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EVENING AND WEEKLY.

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TUESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 11, 1887.

Matters in Europe have a decidedly warlike look.

The Cincinnati Knights of Labor stand by Powderly.

The Marquis of Queensberry has been knocked out by his wife. Science doesn't always win.

We are indebted to Mr. D. Cottingham, 121 Farlow street, for a copy of *Reynolds's Newspaper*, London.

The New York *Star* appears in new type and is handsomer and more dangerous (as a free trade organ) than ever.

Mr. R. W. Criswell, late of the *Sun*, and formerly of the *Enquirer*, is now on the taff of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*.

Mrs. Cleveland takes off her high hat and sits on it when she gets to her place inside of a theater. That is an additional reason why the American people admire her.

Senator W. B. Allison, of Iowa, is mentioned approvingly, by the Burlington *Hawkeye*, as a good man to succeed Cleveland. Senator Allison was born at Steubenville, Ohio.

The people of Massachusetts, of all parties, are proud of their old governor, Robinson, whose shingle as attorney at law, hangs out at Springfield, and of their new governor, Ames, both republicans.

Mr. N. R. Hysel, of Corning, and Mr. I. F. McDonald, of Springfield, respectively president and secretary of the Ohio Trades assembly, have made the Dayton *Workman* the State organ of the organization.

It is thought that the "Professor" E. Schaaf, who committed suicide in Cincinnati, was the Chicago bomb-thrower. If so, he will be more likely to get justice in the place where he is gone, than if he had waited to go to Chicago.

The people of Paddy's Run, Ohio, are mostly Welsh, but they like the name of their town and glory in it, as they have a right to. Paddy's original Run, which may have suggested the name of the town, was toward the enemy—not from him. Paddy's Run, let it be added, is the native place of Mr. Murat Halstead, of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, a gentleman who is still living, we believe, and flourishing to some extent.

We call attention to our report of an interview with General Asa S. Bushnell, who has just returned from Boston, and who communicates some most important information concerning the proposed consolidation of the Cleveland, Sandusky and Cincinnati, the Columbus, Springfield and Cincinnati, and the Indiana, Bloomington and Western Railway companies, under the name of the Columbus, Sandusky, Indianapolis and Western.

The Cincinnati *Post* prints a good portrait and a biography of our esteemed fellow journalist, "Sam" (Sylvanus) E. Johnson, the new managing editor of the *Sun*. It seems that "Sam" began newspaper work as a compositor (type-setter) at Urbana, and he has been doing editorial work, successively, on the *Ohio State Journal*, the Cincinnati *Enquirer* and the New York *World*. He is a royally good journalist and good fellow, wherever he is.

The Springfield correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* writes of Francis Murphy's work in this city as follows:

Instead of this the hall has been used for a series of temperance meeting participated in by the most earnest Christians and temperance workers of this city, and marked by widespread interest, which can only be characterized as marvelous. Temperance meetings have been held in this city with almost undeviating regularity ever since the golden tones of Francis Murphy's voice were heard in the Springfield wigwam, exhorting people to sign the pledge. As far as I have means of observing, those who signed pledges under Mr. Murphy's influence have kept them manfully, and many have been permanently reformed. It seems to be a characteristic of this wonderful temperance orator to inspire others to carry on the work which he has begun.

The old REPUBLIC, long ago, urged that our school children should be trained in the use of the hands as well as in brain work. We believe, still, that all education that teaches and trains the mind alone is defective. There should be, to as great an extent as shall prove practicable, an educating and training of both the mind and the body at the same time, so that neither shall be developed at the expense of the other. Just how this shall be done—or to what extent—is a matter to be considered and mentally wrought out. We were pleased with the recommendation made by Mr. Lorenz, in his annual report to the board of education, and are glad to copy the following from the Columbus *Dispatch*:

The Springfield board of education is now urging the establishment of a manual training school in connection with the public schools. Toledo has set the example, and one by one the cities of the state are beginning to fall in line. The discussion of manual training has already been begun in Columbus educational circles, and it should not be permitted to die out. It is not necessary to establish a regular and complete manual training school at the start. Let us have manual training gradually introduced into the regular work of our schools as they are now running; and when this line of work has been sufficiently tried and developed, it will be an easy matter to establish a separate training school. What we need above all else just now is not a batch of young carpenters, and blacksmiths, and machinists, but more of a training school spirit and training school method in our school rooms.

PROFIT SHARING.

One of the methods which have been applied to the attempted solution of labor problems is the sharing of profits. This is voluntarily done, as a matter of course, by employers who have actual profits, above indebtedness, to dispose of. The managers of the Boston *Herald* establishment, one of the most prosperous newspaper concerns in the country, have decided to share their profits with their employes in 1887, and to try, to some extent, to illustrate the principle of co-operation. This is an honest and fraternal effort to bring capital and labor into close and friendly relations that shall be mutually beneficial and helpful.

Beginning with the year, the *Herald* people will divide the profits of their business, after reserving interest on the capital, among their employes, each man sharing in proportion to his per cent. of the salary list, and the *Herald* announces that if the experiment proves successful, it hopes to adopt profit sharing as a permanent system.

The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, in noticing this movement on the part of the *Herald*, speaks of an experiment in the same line begun a year ago at the great granite quarries at Westerly, Rhode Island. The books for the year (the *Republican* says) have not been made up yet, so that it is not yet known what amount is to be divided, but it will be no small amount, for the concern has been very prosperous, for many years. Mr. James G. Batterson, of Hartford, president of the company, says that the system was adopted to avoid strikes and friction with the men, and that in that respect the experiment has proved highly successful. The men were suspicious of it at first, but soon took hold and worked harmoniously and efficiently, and he expects a profit to divide. The Westerly experiment was begun, the *Republican* says, in conclusion, with ample provisions against clashing, including the liberty of inspecting the books by a committee of the employes, and it is probably the largest profit-sharing business in the country, except the big Pillsbury flour mills at Minneapolis.

The several companies mentioned deserve great praise for taking the lead in so wholesome a method of solving a very difficult and a supremely important problem. As a matter of course, their line of proceeding is only practicable to well-established concerns which are not likely to have losses, without profits, and can only be adopted by such firms as are financially strong enough to be generous as well as just, and who do not need their earnings to enlarge their facilities.

JOHN A. LOGAN AND JOHN ROACH.

While we are doing justice to the memory and character of dead men—among them grand and heroic John A. Logan and big-hearted, patient, persevering John Roach—let us not be mean and brutal toward living men. Secretary Whitney was quite smart and fresh when he went into office, in his treatment of the Dolphin, and did not mean to murder Mr. Roach outright. Had he known from the beginning as much as he supposed he did, or as much as he did after he found out a few things, he would probably have pursued a different course—one more in the interest of justice and more beneficial to the interests of the country. We cannot acquit Mr. Whitney of doing injustice to Mr. Roach and trying to break him down, financially. Mr. Whitney must bear that burden. If John Roach had been a democrat, even a child must know that there would have been no trouble about the Dolphin. The smart new administration would have swallowed it without winking, and possibly without a trial trip.

Mr. Murat Halstead must not be held responsible for the sickness of John A. Logan. The suspicion is as absurd as it is cruel. John A. Logan was a good hater and a hard hitter, and he never asked for quarter. He took his own course as to the Payne investigation, and Ohio republicans felt that it was the wrong course. The dying of the great and noble man, whose course in this respect was not approved by us, does not change the character of his conduct. Mr. Halstead thought he made a mistake, and Mr. Halstead does not go about batting people with feather dusters or pillows, or firing sponges at them. He hurls solid shot and he hurls them to hit and to hurt. He did what he deemed it to be his duty to do. Could Mr. Halstead have foreseen—as was of course impossible—that the General was so soon to die—we are sure that his course would have been marked with more moderation and consideration.

What has occurred in these two instances, however, is suggestive, and ought to be instructive. Matters of administration should be affected by principles of justice and right, and not by political considerations, and when good men make an unexpected break, in what we believe to be the wrong direction, we should not jump to the conclusion that they are totally depraved and eternally lost.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Alice Oates is dead.

Judge Rogers dropped dead at Chicago.

Boston street cars are stopped by strikers.

Gladstone writes approving Churchill's course.

Jake Sharp's motion for a change of venue was denied.

It is said that Germany is storing enormous quantities of provisions in Metz.

The new British cabinet is announced. Goschen is the only Liberal Unionist in it.

At Fort Keogh, Montana, the temperature has varied ninety degrees in twenty-four hours.

Homestead Steel works, Pittsburg, advances the wages of employes from five to twenty per cent.

The castle government in Ireland has asked for the names of all editors of Nationalist newspapers.

John Roach, the venerable ship-builder, died at his home in New York City Monday morning, from cancer in the mouth.

An alliance of Germany, Italy and Spain against France is asserted by a Paris newspaper claiming undoubted information.

Belgian official circles are impressed with the imminence of war, and the spring army inspection has been, in consequence, ordered to take place next month.

Mrs. Jonas Yoder, Millersburg, O., says she has been disturbed by the ghost of her husband who killed himself, and has had the remains taken up and buried four miles further away from her premises.

A bill was introduced in the legislature providing for the erection of a city building in Cincinnati, at a cost not to exceed $1,000,000, the work to be done under the direction of a commission, at a salary of $1,200 each.

Too Busy to Bow.

Nowadays people nod; they used to bow. That is to say, in the hurry and contempt for forms which this generation rather affects there is a disposition to do away with ceremoniousness. There is a quick recognition and a rushing on to attend to business, which seems to show more greed than graciousness.—Boston Record.

How Partridges Might Multiply.

If a pair of partridges live for sixteen years, and, breed as they do, about eighteen young, and all these were to live and multiply at the same rate, then, at the end of the sixteen years, the whole surface of the earth, land and water, would not be sufficient to give all the partridges standing room.—Science.

It is in order now to batten all the loose cracks in the boarding of stables and sheds. A few cents' worth of common laths will save dollars' worth of fuel in the shape of hay and grain during the winter.

Attention has been called to a hitherto undeveloped source of securing phosphoric acid for fertilizing purposes, viz.: the refuse from furnaces for smelting iron from ores containing a large per cent. of phosphorus.

Woman's Warfare.

Pimples, tan, rash, freckles, prickly heat,
Sallowness, greasiness and times ravages (crow's feet),
These are the foes to woman's beauty:
Their safe removal her speedy duty.
Save one all can be banished very fast,
(We can abate but not obliterate the last:)
Use Champlin's Liquid Pearl and see,
How quickly all these beauty pests will flee.

HERE! THERE!

To be born with keener sight,
More passionate delight,
Wider view of life and death
Choose!

To be bound to bitter pain,
Deeper loss if higher gain
Than most of mortal breath
Choose!

Hush, a voice!
Is this the artist's choice?
An eager spirit could not hesitate,
But to wait,
With all of self crying, Here!
And God within saying, There!
To fear,
To despair,
Then to follow the There,
Because of one's gift—ah, rejoice!
The artist has no choice.
—Minna Caroline Smith in Boston Advertiser.

MICKEY FINN'S AMBITION.

An ambitious vine watered by drippings from the mill roof had climbed slowly over the eaves and embraced the big chimney, which towered seventy feet in the air. The tender feelers of the vine were shriveled by contact with the bricks heated by the fiery heat of the chimney. Disappointed in its aim to reach the chimney top, the vine turned aside and crept over the shingles to the roof top, and down the other side, whence it hung in long festoons, dipping its slender fingers in the mill race.

The vine was the only living thing which had tried to climb the chimney since its erection, and many a funeral cortege had crossed the long shadow of the chimney since that time. The chimney stood where it does now when Mike Finn came to Cooneyalsland, and unless an earthquake topples it over blue smoke will pour from its mouth by day and red sparks by night until Mike has gone out of sight of the chimney forever.

It had been the desire of Mickey Finn for a long time to climb to the top of the chimney. He had two motives in trying to accomplish this dangerous feat. The first was the desire to excite the envy and admiration of his comrades, and the second that he might stand, if only for a moment, on the highest spot on Cooney Island, and look over the goodly landscape. It occurred to him that he might climb up the inside, chimney sweep fashion, but when he had worked his way up twenty feet one day when the mill was idle, he slipped and fell to the bottom, narrowly escaping a broken neck. Still he cherished the project in his heart as he passed the mill each day on his way to school.

Mickey had made more progress in climbing chestnut trees than he had in ascending the tree of knowledge. The schoolmaster was dissatisfied with his progress. Although gifted with a naturally bright mind, it was hard to make the boy understand why he should learn the location of Kamtchatka, and he seemed indifferent as to whether the product of Turk's Island was salt or maple sugar. To his discredit it must be told that he spent a large portion of his time while at school drawing tall chimneys and painting the bricks in vivid green and blue tints. These mimic structures vomited clouds of chrome yellow smoke, which, contrasting with the bright tints of the bricks, produced a most striking and bizarre effect. However, if Mickey was a dullard in geography and economical statistics, he was an adept in physics. He could get the grapvine twist on an opponent in a wrestle, and he was very skillful at knocking out marbles. Indeed, so successful had he been of late that he had just concluded a bargain with Paddy Feenan by which, in consideration of sixty marbles, one dodo, and two badly chipped glass agates, he purchased whatever right to title Paddy had in his sister Mary. This bargain was clinched by Mary when the transfer of the marbles was made, by the vow that she would be faithful to Mickey "forever-'n-ever-amen."

The schoolmaster saw that the best way of interesting Mickey was by a series of object lessons which should have a local bearing, and so, when he called up the geography class, he asked him to bound Cooney Island.

"Bounded on th' sout' by Murray street," said Mickey glibly, "bounded on th' west by Brown's pond, bounded on th' nort' by th' ould Point road, bounded on th' ast by—by—tesn't bounded at all on th' ast; it runs out to a p'int."

"What do they grow on Cooney Island?"

"Mostly cabbidges and potatys, and a few ingyuns, not many."

"What animals do they raise on th' island?"

"Well, there's cats. Mrs McGee has four, three little weeny wans that she's goin' t' put in a bag-nixt week wid a stone an' h'ave 'em in th' pond. Mrs. Feeny's big black Tom cat fit wid my dog Jack, and licked him, but she can't lick me Billy goat, 'cause if he wanst got hold in her he'd shake th' hair all off her back. Mebbe thare's fifty cats on th' island, countin' th' kittens. I'm goin' t' have a good many o' thim in my show as soon as I t'ach th' billy t' stand on his head. It'll be only five cints t' come in, an'"——

"Never mind your show, sir. What other animals are on the island?"

"Meules. Most iv thim, tho' is gone up th' canal 'ceptin' Paddy Feenan's blind meule. H'es no good, anyhow, but fur chewin' hay an' kickin the boards off th' baarn. Mebbe I kin git him in my show"——

"If you say anything more about that show o' yours I'll warm your jacket. Go on wid yer story about th' animals."

"Thare's hosses, an' Jimmy Cooney's mare as has th' h'aves. She blows fur her wind like a l'aky bellers. She's no good. Ye needn't count her. Mushrats and mud turkles is plenty; but ye can't catch many; they're shy. Ye wouldn't care fur thim yeserl', but they'll all come handy fur me whin I start my"——

The schoolmaster stepped toward his scholar with set lips and a ruler in his hand. Mickey, however, anticipated him, and jumping over two benches he reached the door and escaped. As he went down the road a peddler's horse passed by him on a run. A big watermelon rolled out of the wagon and burst open on the ground. Mickey picked up a large piece of the melon, and climbing up on the roof of the mill, seated himself in the shadow of the big chimney and began to eat it. He was soon joined by his friend Doolan. While seated at the foot of the chimney the old longing to climb it came over the boy. As he looked at the great brick shaft he saw on the west side of it a series of spikes driven into the masonry at intervals of three feet, extending from the top to within fifteen feet of the bottom.

"I'll do it," suddenly exclaimed Mickey.

"Do what" asked Doolan.

"Climb th' chimbly."

"You couldn't get up. A fly couldn't."

"D'ye see, there's spikes. We'll git a long hoop an' lane it up agin th' chimbly so I can t'ach th' first spike. It's 'asy gittin' up th' kept o' t' ways."

Doolan saw, or thought he saw, how easy it would be to reach the top, and he suddenly conceived the idea that he would like to do the climbing. Mickey, however, did not wish to give up his cherished design, but he at last consented, with provision that he was to go up when Doolan came down.

"Mind ye now, Doolan, always look up. If ye look down ye'll lose yer holt," was Mickey's parting injunction, as he held the lower end of the board, up which Doolan shinned to the first spike. Then Mickey resumed his watermelon.

When Doolan found himself hanging between earth and heaven his courage began to ooze. Besides, it was very hard work lifting himself up that brick pile by means of slender spikes. When within fifteen feet of the top he shouted:

I can't git up any furder. The next spike is loose."

Mickey stopped cutting out the red heart of the watermelon and looked up.

"Ah, ah!" shouted he, sneeringly, "ye're afeered. Come down an' I'll show ye how t' climb it."

The sneer awakened Doolan's courage, and a moment later he reached the top. At his feet yawned the black mouth of the chimney. Above him was the blue sky, partly veiled by continents of cloud. Off to the right, and seemingly so near that Doolan trembled lest he might fall into it, lay Brown's pond, dimpling in the breeze, with swallows hawking back and forth over it. A butterfly flew airily by him, its yellow wings fluttering in the gladsome sunlight. Kneeling upon the chimney top he was afraid to stand up. Doolan saw all these things as in a dream. His consciousness of the beautiful was dimmed by the awful possibilities which lay between him and the mill roof. His conscience was quickened. In that time of supreme danger he thought of the many mean things he had done in his brief career. He muttered a little half-articulate prayer under his breath as he looked with staring eyes into the great black mouth of the chimney, which seemed to gape at him like the wide opened jaws of a monstrous behemoth.

By this time people, attracted by the unusual sight of a boy on the chimney top, had begun to gather. They came running out of Goose alley and down Murray street. Teamsters stopped their horses, and conferred together about how they could reach the boy. No one offered to go to Doolan's assistance by the way he had gone but Mickey, who laughed at the danger. The flame of Doolan's hope flared up brightly for a moment, as he saw his mother come running down the road.

"'Did I raise ye fur this?" shouted Mrs. Doolan, shaking her fist at her son. "Come down out o' that afore yer father comes home, or it'll be a sorry day fur ye!"

As Mrs. Doolan began to realize how far her boy was from the ground—the chimney had never seemed so high to her before—she saw that he had gone too deep into the shadows of fear to be awed by any impending apple bough or leather strap. And so Mrs. Doolan stood in the dusty road, her hands knotted in her apron, and greedily watched her boy as he crawled backward over the chimney's edge. She saw the feet which she had tucked away only the night before beneath the bedclothes, feeling their way tremblingly over the bricks in search of the first spike. She heard the shout that went up from the crowd when the feet retsed on the welcome spike. Then she hid her eyes behind her apron, while a deathlike silence fell upon the crowd. Her boy had reached the loosened spike. Fearfully he placed his foot upon it. Pieces of mortar fell upon the roof.

"Pray to the blessed Virgin and hang on!" sang out a resolute voice from the the crowd.

"Now, Mickey, take this rope up to him."

Mickey crawled up the board and mounted, step by step, up the hazardous stairway. He passed the rope to Doolan; who slipped the noose in the end of it over the spike above him and slid down to the roof, where he was received by a dozen hands and laid in the arms of his mother.

Mickey waited until Doolan was safe. Scorning the aid of the rope, he came down the way he had gone up. As he jumped upon the roof he exclaimed:

"Thim Doolan b'ys is no good. What's th' use in makin' a fuss over a little climb?"—New York Sun.

Climate of the Great West.

What has wrought the change in the climate of eastern Colorado and western Kansas? That question cannot be accurately answered. The winds blow from the same direction they formerly did, but they are not sirocco like. The rain storms come from the west generally, and in the past the west wind was dry wind. In my opinion the change is due to the extensive irrigation of the land lying along the eastern base of the Rocky mountains. Great rivers, which head in the perpetual snow banks of those mighty ranges, have been turned into irrigation ditches, and the water which formerly ran wastefully to the Gulf of Mexico has been turned on to the arid plains. There it soaks into the soil. The wind sweeping over the land sucks up a large portion of it. There is moisture in the air, and it is precipitated as rain on the plains of eastern Colorado and western Kansas. So extensively is irrigation practiced in Colorado that almost all the water was taken out of the South Platte river last year. Fifty miles eastward from Denver the stream was a tiny rill. As it is with the South Platte so it is with less important streams, and so it soon will be with streams of larger volume. The day when the Arkansas river will be turned on to the plains, every inch of it, is plainly in sight.

The system of irrigation which has been applied to the land lying along the eastern base of the Rocky mountains is now being applied to the western slope and to the arid basin lying between the Rocky mountains and the Sierra Nevada range. In a few years the water which now flows wastefully into the Colorado and the Columbia will be taken from the branches of those large streams and used to irrigate arid land. It is highly probable that the climate of the whole Rocky mountain region will be changed in the near future, and changed by the irrigation of the land lying west of it. More rain will fall in the highlands during the summer. The streams which drain the eastern slopes will remain full longer. More water will be expended on the plains, and more rain will fall in Colorado and eastern Kansas. The arid zone will practically disappear. —Frank Wilkeson in New York Sun.

Vinegar and Indigestion.

It is the business of the saliva to digest starch, and by its alkalinity to stimulate the secretion of the gastric juice in the stomach. It is well known that the saliva is unable to act upon starch in the presence of an acid. Experiments have shown that even so small a quantity of vinegar as one part in 5,000 appreciably diminishes the action of saliva upon starch. One part in 1,000 renders it very slow, and twice the latter quantity arrests it altogether. From this it is evident that vinegar, pickles, salads and other preparations in which vinegar is used are unwholesome, especially when taken with farinaceous food, such as bread and other grain preparations. There is a popular notion that by the use of vinegar a tendency to increase in flesh may be antagonized. The physiological fact that fat is largely formed from the starchy elements of grains and vegetables rather supports the popular notion; but this method of reducing weight should not be encouraged, as the loss of flesh is secured at the expense of good digestion.—Good Health.

A Singular Southern Industry.

According to a correspondent of The New York Commercial Advertiser, the largest house in the world engaged in the collection of medicinal herbs, roots, barks, gums and berries is conducted by two brothers at Statesville, N. C.

These brothers do a business of $100,000 a year, handling more than 2,000 varieties, weighing upwards of 2,000,000 pounds. Shortly after the war they started business in a very small way. At first they dealt chiefly in ginseng, for which there is always a big demand in China. Snakeroot was also looked after, and the business grew to such an extent that the brothers secured the services of an eminent botanist.

The traffic increased, until 40,000 persons are kept busy collecting herbs and delivering them to 400 or 500 different stores scattered over some thirty counties in western North Carolina. These collectors are chiefly women, children and old men.—Atlanta Constitution.

A New Judge's Anxiety.

No matter how experienced in the practice a lawyer may be, if he occupies the bench he finds many new points of which previously he had no knowledge. He views litigation from a different standpoint, placing both sides on an equal footing, whereas as an attorney he looked only on one side of the question at issue. A new judge of course has more work to do than one who has fallen into the routine part of judicial duty. In his anxiety to be impartial he makes note of many small or insignificant points that an experienced judge learns to eliminate from his consideration of the case. He is on the qui vive to catch everything that is going on, and hence finds himself very tired after hearing a case. After he has tried a great many cases he will naturally come to know what parts of testimony to closely attend, and then his work will not be so onerous. —Judge Valliant in Globe-Democrat.

King Humbert's Wreath.

King Humbert, of Italy, has been presented with an enormous wreath of bronze, surmounted by a golden star, in recognition of the bravery and humanity displayed by him during the cholera epidemic in Naples. It was paid for by popular subscriptions limited to one cent each.

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A mechanic in Louisville, Ky., thinks that he has invented an apparatus which will discourage the giving of false alarms of fire. His appliance is a pair of magnetic nippers which grab by the wrist the man who turns in the alarm, and hold him at the box until the arrival of the fire department. The man who turns in the alarm can be released only by the firemen, who are supplied with keys which turn off the current, when the magnet relaxes its grip.—New York Sun.

Roscoe Conkling's Charity.

Roscoe Conkling is daily beset with indigent lawyers, who look upon the ex-senator as a sort of animated sub-treasury. He has given them yards of greenbacks, but yesterday he drew the line on a lawyer who had been a regular customer for six months or more. Turning to him Mr. Conkling said: "See here, I've given you enough to support a whole family for a year or two. Now you must stand aside and give somebody else a show."—New York Sun.

Novelties in Paris.

A short time since youthful innovators of the exquisite order in Paris thought it extremely pschutt to wear red ties. Then came the hats with flat brims, and last year it was even the fashion among some swells to wear small tufts in their hats containing brilliants which sparkled from afar. In the latest mode a scarf pin tipped with electric light is the novelty.—New York Sun.

A New Metal.

A mine owner near near Sheridan, M. T., reports the discovery of a new metal. It carries considerable gold in places, but the latter cannot be separated from the strange material by any process of working gold ores. The mineral when melted is as white as silver, but much harder.—Chicago Herald.

Gen. Butler's Costume.

Gen Butler has one of the most comfortable winter costumes in New York. He wears a long ulster belted and strapped snugly around him, a fur cap that comes down over his ears and fur gloves. The collar of his coat is turned up and the tails almost touch the ground.—New York Sun.

Money of the United States.

The amount of money in the United States, exclusive of copper and nickel, was recently estimated at $548,520,031 in gold, $308,784,223 in silver and $630,000,000 in paper; total, $1,487,104,254.

At Night always have Acker's Baby Soother at hand. It is the only safe medicine yet made that will remove all infantile disorders. It contains *no Opium or Morphine*, but gives the child *natural ease from pain*. Price 25 cents. Sold by Frank H. Coblentz, corner Market and High streets.

LOCAL NOTICES.

There is no one article in the line of medicines that gives so large a return for the money as a good porous strengthening plaster, such as Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. 47r

ALL MEDICAL AUTHORITIES agree that catarrh is no more nor less than an inflammation of the lining membrane of the nasal air passages. Nasal catarrh and all catarrhal affections of the head are not diseases of the blood, and it is a serious mistake to treat them as such. No conscientious physician ever attempts to do so. It is held by eminent medical men that sooner or later a specific will be found for every disease from which humanity suffers. The facts justify us in assuming that for catarrh at least a positive cure already exists in Ely's Cream Balm.

If the Sufferers From Consumption,

Scrofula, and general debility will try Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with hypophosphites, they will find immediate relief and a permanent benefit. Dr. H. V. Morr, Bretwood, Cal., writes: "I have used Scott's Emulsion with great advantage in cases of phthisis, scrofula and wasting diseases generally. It is very palatable."

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething, is the prescription of one of the best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and has been used for years with never-failing success by millions of mothers for their children. During the process of teething its value is incalculable. It relieves the child from pain, cures dysentery and diarrhœa, griping in the bowels and wind colic. By giving health to the child it rests the mother. Price 25c a bottle.

A KIND and GENEROUS DEED.—Rev. A. Barber, superannuate member of St. Louis Conf. M. E. church, writes from Moran, Kansas: "This recommendation is written without solicitation from anyone; but I owe it to those similarly afflicted to say that by the use of the Shaker Extract of Roots (Siegel's Syrup) I was cured of an obstinate and almost fatal indigestion—both stomach and livet being completels torpid. I was redeed to a living skeleton. Friends, family and physician had given me up. I was keeping the spark of life alive with a diet of raw eggs and milk. Now both stomach and liver are performing their functions. I have many friends in Western Ohio, N. E. Iowa and S.W. Mo. who would like to know this."

THE HONEST SHAKER, although he does not boast of his purity, always makes goods that can be relied upon; for instance, his Shaker Extract of Roots (Siegel's Syrup) is really a valuable article. It is not recommended as a cure-all, but as a remedy for one single disease, viz: Indigestion, in which disease it works like a charm.

Great Britain's naval outlay this year will be about $66,000,000.

A physician said: "I've tried all and know the *Hop Porous Plaster* is the best one made." 25 cts.

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