THE YOUNG WIDOW.

She is modest, but not bashful—
Free and easy, but not bold;
Like an apple, ripe and mellow—
Not too young, and not too old;
Half-inviting, half-repulsing
Now advancing, and now shy—
There is mischief in her dimple,
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature;
She is schooled in all her arts;
She has taken her diploma
As the mistress of all hearts.
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile;
Oh, a maid is sometimes charming,
But a widow all the while.

Are you sad? How very serious
Will her handsome face become!
Are you angry? She is wretched,
Lonely, friendless, tearful, dumb!
Are you mirthful? How her laughter
Silver-sounding, will ring out!
She can lure, and catch, and play you,
As an angler does the trout.

Ye old bachelors of forty,
Who have grown so bold and wise—
Young Americans of twenty,
With the love-looks in your eyes—
You may practice all the lessons
Taught by Cupid since the fall,
But I know a little widow
Who can win and fool you all.

A Sleighride Fifty Years Ago.

Mrs. Harris, or Widow Harris, as she was usually called, lived in the outskirts of the village of B—in a little low, wood-colored house. Since the death of her husband, which occurred soon after they had come to this place to live, she had supported herself by going around among families of the town as nurse, seamstress, or to assist at weddings, parties and funerals. This itinerant sort of life had given her an opportunity to become acquainted with much of the family history of the people of B—. She could give the exact date of most of the births, marriages and deaths that occurred in the town within the last twenty years. But now she was too old to go about in this way, and was glad to get work to do at home, and was usually busy making rugs or weaving carpets.

The widow was sitting by the fire, one pleasant winter day, knitting on a red mitten, when there came a rap at her door. Hastening to open it, she found a pretty girl waiting for admission.

"Come right in, Helen," she said, "I am proper glad to see you. Now you must take your things right off," she continued, as Helen Weston stepped into the kitchen, "for you have come after Wellie's mittens and they ain't quite done."

"Yes," said Helen, "mother asked me to come and get the mittens. She thought they would be finished."

"Well, I should have had them done, but Mrs. Brown sent in last night for me to make her some cough syrup. She's got an awful cough, and I spent all the evening fussing with it, but I can finish them in an hour."

"Oh, I don't mind waiting," said Helen, seating herself in a nice, old-fashioned rocking chair by the fire, while Tim, the great tortoiseshell cat, purred out his content on the rug at her feet.

The widow Harris was a favorite with the young people of the village. They enjoyed going to see her, and they were sure to be treated to a lunch of election cake, seed cakes, or long, spicy, twisted doughnuts. But best of all were her stories. Such nice old-fashioned stories about weddings, huskings, apple bees, and all kinds of country frolics.

After Helen had answered Mrs. Harris' inquiries, as far as she knew, in regard to the health and general news of the village, she said, "Now, Mrs. Harris, please tell me one of your nice stories."

"Bless your heart, dear, seems to me I have told you all the stories I know."

"O, I am sure you haven't, if you will only think."

"Well, I made some election cake this morning, and while you are eating some I will see what I can think of to tell you," and Mrs. Harris went into the pantry, returning with a plate of cake, which she placed on the stand near Helen, telling her to help herself.

"Let me see—I have told you about Mary Goodwin's wedding, and Mrs. Wells' house-warming, haven't I?" said Mrs. Harris, as she took up her knitting again.

"Yes you told me those stories when I was here one day last summer."

"I guess I shall have to tell you about the sleighride we had over in Chester, when I was a girl. I was thinking about it this morning. It happened more than fifty years ago, but I remember about it just as if it was last week."

"The young folks in the village had been planning ever since snow came to have a sleighride down to Morse's tavern, that was about ten miles from Chester, and have a supper and dance. The time was set to go about the middle of January, when there would be full moon.

"We girls had a great time fixing up something to wear, but, dear me, we did not have things as girls do now. There were not many of us who had anything better than homespun, without it was Nancy Holmes. She had some money. She was an orphan. When her folks died she came to Chester to live with her cousin, Squire Bassett, who was her guardian. She had two boughten calico gowns, and a beautiful green Canton crape, and a beaver bonnet with a long plume on it.

"Squire Bassett was the richest man in town. He lived in a great, two-story house, painted white, and such a beautiful garden, full of roses and peonies, hollyhocks and pinks, and there were currant and gooseberry bushes, and all kinds of herbs, parsley, caraway, coriander, sage, and summer savory, and a great orchard stretched away up the hill back of the house. It was fixed up nice inside the house, too, for those days. The parlor walls were stained yellow, with a border of flowers done with black paint, and there was an English carpet, the only one in town, and a sofa, and in the fireplace stood some great brass andirons, but the parlor wasn't any better according than the rest of the house. It was full of every thing nice. Mrs. Bassett kept a girl spinning flax all the time, and such piles of towels, table and bed linen as she had. I guess you will think I am never going to get to the sleighride, but I am coming to it."

"Oh, I enjoy hearing about the way they lived so long ago. It must have been fun to spin on those little flax wheels. Mother has one in the attic that her grandma's."

"Well, it was pretty work; I used to be a famous flax spinner. Folks used to get me to spin their fine thread. But as I was saying, Squire Bassett's folks had everything that was nice, but that don't hinder trouble from coming, and they had their share, for out of four beautiful children, only one son lived to grow up, and they just worshiped him. Thomas, or Tom Bassett, as he was called, was as nice a young man as there was in Chester, and he was as handsome as a picture, with his black hair and eyes. He was tall and broad-shouldered and stood square on his feet as a man ought to. Squire Bassett and his wife had decided that Nancy Holmes was just the one for Tom to marry. She belonged to the family and had money; so ever since Fancy came to live with them, they had been trying to make a match between them, and Nancy was willing enough, but they all knew Tom's heart was set on Ruth Davis, and had been ever since they were children together. But Ruth was a poor girl. Her father was a shoemaker, and they lived in a little house with only three rooms, and Ruth had to go out spinning, and if she was as pretty as a pink, and as good as she was pretty, they thought she was no match for Squire Bassett's son.

"When the sleighride was talked of we all wondered which Tom would take, Nancy or Ruth, but we soon found out he was going with Nancy. I presume his folks made such a fuss he couldn't help it. Ruth was going with Jo Green who was as much in love with her as Tom was. We always called them the rivals.

"There couldn't have been a better time for a sleighride than that afternoon we started for Morse's tavern. There had not any snow fallen for some time and the road was trodden down as smooth and hard as a floor. There were twenty couples of us. Tom Bassett with his span of handsome black horses with Nancy tucked into the sleigh beside him took the lead.

"We just skimmed over the snow and just as it began to grow dark we came in sight of Morse's tavern. It was a low, rambling, old building, with a broad piazza across the front. The ruddy glow of the fires shone cheerily through the windows making it a pleasant sight after a ride of ten miles.

"We had just time to take off our wraps and get warm before the fire that was snapping and roaring up the great old chimney when we were called to supper. And such a supper. Folks knew how to cook in those days. By the time we had finished supper they had got the hall lighted and the musicians were tuning their violins. It wasn't much of a hall, at least you would not think so, and it was lighted with tallow candles and the music was only two violins, but we had just as good a time as the young folks do now with great halls lighted with gas, and bands of music.

"We danced contra dances and reels till ten o'clock, when it was time to go home. I had noticed all the evening that Ruth did not take notice of Tom Bassett. She seemed all taken up with Jo Green. This vexed Tom, for usually Ruth didn't seem to care for any one but him. I saw him looking at Ruth and Jo and his eyes fairly blazed.

"While we girls were putting on our things the young men went for the horses. Nancy, Ruth and I got ready first and stepped out on to the piazza. The moon was shining as bright as day.

"Jo is going to be first going home," said Ruth, as she walked towards the steps, and as she spoke I saw Jo Green driving up to the door, but before he got there Tom Bassett dashed past him, drove up to the steps, and quicker than I can tell you was out of the sleigh, caught Ruth up, put her in his sleigh and was off like a flash. It was done so quickly we hardly realized it, until he was out of sight. Nancy was the first to speak.

"'Well,' said she, 'he has run off with Ruth Davis. I should think it was a nice way to treat me. When I go anywhere with Tom Bassett again he will know it.'

"Nancy never had an opportunity to go with him again. Instead of going to Chester Tom drove to Parson Brown's who lived about four miles from the tavern, and was married to Ruth that night.

"Ruth told me afterwards about it. She said she couldn't help being married. Tom said he had seen Jo Green going around with her as long as he was going to, and drove right to the minister's house. He had gone to bed, but Tom soon had him up and had the knot tied.

"I must say the squire and his wife behaved well. Of course they were very much disappointed, but they took Ruth right home to the big house, and when I came away from Chester they were all living together as happy as could be. Nancy married Jo Green very soon after Tom was married, and went to Boston to live. There I have told you all about our sleighride."

"It was a very nice story, the best you ever told me. Tom Bassett was quite a 'Young Lochinvar,'" said Helen.

Mrs. Harris had never read Sir Walter Scott's ballad of "Lochinvar," so Helen repeated it to her, and by that time the mittens were finished, and Helen was soon on her way home, thinking as she walked over the crisp snow that the young men fifty years ago were more "daring in love" than they are at the present time.

The Colts.

From the Rochester Democrat.

Cadwell Colt, who started on the ocean race with the Dauntless, is the richest young man of his age in Connecticut, and with but one exception in all New England. He is the son of Samuel Colt, who made $2,000,000 in the manufacture of arms. I well remember Sam Colt, as he was then commonly called, and who at that time was a struggling adventurer. He had invented a torpedo and blown up a small vessel off the Battery, but it attracted but little attention. He also had the model of an improved pistol, but this was not considered of much value. He was very poor and could hardly pay board bills, but in a few years afterward he was a millionaire. There were at that time two young Colts in this city, and both were wild. In addition to Sam there was his brother John, who taught bookkeeping. He had roved through the South, and then came to this city seeking his fortune; but, alas, he only found a prison and a gallows awaiting him. He was convicted of the murder of Samuel Adams, and the whole case was reproduced in the recent Unger trial. He only escaped the sentence of the law by committing suicide, and his body was carried to Hartford.

PUT IT UNDER THE LENS.

How Parnell May Discover Who Forged the Letter—The Microscope Useful for That Purpose—Facts About This Valuable Instrument.

"Perhaps Parnell will demand that the microscope be used on the forged letter *The London Times* published this week—the same way we detected the famous Morey letter," remarked Prof. John Phin in the hearing of a *Mail and Express* reporter. Prof. Phen is a leading authority on microscopy, and was the man who detected with a microscope, the fradulent forgery of Gen. Garfield's signature to the Morey letter. The talk led to the subject of microscopy and its recent development here. The professor says that microscopic societies are now a feature of nearly every large city in the union. The interest in the study has increased many fold the past few years, and now all classes of persons take the most active interest in it, lawyers, merchants, and clergymen, study as zealously and make as close research as physicians and scientific men, to whom it is a professional matter. Some of the best students are amateurs, and the president of the New York society is a clergyman. This society has upward of one hundred members and meets twice a month. Often at these meetings eighty to one hundred tables are prepared each with a microscope and a novel subject for examination.

"The ladies, especially, are taking great interest in the study," added the professor, "and they are wonderfully adapted, by both taste and delicacy of touch, for the work. Why, we have in this country what Europe does not have, a microscopic society composed wholly of women. This is at the Wesleyan Female college in Massachusetts. It is, too, a very flourishing body. We have also, nowadays, professional microscopic analysis. There are probably twenty-five or thirty in this city. They are kept busy examining into adulterations of food, and in forgeries their work is most important. The fact is, as an instrument of research, the microscope is second to none. There is hardly any department of science in which a student can hope to reach eminence without a familiarity with this instrument. In chemistry its services have been very important, and in geology and mineralogy it has opened up new fields of research, which almost promise to revolutionize these sciences. One of the most important of recent changes brought about in a practical way by the microscope is in brewing. By it a low form of animal life has been discovered, which rots the beer, and measures have been taken to exclude this.

There are two mistakes made by beginners in the study which should be avoided. One is in supposing that it is only by means of very expensive and complicated instruments that anything of value can be accomplished. Now, while it is certain that in some departments of study none but the very best microscopes are of any value, it is equally certain that a very wide range of study and of practical work can be thoroughly cultivated by means of apparatus of very moderate cost and of great simplicity of construction. The great discoveries of Ehrenberg, which at the most would not command $25. The other mistake is of precisely the opposite kind. It is not at all unusual to meet persons who seem to think that all that is necessary in order to become a microscopist is to buy a microscope and place objects under it. Truth lies between these extremes. No progress can be made without steady application and persistent labor, but any person of fair average ability and a moderate degree of perseverance can soon learn to follow the beaten track, at least, if not to branch out into original research."

"What are some of the most curious facts you know about microscopy?"

"Well, probably the most wonderful was the writing of Webb and Peters. They wrote the Lord's prayer and the commandments with a diamond in letters so fine that if the whole bible were written, and in same proportion, it might be written twelve times on a square inch. This writing I have myself seen, and I believe one such slide is in the army museum at Washington at the present time. I have the Lord's prayer written in letters so small that if the whole bible were written in the same proportion it could be put on the half of a postal-card. I have also the Declaration of Independence, the frame work of which is composed of portraits of the signers reduced so small by micro-photography that to the naked eye it is no larger than a pinhead. One of the most celebrated uses to which the microscope has been put was during the Franco-Prussian war. It was easy enough to go out of Paris, you remember, by baloons, but very difficult to get back. Well, those who went out and wished to communicate with their friends in the city took carrier-pigeons with them. In London and elsewhere these people had their letters printed on a large sheet. This was photographed and reduced to one inch square. Then the reduced size, on collodium film, was rolled and placed in a crow's quill and the quill was tied to the mid-feather of the pigeon's tail. Then the bird was sent flying home to Paris. The film was unrolled and the letters deciphered under a microscope. Several hundred different messages would be sent on one of these pieces, which were afterward copied and sent to those to whom they were addressed.

"I want to say a word about the popular notion that every drop of water teems with animalcules, and when placed under the microscope it will appear literally filled with living things. This idea is fostered by popular writers, who describe a drop of water as a globe filled with life, and by lecturers who exhibit pictures and enlarged images of what they call a drop of water, but which is in reality a considerable quantity of that liquid which has been artificially supplied with inhabitants. Clear well water is almost free from microscope organisms, and the same is true of the water from clear brooks."—*New York Mail and Express.*

His Grace of Sutherland Comes Across a Floridian Who is as "Good as He Is."

As they drove slowly along the sandy road the driver waxed communicative and singled out his Grace as the object of his attention and patronage, always addressing him as "Mr. Duke." As the day wore on and Jehu felt that Duke was a kindred spirit from "furren parts" and "fur back," he grew confidential and familiar, calling the Duke in a jocular manner "Captain Duke." The Duke good-naturedly responded to his driver's comments in a dignified way, showing by neither glance nor word that he thought him too familiar upon short acquaintance, even when the large sun-browned hand was laid patronizingly upon his shoulder, or he was tapped familiarly on the back or punched in the ribs to have his august attention directed to some trivial circumstance.

At length a halt was called and the party refreshed the inner man with wine. The Duke's light flannel coat became caught over the ivory handle of a dagger worn in the pistol pocket of his breeches.

"Hold on, Capt. Duke," called the driver, "your coat is caught in your breeches, let me take it out," and John drew down the offending garment and fell to work vigorously dusting. "Capt. Duke," remarking that he was "moughty dusty."

Upon Jehu's return to Manatee, when the joke was told on him to a group of gentlemen, who became convulsed with laughter, he was not one whit crestfallen but exclaimed:

"Well, I swear! I heard you call him 'Duke, Duke,' and I thought that was his name, so to be perlite I called him Mr. and Cappen Duke."

After a moment's brown study he exclaimed with true American spirit: I'll be —— if I ain't as good as he is, anyhow."—Jacksonville Times Union.

Russian Spread-Eagleism.

When we talk of "spread-eagleism" we are generally thinking of the United States, but the real spread-eagleism is that not of the American republic but of the Russian empire. The Russians habitually talk of the time when they will be masters of the whole world, and if—instead of writing of the facts of our time—I were tempted to prophesy concerning the next century I should have to admit that, if we exclude America and Australia and confine our thoughts to the old world alone, it is at least conceivable that their dreams should one day come true. The only foreigner who is known to the Russian peasantry is the German, and the name for German and for foreigner with the peasant is the same, and the hatred of the "dumb men," as they call their German neighbors, is intense. The peasantry know little of the English, and if you listen to their sentiments you discover that it is their belief that one day there will be between them and Germany a war compared with which, their soldiers say, that of 1870 was child's play, and that if Germany wins this will not be the end, but war after war will follow until Germany is destroyed. This feeling is to some extent held in check by the Russian court, although one day they may take it up and use it; but court dislikes are turned for the present less toward Germany than toward Austria.—The Fortnightly Review.

Remote Acquaintance

Goldsmith wrote of a certain pretentious woman,—

"The King himself has followed her,
When she has walked before."

The following incident reminds one of the woman. A lady intimated that she was personally acquainted with the poet, Henry W. Longfellow.

"When did you meet him?" asked a friend.

"Oh,—I—I," was the somewhat confused reply, "I—that is, I didn't exactly meet him myself, but I walked out of church one day with a woman who had met him, and she told me all about him."

Her degree of acquaintanceship was about equal to that of a woman who felt that she "really knew the Queen."

A foreign minister was once persuaded, against his better judgment, to introduce a countrywoman at the Court of one of the continental nations. It is not a part of an American minister's duty to act as social sponser for ambitious nobodies, or to introduce at court people who do not know how to behave when they get there. But the Queen received the woman kindly, and the matter promised to end well, when imagine the minister's horror on hearing, in reply to the Queen's courteous greeting, the woman say, "I really feel as if I had known you a long time. You know we go to the same chiropodist!"

Not Corn Rows.

Arkansas Traveler: A traveler in Kansas, while crossing a prairie, came upon a party of friends who seemed to be preparing the land for agricultural purposes.

"My friend," said the traveler, addressing one of the men, "you are laying off your corn rows quite a distance apart."

"Corn rows?" the man gasped.

"Yes, those rows over there?"

"My stars, stranger!" exclaimed the Kansas man, "is it possible you ain't heard of it?"

"Heard of what?"

"Of the boom. Man alive, them ain't corn rows over thar; they air streets, an' this here is a city. You air now on the corner of Commercial and Emporium streets, an' not in the check of a corn row, as you mout suppose."

Are Bald Heads Increasing.

From Popular Science Monthly.

In most of the Eastern cities fully 30 per cent. of the men over 30 years of age show unmistakable signs of baldness, while nearly 20 per cent. have spots on their heads that are not only bald, but actually polished with the gloss that is supposed to belong to extreme old age alone. Bald-headed men are more plentiful in New York and Boston. After these come Philadelphia, Washington and the Western towns.

Here are a few observations taken in Boston. Trinity church: 243 men, 71 actually bald, 46 indications of baldness. King's Chapel; 86 men: 38 actually bald, 14 indications of baldness. Hollis Street Theatre, orchestra at performance of the "Mikado:" 63 men; 27 actually bald, 10 indications. Boston Theatre—Judic: 126 men; 51 actually bald, 53 indications.

Why They Have Neuralgia.

Rose Terry Cook gives vigorous, advice as follows:

If you want to be happy keep warm. Women are eaten up with neuralgia, the doctors say. No wonder. They sit all the morning by a hot register, and then tie a five or six inch strip of bonnet over their back hair, a bit of lace fichu over their bangs, put on a kid boot, with silk or thread stockings underneath, and dwaddle along the pave with bitter winds smiting their temples, their delicate ears, their throats, and the bases of what should be their brain. But no matter, their chests are well covered with fur cloaks. But cold feet, numb ears, rendened temples, and exposed neck will have their own story to tell.

Gen'l Samuel I. Given, Ex-Chief of Police, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: Years ago I was permanently cured by St. Jacobs Oil. I have had no occasion to use it since. My family keep it on hand. Its healing qualities are wonderful." Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere.

The population of Berlin has increased 48,000 during the past year.

The proprietor of of the "Plain Dealer," Fort Madison, Iowa, Mr. J. H. Duffus, writes: "Two years ago I was cured of rheumatism in my knee by St. Jacobs Oil; have had no return; two applications did the work."

Claus Spreckles, the San Francisco sugar king, intends to purchase a lot and build a villa in Paris.

Edmund Yates says that Geraldine Ulmar has the prettiest hand and neck he has ever seen.

Minneapolis means "water town"—but the people, it is reported, mix it badly.

They Bring Natural Color
To cheek and lips, Carter's Iron Pills.

"The Arizona Indians have broke out again. But this time it is only with the measles.

You get more comfort for 15cts. in Lyon's Heel Stiffeners than in any other article.

The keel of a fast twin-screw steamship of 8,500 tons burden is about to be laid on the Clyde for the Inman company.

Envied by Her Sex.
Is the fate of every lady with a bright, glowing countenance, which invariably follows the use of Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic.

Mrs. Garfield attended the ceremonies of unveiling the statue of her martyred husband in Washington May 12.

A Genuine Creole Fight.

The recent singular killing of a young New Orleans creole in a friendly drunken fencing bout in a club room recalls a more tragic and remarkable episode that occurred in that city long before it passed from the control of the French. The incident is mentioned in Meek's "Romantic and Picturesque in the History of Louisiana," and in Claiborne's "History of Mississippi." Six young creoles, heated with wine, were returning from a dance on a starlit night, when one of them exclaimed: "What a lovely night! and what an excellent place for sword-play!" "Yes, suppose we take a turn with the rapiers," replied another one. Then the two who had spoken drew their rapiers, or short swords (which were regularly carried by French gentlemen of the better class in those days), and proceeded to fence vigorously, as if engaged in an actual fight. "Why should the rest of us stand here idle?" exclaimed a third man, drawing his rapier. Then they all drew and proceeded to fence, disposed in three pairs. A passerby came along early the next morning and found the six young men stretched upon the ground, five of them dead and the sixth one mortally wounded. The survivor gave a full account of the occurrence and died a few hours later.—New Orleans Letter.

Umatilla Siwashes Remember Their Dead.

The Indians, about 200 strong, assembled yesterday on McKay creek, near the county road leading to Pilot Rock, to commemorate a young Indian named Barnhart, who had his feet frozen off several winters ago and died from she effects of it about this time last year. A wigwam about a hundred feet long was crowded yesterday with the friends of the deceased, who offered up gifts to his memory consistins of ponies, blankets, money, clothing and other valuables. The mother of young Barnhart, the deceased, received twenty ponies, a large number of blankets, some money and a great quantity of other chattels from sympathetic friends. Other of the Indians were remembered by their friends also. It was an imposing spectacle to see them sitting around the sides of the wigwam, silent and dignified. In one end stood an aged man calling out the names of parties receiving presents, and in the other end of the wigwam an aged woman repeating his words in a voice which added solemnity to the occasion—East Oregonian.

A Typical California Town.

The town is in the heart of by far the vastest wheat field on earth. You see miles and miles of wheat bags piled up in little mountains all the way to San Francisco by the track waiting for the freight cars. And yet the town does not seem to be overly prosperous. Perhaps I ought to repeat that it is only one of about a thousand like towns that have set out to "grow up with the county," with very indifferent success. Red Bluffs has too many petty rivals, perhaps. And perhaps they are all modeled too much after the same miserable provincial pattern. In these California towns you hear the click-clack of the billiard balls as you enter them. You see some redfaced barkeeper in shirt sleeves bustling about in every one of the dozen or so "saloons," two or three "dead beats" leaning over each one of the many billiard tables, a few old blossemed noses poking about the corners looking out for some one to treat, a dozen or so of loafers sitting cocked back on broken chairs before the doors of the "saloons," a lot of big, lazy boys leaning against posts or shade trees, staring at the strangers and smoking cigarettes or chewing tobacco, and that is about all. These pretty little California towns, for which God has done so much and man so little, are all alike, weak, worthless, helpless. They all have the leprosy, the deadly, damning leprosy of laziness in every bone and fiber of them.

A Doctor's Bill in Brazil.

Brazilian doctors are as eccentric in their charges as the people are in their desire to enjoy the pleasure of being let alone. The physicians do not regulate their charges by the time and labor they have expended in the patient's service, but by the estimate value of his life.

As this value is determined by the patient's income, he if he survives, is treated by the doctor as wreckers treat a stranded ship—the greater the value, the larger the charge.

A young English engineer, while engaged in some work in the vicinity of Rio, was attacked by yellow fever. A doctor of good repute attended him, and on his recovery demended a fee of $900.

The young engineer remonstrated and threatened to appeal to the courts. But friends who had resorted to these tribunals for redress advised him to have nothing to do with the law. He acted upon their counsel and paid the doctor's bill.—Youth's Companion.

Minister to Austria Lawton will sail for his post of duty June 1.

Emperor Francis Joseph has sent $5,000 for the relief of the victims of the fires in Hungary.

This represents a healthy life, Throughout its various scenes.
Just such a life as they enjoy Who use the Smith's Bile Beans.

Smith's BILE BEANS purify the blood, by acting directly and promptly on the Liver, Skin and Kidneys. They consist of a vegetable combination that has no equal in medical science. They cure Constipation, Malaria, and Dyspepsia, and are a safeguard against all forms of fevers, chills and fever, gall stones, and Bright's disease. Send 4 cents postage for a sample package and test the TRUTH of what we say. Price, 25 cents per bottle, mailed to any address, postpaid. DOSE ONE BEAN. Sold by druggists.

The original Photograph, panel size, of this picture sent on receipt of 10c. in stamps. Address, BILE BEANS, St. Louis, Mo.

J. F. SMITH & CO., PROPRIETORS, ST. LOUIS, MO.

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, weak stomach, night-sweats, and the early stages of Consumption, "Golden Medical Discovery" is specific. By druggists.

The remains of a mastodon of the largest size have been discovered about twenty miles from Atlanta, Ga.

Prematurely Aged.

Many a woman is robbed of those charms which the gentler sex value so highly, and made old before her time by functional irregularities. To such the bloom of youth may be restored by the use of a remedy which has stood the test of time and which is to-day acknowledged to be without an equal as a cure for all female weaknesses—Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." By all druggists.

As for the bone of contention, the shad takes the cake.

"Gentle as the Breeze of Evening."

This line of an old hymn is quite appropriate when applied to "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." "I don't like to take pills if I can avoid it," we often hear persons say, "because they constipate me so," now the "Pellets" never do this. They are so gentle and mild that their effect is almost precisely similar to a natural movement of the bowels, and no unpleasant effects are left behind.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett's yacht Namouna has arrived at Suez.

If a cough disturbs your sleep, take Piso's Cure for Consumption and rest well.

Let the closing up of "the dens" proceed, there are more of them.

"Peace hath her victories as well as war," and among them we note the triumphs of Coussens' Honey of Tar, over all so-called remedies for colds, coughs or disease of throat and lungs. Having tried it we know this is the best preparation ever made for a deep-seated cough, and will never fail when used according to directions.

A Havard freshman excused himself under the plea that "the dead languages were killed by being studied to hard.

The New York and Brooklyn authorities have no accommadation. They even refuse to allow visitors to jump off the bridge.

For Rickets, Marasmus, and Wasting Disorders of Children.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites is unequalled. The rapidity with which children gain flesh and strength upon it is very wonderful. Read the following: "I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Rickets and Marasmus of long standing, and have been more than pleased with the results, as in every case the improvement was marked."—J. M. MAIN, M. D., New York.

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