TO STEP ASIDE IS HUMAN.

Then gently scan thy brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennan wrang,
To step aside is human. —Burns.

HOMES OF THE DEAD.

A SOUTHERN CEMETERY THAT IS 160 YEARS OLD.

A Walk in a New Orleans Burial Place. The Resting Places of Governor Claiborne and Myra Clark Gaines—A Modest Tomb.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 21.

NOTHING, perhaps, is more striking in the cities and towns of the gulf coast, to northern visitors, than the cemeteries. The dead are laid away in tombs built above ground. Water is often found so near the surface that graves of even shallow depth fill up at once, and there is an aversion to putting the newly dead down into the wet earth. Time dulls the edge of grief, however, and as the grim monarch calls for more room the old must give way to the new. There is no formality now, no prayers and no tears; only a matter of fact job for the sexton, who opens the vault, rakes out the bones, and makes such disposition of them as he may, and the receptacle is ready for the next occupant.

While out walking the other day in the old part of the town, we noticed down the street several monuments towering high above a stone wall. Strolling that way we soon reached the corner of Conti and Basin streets, and stood at the entrance of the oldest cemetery in the city. On each side of the gateway were the offices. A boy sat tilted back in a chair by the open gate, and in reply to our question bade us enter, and, following us in, volunteered to show us the sights. There was no wagon road, the tombs and vaults were too thick, the foot paths everywhere barely wide enough to allow the passage of the bier and its bearers. The walks were very irregular, and there were but few trees; there was no room for trees, room only for the dead. When the first burial was made New Orleans was known as Bienville, and that was 160 years ago. Every day for more than a century mourners have passed in and left their dead, and still they come daily, indeed, almost hourly.

The very generations of the dead
Are swept away, and tomb inherits tomb.

How true these words of Byron, for here tombs are literally built upon tombs, and mixed with the tiny shells in the wallsit must have been the dust of men. Where is he who said that all of the continents were not large enough to hold the dead of the world's past? Why, here in four acres were more than 60,000. There are no green swards nor flower beds, nothing under foot except shells, but up over the tombs flowering vines and ivy cling, and under the close growing leaves the birds build their nests upon the masonry. The winged inhabitants of the air that fly in terror from the homes of the living are fearless here among the abodes of the dead. All is silent but for the call of birds within the

A FAMILY TOMB.

walls; outside is the hum of the living city. Here and there in front of the marble, rising tier above tier, kneel dark garbed women, with heads bowed in grief and prayer. Flowers in vases and immortelles and crosses hanging on projecting hooks testify the love of friends. These skeleton wreaths of wire strung beads, jet black or starky white, seem too mechanical and grotesque to express the deep grief of sorrowing hearts, but it's the fashion perhaps, and what appears matter loving to the mourner is discord to the unaccustomed eye. There are some fine specimens of sepulchral architecture, marble and mosaic dwellings, rising from two to five or six stories or tiers in height, turreted, gothic or domed, but in the main the habitations are of the plainest sort, reminding one of the crowded tenement houses of the living city. For ostentation and display, the newer cemeteries over in the direction of Lake Pontchartrain must be visited, where money has made veritable palaces, and avenues lined with superb trees, from which the spectral moss swings to and fro without rustle or sound, expressive of sorrow after the subsidence of sobs and tears. The new cemeteries are as brilliant as this one is somber.

Many of the tombs are in truth only boarding houses, belonging to churches or benevolent societies, some large enough to hold a hundred or more. When full and room is needed for the later dead the oldest receptacle is opened, the remains taken out and dumped into what the boy called the "cellar," a vacant space left in the center of the structure for this very purpose. One venerable old pile pointed out by our youthful guide had its cellar full from bottom to top, with skulls and bones thrown in indiscriminately. Hundreds had been laid away, tenderly and tearfully, in the front apartments of the old tomb, but subsequently dragged out and disposed of in this ghastly manner. Now and then a tomb was placarded "For sale" or "For rent."

Death and the grave are solemn and awful realities, and nowhere is that fact more vividly impressed upon one's mind than among these "low brow'd murky vaults, furr'd round with misty damps and ropy slime." It is a sad, lonesome place, with unfamiliar language carved upon the marble. Through barred windows we look into char-

TOMB OF MR. CLAIBORNE.

nel houses full of "all uncleanliness and dead men's bones." Through a hole that a colored man was making in an old vault we see coffins. Shortly a dozen persons collect and the coffin of a babe is pushed in with the others. Our guide stops us in front of a dilapidated looking sepulcher musty with age, and with difficulty we decipher the inscription on the moss covered, time eaten slab. It recited the fact that since 1817 all that was mortal of W. C. C. Claiborne, governor of Mississippi territory, governor of Louisiana as territory and state, and United States senator from same, lay there. Long neglected, like many others it is slowly sinking out of sight. The headstones in the Chalmette National cemetery, below the city, are pulled up and reset every year or two, so yielding is the ground.

Around the Claiborne tomb were other individual vaults, containing members of his family. Near by the Claiborne plot was the tomb of the distinguished claimant, Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines. Her long contest to secure a parcel of land upon which the most valuable part of the city was built is history. She failed to get the acres, but secured what most people get at the end—six feet of ground. No monument nor marble shaft marks her resting place. Her tomb is a modest, quiet one—the kind a tired woman wants after a long, bitter struggle and failure. It was about three feet high, a marble slab on top with the inscription, and with the exception of the marble top the whole structure seemed to be solid, made either of artificial stone or cement over brick.

MYRA CLARK GAINES' TOMB.

Sturdy men who came here with Bienville in 1718, and aided him in founding the Crescent City and the province of Louisiana, are buried in this ancient cemetery. But all trace of them is lost. And thousands, too, that followed them in succeeding years have disappeared and left no sign.

Time! thou destroyest the relics of the past,
And hidest all the footprints of thy march,
On shattered column and on crumbled arch,
By moss and ivy growing green and fast.

That marble is imperishable is but poetic fancy. These moldering tomts, many of them built within the century, show the fleeting nature of worldly things, that the proudest monuments which man can raise are doomed to crumble beneath the touch of time. The world itself will grow old and die.

MOSES FOLSOM.

THE MORMONS.

Shall They Be Allowed a State Government in Utah?

[Special Correspondence.]

SALT LAKE CITY, Nov. 22.—The Mormons have done the United States the high honor of proposing a treaty, or, rather, a bargain. Put in plain English, this is their proposition: "We have been violating the anti-polygamy law of 1862 for twenty-five years because we believe the Almighty commanded us to take extra wives, and the government for a long time made no serious opposition; but now the government is putting our best men in the penitentiary; therefore, if the United States congress will admit Utah as a state, we will disobey the law of God as we understand it and abolish polygamy, putting a prohibitory clause in our state constitution. In other words, dearly beloved, we will 'be good' if you will be kind and let us have our own way in all other matters." It is definitely proposed that a great government shall stoop from its dignity and make a bargain with men who begin with an acknowledgment that they have violated the law heretofore. The proposition that the Mormons shall abolish polygamy first and ask for statehood afterward is repudiated with scorn.

It is scarcely necessary to point out the obvious fact that the state of Utah, once in the Union, could alter its constitution at will, or its legislature ignore the anti polygamy clause. The proposition gives us the right to examine Mormon history to determine whether they are sincere. By their own account they began the practice of polgamy in Nauvoo, Illinois, in 1843, pursuant to a revelation given on the 12th of July of that year, and about the same time they commenced denying the practice and denouncing it in their publications. On the 1st of February, 1844, the heads of the church published in The Times and Seasons, church organ at Nauvoo, an official denunciation of polgamy. On the 15th of March following, a still stronger denial was published. In July, 1845, a specific denial was issued in The Millennial Star, the Mormon paper in Liverpool, England. In May, 1848, the same organ repeated the denial. In the meantime the Mormons had been driven from Nauvoo; Col. (since Gen.) Thomas L. Kane, brother of the arctic explorer, traveled with them in Iowa, and was the guest of Brigham Young, who solemnly assured him that the charge of polygamy was a vile slander. Col. Kane certified this to the government and American people; President Fillmore accepted his testimony as correct and appointed Brigham Young governor of Utah. In July, 1850, Elder John Taylor, since president of the Mormon church, officially denied and denounced polygamy in France. About the same time the Mormon elders revised and published the "Doctrine and Covenants"—their official discipline—in which they inserted a clause denouncing and forbidding plurality of wives. All the missionaries were instructed to deny the doctrine and practice, and did so in England with the most solemn oaths. For nine years—1843 to 1852—these official denials continued. The Mormons now freely admit that they told and published these falsehoods to deceive the American people and secure full control of the territory, and that a persecuted people is justified in lying to deceive the Gentiles. How can we believe their present promises? But polygamy is only one reason, and not the greatest, against admitting Utah; the real evil, the distinctively un-American evil, is the theocracy which controls the territory. The Mormons have declared a thousand times that they do not want and will not have an American democracy; they want "the kingdom of God, administered by his prophets, priests and apostles." And a theocratic despotism is one of the things the American people are determined not to have set up anywhere in this nation.

J. B. PARKE.

Room Where Washington Died.

But the interest of the whole house centers in the room where Washington died—"The gen'al's room, the room I likes de bes' in de house," as the servitor called it, in a tone of genuine and reverent affection. Just where the great man lay a dying eighty-eight years ago the bed now stands, and beside it the light stand on which are the rings left by his medicine glasses, unchanged since that day. The secretary at which he wrote, the hair covered trunk in which he carried his possessions, the surveyor's tripod he had used, the cloak he threw about his shoulders when he went over the farm, the leathern chair in which he sat—the covering cut away by vandal hands—are all there. There was something, in spite of these few discordant notes, that seemed peculiar to that room. I could not feel that thousands of eyes had looked upon it with idle curiosity, but as though it had been kept sacred all these years and was yet redolent of the memories which have set it apart forever.

"Many wonders," said our guide, "why Mrs. Wash'n'ton died up in de attic, and not in de gen'al's room. It was de custom in de family to shut up a room for two years after a death had happened in it, an' dis room was shut up. Mrs. Wash'n'ton went up in de attic an' dere she staid for eighteen mu'n's till she died dere. She never had no fire in de winter, an' in de summer it was very hot—but dere she staid wif only her cat fur comp'ny."—Sophie Bledsoe Herrick in The Century.

The Five Sisters.

There were five fair sisters, and each had an aim—
Flora would fain be a fashionable dame;
Scholarly Susan's selection was books;
Coquettish Cora cared more for good looks:
Anna, ambitious, aspired after wealth;
Sensible Sarah sought first for good health.
So she took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and grew healthy and blooming. Cora's beauty quickly faded; Susan's eyesight failed from over-study; Flora became nervous and fretful in striving after fashion, and a sickly family kept Anna's husband poor. But sensible Sarah grew daily more healthy, charming and intelligent and she married rich.

A Chicago physician has a collection of several hundred bullets which he extracted from the bodies of Union soldiers who were shot during the war.

Babies that are fretful, peevish, cross, or troubled with Windy Colic Teething Pains, or Stomach Disorders, can be relieved at once by using Acker's Baby Soother. It contains no Opium or Morphine, hence is safe. Price 25 cents. Sold by Frank H. Coblentz, corner Market and High streets.

STORIES OF MEN.

Dr. Bryant's Joke Upon a Teller of Old Stories.

Dr. Bryant, who accompanied President Cleveland on his recent tour through the west and south, is a serious man, who never jokes and never uses slang. One day the doctor was walking through the woods on the Belle-Meade farm, near Nashville, with Gen. "Bill" Jackson, who is known far and wide as a very successful racounteur. The general was in particularly high spirits that day, and stories ran out of him like sap out of a sugar maple.

At the end of one especially good story the doctor, who did not seem to be much pricked by the point of it, continued to look up at the trees, which he had been some time examining, and said:

"General, you raise a good many chestnuts here, don't you?"

All the rest of the day the doctor wondered why Gen. Jackson told no more stories. —Chicago News.

Elihu Washburne, Sr. and Jr.

Elihu B. Washburne, Jr., who was called home by the death of his distinguished father from the college he had been attending at Kingston, N. Y., told this anecdote of him to a friend at the Coleman house, New York: The exminister was entirely lacking in appreciation of American humor. From the time he was rocked in the old oak cradle at Livermore he saw the sterner side of life, and failed with the most favorable surroundings to appreciate Yankee fun. Last summer Elihu, Jr., spent some weeks with his father at the old homestead in Maine. During the collegiate year the young man had not failed to draw on his father for funds. As the old gentleman was sitting and reading and meditating perhaps on the proneness of youth to make money fly upward, like the sparks, Elihu, Jr. passed by in the hall singing in a fine baritone:

The fifteen dollars
In my inside pocket,

whereat the elder lost no time in answering, in the same strain, but with a slightly sarcastic intonation:

Since when, Elihu,
Since when?

—Chicago Herald.

M. Quad Gets Into Trouble.

EUFAULA, Ala., Nov. 7.—While Mr. C. B. Lewis (M. Quad), of The Detroit Free Press, who has been on a visit for a week to this city, was sitting in front of the St. Julien hotel in conversation with a local newspaper man, they were approached by a stranger from the country, who asked:

"Which is M. Quad?"

"This is," Mr. Lewis answered, pointing with a smile to the local newspaper man.

"All right," said the stranger, addressing the Eufaulan, "I heerd you wuz in town, and I've walked fourteen miles ter day jist ter get er chance to lick yer."

It appears that the countryman had once written a communication to M. Quad, the plans and specifications of which the humorist criticised or made fun of, and so won the countryman's lasting enmity. After the affair the two scribes rescued their tall hats from the sand, and arm in arm they went up the street, while the countryman was recovered and detained long enough to be fined $4 and costs for assault and battery. Mr. Lewis left this afternoon for Troy, Ala.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Another Lincoln Anecdote.

Seymour Curtis is one of the characters of Stratford. He went to the war as fifer, and since has been what may be called an ardent, working Republican. He comes to Bridgeport nearly every day, and on his last visit told the following anecdote never before printed:

"During the presidential campaign of 1856, when John C. Fremont was the Republican nominee, Mr. Curtis, in company with James Booth, came to this city to hear Lincoln speak. As Lincoln stepped upon the platform to begin his speech Booth said to Curtis, 'What a homely man! He's the homeliest man I ever saw.' But as Lincoln talked and waxed eloquent, Booth brought his clenched fist down on Curtis's knee (and the latter said he hit hard) and said, 'Seymour Curtis, he is not so bad looking after all! He grows handsomer all the time.' At last, with a sledge hammer blow of his fist on Curtis's knee, Booth exclaimed, 'Curtis, he's the handsomest man I ever saw.'"—New York Tribune.

Why Bennett Came Home.

Tom Ochiltree's "latest" is at the expense of James Gordon Bennett. When told that the editor of The Herald had returned from Europe he evinced no surprise whatever, and murmured, "of course, of course," in the most matter of fact tone. "But why 'of course?'" demanded his informant, impatiently. "What do you know about it, anyhow?" "Nothing," was the witty Texan's rejoinder, "only—of course he's coming home to edit that new paper of his in Paris." —Chicago Herald.

Bishop Potter's Poser.

Bishop Potter is credited with the following joke: A young clergyman, not far from Harlem, being on the eve of marriage, and not wishing to trouble any of his clerical brethren, wrote to the bishop inquiring if, as he had already published the bans from his own pulpit, he could marry himself. The bishop at once capped the query with another: "Could you bury yourself?" That settled it.—New York Ledger.

Funnier Than It Seems.

The Princess Bismarck, speaking to a friend shortly after a man in Posen had left her husband about $500, said: "I'm so glad Bismarck got the money just at this time, when he needs a good, steady horse to ride. He always refused to buy one on the ground that he couldn't afford it. It comes in handy, doesn't it?" The prince, it will be remembered, has an income of $125,000 a year.

Dickens' Characteristic Reply.

An enterprising phrenologist once wrote a note to the late Charles Dickens, asking permission to make an examination of his cranium. Dickens replied: "Dear sir: At this time I require the use of my skull, but as soon as it shall be at leisure I will willingly place it at your disposal."—Manchester Guardian.

Tabor to the Rescue.

"It is a shame," said a patriotic Colorado man to Senator Tabor, "that we have no monuments to any of our great men in this state."

"So it is. I'll have my measure taken for one immediately," was the reply.—Chicago News.

A Career of Wealth Cut Short.

A Long Island man ate seventy-five clams at one sitting and won $100 by the feat. After defraying his funeral expenses there was $30 left. Twenty dollars a day, clear profit, is pretty good wages, and if the Long Island man had continued in the business ten years he might have been able to buy a couple of Patti tickets annually, besides having a couple of hundred dollars for inclement weather. His sudden death, just as he had entered upon a money making career, was rather unfortunate.—Drake's Travelers' Magazine.

A Family Gathering.

Have you a father? Have you a mother? Have you a son or daughter, sister or brother who has not yet taken Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the guaranteed remedy for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup and all Throat and Lung troubles? If so, why? when a sample bottle is gladly given to you *free* by T. J. Casper, druggist, 41 east Main street, and the large size costs only 50c and 1.00.

When a Michigander is prospering he is said to be "getting there sled length."

If people, troubled with colds, will take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral before going to church, they will avoid coughing. The Pectoral soothes and heals the irritated tissues, and controls all disposition to cough.

VESPER BELLS.

'Tis evening and the dreamy chime
Of vesper bells falls on my ear.
In sad response my heart beats time;
A year today
They laid away
On distant shore my love so dear.

The joyous lark has gone to rest,
The sun's last glow fades on the sky—
So would I hush within my breast
The strains so low
Of long ago,
Caught from my love in days gone by.

Oh, vesper bells, so low, so sad,
Your troubled chime I cannot bear;
Those minor chords will drive me mad.
Hush, I implore:
Oh, peal no more
The dissonance of my despair!

—Emile Pickhardt.

RETURN OF THE GYPSIES.

Dickering with Unfortunate Farmers. Laying by a Winter's Stock of Hay.

Thus many return to the cities to their actual habitations, which may have stood idle the summer through. Numbers trail along the highways until their farm homes are reached, where, if they be rented, as they usually are to some less thrifty farmer, they have reserved a few months' housing. Thousands wander into the central south for all winter dickering and trading there. Many return to their village homes, over or alongside mammoth barns, where a winter's gypsy jockeying is done. Great crowds of them, not yet so well along as their brethren in gainings, straggle into the cities. In the commoner quarters these turn their hands to bird training, basket weaving, training and trading in valuable cats and dogs, while hundreds of gypsy youths secure ready employment under gentlemen's grooms, and particularly at the care of horses being fitted for the next year's events of the turf. Still others, and these comprise the larger number, come trooping into thousands of little villages and countryside places throughout the southern portions of northern states and in the northern tier of southern states, arriving as early as the last October days. The movements of these provide a genuine gypsy study.

Their arrival is hardly noticed, as they never come in a large body, but in twos and threes, and it is often weeks before the little gypsy community is at its best. The vanguard has quietly rented some deserted roadside inn at the outskirts of the village, or some former spacious home long gone to decay. This is always got for a song. However much house room it may have, it must invariably possess the requisite of a great ramshackle barn and outlying sheds. For a little time the gypsies seem to merely exist here. But every day their women folk may be seen miles away, spinning in light buggies over the autumn roads in every direction. Not only are they found on the well traveled highways, but every grass grown wagon road leading to secluded and remotest farms has been hunted and haunted. At this home and that; there tarrying under pretense of admiring some animal; there making a trifling purchase of vegetables and poultry; over yonder bartering for, but never buying, grain and hay; again telling a fortune or two if appealed to; but seldom urging such profitable vocation—in a little time these canniest and most indomitable of all human detectives have at their tongue's end, for home reference, every possible item of information regarding the financial standing and condition of every farmer for half a county round.

Then of a sudden some luckless wight, under terror of an overdue note or relentless mortgage, has sold his cornfield "in the shock" to the gypsies. Another's weather browned stacks of hay have come into their possession. Then begins, and to continue the whole winter through, a ceaseless procession of young stock, horses and mules, toward the gypsies' temporary domicile. Drunken farmer, unfortunate farmer, thriftless farmer, in all directions, pays the penalties of ill doing or ill luck to these superb jockeys, who, buying for pittances, and for months selling at excellent prices or not at all, at their improvised market, make large profits; and the spring finds them ready for greedy city buyers with great numbers of stock transformed from shaggy, ambling beasts to animals of such splendid form and spirit as do even a city gypsy trader's eyes good to look upon. The amount of live stock thus gathered up every winter throughout the country is tremendous; the profits are inconceivably great, and these wizards of the stable must eventually largely control the entire horse trade of the country. —Edgar L. Wakeman's Letter.

An Interesting Experiment.

A highly interesting as well as instructive experiment in night signaling at sea will be tried at the first favorable opportunity. The new method is one suggested by Mr. Edison. It consists in throwing the rays of the electric light on the clouds. The clouds, thus acting as reflectors, permit the flashes of the light being seen at a very great distance. The regular system of flashes of different lengths can be utilized in this manner by corresponding them with the dashes and dots of the regular army and navy code of telegraphy. This system could be used to great advantage where the means usually employed would be inadequate and unreliable. The present manner of sending messages at night between different vessels consists of the common torch, which is used in the same manner as the "wig wag" flag in daytime.—Newport Cor. New York World.

The Regular Thing.

An old gentleman of Detroit was passing through the ceremony of taking his fourth wife the other day. At the impressive climax of the good preacher mar's part in the performance somebody was heard sobbing in an adjoining room.

"My goodness!" exclaimed one of the guests in a dramatic whisper, "who on earth is that crying on this festive occasion?"

"That?" replied a mischievous member of the experienced bridegroom's family. "That's nobody but Em. She always boohoos when pa's getting married."—Detroit Free Press.

Perhaps the most lucrative office in the national government, next to the presidency itself, is the clerkship of the supreme court at Washington. It yields an annual income in fees of from $25,000 to $40,000.—New York Evening World.

"ROUGH ON PILES."
Why suffer Piles? Immediate relief and complete cure guaranteed. Ask for "Rough on Piles." Sure cure for itching, protruding, bleeding, or any form of Piles. 50c. At Druggists or mailed. E. S. Wells, Jersey City, N. J.

SKINNY MEN.
Wells' "Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Nervous Debility. For Weak Men, Delicate Women. $1.

WELLS' HAIR BALSAM.
If gray, restores to original color. An elegant dressing, softens and beautifies. No oil nor grease. A tonic Restorative. Stops hair coming out; strengthens, cleanses, heals scalp. 50c.

Calendar, the photographer, wishes to remind his patrons that 'tis better to get their holiday photos early, before he gets so very busy. Commence now.

Real Turkish Candy.

There is a peculiar story in relation to the large, creamy looking blocks of candy that have been peddled around the streets for the last month or so, and a story, too, with a romance.

Several months ago a Turk strolled into an uptown confectionery and made some purchases in the candy line. He remarked after eating a few that the flavor was pretty good, but far inferior to a certain concoction known to his countrymen. The proprietor began to grow interested, and before the Turk had left agreed to employ two of his cousins, who were candy makers in Turkey, if he (the Turk) would import them. Some two months later the Turks arrived on the the steamship Helvetia. By relating some wonderful yarns of their abilities as candy makers the emigration commissioners allowed them to pass, although they had doubts as to whether or not they were "contract labor."

They went to the confectioner and for several weeks made "real Turkish candy" on a salary. Two weeks ago they "struck" for higher wages, and not getting them left in a huff. They hired a little place over on the east side and put out a gaudy business sign.—New York Star.

Long Distance Telephoning.

Long distance telephoning has become such an accomplished fact that at the principal pay telephone stations in this city long distance telephones have replaced the ordinary telephones, and connection can now be made with Boston and Philadelphia. H. L. Stoddard, the New York correspondent of The Philadelphia Press, says that at his office in this city he has secured connection with his office in Philadelphia by a long distance telephone, over which he nightly transmits all his news instead of using telegraph service. The Philadelphia News has a similar telephone connection with this city. The distance from New York to Philadelphia is ninety-five miles, but the sound of the voice is transmitted much more clearly than by telephone in this city, where the induction caused by the enormous number of wires covering the city closely is so great as to seriously disturb transmission. The use of the telephone in the sending of news has not been sufficiently tested to compare it thoroughly with telegraphic service, but Mr. Stoddard says that it has many advantages, and predicts that it will come into general use.—New York Tribune.

Goodby, Bamboo Umbrella Frames.

One form of Japanese industry seems doomed to extinction, namely, the mak- of bamboo umbrella frames. Paragon wire is now imported as a substitute. The old Japanese bamboo frame and oil-paper umbrella is fast going out of use, even in the country districts, and there is a brisk and growing manufacture of umbrellas and parasols of the European fashion, not only for home consumption in Japan, but also for export to China, the Straits settlements, and other places. The Japanese are shrewd enough to discover the things in which they cannot compete with Europe. They now import wire nails instead of railroad iron.—Cleveland Leader.

Canada's Craze for Titles.

The craze for titles is spreading rapidly among the middle classes of Canada, and it is said that nine mothers out of ten who take their infants to the baptismal font have them christened "Lord John," "Sir William," "Lady Ellen," etc., even when they have not the slightest claim to bear a title.—New York Evening World.

Champlin's Liquid Pearl, 50 Cents.
Don't pay 75 unless so printed on bottle label.

LOCAL NOTICES.

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.

Many People Refuse to Take Cod

Liver Oil on account of its unpleasant taste. The difficulty has been overcome in Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. It being as palatable as milk, and the most valuable remedy known for the treatment of consumption, scrofula and bronchitis. Physicians report our little patients take it with pleasure. Try Scott's Emuls on and be convinced.

WE HAVE sold Ely's Cream Balm about three years, and have recommended its use in more than a hundred special cases of catarrh. The unanimous answer to our inquiries is, "It's the best remedy that I have ever used." Our experience is, that where parties continued its use, it never fails to cure.—J. H. Montgomery & Co., druggists, Decorah, Iowa.

I have used Ely's Cream Balm for dry catarrh (to which eastern persons are subject who come to live here). It has proved a cure.—B. F. M. Weeks, Denver, Col.

Excitement Over a Marvelous Cure in England.

The newspapers of Great Britain are filled with accounts of the wonderful recovery of a young man who had been so ill with asthma and rheumatism that he was not able to lie down in bed for nine long years. The cure was due to the Shakers of Mount Lebanon, N. Y. They say that this, like nearly all others, was the result of indigestion, and that the Shaker Extract of roots (Siegel's Syrup) effected this wonderful cure by restoring the digestive organs to a healthy condition, obviating entirely those disagreeable turns of sick headache, biliousness, etc. The Shakers say that they have spent fifty years in perfecting this remedy for dyspepsia, and that its effects upon the digestive organs is something wonderful. For diseases of the throat or lungs they recommend the Shaker Tar Capsules.

SOME STARTLING FACTS!

The Discovery of the Cause of Most Untimely Deaths that Come upon the Community.

The official returns of the City of New York show that nearly three-fourths of all deaths are from consumption. When we stop to calmly think over this fact, it is really awful. And yet every case without exception started from small beginnings. A cough in the morning; tickling in the throat; a thick phlegmy discharge; chilliness at night; difficult breathing; a tightness across the chest; these and many more symptoms indicate the presence of that terrible disease which, unless checked, means certain death with long and painful suffering.

In view of such serious and ever-present facts the suggestions and advice of the most eminent physicians are of the greatest value.

Dr. John Gardner, one of the most eminent physicians in London, says: "Science, common sense, Holy Scriptures and all experience testify to the benefits derived from the use of pure whisky."

Dr. D. B. Barker says: "I have used and examined Duffy's Pure Malt Whisky, and find it the best I ever tried."

"Dr. S M. Buckwalter says: "Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey is, without doubt, the invalid's drink when stimulants are indicated, and I find all chronic cases require stimulants, and a large per cent of the acute ones, also."

These truths, from the lips of the leading scientific men of the day, and confirmed by the experience of men and women well known in the community, should serve as a guide for all who feel the approach of consumption, no matter by what path it may come. We do not hesitate to assert that any man or woman who will use Duffy's Pure Malt Whisky according to directions can defy consumption and prolong life with all its blessings.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Wonderful Cures.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., wholesale and retail druggists of Rome, Ga., says: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for two years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced consumption have been entirely cured by the use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by Charles Ludlow & Co., druggists.

Greatly Excited.

No: a few of the citizens of Springfield have recently become greatly excited over the astonishing facts, that several of their friends who had been pronounced by their physicians as incurable and beyond all hope—suffering with that dreadful monster consumption—have been completely cured by the use of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, the only remedy that does positively cure all throat and lung diseases, coughs, colds, asthma and Bronchitis.

Trial bottle free at Charles Ludlow & Co.'s drug store. Large bottles, one dollar.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Charles Ludlow & Co.

There is a man in St. Louis whose heart is on the right side. It presents the strange anomaly of also being on the wrong side.

The yellow fever epidemic at Tampa, Fla., is about over, the doctors and nurses returning home.

SAVED HIS LEG!

SCROFULA OF THE BONE CURED!

LITHONIA, Ga., August 11, 1887.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.:

Gentlemen—I have been afflicted with ulceration of the legs ever since I was a child, the disease undoubtedly being hereditary, as my mother suffered from scrofulous symptoms. As I advanced to manhood my affliction increased until the malady became harrassing and painful beyond the power of words to describe. My right leg particularly became painfully involved, the left leg being less painfully affected. Finally, about fourteen years ago, the ulcers on my right leg had eaten through the flesh into the bone. In order to save my life the doctors determined to amputate my leg below the knee. The operation was successfully performed by Dr. H. V. M. Miller, of Atlanta, and Dr. W. P. Bond, of Lithonia. But the loss of my leg gave me only temporary relief. The poison was still in my system and soon began to show itself again. In a short time after large ulcers appeared on my left leg, covering it from the knee to the instep. Frequently while at work I could be tracked by the blood which oozed from the huge ulcers, and the sores and festering holes were so offensive that my fellow workmen could not stand the stench and would move away from me.

Last winter I was persuaded to try S. S. S. As a last effort I consented to do so, and about seven months ago I began taking the Specific. I soon began to feel the good effects of the medicine, the offensive running began to grow less and less and finally ceased, the ulcers healed, my flesh became firm and solid, and to day, after using twenty one bottles, I am as hale and stout a man of my age as there is in Georgia. I am seventy one years old, but feel now younger and stronger than I did when I was twenty five. I weigh about 150 pounds. Nothing is to be seen of the terrible disease, or to remind me of the torture I suffered for so many years, except the scars of the perfectly healed ulcers.

I want the world to know of the almost miraculous cure effected on me by S. S. S., and I call upon those who wish to know the particulars directly from me to write, and I will consider it a pleasure as well as a duty to answer their letters. I refer to Dr. W. P. Bond, of Lithonia, as to the truth of my statement. Very gratefully yours,

R. DARE.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE HOP PLASTER

Because possessed of fresh and active medicinal agents for the cure of pain and disease. Prepared from the complete virtues of fresh Hops, Burgundy Pitch and Gums. The greatest strengthening plaster ever invented. Apply one to Backache, Crick, Rheumatism, Kidney Pains, Stitches, Sciatica, Sore Chest, or pain in any part, local or deep-seated. Cures instantly, soothes and strengthens the tired muscles. All ready to apply. Sold by drug and country stores, 25 cents, 5 for $1.00. Mailed for price. Proprietors, HOP PLASTER CO., Boston, Mass.

Strongest and Best!

ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH

CLEANSES THE Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. TRY THE CURE. HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. ELY BROS., Druggists, 235 Greenwich St., New York.

ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY.

Letter from the Assistant Foreman of the Delivery Department—A Subject in which Thousands are Deeply Concerned.

About five years ago I suffered from painful urination and great pain and weakness in the lower part of my back, pain in the limbs, bad taste in the mouth, disgust at food, and great mental and bodily depression.

I live at 241 York street, Jersey City, and on arriving home one night I found a copy of the *Shaker Almanac* that had been left during day. I read the article, "What is this Disease that is coming upon me?" I felt so much by symptoms and feelings better than I could if I had written a whole book. My trouble was indeed "like a thief in the night," for it had been stealing upon me unawares for years. I sent for a bottle of Shaker Extract of Roots, or Seigel's Syrup, and before I had taken one-half of it I felt the welcome relief. In a few brief weeks I was like my old self. I enjoyed and digested my food. My kidneys soon recovered tone and strength, and the urinary trouble vanished. I was well.

Millions of people need some medicine simply to act on the bowels. To them I recommend Shaker Extract in the strongest possible terms. It is the gentlest, pleasantest, safest and surest purgative in the world. The most delicate women and children may take it. One point more: I have all the more confidence in this medicine because it is prepared by the Shakers. I may claim to be a religious man myself and I admire the Shakers for their zeal, consistency and strict business integrity. What they make may be trusted by the public.

T. H. HALL.

For sale by all druggists and by A. J. White, 54 Warren street, New York.

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AND CURERS OF THE

Champion Brand

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Is now the rage in Austin, Tex. Mr. Radam, Nurseryman, Austin, Texas, is the inventor. He Cures Every Disease that doctors have failed to cure. Over 500 persons in and around Austin are now using it. Send for circular of his treatment showing sworn statements and testimonials of cures made. Address

WM. RADAM'S, MICROBE KILLER, AUSTIN, TEXAS.

WANTED—LADIES for our Fall and Christmas trade, to take light, pleasant work at their own homes. $1 to $3 per day can be quietly made. Work sent by mail any distance. Particulars free. No canvassing. Address at once, CRESCENT ART CO., 147 Milk Street, Boston, Mass. Box 5120.

$6 a Day--A Gold Mine

For Agents. Grandest Money Making Business ever offered. A golden harvest for the next Two Months. $75 Per Month and expenses to active men to sell our goods. No Capital Required. No peddling. Sample case of goods and valuable information and full particulars FREE. No humbug; we mean just what we say. Address at once Standard Silverware Co., Boston, Mass.

BRIGHTINE A NEW REMEDY. POSITIVE CURE FOR **DIABETES,** Bright's Disease and kindred ailments. Correspondence solicited, valuable information free. Usual discount to trade. WM. T. LINDLEY & CO., 218 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill. For sale by Lord, Owen & Co., Wholesale Druggists, Chicago.

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