HAD A ROW.

We two had a row,
Somehow.
Perhaps she was fretful, and I didn't care,
Or perhaps I did something that she couldn't bear,
Or perhaps a depression advanced in the air;
But however that be the disturbance was there
And a storm began to brew,
At first it muttered,
And hard words were uttered;
Then harder and harder until things grew
Supremely unpleasant for each of the two,
And I came to think
We reached the brink
Of the grave of a friendship whose loss we should rue,
So I begged her pardon—what else could I do?
She declared she was sorry—I hope it was true.
And the tempest's frown,
Smoothed slowly down,
And it rumbled and sighed,
And whispered and died
Away.
Yet all I can say
To this day,
Is—we two had a row
Somehow.
But couldn't make out
What brought it about,
And I don't know now.

THE MADSTONE.

"Mind how you go pokin' round 'mong ther rocks and bushes, or you'll come to yer death," was the impressive warning of an old "Craker" woman from whom Paul Myratt had obtained shelter the previous night, and as he was about to resume his journey.

An employe of the Smithsonian, experienced and fearless, though still young, he was exploring the mountain regions of North Carolina in search of novelties in geology, fauna and flora, and smilingly questioned in return:

"In what shape, my kind friend?"

"Waal, ther mountinns, 'specerly ther out-of-ther-way spots, am jest erlive with rattlesnakes and pilots, and ther bite am always more deadly at this time of year than any other."

"Yes, I know that is the popular belief with regard to August, though very much to be questioned. Blind? When the skin they are shedding is over their eyes, not otherwise I fancy. But have no fears about me. I am accustomed to them, and shall not be deterred from adding a few rattles to my collection if chance offers for large ones."

"Thar be plenty on 'em monstr'us—jest monstr'us," was answered with a shudder, for a long life in the locality had not in the least diminished her fear.

Bidding his kind friend farewell, Paul Myratt took a little path that led still deeper into mountains. But he did not neglect the warning, and cut a stout, ash staff, though having much greater faith in its weight and toughness than any power of its peculiar hypnotism as applied to any species of the Cratalus horridus.

Easily killed were the few he chanced upon, for the stories of numbers found are much larger than the reality, and he sauntered carelessly along, knocking off a fragment of rock, picking a flower, watching the birds or listening to their song until the westerning of the sun gave warning of the nearness of night.

"Not a very enticing spot to camp," he mused, as he looked over the rocky surroundings, the multiplicity of dark, wide seams and cavernous openings, most unquestionably the home of scaly enemies of mankind. "Ah, a town within easy travel. That is favorable and timely, and I was not mistaken, there are mutterings of thunder in the distance and the wind and clouds indicate a storm.

Carefully noting the direction, he gathered up his bundle of travelling conveniences and started. Soon he reached a bold bluff, and was compelled to travel along its brink until he could discover some path that permitted descent. But suddenly and fearfully his footsteps were arrested, first by the sight of an easle, a girl sketching, with her long brown hair, of the peculiar shade that readily melts into gold, floating uncovered, and then by the fearful vision of an immense rattlesnake that had crawled from an opening undiscovered to near her feet, and was coiled for its deadly stroke!

He shouting in warning, but his voice was lost in the reverberating echoes; he detached and threw a fragment of rock, but it fell short of its destined mark and dropped into a yawning chasm; he ran with all his swiftness, but the distance was much too great for him to cover in time to save the unconscious girl from the poisonous frangs. For one stroke of his stout staff he would have given all of his earthly posessions; now it was as useless to him as the tree from which it had been severed.

He saw the snake strike, its efforts to get loose whan the curved teeth became entangled in the dress the white hand fall, as to brush away some unknown intruder, saw it bitten, that and the arm, again and again, and then as the girl realized the horror of her situation, heard the most agonizing screams.

A little later (though it seemed to the young naturalist as the lapsing of hours) he reached the spot of the terrible combat disabled the loathsome and furious reptile with a single blow, flung it far away, and raised the fainting girl in his arms. Whiter than a lily, and as helpless as a crushed one, she lay there, with her lips trembling with sobs, bosom heaving convulsively, and eyes fixed upon him with the most pleading appeal for help.

"My God!" he groaned, as he interpreted her wishes, "I am utterly without the means to aid you. Even the customary antidotes I recklessly flung away as a useless burden. Now I would give my life for them. But have courage! We can surely reach the village in time to save your life, though not you from suffering. Is it very far?"

"No," was answered with contracted throat and husky voice; "no, but death is much nearer, and I shall never see father or mother again."

"I pray it may not be as you fear, and we must hurry along as rapidly as possible. You know the shortest way?"

"Yes," with painful utterance.

"Wait yet a moment," he said aloud, and then mentally, "the chance is desperate and dangerous. My life may be the forfeit, but I cannot see one so young and fair die the most fearful of deaths without risking it to save, at least relieve, her."

Trained in the school he had been, familiar with toxicology, especially the venom of serpents, none knew better than he the dangerous task he was about to undertake. A single abrasion of mouth or tongue, a carious tooth through which poison could be absorbed, would be as fatal and a more sudden death than bullet or knife. Yet there was nothing of hesitation after that first shuddering thought. Wiping away the bloody ooze from the almost invisible punctured wounds he applied his lips to to them one after the other and sucked out the poison, freeing his mouth from time to time, and not desisting until assured the work was thoroughly done, that he could do no more. Then, and without giving heed to the faintly whispered thanks, he put his arm around the girl and hurried her forward.

But not long could she direct the way to travel, not long could her limbs sustain her. Another terror came to break down the little remaining nerve and strength, and she faltered, reeled and fell. She had gone through as much of mental and physical suffering as nature would endure, had gone as far as she could.

With the rain descending as if the windows of heaven had been flung wide open and a second flood came to earth, with the thunder rolling and crashing above their heads and shaking the solid rocks beneath their feet, with the lightning flashing and blinding, she lay, scarcely able to move hand or foot for self-preservation. But no fear of rattlesnakes then. Before the terrible majesty of the elemental war even they had fled terrified to the lowest depths of their noisome dens, and cowered in such fear as instinct gives, instict that in many cases is twin brother of reason.

Though despairing of saving the fleeting life, yet driven nearly frantic by being alone with the girl in the now dense darkness and now blinding glare, Myratt lifted her again in his strong arms and dashed forward. Guided by the lights of the village he proceeded, whispering hope he did not feel, receiving moaning whispers for a time and then no recognition.

The girl was beyond speech! He saw by the flames of lightning that the bitten hand and arm had swollen to an immense size, that upon the delicate flesh were reproduced the spots of the serpent, felt that the beating of the heart was growing fainter and fainter, that the hot breath was becoming less and less, knew that in a little time he would be carrying a corpse, beautiful but an hour before, the loathsome, discolored and hideous beyond the conception of those who have never seen such a death.

Straining every nerve, panting from speed and worn with his burden, Myratt still kept on, reached the path that led down to the village, and was about to descend, when he was met by a party anxiously searching for the lost girl.

"Bitten by a rattlesnake? Dying or dead? Stained and spotted with the horrible leprosy of the serpent poison? Oh, my God! it is terrible," groaned the poor father as the insensible form was placed within his arms and the fearful tale told.

But the grief was as nothing to the wild agonized sobbing and shrieking of the loving mother, when she saw her darling brought in and laid upon a bed, as hideous and repulsive as she had last seen her bright and beautiful.

Physicians came, but their experience and wisdom availed little. The poison had spread rapidly, been strongly incorporated with the circulation, the action of the heart paralyzed until it had almost ceased to beat. Ammonia, iodine, everything to be thought of as an antidote, hydratic and palliative medicine were tried without giving relief. The hideous spots grew larger and more distinct; sinuous, twisting, creeping motions took the place of natural ones, and hand and limb became more swollen. The sufferings of the stricken girl became so terrible as to cause several to be carried fainting from the room, others to turn ghastly pale, grow sick and eagerly rush into the open air.

"Can nothing be done? Oo, my poor, dear child!" sobbed the heart-broken mother, still clinging to the writhing form, still clinging to the hope long given up by all others,

"Nothing," came answered back from the firmly compressed lips of the physician-in-chief. "We have exhausted all our knowledge, all our skill, but—"

He motioned to his associates, drew them aside and a whispered consultation was held.

"Chloroform" was the only word that reached the strained ears of Paul Myratt, but it was enough. He knew but too well what it portended; that they were discussing the propriety of easing her terrible sufferings and freeing her pure soul from the rotting clay by a long, deep anæsthetic slumber, by one that would never be broken in this world.

It was so decided, and while one of their number was absent procuring the powerful chemical combination, they again gathered around their patient and watched the spasms of pain, the horrible writhings and contorsions, with professional interest, though not with tearless eyes. Other than human would they have been could they have done so.

In the midst of the stillness that was worse than that of death, a silence to which sound would come as the falling of clods upon the coffin lid, a stranger entered. So wild with excitement was the town that no one could escape hearing of the accident. In the great sorrow his presence was unnoticed. For a single instant he remained, then went out into the now clear and tranquil night, and mounted in a horse rode away at a dangerous speed. His absence was brief, but even as he again entered the physicians were holding the sometimes easing, the destined to be fatal anæsthetic for the stricken girl to breathe.

Hastening to the side of the bed the stranger almost rudely pushed the men of medicine aside, and exclaimed in a voice commanding, though intensely permeated with emotion:

"Cease! Why would you commit even professional murder when the poor child may be saved? Stand back and give me room."

They looked upon him as a madman, and would have laid violent hands upon and thrust him out, but the distracted mother flung herself upon her knees and at his feet, and as one clinging to a straw when sinking for the last time, begged him to save the life of her child.

"I will, God helping me," he answered firmly and positively. "Human means, seconded by the prayer of faith, can accomplish great results."

He took a little package from his pocket. When the wrappings had been removed there was exposed to view a small, dark grayish something, scarcely more than an inch long and less in width and thickness.

"The madstone! The madstone!" burst from many lips. "Now may heaven be thanked."

"Be silent," sternly commanded the stranger, "and control yourselves, whatever comes."

"And my child, my darling will live!" exclaimed the almost exhausted mother.

"She is in the hands of the Great Physician," was answered, reverently. "By mysterious ways now, as in the olden time, He can heal and raise the dead, if such be His holy will."

The followers of Æsculapius looked on with scornful eyes and curling lips, and the young naturalist with absorbing interest, as the stone was applied to the bite of the serpent. Neither had ever seen one of the almost fabulous articles before, and doubted its reputed power. For a moment it was held lightly on the swollen and discolored flesh, then it clung firmly and pressed deeply of its own volition, and screams, prolonged and of indescribable agony, burst from the ashy and purple lips of the girl.

"It adheres—is sucking out the poison! Watch how it changes color," said the stranger, with wonderful self-control.

There was no denying the fact. The dull, blackish gray rapidly gave place to green, that deepened and brightened until the stone loosened its hold and fell into the awaiting hand. It was placed in warm water to disgorge and again applied, its power evidently less than at first, its green less pronounced until it absolutely refused to attach itself to the skin—had lost all its adhesive power.

From the first touch the screams of the girl had diminished, grown fainter and fainter, then entirely ceased, and when the madstone in its silent way told that its mission had been accomplished, she had sunk into a sound and healthy slumber.

"She will awake cured, will live," said the stranger. "Leave her now to the rest she needs, and morning and evening praise him whose mysteries are past finding out, the God of mercy, pity and love."

"And you?" was questioned, amid the tearful blessings of father and mother.

"A humble servant of the Christ crucified, the Redeemer and Saviour. He guided my wandering footsteps hither. He caused me to have knowledge of the whereabouts of this wonderful stone. I am but a simple instrument in his hand,"

A year later a young, blushing and happy bride stood at the altar of a Northern church. The same lips that had pronounced her cured from the virus of the deadly mountain rattlesnake, pronounced her and Paul Myratt man and wife. She would have no other. As they entered the room prepared for them, and because hidden to the eyes of the public, she whispered to him upon whose arm she would lean lovingly for life.

"Paul, dearest. all honor to the madstone; all glory to the high power that gave it its wonderful charm; all thanks to the man that used it, who has given you to me; but in my heart I know it was to your lips I owe my life most of all. It was you who sucked the poison from my veins, and—"

"Your lips, darling, shall ever repay me with their sweetness—as they do now?"—William H. Bushnell. in Mercury.

The Grand Hall of Karnak.

Edward L. Wilson, Scribner's for October

It covers more space than the cathedral at Cologne and has wall capacity sufficient to surround Notre Dame of Paris. The central avenue of the hall is supported by twelve massive columns nearly eighty feet high and thirty-six feet in circumference. They sustain the tremendous slabs of stone, which once formed the roof. A few steps further and we are in a perfect Mariwosa of columns. Besides the twelve which support the central avenue there are one hundred and twenty-two others of nearly the same proportions, all covered with hieroglyphic sculpture from base to capital. The eye is bewildered by the surrounding objects, so splendid in their ruin. When we contemplate the mysterious religion to which this mighty fane was dedicated and the lofty civilization of the people who reared such a sublime edifice, the mind is strained and the senses are confounded.

There were the once solid pylons riven in twain by earthquake or by the settling of the ground; polished obelisks which had been snapped like reeds by some unknown power; columns whose thick, broad asizes had been sent flying one after the other, across the courts; architraves wrenched from beneath the great weight of the ceiling which had rested upon them, twisted askew and then dropped across the aisles and held dependent there by other masses of masonry; capitals on edge half buried in the debris, reminding one of the upturned roots of a fallen tree—all on a stupendous scale.

Recklessnes Concerning Drugs.

There is absolutely no limit to the recklessness of women with drugs, especially those proper to the toilet. One woman fancied carbolic acid would improve her skin, and so it will, diluted enough. But she used it strong, till the skin of her face cracked, peeled and—that was not the worst—left a downy growth which spoiled originally decent cheeks. Another thought cold baths the finest stimulant in the world, and took a plunge in the coldest well water twice a day in warm weather, till she had to give up, with her thear probably injured for life. Another believed in hot baths, and after unlimited trial came out so weakened that it took years to restore her.

Moderation is the rule for all treatment, but most persons learn it too late, and miss the lifelong benefit they might derive from the agencies they wear out in a year or two.

Electricity has been sadly overdone by women who fancied they knew enough to treat themselves, bought a small battery and tried to use it as a bank of vitality. Students try to do double work by aid of this fearful stimulant, and find out it shatters their nerves in less time than alcohol. It is of no use to try to find a philosopher's stone, or an Aladdin lamp, or any substitute for the painstaking process of developing care and judgment for one's self. You cannot by any marvel of science give health or by pressing an electric button, or holding the handles of a battery, or swallowing any bolus, or lathering yourself with sweet scented lotions, although costmetic recipe books and dealers may tell you so in flourishing sentence.—Shirley Dare's Letter.

A Suggestion for Old Boxes.

Do mothers and nurses know how much enjoyment and fun can be had out of different styles of boxes that we so often ruthlessly destroy? If all the members of the family will save the boxes they will find, some stormy day when children are forced to remain indoors, that a trip to the attic (where the boxes can be kept) will afford a great deal of amusement. The little girls of the family will select a good-sized box for a new kind of doll's house, and mamma or nurse can easily teach them how to cut cardboard furniture to furnish this little house. If it is summer time, make a tiny house out of an old cardboard box, and paste on to it dried moss, then set it on a shingle and have a little gravel path leading up to the door. On one side have a bit of looking-glass for a pond, and some branches of evergreen boughs for trees. You can add whatever else you like to make it look like an old-fashioned farm-house. This simple toy has kept little girls happy for whole summers.

The boys can use the boxes for theatres, Punch and Judy and many different kinds of shows.

The baby will be amused with an old tin box, some beans or pebbles put inside, and the outside covered with some bright-colored flannel after the cover, is firmly fastened. This will make a good rattle, and if a string be tied to the box it can be drawn on the floor, or be suspended from the chandelier and swung if the baby is too young to walk.

All these simple things have been helps to many mothers and nurses on rainy days, when the expensive toys of the nursery have grown old and the little children are longing for something new.

When you go away from home for the summer put some boxes and bright colored papers and cloths into your trunk; you will find them useful and very acceptable when the children cannot have their own nursery or the toys it contains.

The Big Parasol.

Speaking of the large parasols, the London Telegraph says: The new form is decidedly not coquettish. This "combined alpenstock and tent" cannot serve to hide a smile or stand sentinel over a betraying blush; it is ponderous and ungainly, and yet there is possibly a scientific suggestion for its sudden existence. When waists were born low, the hands naturally fell to the frontier of the boddice and rested on the parasol handle. As waists rose, the handle of the shade-produces, or rain-averter, rose after them, so that when the "Directoire" fashion came boldly in, and the central sash crept up toward the throat, the hands rose with the sash, and the umbrella—for it would be ridiculous to call these structures parasols—fearlessly went after the hands. They are utilized, it is stated, for carrying all manner of feminine requisites, just as our gilded youths carry matches and cigarettes in their walking sticks, and those minute toilet mysteries of which it is not lawful to speak in detail, but which the stern conditions of our climate necessitate, are alleged to be cunningly concealed in the huge bonbonniere that, as a rule, surmounts this modern maiden's mast. Still the question arises "Quosque tendem?" and we are inclined to think that she will be wise and patriotic in these times who shall boldly adventure the first move in the sensible direction of restricting the formidable dimensions of these sun-shading, two-handled saplings, for in truth they are just now of an inartistic, gigantic and grotesque character.

Woman's Real Life.

Woman's real life begins at marriage, and for the first step is renunciation. She must give up with a good grace the exaggeration and romance of love making. The warmest hearted and most unselfish women soon learn to accept quiet trust and the loyalty of a loving life as the calmest and happiest condition, and the men who are sensible enough to rely on good sense of such wives, sail around and away from the adorers, for true affection and comfortable tranquility. Just let a young wife remember that her husband necessarily is under a certain amount of bondage all day; that his interests compel him to look pleasant under all circumstances, to offend none, to say no hasty word, and she will see that when he reaches his own fireside he wants most of all to have this strain removed, to be at ease; but he cannot be if he is afraid of wounding his wife's sensibilities by forgetting some outward or visible token of his affection for her.

Besides, she pays him a poor compliment in refusing to believe what he does not continually assert; and by fretting for what is unreasonable to desire, she deeply wrongs herself, for

'A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seemed, thick, bereft of beauty."

How He Got His Name.

"Long John" Wentworth once related that he got his nickname in the following manner: "When," he said, "I was going to school down in Connecticut, I was the longest, skinniest boy you ever saw. I was fourteen years old. I used to have a habit in those days of getting my heels up on the seat, so that my knees towered above my head. I was sitting that way one day in school, when one of the examiners came around. He said to the teacher, 'What's that boy doing standing up on the bench? Why don't you make him sit down?" The teacher said I was sitting down. 'That's the way he sits,' said the teacher. 'Who is he?' asked the examiner. 'John Wentworth,' said the teacher. 'He's a pretty long Jonh,' said the examiner, and ever since that it's stuck to me."

Wild Dogs in Geor gia.

Marietta Journal.

It will be news to many that the wild dogs are still to be found in Wilkes county. While some negroes were burning off brush the other day, a litter of pupies, long-haired and closely resembling the Scotch collie breed, were found in a hollow log. They were exceedingly fierce, and negro tradition has it that their parents have been frequently seen in the locality. The old dogs are said to be very wild, and ugly looking customers to come in contact with. The probabilties, however, are that the pupies in question are the offsprings of some canines driven wild by neglect or ill-usage.

VIGOROUS JOURNALISM.

There has of late years been a marked falling off in what may be called "rough-shod journalism." Some how or other, the opposition journal is not a "vile, slimy sheet" as much as it used to be, and the political opponent has improved a good deal, but still the age of vituperation is not quite over. The Philadelphia Dispatch thus disposes of a prominent Texan:

"Roger Quarles Mills complained of insomnia before his bill passed, but says he now sleeps 'at the rate of forty miles an hour.' Perhaps before he goes to bed he reads the Mills bill. That, as an opiate, ought to equal half an ounce of laudanum, for certainly 'the power of dullness can no further go.' Wait till the people light on Mr. Mills and his bill about the hour of 'early candle-lighting,' as the parsons say out west, on Tuesday, November 6, next. This 'swashbuckler' from a Texas ranch, who is laboring under the hallucination that he is a statesman, will wake up on the morning of the 7th of November feeling worse than a June-bug yanked off a sweet potato vine by a wild turkey gobbler."

EASILY SATISFIED.

Mr. Nimrod—I say, Mister Editor, did you know that I was out hunting yesterday?

Editor—No; I hadn't heard of it.

"Well, I was, and I thought perhaps you might want to make a local notice of it, so I came over to give you the particulars."

"Did you kill anything?"

"Well, I should say so. I made one of the most remarkable shots on record; killed two rabbits at one shot. Going to mention it, ain't you?"

"Certainly, Mr. Nimrod."

"Can't you make it a little conspicuous?"

"Why, of course. I'll have both of the rabbits you shot printed in double leaded type. See?"

"That'll do splendid. Thanks—awfully thanks! Good morning."—Siftings.

A Fatal Indorsement.

Mr. Roe's publisher, with whom he has had intimate relations for many years, says: "Mr. Roe was one of the most successful authors whose works we have ever published, and a more agreeable associate we have never met within our business experience. He was a brilliant, great hearted man, different from those novelists who advocate philanthrophy in their books, but do not practice it. His goodness of heart brought him to the verge of ruin not long ago. Two years since he indorsed a big note for his brother. The brother did not pay up, and Mr. Roe had to foot the bill. Several of his relatives were indorsers with him, but to shield them he took the burden of settling it alone. He was obliged to sell his copyrights in order to raise the money. Yet I never heard him complain. He went on with his work serenely, although much crippled financially, and only labored the harder to get on his feet again. I do not think he was worth much money at the time of his death. His income lately has been something like $15,000 a year, but the loss incurred by indorsing that note probably took away a great part of his savings.—Cosmopolitan.

English Will Not Have It.

In nothing is the contrast between English and American temperaments better illustrated than in the readiness which our people show for radical changes in the way of improved travel. A new invention to expedite the handling of freight or baggage is at once caught up here, but in England they will not even change from the old system of checking and rechecking baggage. One large English road sent across a commission to look over our railroad system and report available improvements. The report favored our American plan of checking, but the English people will have none of it. They prefer to see to the delivery of their baggage to the cars and from them. But their special abhorrence is our open cars and Pullman system. To an American this looks like inexcusable old fogyism.—Globe Democrat.

Double Girdles for Slender Girls.

A new device suitable for the costumes of slender women is the double girdle. The waist of the dress for this purpose is made unusually long and loose, and then a metallic belt of some sort is worn just above the hips, while another encircles the body three or four inches higher up. The effect is to impart an appearance of suppleness and grace. The suggestion for the duplicate girdle was probably found in the ballets of the eastern nautch girls. It is certainly novel and seductive. I saw at Lenox several elegant morning dresses made for these double belts in India cashmere and faille in contrasting colors. Some of the tea gowns similarly encircled were wonders in richness. The picturesque and fanciful costumes of oriental countries had all been laid under tribute to furnish ideas for these luxurious garments.—New York Cor. Pioneer Press.

Do We Know Ourselves?

The invention of the phonograph and graphophone has brought out the singular fact that few persons, if any, know the sound of their own voice. When several persons in succession have spoken into one of these machines, each may recognize in its reproductions the voice of a friend or acquaintance, but does not identify his own. An analogus phenomenon has been observed in the matter of sight by photographers, who often satisfy in a likeness every one but the original. Thus it seems that we not only do not see ourselves as others see us, but we do not hear ourselves as others hear us.

HAVE YOU CATARRH?—There is one remedy you can try without danger of humbug. Send to H. G. Coleman, Chemist, Kalamazoo, Mich., for trial package of his catarrh cure. His only mode of advertising is by giving it away. Postage 2c. Judge for yourself. Mention this paper.

For the first six months of 1888 the English railways killed 165 people and injured 957.

A Hamorton (Pa.) firm ships walnut logs to Germany.

In the United States there are 140,000,000 acres of wheat, corn, rye and oats.

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

Muscle Consumed in Exercise.

The animal body may be less like the steam engine in its operation than we are accustomed to think. Mr. W. Mattieu Williams mentions recent experiments of A. Monari, an Italian physiologist, as tending to show that muscle is used up by the exertions of the body, and thus to establish Liebig's theory of the physiology of nutrition in place of the more modern one that life work is generated by the combustion of food. If Liebig was right, as Mr. Williams believes, the work is done by the consumption of living tissue—of the engine itself—which the food renews.

HOW'S THIS!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Walding, Kinnin & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

E. H. Van Hoesen, Cashier, Toledo National Bank, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. Price, 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Made Blind Through Vanity.

About a year ago one of the most lovely girls in the state lived at 40 Orange avenue, in this city. A pair of large, liquid blue eyes set off a face that would put any picture to shame, and her form was simply perfect. The young lady was highly educated, and possessed all the qualities that go to make up a society belle. Her parents are well to do, and she has wanted for nothing since she was old enough to prattle. But she had one fault, and that fault has proved her undoing. It is called vanity. She fairly worshipped her own eyes, and did everything in her power to make them look more beautiful than they were. She used numerous drugs before she found what she wanted. This last drug made her eyes sparkle like diamonds, and she used it to such an extent that her right eye began to shrivel. This brought her to her senses, and the family physician was called in. But he came too late, and informed the poor girl that she must lose one of her eyes sure, and probably both. The right eye was taken out some time ago, and she has lost all sight in the left, and will be blind for life.—Evansville Times.

MOTHERS who have delicate children can see them daily improve and gain in flesh and strength by giving them that perfect food and medicine, Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites. Dr. W. A. Hulbert, of Salisbury, Ills., says: "I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Scrofula and Debility. Results most gratifying. My little patients take it with pleasure." Sold by all Druggists.

During the last year sheep in Iowa decreased 26,900 head.

"Just Hear That Child Scream!" said Mrs. Smith to her sister, Mrs. Davis, as the sound of a child's shrieks came across the garden from a neighbor's house. "What kind of a woman you have for a neighbor?" Does she abuse her children?" "No, indeed," replied Mrs. Davis. "She is one of the most tender mothers in existence. But you see, she believes in the old-fashioned styles of doctoring. When a child needs physic, she fills a spoon with some nauseous dose, lays the little victim flat on her lap, holds his nose till he is forced to open his mouth for breath, when down goes the dreadful mess. Then come the yells." "No wonder," said Mrs. Smith. "Why doesn't she use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets? They are effective without being harsh, and are as easy to take as sugar plums. I always give them to my children." "And so do I," said Mrs. Davis.

Richard Kidd, 115 years old, will vote in Texas if he lives till election day.

The cleansing, antiseptic and healing qualities of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are unequalled.

The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe in 1846.

The Little Seed.

A little seed lay in the carter's path;
A little shoot bowed in the strong wind's wrath;
A little shrub grew, by its roots held fast;
Then a stout tree braved all the winter's blast.

A little cough started—'twas only light;
A little chill shivered the hours of night;
A little pain came and began to grow,
Then consumption laid all his brave strength low.

Be wise in time. Check the little cough, cure the little chill, dispell the little pain, ere the little ailment becomes the strong, unconquerable giant of disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, taken in time, is a remedy for these ills.

A New York physician says excessive gum chewing ruins the eyesight.

USE BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES for Coughs, Colds and all other Throat Troubles. —"Pre-eminently the best."—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

Will Carleton, the poet, wrote his first piece of verse when 10 years of age.

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.

The revival of the tulip mania is threatened in Holland.

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For Neuralgia.
FRESH TESTIMONIALS.
90 Minutes. Irvington, Ill., May 28, 1888. About three years ago, Mrs. Egbert Tenyck was taken with Neuralgia in head and face; had suffered three days; she tried St. Jacobs Oil; was relieved in 30 minutes. Jas. T. Goodner, Druggist.
Prompt. Columbus, Ohio, May 29, 1888. Have suffered with Neuralgia for many years; I use St. Jacobs Oil; it gives relief and finally drives away all pain. I would use no other medicine. SOPHIA PFEIFER.
Sure. Towanda, Ill., June 8, 1888. The wife of SIMON P. ANDERSON had pains in the back of from childhood, which yield to St. Jacobs Oil. G. W. HOWARD & SONS, Druggists.
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