City was destroyed by fire.

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

Ben Hogan, the revivalist, is meeting with great success in Cincinnati.

WORTH KNOWING.

The worst Scald or Burn can be cured without a scar if **Cole's Carbolisalve** is promptly used. It instantly stops the pain. Sold by Druggists at 25 and 50 cents.

Mr. James G. Blaine has arrived at Venice.

Among the people of to-day, there are few indeed, who have not heard of the merits of Prickly Ash Bark and Berries, as a household remedy. Teas and drinks have been made of them for ev been in centuries, and in hundreds of families have formed the sole reliance in rheumatic and kidney diseases. Prickly Ash Bitters now take the place of the old system and is more beneficial in all troubles of this nature.

Rider Haggard's next book will be an Egyptian nightmare.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—

Please inform you 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., New York.

Allan Arthur, son of the late ex-President Arthur, is traveling in Egypt.

Burlington Route—California Excursion.

The last $60 round trip California excursion will be run by the Burlington Route on trains leaving the Missouri river Feb. 16. Tickets are good six months and allow choice of route. Round trip excursion tickets to California points at $80 are sold every day. For tickets, routes, time-tables &c., apply to any agent of the Burlington Route, or to P. S. EUSTIS, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agt, Omaha, Neb.

The Wisconsin state dairymen's association meets at Ripon Jan. 25.

Offer No. 172.

FREE!—To MERCHANTS ONLY: A triple-plated Silver Set (6 knives, 6 forks, 6 tea spoons, 1 sugar spoon, 1 butter knife), in satin-lined case. Address at once R. W. TANSILL & Co., 55 State Street, Chicago.

Aspen, Colo., suffered a fire loss of $13,000.

Physicians' Test.

The physicians in Lowell, who are testing the Moxie Nerve Food plant on paralysis and nervous exhaustion, in addition to the number already reported, have recovered a Mrs. Brock, of Barnet, Vt., a long time helpless. A Mrs. Cheney, 18 Bleachery Street, Lowell, who was not expected to live. Its greatest popularity springs from the fact that it substitutes stimulants and tonics without harm, and imparts great powers of endurance. The apothecaries are besieged for it everywhere. Large companies are forming for its manufacture all over the world.

The more snow in January the more wheat in the coming September.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Highway Biography.

"If you prick us, do we not bleed?"

Not long ago I wrote an article on political economy, and a few days after I woke up to find myself famous.

Chateaubriand has described my feelings in describing his own, after the success of "Le Genie du Cristianisme" had launched him into the clouds. I was intoxicated.

How fair the world became all at once! Human nature wasn't so bad, after all. I forgave my enemies and adored my friends. I sent a chicken to our washwoman, and subscribed to half a dozen charities; I gave 10 cents to an organ-grinder; I ate a bad dinner with a smile, and digested it without a groan; I brought home a bouquet to my wife, the first since our honeymoon, and asked her if she had dresses enough; I promised her that I would never smoke another cigar as long as I lived.

In fine, I was in a fair way to become a perennial fountain of sweetness and beneficence to all about me.

Prepared for criticism, I forgave it in anticipation. I did more than forgive, I excused it; I did more than excuse, I justified it. Everybody could not be expected to think as I did. Some subjects are faceted like a brilliant-cut diamond, and my critic might very sincerely and properly be describing some phase visible to him, but which I had not yet studied.

I became sublime, and consciously so. To be conscious that one is sublime is the height of bliss.

During twenty-four hours I floated at this height.

The second morning three letters were handed me. I opened them with a smile of profound anticipated contentment.

This was the gist of the three, differently expressed, but substantially the same:

"You are requested to answer at once the following questions:

"Where were you born, and when—month, year and day?

"Who was your father?

"Who was your mother?

"Were they married or single?

"Are you married or single?

"If married, what was your wife's maiden name, and her father's Christian name?

"Have you any children?

"If you have, what are their names and ages?

"What have you written for the press? by whom published? and over what signature?

"What are you writing now? what do you propose writing in the future? and for whom?

"Do your publishers pay you anything? and if so, how much?

"Where were you educated, if at all?

What is your income, if you have any? What is your postoffice address? Do you go out of town summers, or do you board up the front door and live in the back rooms?

"How tall are you? What is your complexion, build, and temperament?

"What are your habits while writing?

"Do you write best by day or by night?

"Do you write just so much a day, or do you wait for inspiration? Do you use stimulants while writing?

"What sort of pen, ink and paper do you use?"

This was not all, but it may suffice.

I hurried to my wife's chamber with these letters in my hand.

"Be calm, my dear!" I said, the moment I got the door open. "It is some mistake. All will come right. Only don't weep for that would unman me!"

Mrs. Jones shrieked. "What is it? What has harpened? Have you eaten that piece of cheese with the 'Rat's farewell' on it? Oh! oh! I will get some black coffee as soon as possible! I will bring the white of an egg! Betty shall go for the doctor!"

I explained as well as I could, holding my wife tightly, with my hand over her mouth. "It is not poison my dear. It is some police business. Some other man of the name of Jones has probably profited by my reputation to publish an actionable article about somebody. Here! read for yourself."

I gave her the letters, and she read them, at first with perplexity, then with a sudden illumination.

"Why, you great goose!" she exclaimed. "It's because you are celebrated. People want to know all about you. Our house will be pointed out. We shall be pointed out; and they will describe my bonnets and gowns."

I felt my jaw drop.

"But they ask how old I am," I said, after having read the letters carefully over again. "And they don't apologize. You don't ask a person's age without some sort of polite grimace, if you have the face to ask it at all. That was established before we were born. And do you see? They threaten me!"

I read out a passage which plainly informed me that if I did not give the information asked, it would be sought elsewhere, and might not be such as I would like to see in print.

"Of course!" said my wife, complacently. "The public insists on knowing about you; and the men have no choice. It's like the *Prime Donne* with young men dragging their carriage home from the opera; or a President just elected called out into the balcony to make a speech:"

"It is a very high-handed proceeding," I said, becoming stiff.

"But, Mr. Jones," my wife insisted, "the public wishes to know."

"I won't tell them!" I declared, getting hot. "It is indelicate in the highest degree. What can my article on political economy have to do with your father's name, or with the length of my legs, or the extent of my income, or where I was born, or if I take stimulants, or what my publishers pay me? It's none of their business!"

My wife laid her hand impressively on my arm, and measured her words out with precision. "If you do not tell them what they wish to know, they will put you down ten years older than you are; and they will say that you were born of poor, but honest, parents. They will say that you educated yourself, and hoed potatoes with a Latin grammar strapped to the hoe-handle. They will say that we keep house in two rooms; and that you married one of those smart girls who sparkle (and ache, poor things!) behind the counters of Worth, Nothing & Co. How would you like that, sir? How would my family like that? How should I like to figure as—as"—

My wife was sobbing.

"D—n em!" I cried. "They have a good deal of impudence. I won't answer a question. And if they print any lies about me, I'll prosecute 'em!"

I persisted in my resolution; and a week after three newspapers were sent me.

I tore off the wrappers fiercely.

The first one had a column and a half cut out, leaving what was probably the heading of an article of that length. This title read: "Mr. Albert Jones, the author of 'A Study on Political Economy,'" The article was left to my imagination.

I opened the next. There it was!—ten years older, hoe-handle, two rooms, and all; and the few facts so distorted as to be almost unrecognizable.

After I had stamped round the room a little while, I came back to my table and opened the third paper.

In the very middle of the first page were two columns of facetious abuse. I and my Political Economy" were held up by this Goliath of the pen as Macaulay says Dr. Johnson held up his subject, "like a nutmeg-grater." We were turned round, and turned over, and smiled at, and smiled at, and smiled at!

Before going to the extent of the law, I wish to make one appeal to the better nature of such a critic, if he has any.

How would he like it himself? Nobody wants to read about his affairs, but suppose that they did. How would he like an eye and an ear at his keyhole while he eats, drinks and sleeps? What if they should hear his little domestic quarrels, smell the chicory in his coffee, nose out the hair-dye in his locked closet, and the cushions in his stocking drawer, and put them all in the papers?

He colors his hair, pads his figure and visits his dentist in disguise, and is happy in the conviction that he doesn't look over 25 years of age. But some morning his neighbor over the way looks up from the paper and says: "Wife, girls, you thought that Smith was only 25 years old. He is 55! Stokes has found him out. He keeps his charms in a bottle where what's-his-name's demon was, no, wasn't kept. His whiskers have been to Mrs. Allen's and his calves are sawdust. His teeth pass the night in a tumbler of water. There he comes now, tripping down the steps, the old fool!"

"Now, how would the critic like that?"

AQUILA.

To Empty a Stable Full of Horses.

The question of how to empty a stable full of horses in case of a fire, to save the lives of animals, is one of great interest to owners of horses, remarks *The Fireman's Herald*. An electrical company has lately put up for a firm in Centre street, New York city, a device for this purpose which is now on trial.

The arrangement is of simple construction. In the principal alleyway leading into the stable is placed a wheel about three feet in diameter, which is connected by shafts with the stalls. A heavy weight is suspended from the circumference of the wheel.

Delicate thermostats placed about the ceiling of the stable are arranged so that a very light increase of temperature will, by expansion, complete an electrical circuit that will loosen the weight suspended from the wheel, and set the machinery in motion.

A bell will ring, the bolts of the stalls will be drawn, the halters of the horses loosened, and lastly, a double stream of water will be thrown into the face of each horse from two jets placed over the head of the stall.

The effect of this shower bath will be to cause the horse to back out of his stall. He will find himself free, the doors of the stall and the stable open, and in his fright at the fire and the unusual commotion, will naturally secure his own safety.

Brides Who Perch in Trees.

Among the Lolos of Western China it is customary for the bride on the wedding morning to perch herself on the highest branch of a large tree, while the elder female members of her family cluster on the lower limbs armed with sticks. When all are duly stationed the bridegroom clambers up the tree, assailed on all sides by blows, pushes and pinches from the dowagers, and it is not until he has broken through their fence and captured the bride that he is allowed to carry her off. Similar difficulties assail the bridegroom among the Mongolian Koraks, who are in the habit of celebrating their marriages in large tents, divided into numerous separate, but communicating compartments. At a given signal, as soon as the guests are assembled, the bride starts off through the compartments, followed by her wooer, while the women of the encampment throw every possible impediment in his way, tripping up his unwary feet, holding down the curtains to prevent his passage, and applying willow and alder switches unmercifully as he stoops to raise them. As with the maiden on the horse, and the virgin on the tree-top, the Korak bride is invariably captured, however, much the possibilities of escape may be in her favor.—*Blackwell's Magazine.*

Where Profits Go.

"Who is making the money?"

That is what the people are asking who have to foot the bills.

"How much is coal worth?" is asked of the superintendent of the mines.

"Two dollars and a quarter a ton."

"How much is coal worth?" is a question put to the great mining and transportation companies at their palatial office in New York city.

"Five dollars a ton."

"How much is coal worth?" is demanded of the shrewd broker who supplies the retail trade.

"Six dollars a ton."

"How much is coal worth?" rings in the ears of the retail dealer along the river front.

"Seven dollars and a half a ton."

"How much is coal worth?" asks the housewife of the grocer.

"Thirty cents a bushel, ma'am." That is $9 a ton.

"How much is coal worth?" comes from a widow to the peddler in the street.

"Twelve cents a scuttle, or eight cents a pail, ma'am." That is $12 a ton.

ON THE TRUCKS.

A Wild Ride From Boston to New York in 1864.

It was in December, '64, that I was "strapped" in Boston. I was out of employment at the time, and my ambition was to get to New York, where I had friends. But having no money I couldn't accomplish it. As I was sitting in my room one cold night, a gentleman called on me and asked me to take some important document to New York for him. He was in the same fix as myself, being without friends in Boston or money. The papers, he said, were worth $5,000 to him if they were delivered to proper parties in New York, and he said he had come to see if I would undertake the job of getting them there for him.

"But, my dear sir, I have no money to defray traveling expenses."

"That is the exact fix that I am in myself, but if you can manage to deliver these papers for me I will give you $1,000," he said.

I accepted the offer, although I had not the slightest idea as to how I was to get to New York. I lay awake all that night thinking about it. At last a lucky thought struck me. The trucks! I had heard of such a thing being done, but at the thought of doing so myself my blood turned cold. But on further thought I determined to risk my life for $1,000. It was then Tuesday, and I was to deliver the papers on Saturday.

In the morning I produced some boards and made myself a sort of shelf, as it were. When the time came I was ready. I obtained a coil of small rope, and with my homemade shelf repaired to the depot. It was as dark as pitch and as cold as Greenland. Five minutes before the train started I crawled in under the last car, and arranging my shelf, I fastened myself to the truck by the rope I had brought with me. It seemed an age before the train started, but it did at last. What a sensation! As the train struck a forty mile gait it seemed as if my last moment had come. I was benumbed with cold and the oil from the wheels, which was revolving at a terrible rapidity within two inches of my head, almost blinded me. I seemed to lose control of my limbs, and had it not been for the rope that held me I should have dropped under the wheels. At last I heard the brakeman yell Worcester. The fear of discovery then overtook me, and I was afraid to leave my narrow perch, and awaited the start of the train again. Springfield, Hartford and New Haven were reached and I was still alive, although far from well. But the run from New Haven to New York without a stop was the worst ordeal. Sixty miles without a stop! The train was evidently behind time, for it fairly flew over the frosted rails. The roar was terrible. Blood rushed from my nose and ears, but I still held fast. Well, I reached New York alive, but I often wonder how I crawled from my narrow perch and hid in a coal-yard until morning, when refreshed by some good cold water, I started out on my mission. I reached my destination, delivered the papers, received the $5,000 and started back for Boston in a gentlemanly way.

I got my reward of $1,000, but I don't believe to this day that my Boston friend knows how I got to New York.—*Frank Thompson, in New York Press.*

A Wonderful Race.

When one reflects that there is never a fire which would fill a half-bushel measure; that the Japanese wear no woolen garments, and only sandals or clogs on their feet; that the winters are cold enough to make ice two or three inches thick, and that the ground is often white with snow, one wonders how they live, writes a correspondent from Japan to *The Chicago Mail*. There seems to be something peculiar in the physical make-up of the Japanese, as well as in their plants, which enables them to endure safely great cold. I am told that plants which in America are killed by autumn frosts here live and bloom in the midst of snow, and when the thermometer has gone much below the freezing point. Certainly the people have wonderful powers of endurance if their sensations are as ours are.

Every Japanese, high or low, takes his hot bath every night. He jumps into a vat of water heated from 100 to 115 degrees and enjoys the boil, and stands for hours up to his waist in cold, mountain torrents, and it is said will break the ice in winter and work up to his neck in immersion, and seems to feel no ill effects from it. He is certainly a wonderful animal, and ethnological data must yet be furnished to convince me that he is not indigenous to the soil he lives on.

Raising Oranges in York State

Queer and interesting things find themselves in Fulton market, says *The Buffalo Express*. Live sea-turtles and ocean fish swimming in their own brine have been seen there. Last Saturday the curiosities which attracted most attention were three innocent-looking oranges, nestled in a small basket of moss. Apparently their size and beauty were what attracted attention, for each weighed two pounds, and they were of the Mediterranean or Valencia variety. "Those oranges grew at Geneva, N. Y., on a tree not over four and a half feet high, said one of the pretty young market-women to a customer. "They grew in the hot-house of Mr. J. W. King." Mr. King was the founder of the King iron-works, which once flourished in Buffalo, and his home was then here. He is now retired from business and lives in an ideal home on Geneva lake. He devotes nearly his entire time to his flowers and his hot-house, where bananas, pineapples, and strawberries grow, as well as oranges and lemons. He has a deer paddock and a number of royal peacocks, and in summer time his home is a little paradise.

Protection for American Sheep.

Dakota Sheep Rancher—What's the matter?

Hired Man—The thermometer is 60 degrees below zero and the sheep are freezing again.

"I shall start for Washington this very day. The tariff on Australian wool must be raised. It ought to be $1 a pound.

"Will that do any good?"

"Yes, siree. Then I can afford to dress the sheep in sealskin sacques."—*Omaha World.*

A Dainty Dish.

One day last week we read in a New York paper that Col. Tom Ochiltree and several other members of the New York nobility had partaken of a Chinese banquet, and that among the tempting viands was bird'snest soup. The newspaper account of the banquet stated that the guests were *treated* to bird'snest soup. We should prefer being treated to something else. Nobody can persuade us, not even with a shotgun, that a bird'snest that has done duty in raising a brood of feathered songsters, and that has been lying out in the rain for a wet season or so, is the best possible material out of which to construct a nice, palatable soup.

We should infer that the gourmand who telescoped a plate of bird'snest soup would be obliged to taste the flavor of the pin feather for a week or so afterward. If, however, he liked that kind of a taste, perhaps, after all, that would be no objection.

Chopped up in a feed-cutter and the taste disguised with bran and potato parings, it might be palmed off on a sick cow whose palate was out of order, so that she couldn't distinguish what she was eating. But, whenever a smoking bird'snest is brought into the dining-room, accompanied by all the unpleasant associations that cluster around it, we want to go right away and conceal ourselves in the stables or in the chaparral until the feast of reason and flow of soup has somewhat subsided.

It doesn't make any particular difference whether the bird'snests are brought from China or Chicago, or whether the original fowls that constructed them were birds of paradise or sandhill cranes. All we ask is that when the bird'snest soup is brought in, and we catch the first whiff of the aromatic fluid we may be allowed to go off to a lodge in some vast wilderness, where we can be alone with our grief, while the other guests are gorging themselves on a high tariff diet, imported at an enormous expense.

Persons who are inclined to judge harshly may term us peculiar, capricious and somewhat sensitive in the matter of last year's bird'snest. Perhaps we are, but we do not propose to resort to any such nourishment as long as we can get ordinary United States food. Bird'snest soup may be a rare delicacy, but we don't hanker after it.

We have seen a bird'snest made of sticks a foot and a half long, and lined with pieces of an old buffalo robe. It had been the nursery of nine broods of young eagles. The idea of boiling that thing into soup and offering to set it up for free-born American citizens who pay poll-taxes and vote, is absurd. There is too much of the "Man's inhumanity to man" business about that, and the ranker the soup the ranker the injustice. If we had any tickets for bird'snest soup we would cheerfully give them to the poor.—*Texas Siftings.*

Mother's Growing Old.

Mother's hair is turning white;
More she feels the cold,
And her step is not so light—
Mother's growing old.

Growing old! each silvered hair
That we helped to make
Tells of self denials rare
For her children's sake.

Mother tires quicker now;
Less her dear hands hold;
Lines are deepening on her brow—
Mother's growing old.

Growing old! Those lines of care,
That, alas, we've laid,
Tells heart aches and many a pray'r
For her dear ones made.

Mother reads her Bible through,
Glasses rimmed with gold;
Ah, 'tis plain and sad to view
Mother's growing old.

Growing old—that she might give
Us a mother's love;
Helping us so we may live
With her when Above.

Mother's form is spare and bent,
Illness we behold;
For us life and strength are spent,
Making her grow old.

Growing old—lest we astray
In wayward path might roam;
Growing old—to give each day
Us a home, sweet home.

—*H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.*

The Name of Astor.

The Astors always keep together. When William moved into Lafayette Place Mrs. Langdon took up her residence in the same vicinity, corner Lafayette Place, and her house was the scene of the Astor Place riot. The Astor Library was established next door to William's house, and this made it a family center. When William's two sons, John Jacob and William, married, they formed a new colony in Fifth Avenue, taking up an entire square, and their father followed them, occupying a house on an adjacent corner. The family have thus kept together and have lived peaceably. Indeed, it is one of the few instances in which wealth has not led to variance. The Astor name is now given to the Astor House, the Astor library, Astor Place and the Astor block in Fifth Avenue.

There is also an Astor House at Waldorf on the Rhine, founded by John Jacob, who left $450,000 for this purpose. It is occupied as a place for the worthy poor, and is a very useful institution. Astoria, which is one of the prettiest towns on Long Island, was formerly John Jacob's summer resort, and thus deserves the name. Here he made his will, which is dated Hell Gate, July 4, 1835, twelve years before his death. He added a number of important codicils, one of which, made in 1839, provided for the erection of the Astor library. He gave the land, and also $400,000, to which the family have added some very handsome benefactions. Astoria on the Pacific coast also derives its name from old John Jacob, and is a proof of his enterprise in establishing a trading-post so far from the limit of civilization.—*Utica Herald.*

And Such is Fame!

Amusing incidents occur even on such solemn occasions as funerals. Senator Evarts was one of those present at the obsequies of Mrs. Astor in New York last week. He was about to enter by the center door of the church when a young reporter caught him by the sleeve, saying: "Will you oblige me with your name, sir?" The United States senator looked at the reporter with a glance of surprise and almost of disgust as he answered: "William M. Evarts." The reporter, with a "thank you, sir," put down the name and asked a bystander what Mr. Evarts was, to look at him in that way.

The early bird catches the bronchitis, and lovers of early morning walks will find this a true maxim. If we were permitted to make a suggestion, we should whisper: "Use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup."

"Give you a reason on compulsion?" Why of course I will. I am cured of rheumatism, which has kept me enslaved for twenty years, by using Salvation Oil, which cost me only 25 cents.

The Michigan state forestry association meets at Grand Rapids Jan. 26.

Cheap Farming Lands South.

It is a recognized fact that the cheapest farming lands in America today are in the South, and men of much or moderate means, looking for real estate investments, or permanent homes, should not fail to visit the following points where so many northern people are now settling, viz: Jackson, Tenn., Aberdeen and Jackson, Miss., Hammond, Crowley, Jennings, Welsh and Lake Charles, Louisiana. Round Trip Tourist tickets, limited to June 1st, 1888, with stop over privileges south of Cairo, Ill., are on sale to New Orleans, Jennings and Lake Charles. For rates apply to nearest ticket agent, and be sure your ticket reads via the Illinois Central railroad from Chicago or St. Louis. For pamphlet entitled "Southern Home Seekers' Guide," and circulars concerning the above named points, address the undersigned, at Manchester, Iowa.

J. F. MERRY, Gen. West. Pass. Agt.

Gen. Lew Wallace's next novel will be a story of the time of Mohammed.

COUGHS AND HOARSENESS.—The irritation which induces coughing immediately relieved by use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Sold only in boxes.

Tobogganing is the latest method of teaching the young idea how to shute.

Donn Piatt is said to have first applied the term "crank" to eccentric people.

Bret Harte is said to be making from $7,000 to $10,000 in London.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN.
Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Frostbites, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Burns and Scalds.
WHAT IT IS.
1st. It is in one word a cure; it is not merely a relief and in no sense a cure-all; it is the product of scientific research.
2d. It strengthens while it soothes and subdues, heals and cures; it literally conquers pain.
3d. Its effects are curative and permanent to the whole group of muscular miseries and nervous agonies.
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