WARNER'S LOG CABIN REMEDIES.—"Sarsaparilla,"—"Cough and Consumption Remedy,"—"Hops and Buchu,"—"Extract,"—"Hair Tonic,"—"Liver Pills,"—"Plasters," (Porous-Electrical),—"Rose Cream," for Catarrh. They are, like Warner's "Tippecanoe," the simple, effective remedies of the old Log Cabin days.

The last thing a man wants in this world is his bier.

A Woman's Confession.

"Do you know, Mary, I once actually contemplated suicide?" "You horrify me, Mrs. B. Tell me about it." "I was suffering from chronic weakness. I believed myself the most unhappy woman in the world. I looked ten years older than I really was, and I felt twenty. Life seemed to have nothing in it worth living for." "I have experienced all those symptoms myself. Well?" "Well, I was saved at the eleventh hour from the commission of a deed which I shudder to think of. A friend advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I did so. In an incredibly short time I felt like a new being. The 'Prescription' cured me, and I owe Dr. Pierce a debt of gratitude which I can never repay."

Good advice, unasked for, has an ancient and fish-like smell.

A Pill in Time, Saves Nine!

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are preventive as well as curative. A few of these "Little Giants," taken at the right time, with little expense and no inconvenience, will accomplish what many dollars and much sacrifice of time will fail to do after Disease once gets hold of you with his iron grasp. Constipation relieved, the Liver regulated, the Blood purified, will fortify against fevers and all contagious diseases. Persons intending travel, changing diet, water and climate, will find invaluable, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. In vials convenient to carry.

A straw-board factory at Beloit, Wis., was wrecked by explosion of the boiler.

If all so-called remedies have failed, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

The Duke of Oporto has been taking lessons in photography.

Half Rate Excursions.

The first of the series of Harvest excursions via the Missouri Pacific railway and Iron Mountain route to Arkansas and Texas, will leave September 25th, October 9th and 23d. Tickets will be sold at one fare for the round trip with a limit of thirty days to return and ample stop-over privileges.

Edna Proctor is visiting the poet Whittier at his Maine residence.

FIVE CHEAP HARVEST EXCURSIONS

Rare Chance to View the Wonderful Crops of the West, Southwest and Northwest.

The most abundant ever known. Come and see for yourself. The Great Rock Island Route offers you the inducements of lowest rates, and a delightful journey in its unrivaled palace cars.

Dates of excursions: Leave Chicago September 11 and 25, and October 9 and 23 (1888), for Kansas, Nebraska, Northwestern Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota.

Rate: One fare for the round trip. Tickets first-class and good 30 days for return passage. Improve this opportunity. You may never have another in a season so bountiful. Be sure your tickets read via the Great Rock Island Route, which has its own lines to principal points in all these states.

For rates and full particulars, address Wm. Rickey, Passenger Agent, Davenport, Iowa, or E. A. Holbrook, G. T. & P. A., Chicago, Ill.

Spelin is the rival universal language to Volapuk.

Now that the rush of the summer work is somewhat over, we desire to call attention to some matters looking forward to profitable work for the fall months, and through the winter. Write to B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va., and they will show you how to do a grand work, which can be made a permanent thing.

The orientals do not know much, by what they do know they know by heart.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway sleeping car leaves Omaha, Union Pacific railway depot, at 6:45 p. m. daily, for Chicago and all points east, reaching Chicago at 1.00 p. m., and Milwaukee at 2:30 p. m. the following day. Passengers via this line are saved the annoyance and delay of transfer at Council Bluffs. Pullman Palace sleeping cars and elegant day coaches and dining cars on all trains. Passengers taking this line can reach Milwaukee, Madison, Dubuque, Freeport, Rockford, and all interior points in Wisconsin several hours in advance of all other lines. For tickets and further information apply at ticket office, 1501 Farnam street, Barker Block, 1302 Farnam street, and U. P. Ry. depot. F. A. NASH, General Agent.

NERVES! NERVES!!

What terrible visions this little word brings before the eyes of the nervous. Headache, Neuralgia, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Nervous Prostration, all stare them in the face. Yet all these nervous troubles can be cured by using

Paine's Celery Compound

For The Nervous
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THIS GREAT NERVE TONIC

Also contains the best remedies for diseased conditions of the Kidneys, Liver, and Blood, which always accompany nerve troubles.

It is a Nerve Tonic, an Alterative, a Laxative, and a Diuretic. That is why it

CURES WHEN OTHERS FAIL.

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SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents.

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Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills

PURELY VEGETABLE AND STRICTLY RELIABLE.

They act DIRECTLY and PROMPTLY on the Liver and Stomach, restoring the constipated organs to healthy activity, and are a positive and perfectly safe cure for Constipation, Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Biliousness, and all other diseases arising from a disordered condition of the Liver and Stomach. They are the only reliable vegetable Liver Pill sold.

They are Perfectly HARMLESS. They are PURELY VEGETABLE. TRY THEM.

For Sale by all Druggists. Price 25 cts. per box; 5 boxes for 65 cts.; or sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price. Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philad'a.

JEWISH FUNERALS.

Curious Customs That Are the Same Now as in the Days of Moses.

In their funeral rites and observances the Jews have preserved many of the most ancient customs of their race, says the *St. James' Gazette.* They still rend the upper garments in token of bereavement, as Jacob did when informed of the death of his favorite son; they still seat themselves for seven days on the ground in sign of mourning as Job and his friends are represented in the Scripture to have done. They still eat the mourners' meal, as their ancestors did in Palestine; they kindle the memorial light to comfort the departed soul, as they did, in all likelihood, ages before Judaism was known; and they still recite in public the mourners' prayer, every repetition of which—according to rabbinical notions—helps the deceased a step futher out of purgatory.

The Jews rigidly exclude all relatives from a chamber of a dying coreligionist. Only strangers should be present when the soul leaves the body. As soon as death occurs all the vessels in the house containing water are emptied. On the continent, in places where Jews reside, the emptying of the water vessels in the public roadway is the usual mode of notifying that a death has occurred. The practice had its origin, we gather from the rabbinical books, in an Old World superstition that standing water in such circumstances became the abiding place of certain evil spirits whose presence in the house was prejudicial both to the dead and to the living. In the internal between death and interment the Jews lay the corpse upon the bare ground with the feet toward the door. The body is covered, but nothing—save occasionally a little straw—may be placed under it. Then the two big toes are tied together. On Sabbaths it is not, however, permitted to remove a body on to the floor; it would be work. But as it is sometimes necessary that this should nevertheless be done, rabbinical ingenuity has contrived a means of accomplishing it without violating the sanctity of the day. A loaf of bread is placed upon the corpse, and the two together are lifted to the ground. It is held that only the bread has been moved, and this is permitted on the Sabbath.

Two or three hours before the interment takes place, the ceremonial purification of the body known as the *tahara* takes place. It consists merely in pouring seven difinite measures of warm water over the body, while repeating the words: "I will pour upon you cleansing waters, and ye shall be cleansed of your uncleanliness; for of all your iniquities I will purify you." The body is then placed in the coffin, attired in a white cotton gown known as a *kittel.* This kittel is, in Northern Europe, presented to a bridegroom by his bride on the day of their wedding, and is worn by him on certain occasions, such as the Day of Atonement and the Passover Eve celebration. It is made by the female relatives of the bride, but she herself must not take part in the sewing of it. In Poland, Galicia, and in Russia the bridegroom always wears the death garment under the wedding canopy during the performance of the marriage ceremony. Besides the kittel, the body is enveloped in the praying scarf or *talith* used by the deceased during life. When this is done the relatives are summoned. One by one they draw near and bend over the coffin; a friend takes a sharp knife and makes a slit in one of the outer garments of the mourner—on the right side if the deceased be a parent, on the left if a child. The mourner himself then rends the garment according to the custom of the country. In the East the Jews tear the vestments clean across; in England it is only torn a couple of fingers' breadth. The rent must not be sewn up for a month, and the mourning garment must be worn, for a parent, fully eleven months. The Spanish and Portuguese Jews rend their undergarments as well. Except among the German Jews—as they are called—in this country, the last offices of the dead are performed by the members of what are termed "Chevrah Kadishah," or 'Holy Brotherhood," an organization formed in every orthodox congregation only for this purpose.

Just as near relatives are excluded from the death chamber, so are females prohibited from attending a funeral or interment. Why this should be so it is difficult to say. The custom of excluding women on such occasions is certainly not an ancient one, since we know from the Talmud and later rabbinical books that, of old, women joined in the funeral processions of their people, chanting dirges appropriate to the ceremony. However, nowadays they are not permitted to join, and the obsequies are attended by males only. In Northern Europe and in parts of Russia, a father is not allowed to be present at the interment of the first child he is unfortunate enough to lose. It is believed he will lose a second if he does; though this will not in itself suffice to explain the existence of so strange a custom. The Polish Jews are however, peculier in more than this. It is the universal belief of orthodox Hebrews that the resurrection of the dead will take place in the Holy Land, and therefore all bodies will have to make their way underground to Palestine before the Day of Judgment. So to facilitate this task, the "Chassidim," or ultra pious of Russia and Poland, put a fork in the hands of the deceased when he is placed in the ground—for coffins are only used in the case of a *b'chor* (first born), or a *kohen* (one of priestly family)—in order that he may dig his way through the ground with it and thus reach the Holy Land, where the resurrection takes place.

On leaving a cemetary—which is known as the *bethclam,* "house of eternity," or *beth haim,* "house of life"—it is customary to pluck some of the grass growing there and throw it over the shoulder without looking back, repeating the words: 'Lila moveth I neizach" (He will destroy death forever). Primarily the plucking of the grass had no connection with the formula that nowadays accompanies it; but the original symbolism of the act is forgotten, like so many of the practices still extant in Jewry. On returning from a funeral the mourners take their seats on the floor, or on low hassocks placed upon the floor, and partake of the 'mourners' meal." This consists of hard-boiled eggs and dry bread and salt, which is arranged in readiness for the party upon a low stool. It must be eaten seated upon the floor, as indeed must all meals during the whole seven days of mourning.

International Superstitions.

Metempsychosis, the wide-spread doctrine of soul migration from animal to human bodies, may be founded on a veiled paraphrase of the Darwinan hypothesis; but how are we to account for the almost equally international prevalence of the *were-wolf* superstition? The belief in the wolfish metamorphosis of human beings has been found among tribes of North American aborigines who could not possibly have introduced their folklore from the county of Jacob Grimm, or from the Carpathian highlands, where lycanthropy still furnishes the staple of fireside sagas. Where-wolf stories frighten the infant population of the Caffir *kraals,* of the Tartar tent hamlets, and even of the bush-camps of eastern Australia, where the natives of the Swan River Mountains pretend to trace the footmarks of a suspected wizard in the track of a prowling *dingo* or wolf dog. Identity of ancestral traditions seems hardly probable; but the coincidence may be explained by the circumstance that among all primitive nations sorcerers were credited with malignant and homicidal motives, and that the natural emblem of that disposition would be the form of the predatory wolf, the chief enemy of our pastoral resources. "Homo homini *lupus*" is the Latin version of various oriental equivalents. The *wolf* at the door" is an international metaphor of imminent danger; and in the sages of Norse mythology the evil principle itself is typified in the form of the Wolf Fenris, the light-hater, who tracks the steps of Baldur, and at the end of time will consummate the triumph of chaos by swallowing the sun.

The vampire superstition too, has been proved to prevail among a large number of geographically unconnected nations. It has been found in Abyssinia, as well as among the hill tribes of Rajpootana, in Northern Hindostan. It was known among the ancient Greeks and mediæval Spaniards, and on the lower Danube has often assumed the form of a mental epidemic. The traveler Kohl, and several eminent jurists of Eastern Austria, have collected the records of ghoul-resurrections, attested by an incredible number of "credible witnesses," and repeated with all details of circumstances in Bucharest, Temesvar, Szegedin and the highland hamlets of Servia and Transylvania.—*Dr. Oswald Drake's Magazine.*

He Told His Love.

Down, love, down, you are not for me!
I crush the flower, but its odor rises;
The more I struggle to be free
I am tangled newly in sweet surprises.

I thought I ne'er could love again,
Yet feel that dreary illusion over;
It was not love I cherished then—
Now, only now, am I all a lover.

Love words to pass my lips beset;
I fight my passion, but can't subdue it.
I mean to tell her all; and yet,
So great the risk that I dare not do it.

For, if our hearts could never blend,
And I should tell her the love I bore her,
She would not even call me friend,
Banished forever from before her.

Are lovers ever thus in fear?
Love casteth out all fear," it is written.
I'll tell her all, will she but hear,
Yes, even though I should get the "mitten."

At last my heart its secret speaks,
And hers with love is to mine replying,
It calls blush roses to her cheeks,
Her eyes with diamond flashes vying.

What One Man Can Do.

A French Physician named Raoul, who long dispensed drugs on a man of war, finding life very dull on board ship, stepped outside his professional line awhile ago to distinguish himself, and the results have been so noteworthy that the Paris Society of Commercial Geography has just honored him with one of its medals. It occurred to him that the useful products of Tahiti, that large and lovely island of the Society Group in Polynesia, could be greatly increased by judicious importations from the flora of other countries. So he laid a considerable part of the world under contribution, and in course of time many hundreds of foreign plants were doing their best to take root in the soil of Tahiti. Among the collections were rubber trees from Madagascar, ebony, teak, and red cedar from Australia, cotton from Georgia, hemp from Manila, tobacco from Java and the Rio Grande, cinnamon and nutmegs from the Malay Archipelago, grapes from Madeira and Teneriffe, coffee from Formosa and a large variety of grasses and fruit trees. He established a nursery near the chief town of Tahiti and he has already proved that the larger part of his plants will succeed in this favored island. Grape culture, which he introduced, is already beginning to enrich the country, and it is said that through the efforts of this man alone the aspects of the vegetable kingdom in Tahiti are undergoing a remarkable change for the better.—*Analyst.*

France a Happy Country.

According to Dr. Alice Vickery, France is the happiest country in Europe, chiefly because French families do not exceed manageable dimensions. She says: "In the first place, while the surplus of women in the United Kingdom and Germany amounts to nearly three-quarters of a million and 1,000,000 respectively, France in 1881 had a surplus of only 92,000 women, and, as a consequence, marriages are more prevalent in proportion to the population of France than elsewhere; and curiously enough—contrary to the general opinion—France has the smallest proportion of illegitimate births. The average number of children to a family in France is now 3.2, against 4.6 in England and Wales, 5.25 in Scotland and 5.4 in Ireland. Germany has an average of nearly 5 to a family. France contains a far greater proportion of grown-up persons than any other nation in Europe. France, too, has a greater number of persons attaining old age than any other country."

Base Ball Enthusiasm.

To see a herculean figure suddenly go into momentary convulsions to see the ball he had held in his hand dart through the air with force enough to break an ox's skull, to see the batter swing his club, and hit the missile squarely, which means a single point of a sphere has hit a single point of a circle, to see it plunge into the air or whizz across the field, to see the striker tear along to his first objective point as if chased by the furies, to see the ball descend plump into the extended palm of an alert fielder or to see its course cut short by the daring hand of a shortstop, who thereupon hurls it over to the point whither the striker is aiming so that even his flying feet are outstripped in the race.—this is a spectacle over which even a wooden man should be ashamed not to enthuse.—*New York Tribune.*

The True Man Hidden.

Love sees the virtues that are of the soul, hatred only the diesases of the skin. "All men have their faults, and stealing was Bill's," said a weeping widow over the corpse of a desperado, shot in attempted burglary. And grotesque, ludicrous as the expression may seem, she was right. She knew that not in the robber, the law-breaker, the outcast, did the real man shine forth, but in those rarer moods of kindliness and generosity when he was the true friend and husband. Perhaps when two enemies, who have refused to see any good in each other on this earth, meet hereafter in another world, free from the muddy vesture of decay which clogs their vision here, the first thought of each will be: "Is this the beautiful soul that I maligned and hated?"

A Woman Who Is Worth Marrying.

A woman who can purchase cigars that will satisfy the exacting taste of an experienced smoker possesses ability of a high order.—*Philadelphia Press*

When He has Need to Hurry.

There is a time when the laziest man can hurry. It is when the train stops ten minutes for refreshments.—*Puck.*

Won by a School Ma'am.

The school directors of District No. 19, Perry township, were holding a meeting.

Nobody would have thought it. The chairman was leaning against his front gate, with his checked shirt sleeves turned back and an ax in his hand, surveying the other two members of the board, who stood outside the fence.

It was a meeting nevertheless; and its object was nothing less important than the selection of a teacher for the full term.

"Lyman Doty spoke to me about having the school," said the chair, dubiously.

"Lyman Doty!" exclaimed Steve Tenny, a stalwart young fellow, with thick brown hair, white teeth and a square chin to make up for his lack of downright good looks. "Why, Lyman Doty couldn't teach a baby. He quit school before I did, long enough, and he hasn't studied anything but potatoes and winter wheat since, that I know of. Better stick to his farm—eh, Larkin?"

"Guess you're right," responded the third member of the board, a little man with a cheerful face and a tuft of gray hair sticking straight out from his chin.

And the chairman nodded his agreement.

"Well," continued little Mr. Larkin, with an air of importance, "I've had an application that I guess will suit. It's a sort of relative of my wife's, and just as nice a girl as ever was. Smart, too. She's got a certificate for two years, last examination. She'd make a splendid teacher, Molly Sanborn would."

"Sanborn!" said Steve Terry, shortly; "any connection with the Sanborns over on the river?"

"That's where she's from," said Mr. Larkin. "She's old John Sanborn's girl—him that died last winter."

Steve frowned, for he didn't have a very high regard for the Sanborn family.

"There don't seem to be any mercy in you," said Mr. Larkin, almost tearfully, as Steve was preparing to turn in at his gate. "If they'd been left well off it would be different, but they're poor as poverty, and Molly needs the place the worst way."

"You hadn't mentioned that," said the young man, turning back. "It that's the case—"

Mr. Larkin walked away triumphant five minutes later.

But Steve Tenney had surrendered with bad grace.

Mr. Larkin made Steve a call later in the season.

"Guess you'll have to own up to being in the wrong, Steve," he began. "We hain't had a teacher for years that's given the satisfaction that Molly does. The children rave about her—all of 'em."

But Steve was unimpressed.

"My opinion has yet to be altered," he said rather stiffly.

And Mr. Larkin looked discouraged.

"She spoke about needing a new broom and water pail," he said as he rose. "I told her she had better come to you about it."

"That school house had a new broom last term, and water pail term before last!" said the young director emphatically.

And Mr. Larkin took a discomfited leave.

The next Sunday evening the young man, sitting in the pew of a small wooden church with his mother, and allowing his eyes to rove about during the rather long sermon, suddenly discovered a new face, and sat studying it for the remainder of the evening.

It was that of a young girl—not a remarkable pretty girl, but fair and fresh and innocent, with a bright intelligence in her dark eyes and a sweetness in her full lips.

"Who is she?" was the first question after the services were concluded, addressed as it happened, to little Mr. Larkin, who had come in late.

"That?" the latter asked in astonishment. "Why, that's our teacher—that's only Molly Sanborn. That's my wife she's with don't you see. I am waiting to take them home."

Steve Tenny found himself wishing quite frequently that the new teacher would come to him about the broom and water pail.

Not that he should furnish them if he found that they were not needed, but he felt that he should not object to an interview with the school teacher.

He even mentioned the subject to Mr. Larkin carelessly when he met him one day.

"Well you see was the response, "she sort of hates to come to you. The way you felt about her having the school has got all around town, and I suppose she heard of it. She can't help what her father was, Molly can't, and she's real sensitive."

The young man looked disturbed.

That afternoon he left his work at an early hour—not, however, admitting to himself his purpose in doing so—and strolled down the street, turning off—but he persuaded himself that it was not intentional—in the direction of the school house.

"I might as well go in and see about that broom and water pail," he said to himself, when he stood opposite the little bare looking building.

And he went in accordingly.

The little teacher looked considerably startled when she opened the door to him. She dropped the spelling book she held, and her voice was hardly steady as she expressed her gratification at seeing him.

Evidently, Steve reflected, some idiot had pointed him out to her at church the other evening. He sat down in a front seat feeling unpleasantly ogerish.

She was hearing the last spelling class. How pretty she looked standing there in her dark blue calico dress and white apron. What a sweet voice she had, though putting out "hen, men, pen," to a lot of fighting youngsters could hardly show it to the best advantage.

When the class was dismissed and the last student had rushed whooping down the street, the teacher and the young director stood looking at each other with some awkwardness.

"I thought I'd come in," said Steve at last, apologetically, "and see if anything is needed."

He did not mention the fact of his being some six weeks late in the performance of his duty.

The girl dropped her eyes timidly.

"I—don't think so," she murmured.

"What a brute she must think me," Steve reflected, with some self-disgust.

He turned carelessly to the corner where the broom stood.

"Isn't this pretty far gone?" he said, with a conscience-stricken glance at its stubby end.

And the teacher nodded.

"Your water pail seems to leak," the director went on, indicating the empty bucket and the wet floor.

"Yes," the girl assented.

"I'll see that you have new ones," Steve concluded.

And he was rewarded by a grateful glance from the teacher's soft eyes, as she took her hat from its nail.

He took her lunch basket from her hand as they started away together, and, having taken it, could hardly surrender it short of Mr. Larkin's gate.

He was a little reluctant to surrender it even them. For their first awkwardness had quite worn off; their walk had been far from unpleasant, and they were feeling very well acquainted.

He walked home in an agreeable absorption, repeating to himself the things she had said, and recalling her pretty way of saying them.

He did not pause to consider that it was old John Sanborn's daughter of whom he was thinking; he was only conscious that she was a bright young girl whom it was charming to look at and listen to.

His pleasant mood was rudely interrupted by little Mr. Larkin, who dropped in that evening.

"Lyme Doty couldn't have the school," he observed, with a chuckle, "but it looks as though he was going to have the teacher!"

"What?" said Steve, with a sudden unexplainable sinking of the heart.

"He's hanging around considerable, anyhow," said Mr. Larkin. "Went to visit the school last week, and he was asking me to-day whether Molly's got any way of getting home Friday night. He said he'd just as lief take her in his buggy as not. Molly generally walks; but I guess she'll be glad of a lift."

"You don't mean to tell me," said Steve, warmly, "that she'd have anything to do with him?"

Mr. Larkin stared. What could Steve care with whom old John Sanborn's daughter had to do?

But he only said, deprecatingly;

"Well, Lyme's a good steady fellow."

"Humph!" was the scornful rejoinder.

The young man mused long and seriously when his visitor was gone, and went to bed with a lighter heart, having come to a firm conclusion.

When the new teacher closed school the next Friday night she was feeling rather worn out, as she was apt to feel at the end of the week; nor did the prospect of the four miles walk home serve to cheer her.

She locked the door and started down the path with a sigh.

A neat little buggy was coming briskly up the road. Molly gave a start as the driver pulled up the horse and sprang to the ground.

It was the young director, and he was coming toward her.

"I won't make any excuses, Miss Sanborn," he said, with a humorous solemnity. "I won't say I'm going over the river on business, and happened to think you might like to ride. The truth is that it's a carefully laid plot. Will you be an aider and abettor?"

The little teacher laughed appreciatively as he helped her into the buggy.

"I must stop at Mr. Larkin's and leave my dinner pail," she said, demurely.

Mr. Larkin was standing at the front gate. He stood staring at the young director, as the latter assisted the teacher to the ground and sat down on the horse block waiting for her.

"Lyme Doty was here after jolly just now," he said gaspingly. "I sent him down to the school house."

"We met him," said Steve. "You see," he added, making a bold attempt at carelessness, but speaking, nevertheless, in a shame-faced way, and avoiding the little man's eye. "You see I feel as though its my bounden duty to keep Lyme Doty away from her. Pure impudence, his hanging around her that way."

The little teacher came tripping back, and the young director's buggy whirled away in a cloud of dust.

"Steve Tenney's taking Molly home in his buggy," said Mr. Larkin, joining his wife in the kitchen and sinking dazedly into a chair. "I guess the world's coming to an end!"

"Steve Tenney ain't a fool," his wife responded practically. "I knew he'd get over that ridiculous notion of his—and especially after he'd seen Molly."

"Says he's doing it from a sense of duty," said Larkin, chuckling slowly as the humor of the situation dawned upon him. "Wonder how far his sense of duty will take him?"

"I shouldn't be surprised at anything!" said Mrs. Larkin mysteriously.

The Larkins—and, perhaps, Lyme Doty—were the only people who were not surprised when the new teacher gave up the school at the end of the term and was quietly married to the young director.

The chairman of the school board is wondering over it yet.

A Tale from the North,

A tale comes from the far north, above the Arctic circle, that mammoth carcasses are found frozen in the ice, and that the Indians chop them out and feed the meat to their dogs. These carcasses are as well preserved as if killed but yesterday, although they have lain for who knows how many thousand years in a solidly frozen state. Undoubtedly these animals existed coeval with the glacial period and were indigenous to a tropical climate; therefore we must reason that this period came on almost instantaneously, all living animals were killed, by the extreme cold, and before their flesh could putrefy it became frozen.—Juneau, Alaska, Free Press.

It's Breezy Yet.

The West may have lost a little of its breeziness, but it is still breezy enough for all ordinary purposes. For instance, J. M. McConniff, of the Burlington & Missouri, has caused a large number of placards bearing the following legend to be nailed to the various bridges along the line: "Notice—Parties using this bridge for lynching purposes will be considered as trespassers, and prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law."

Science of the Brain.

Paul Broca's discovery that the brain is a congeries of organs, each having its special function, is being confirmed by later researches. Prof. Mathias Duval has had the opportunity of determining—by the post-mortem examination of eleven persons who, during life, had been accidentally deprived of the faculties of speech or the memory of words or certain letters of the alphabet—that the faculties of speech and the memory of words reside in the second and third convolutions of the brain. In each case examined there had been injury or disease of these convolutions, destroying their functions. Comparing Gambetta's brain with that of the late Dr. Bertillon, an eminent statesman, Duval and Chudzinsky found that in the brain of the former the third or "Broca's convolution"—as the speech center is now called—is extremely developed, while in Bertillon's it is reduced to its most simple expression. Gambetta was active and loquacious; Bertillon reticent and retiring—the oratorical qualities of the two men were diametrically opposite, and this result is now seen to be due to the physical conformations of their respective brains.

Fortunes in Frogs.

Any man who has a pond on his farm can try the experiment of raising his own frogs, says the Boston Journal. First, let him buy six pairs of fine New Jersey breeders and dump them into the water. With these for a starter, you may select a quantity of domestic batrachia, and then you have the nucleus of a fortune. Don't interfere with your water investment for a year, any more than to keep your growing stock well supplied with food. They require an abundance, but as they are not very dainty in their taste, the expense account will be light. For a young farm two barrels a day of hotel table scraps will keep the frogs in splendid shape, so that at the end of twelve months you can begin marketing all that you can fish out at the same price as spring chickens. Give me the time and facilities, and I will wager that at the end of two years I will be living on an income of $5,000 and my frogs will pay all my expenses.

Weighing Mental Operations.

Starting with the idea that the hand varies sensibly in size with the amount of blood in it at any moment, Professor Mosso, an Italian physiologist, has made some most interesting investigations. In his first experiments the hand was placed in a closed vessel of water when the change in the circulation produced by the slightest action of the body or brain, the slightest thought or movement, was shown by the rise or fall of the liquid in the narrow neck of the vessel. With a large balance on which the horizontal human body may be poised he has found that one's thoughts may be literally weighed, and that even dreams or the effects of a single sound during slumber turn the blood to the brain sufficiently to sink the balance of the head. The changing pulse even told him when a professional friend was reading Italian and when Greek, the greate effort for the latter duly affecting the blood flow.—American Analyst.

A Tale With a Moral.

John Smith had a board fence around his corn field to keep out his neighbor Brown's cows. Mr. Brown didn't like this fence at all. His pastures were lean and dry, and he thought it would be a fine thing if his cows could get into Mr. Smith's field. Accordingly he set to work with Mr. Smith's hired man and persuaded him by arguments and bribes to pull down a part of the fence.

One day when Mr. Smith was looking over his farm he found the man at work removing some of the boards from the fence.

"What are you doing there?" demanded Mr. Smith.

"I'm reforming the fence, sorr—there's a dale too much of it for the good of the corn."

"But you'll let in Brown's cows, and they'll trample down the whole field," urged Mr. Smith.

"Bedad, it won't be so bad as that, sorr. I'm only taking down 15 or 20 per cent of the fence. There's enough of it left to protect the corn, sorr. I'm only rejuicing the average of the fence. Sure, its there still."

It is enough to say that Mr. Smith didn't see the point.

Ancient Ruins in New Mexico.

The remains of another extensive ancient city have been discovered in New Mexico. It is about a mile north of San Mateo. The action of the windshade covered the larger portion of the ruins with sand and other detrious, and converted the whole into an extensive mound, and it was only a severe rainstorm and cloudburst sweeping away one angle of this mound and disclosing some heavy stone walls that made the discovery possible. Human skeletons have been exhumed, and what appears to have been a citidel.—Chicago Herald.

Another ice carnival will be held at St. Paul the coming winter.

A Fortunate African.

New York Press, August 28th.

Amos Marsh, the Orange (N. J.) African who won $15,000 in The Louisiana State Lottery the other day, doth not behave himself at all unseemly. When he got the cash in his hands—it came to him by the Adams Express Company, and the freight was $60—he found the man who sold him the half of the winning ticket and gave him $50. Having relieved himself of this gift, the most fortunate darkey of his time proceeded to give his son, a rather happy-go-lucky youth, who does odd jobs about, something like $1,200 or $1,500, merely as a nest egg, as it were, to a future brood of as many thousands. Then the delighted Amos the next day—he had probably not slept a wink in the night, with all the money in the house—hired a hack, though the distance to the savings banks was only two blocks away, and rode, with Mrs. Marsh on the seat by his side, to make a deposit. It had been the original idea of Amos to buy two houses; not that he was not satisfied with his present accommodations, but because he thought that would be a good investment to begin with; but his dusky mistress promptly vetoed that bill, and insisted that one of the bank officers, whom all the people of the place knew as a kind and wise man, should decide for them at their leisure what should be done with the money.

Public Lands Going Very Fast.

For the fiscal year 1887-8 the sales of public lands in this country amounted to $11,005,000, compared with $9,000,000, of the year previous, and $5,000,000 for each of the two preceding years. As early as 1856, says the New York Commercial Bulletin, the land sales rose nearly to $9,000,000, but then they fell off and went as low as $152,000 in 1862, and never rose above $4,000,000 again for twenty years. In 1882 they again reached $5,000,000; in 1883, nearly $8,000,000; in 1884, nearly $10,000,000, and then after two years at $5,000,000 they began to rise, and for the year just closed reached their highest mark.

What is Moxie?

This is a question asked every day. About three years ago it was discovered in a common swamp reed, looking like sugar cane. It is found mainly near the equator and in Central America. The plant grows from four to fifteen feet high. The juice is nearly tasteless, and taken in large quantities causes a sensation as of light electric currents, which after two hours give place to a solid, vigorous, enduring feeling that lasts the same as a good meal on a faint, hungry stomach.

Prince Albert, of Monaco, is the fisherman Prince of Europe.

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.

BASE ATTEMPT TO ROB

Dr. James M. Buckley and Professor Loisette.

Editorial Rooms of "Christian Advocate,"
James M. Buckley, D. D., Editor,
New York, August 20, 1888.

Prof. A. Loisette—My Dear Sir: You may remember that, after I took your lectures upon the "Improvement and Proper Use of the Memory," personally, at your office, 237 Fifth Ave., I declined to allow you to publish a certificate over my own name, in harmony with a rule formed many years ago; but, having seen the base attempt to rob you, I depart from the rule, and send you, unsolicited, the statement that, in my opinion, if your exercises are practiced sufficiently to master the system, it is of great advantage to even a strong memory, and furnishes incalculable aid to a weak one.

I will also say that, having various systems, and not being unacquainted with that taught by Dr. Pick, I believe that, with the exception of such parts of your system as you frankly avow to have been taken from the common treasury of literature upon such subjects, the stamp of originality is upon your work; and that the parts that are plainly original are worth far more than all the rest.

J. M. BUCKLEY.

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BURNS and Scalds are instantly rendered painless and invariably cured without a scar, by the use of **Carbolisalve**, the great skin remedy. 25 and 50 cents, at Druggists or by mail. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

Houkusai, a Japanese author, has published a new novel in ninety volumes.

Minneapolis has decided to build an art school.

The Australians are going to start a newspaper in London for themselves.

ST. JACOBS OIL

For Lumbago.

FRESH, STRONG EVIDENCE.

Prompt. Port Byron, Ill., May 22, 1888. Last Spring was taken with lame back and suffered months; was cured by St. Jacobs Oil and have had no return of pain. JACK GILLESPIE.

Sure. Denver, Ill., May 29, 1888. I suffered with pain in back about 10 months ago which lasted two months. I was cured by St. Jacobs Oil, and there has been no return of pain. WILLIAM STREHLE.

Permanent. Paxton, Mich., May 29, 1888. About the Spring of '87 was taken with aches and pains in hips and back; was cured by one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil and has remained permanent ever since. G. CHRIS. TUNNELL.

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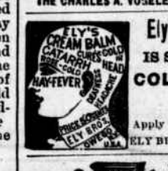

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