The Great Convention at Philadelphia of Representative Irish Citizens of the United States.

Formation of a New League for United and Active Efforts in Behalf of Ireland.

The Convention of the Irish National Land League of America, held at Philadelphia on Wednesday and Thursday of last week. It consisted of duly accredited delegates from the various benevolent, charitable and other Irish societies in America. The call for this second convention states that its object is to be to form a new league after the plan of the national league of Ireland, which will blend into one organization, as Irish societies of the United States and Canada, the new organization to be affiliated with the Irish national league of Ireland. The principles of the Irish national league, which was formed in Dublin in October last was as follows: First, national self-government; second, land law reform; third, self-government; fourth, extension of parliamentary and municipal franchises; fifth, development and encouragement of the labor and industrial interests of Ireland. The Philadelphia convention was largely attended and was called to order by President James A. Mooney of Buffalo, of the Irish land league of the United States; secretary J. J. Hynes, of Buffalo, secretary of the Irish land league of the United States; assistant secretaries, William F. Sheehan of Buffalo and J. D. O'Connell of of Washington. No vice presidents.

Mr. Mooney, on taking the chair made a very sensible speech. Various committees were appointed and financial and other reports received and accepted. The report of the secretary shows that during the year 1883, the new branches reported to the central office, and now on the national roll, number 550, of whose existence the central office has official knowledge, and 289 not known officially.

Total amount of money received by the secretary from April 11, 1882, to April 25, 883, was $79,038.

Among the committees appointed was the following, appointed to consider the method of merging the Land League with the new organization:

Arizona, James Redpath; Connecticut, James Reynolds; Georgia, Col. J. F. Armstrong; Illinois, Rev. Morris Downey; Indiana, James H. Allen; Iowa, M. V. Gannon; Kentucky, Matthew O'Dougherty; Louisiana, T. Mahoney; Maryland, Col. E. T. Joyce; Mich., Rev. Dr. Charles O'Reilly; Minnesota, M. C. McCarthy; Missouri, Dr. Thomas O'Reilly; Massachusetts, Rev. Father Conaly; Maine, John A. Gallagher; New Hampshire, William H. Gorman; New Jersey, John H. Sanderson; New York, D. C. Feely; Nebraska, John Fitzgerald; Ohio, Major John Byrne; Pennsylvania, Rev. Thomas Barry; Vermont, William Mullen; Rhode Island, Col. F. S. O'Reilly; South Carolina, M. M. Kennedy; Virginia, Patrick McGovern; Wisconsin, James G. Donnelly; District of Columbia, Arthur Rooney.

On Thursday the convention continued its session. Mrs. Delia Parnell entered, escorted by Alex. Sullivan of Chicago, who introduced her, amid applause, as "greater than the mother of the Gracchi." Mrs. Parnell was loudly cheered upon entering. On motion of Mr. V. Gannon of Iowa a resolution of respect and sympathy for mother Fanny Parnell was adopted by a rising vote. It is stated the central league of Boston would decorate Fanny Parnell's grave.

Permanent organization was effected with the following officers: chairman, M. A. Foren of Ohio; secretary, John J. Hyeres; assistant secretaries, John J. Wright of Michigan, Edward Fitzwilliams of Massachusetts, Cornelius Horan of Pennsylvania, J. D. O'Connell of Washington. A number of vice-presidents were also chosen.

The following telegram from Charles Stewart Parnell was read which is notable for its apparent deprecation of what is termed the dynamite policy. His most noteworthy recommendation is that the convention frame a platform that will encourage aid from America, while the British government should at the same time have no pretext for entirely suppresing the national movement in Ireland.

LONDON, April 26.—James Mooney, Esq., President of the Irish-American Convention, Philadelphia: My presence at the opening of the most representative convention of Irish-Americans, in my opinion, ever assembled, being impossible, owing to the necessity of my remaining here to oppose the criminal code bill, which re-enacts personally the worst provisions of the coercion act, and if passed, will leave constitutional movements at the mercy of the government, I would respectfully ask you to lay my views before the convention. I would respectfully advise that your platform should be so framed as to enable us to continue to accept help from America, and at the same time avoid affording a pretext to the British government for entirely suppressing the national movement in Ireland. In this way only, can unity of movement be preserved, both in Ireland and America. I have perfect confidence that by prudence, moderation and firmness the cause of Ireland will continue to advance, and though persecution rests heavily upon us at present, before many years have passed we shall have achieved those great objects for which through many centuries, our race has struggled.

CHAS. STEWART PARNELL.

The committee on merging the old with the new organization not being ready to report, the day was mostly spent in discussing minor matters. Of the result he has still perfect confidence. The speeches made were in the interest of harmony and united national action.

Friday was the last and most important day of the session. In the afternoon the committee on resolutions reported a very lenthy series, constituting a very minute and terrible arraingment of England for her course towards Ireland and concluding with a declaration of principles, among which and the most important were the following: Resolved, By the Irish-American people in convention assembled, that the English government in Ireland, originating in usurpation and perpetuated by force, having failed to discharge any of the duties of government, and never having acquired the consent of the governed, has no moral right whatever to exist in Ireland, and that it is the duty of the Irish race throughout the world to sustain the Irish people in the employment of all legitimate means to substitute for it national self-government.

Resolved, That we pledge our unqualified support, moral and material, to our countrymen in Ireland in their efforts to recover national self-government, and in order more effectually to promote this object by the consolidation of all our resources, and the creation of one responsible and representative body to speak for the greater Ireland in America, that all societies represented in this convention, and that all may hereafter comply with the conditions of admission, be organized into an Irish National League of America, for the purpose of supporting the National League of Ireland, of which Charles Stewart Parnell is president.

Resolved, That the policy of the English government in first reducing the Irish peasantry to abject poverty, and then sending them penniless to the United States, dependent upon American charity, is unnatural, inhuman and an outrage upon the American government and people.

The resolutions were adopted. The report of the committee on organization was then read as follows:

Whereas, In the opinion of citizens of America and Canada, Irish, and Irish descent, it is needful for purposes hereinafter set forth, that, sinking all private prejudice and creed distinctions, they do unite to secure this common end, do band themselves together under the name and title of the Irish National League of America.

Article 1—The objects of the Irish National League of America are:

First—Earnestly and actively to sustain the Irish National League in Ireland with moral and material aid in acheiving self-government in Ireland.

Second—To procure a clear and more accurate understanding by the American people of the political, industrial and social ...ntaries of brute force and destructive legislation, and that if permitted to make her own laws on her own soil, she will demonstrate possession of all essentials, natural and ideal, for the political autonomy, beneficial alike to Ireland and the United States.

Third—To promote development of Irish manufacturers by encouraging their import into the United States; to promote the study of Irish history, past and present, and circulate carefully prepared literature in schools and societies, that the justice of the cause may be thoroughly defended against ignorance, malice, and misrepresentation.

Fourth—To encourage the study of the Irish languague, cultivation of Irish music and enlightened love of art, characteristics which have made the past of our race bright amid darkness and have always secured for the Celt success and renown in every country in which he has had equal opportunity with his fellows.

Fifth—To hurt the enemy where he will feel it most by refusing to purchase any article of English manufacture, and by using all legitimate influence to discourage tradesmen from keeping English manufactures on sale.

Sixth—To abolish sectional feeling to destroy those baneful animosities of province and creed which have been handed down by the enemy, to weave closer the bonds of racial pride and affection, and to keep alive the holy flame of Irish nationality, while performing faithfully the duties of American citizenship.

After a stormy debate the plan of organization was adopted. It was ordered that a resolution of confidence and cheer be cabled to Charles S. Parnell. Mrs. Parnell, being introduced, said: Ladies and Gentlemen: I have been asked to crown with a wreath of laurel our immortal statesman, legislator and president, George Washington. The position of Ireland to-day is almost similar to that of our country in the Revolutionary war, and I have inherited a drop of that old blood. I have also inherited Irish blood, which gives me an additional claim on you. My father said, and I sustain him, that the party which secures and maintains a position in the enemy's country is sure to come out ahead. I deny that my son has not secured that position.

Mrs. Parnell then placed a wreath of laurel on the bust of George Washington, amid great enthusiasm, the banner of Ireland being waved over her head at this time. Alexander Sullivan of Chicago was elected president, and Dr. Charles O'Reilly of Detroit treasurer of the new league and Maj. Byrne was elected vice president and John J. Hynes was chosen secretary.

The chairman announced that Mrs. Parnell had been elected president of the Ladies' National League of America. He called on Henry F. Sheridan of Chicago, to lead in singing "God Save Ireland." The song was sung, the convention rising and joining in the chorus. The chairman then declared the convention adjourned.

Following is the executive council of the national league.

Rev. Father McKenna of Massachusetts, W. B. Wallace of New York James Reynolds of New Hampshire, M. V. Gannon of Iowa, Judge J. G. Donnelly of Wisconsin, John L. Armstrong of Georgia, and United States Senator Jame Fair of Nevada.

Alexander Sullivan, elected president by the convention of the national league, is thirty-five years of age, and was born in Maine, He stumped Michigan for the constitutional amendment giving negroes the right of suffrage, and was an active abolitionist. He was a republican until 1872, then being a strong friend of Greeley, he supported the liberal movement, and has since been a democrat. He studied law with A. S. Sullivan of New York, and has been for a number of years in successful practice in Chicago.

Marriage of Infant Kentuckians.

There was an extraordinary wedding near South Covington, Ky., on Tuesday evening, when George F. Kyle, age fourteen, was married to Lizzie May Hollingshead, age thirteen, at the house of the groom's parents. The bride is an orphan and in order to obtain a license the groom's father qualified as her guardian. This is not a shrewd device to obtain a fortune, for all the parties concerned are comparatively poor, and nobody seems to know the reason for such a premature alliance. "The bride," says the Cincinnati Enquirer, "is not a voluptuous-looking girl, and, in fact, resembles a child that had not passed the spanking age, and the groom was not much her superior in this respect. The bride was modestly and neatly attired, and resembled a little girl that was dressing for her first attendance to a children's party. There was none of that style of love that is generally displayed at a wedding, and when the minister pronounced them man and wife they faced each other for a moment and suddenly the childish groom embraced his diminutive bride. It was a rather strange sight, and looked more like a children's mock marriage than a solemn reality."

Gresham Knew His Own Business.

Here is a story illustrating the new postmaster General's independence: He is greatly admired by Judge Drummond, of the United States Circuit Court, and they have been oftener on the bench together than custom or necessity requires, Drummond going out of his way to invite Gresham to sit with him—One day when an important case was called the District Attorney announced that it would be withdrawn from the docket.—"By whose authority?" asked Judge Gresham. "By instructions from Washington," was the reply.—"But whose instructions?" The rejoiner was, if not evasive, unsatisfactory. "We do not recognize the right of anybody at Washington, even the president himself," said Judge Gresham, "to interfere whether by instructions or requests in the trial of a cause before this court. Proceed with the trial of the case." The trial was proceeded and a conviction was secured. This story, current in the papers several years ago, was recalled to me by our postmaster General Huidekoper, who is an old an intimate friend of Gresham's.

A Worker of Miracles.

A worker of miracles has appeared in Brooklyn—Dr. F. Monck—who professes to cure diseases by prayer and laying on of hands. He is a long-haired Englishman, bearded and mustached, and made up for mysterious effect. Last Sunday he got three thousand people into the Brooklyn Academy of Music and told them of cures he had made of paralysis, rheumatism, fevers, cross-eyes, &c., and all the while a collection was taken up. He then invited those who were sick and afflicted in the audience to come forward, and half a hundred came. They were apparently cured by the manipulations of the doctor, and seemed to rejoice. But the audience only laughed at the proceedings. If the age of miracles is not past most of the believers in the miracle-worker are dead.

A young man writes: "Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla cured me of nervous debility, weak urinary organs, disturbing dreams, etc., after I had tried a dozen doctors. I think the fact that it is a sure cure for nervous debility should be generally known. It may save many useful lives."

Lord Palmerston being asked when a man was in the "prime of life," immediately answered "79."

Henry Ward Beecher expresses the opinion that the world is revolving toward perfection.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll is at work on a lecture on Shakespeare.

I always begin at the beginning when I write a story. Some authors like to commence a story in the middle and work at both ends; but that isn't my way, or, rather it wouldn't be my way if I was in the habit of writing stories, which, thank Heaven, I am not. I get my living in a respectable way, by the sweat of my brow, not by writing lies for newspapers. Consequently I've but one story to write, and that is my own.

My name is Roderick McStivers, and I'm a native of the good old town of Tadmouth; I'm forty years old if I'm a day, and, if I do say it, as good looking for my age as any man you ever set eyes on. Twenty years ago I was fully as handsome as I am now, and at that time I was engaged to the charming Mary Black, the belle of Tadmouth. That was the beginning of all my woe—that engagement. I was poor then (I own the largest boot manufactory in Tadmouth to-day) and the Lord only knew when I should be able to marry Mary. But she said she didn't care, she could wait two or three centuries just as well as not, if I'd only be true to her meantime.—

> Sooner shall the blue ocean melt to air,
> Sooner shall earth resolve itself to sea,
> Than I resign thine image, oh my fair!
> Or think of anything excepting thee.

That's just what I said. You wouldn't think, to look at me now, that I could say anything quite so soft as the above, would you, eh? Bless you! I had more poetry in my head twenty years ago than you could shake a stick at.

> Many are poets who have never penn'd
> Their inspirations, and perchance the best.

That's what's the trouble with me. If I hadn't confined myself to leather, I should have played the deuce with "the nine." Well, you understand from the above that Mary and I were all right. I swore that I'd be true, and she dittoed; but, bless me, my dear sir, the sweet girl had a father, and he was not so young as we were by several years.

"Those were days when my heart was volcanic," but the old gentleman's palpitator was as hard and cold as a cast-iron grindstone. The paternal Black did not believe much in love, you see.

He had married for money, and, in his opinion, that was the only thing worth marrying for; and so, instead of throwing his only child away upon a miserable vagabond like myself, he very unceremoniously showed me the door one evening, and the very next day brought a lover of his own choosing home to Mary. The lover's name was Bunsby, and he rolled in gold, metaphorically speaking; owned a fine house in New York, and had horses, carriages and servants "too numerous to mention." Oh, why should I linger over this period of my existence I'm sure I don't know why, and hang me if I do.

You guess the rest. Mary was dazzled with her new lover's wealth. She forgot poor Roderick McStivers, and married Thos. Bunsby, Esq., and I—I, alas, was not invited to the wedding! Anything more heartless than the above can scarcely be imagined, I suppose I might have "gone into mourning." They told me I couldn't be a nun on account of my sex.

"Oh, what shall I do?" I asked, in a voice that sounded horribly strange, notwithstanding that it was my own. I defy you to tell me what I did do. In the light of my twenty years' experience I am convinced that I did the best thing I could under the circumstances. I married my boarding mistress. She was 35 and I was 20 years of age; she was—

> A maid unmatched in manners as in face,
> Skilled in each art, and crowned with every grace.

And, though I never learned to love her extravagantly, I must confess that she could make the best apple dumplings that I ever ate. In the course of time I became a father. A daughter was born to us, and we called her Julia, after my grandmother, who was the most beautiful woman in the country, to judge of her portrait now before me. My daughter looks much as my grandmother did at her age. Well, as I said, a daughter was born to us and a son was born to Bunsby, and they called him Tom. We heard of the last-mentioned event up here in Tadmouth, but for years I never saw either Mary or her son, notwithstanding they used to visit her father quite often while the old gentleman lived. But at last Mr. Black was gathered to his fathers, and about the same time my wife was gathered to her mothers, and I was left alone with my little Julia. I was rich then—the most wealthy man in Tadmouth—and I had built me a fine house, the same that I have lived in ever since, with my little Julia as housekeeper. Well, how things will come about! Last summer young Tom Bunsby came out to Tadmouth and put up at the hotel—they have quite a number of summer boarders there—and the first thing the young man did was to fall in love with my daughter Julia. Of course the poor fellow was not to blame. He couldn't help it, for she was the most bewitching little woman that you ever saw, not withstanding that old McStivers is her father.

He saw her first at a picnic, danced with her, kissed her in the ring, and walked home with her at night. I remember the evening very well. I was sitting in my library smoking a cigar and thinking of the late Mrs. McStivers—oh, those apple dumplings! my mouth waters every time I think o them—when, the windows being open, I heard voices at the door. I knew it was Julia, and I knew she had a young fellow with her, and, tear my wig, if he wasn't begging for a kiss.

> How silvery sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
> Like softest music to attending ears.

I remarked earnestly to Mr. McStivers. In about five minutes Julia came in blushing like a ten-acre flower garden, and looking as lovely as a fairy queen.

"Oh, papa! I've had such a splendid time!" said she, throwing herself into my arms and kissing the cuticle off my right cheek.

"Yes, I should think so, particularly during the last five minutes," I remarked.

"Oh, father!" and she hid her face in my whiskers.

"Who was it, my dear?" I inquired.

"Mr. Thomas Bunsby.

"Tom Bunsby!" I yelled, springing to my feet, while me eyes rolled fearfully.

Oh, it was a terrible sight, I know, because there was a mirror in front of me.

"Ha!"

Nothing that you ever heard on the stage ever equalled that blood-curdling "Ha!" of mine.

My daughter fell at my feet the picture of terrified terror or horrified horror, I can't tell which. The whole thing was grand and awful in the extreme.

"Girl," said I, in a voice ot thunder and lightning, "did you know Tom Busby's father?"

"No-o."

"Or his mother?"

"No.

"Or his grandfather?"

"No."

"I'm sorry," said I, making a terrible effort to calm myself. "I'm very sorry that you didn't know his grand father, very sorry, indeed, because the old gentleman kicked me out of his front door once for daring to make love to his ... Tom Bunsby comes here to see you I'll serve him in the same manner. Oh, revenge is sweet—'tis sweet."

Julia got up then.

"Can I go now, father?" she asked.

"Yes; but, remember, no more of Tom Bunsby. Good-night." * * *

Time passed on and Julia seemed the same as usual. Whether she saw Tom or not I did not know at the time, though I have since learned that they were in the habit of meeting quite frequently. No, I did not know that they met but I suspected that they might, and, to prevent any chance of an elopement, I never allowed Julia to go out in the evenings unless I went with her, and at 10 o'clock every night the doors and windows were all made fast against burglars and lovers, and we slept secure until morning. You perceive by this that I am not one of those who wait until the mare is stolen before locking the stable. Well, it was one night about a month ago, that, after locking up the house as usual, I retired to my room, and, disrobing this lovely form of mine, crept into bed. I had just finished my first nap, and turned over for the second, when the door bell rang. And how did it ring! Egad! I thought they would pull it down. Was it fire, burglars, or did somebody mistake my house for the doctor's? I didn't stop to think, but, throwing on my clothes in the shortest possible time, I rushed down stairs and threw open the door, holding my revolver straight before me as I did so.

"A note for you, sir,' said a small boy, handing me a folded paper. My first thought was that it was a telegraph dispatch.

"Anything to pay?" I asked.

"No, sir," and the boy vanished in the thick darkness. Closing the door I tore open the note and read:

Mr. McStivers: Your daughter will elope to-night with Tom Bunsby, if she has not already. If you find her not in her room, run to the hotel—room 15, first flight.

Adieu. JOE KERR.

All the tiger in the McStiverses was aroused. I dashed madly up-stairs, and, throwing open Julia's door, rushed in. Alas! I was too late. She was gone—the bird had flown. She had not been in bed that night. I did not continue the search there, but flew on the wings of the wind out of the room, out of the house along the street, till I reached the Tadmouth hotel. The clerk was dozing in the office, and did not see me when I entered. I did not speak but crept cautiously up-stairs and along the corridor until I reached No. 15.

"Death to Bunsby" I muttered through my clinched teeth.

Oh how ferocious I must have looked. My blood curdles even now while I think of it. I knocked at the door.

"I will call him out and shoot him in his tracks," said I. "I'm insane now. McFarland was nowhere compared with me, and no jury will convict me." But no one answered the knock, I tried the door. Ha, it was unlocked. I entered the room, The above four words are of terrible import, and I want you to consider them well. The gas was burning, but all was still, save the soft breathing of a sleeper, whose face was hidden from me by the curtains of the bed. I sprang forward, tore open the curtains, seized a bare arm. and with the celerity of lightning, yanked the sleeper into sudden wakefulness. The ex-sleeper screamed, I yelled once, and then, with a musical groan, fell to the floor, tearing my hair as I went.

"Roderick!" said screamer.

"Oh, heavings where am I? Mary, is it thou? Where is—is Bunsby?"

"Dead."

"And you?"

"I'm a widow; and you?"

"I'm—I'm a widower," I answered, with a groan.

"I always loved you, Roderick," said she.

"And you are just as handsome as ever," said I.

"You've acted very improper tonight," said she.

"Infernally so," said I. "Where is your son?"

"I know not. He loves your daughter and she loves him—and I love you."

Mary blushed. (Considering that she was in a very light costume it wasn't strange that she should.)

"And Bunsby's dead?"

"Bunsby's dead!"

"Mary," said I, "may I be a second Bunsby—that is—oh—ah! will you be mine?"

She threw herself into my arms. Just then I heard footsteps; I turned and saw Tom and Julia standing at the door.

"The deuce!" cried Tom.

"No, no, it's my father!" said Julia. "Oh, father, won't you forgive us?"

There was a queer twinkle in her eyes when she said that.

"Forgive us for what?"

"For marrying Tom, I'll promise not to do it again,"

"And will you forgive me for marrying his mother, as I mean to do to-morrow?"

"Oh, will you, pa?"

"I will if anybody'll tell me who wrote that note to me to-night." said I.

"I wrote it," replied Tom, with a laugh. "Julia was hid in the closet when you went to her room, and when you went out of the house she followed you, met me, the minister was waiting, and we were quickly made one flesh. But how came you in this room?"

"The note said I should find you here."

"Yes; I thought you would like to see my mother, though she didn't know you was coming. But how did you get in?"

"I forgot to lock the door," said Mary.

"How lucky," said I. "We'll have another wedding to-morrow. And now good night."

I kissed Mary and the dear children—bless them—and then, taking my hat returned to my home, a much happier man than I had been for years.

There was a wedding next day, a quiet affair, and then a short tour.

At present we are all at home—Tom, Julia, Mary and I—and if you don't believe my story just come down to Tadmouth and inquire. Everybody knows me here.

He Meant Well.

The St. Louis Republican tells of an amusing incident that occurred in a church of that city a couple of Sundays ago. A gentleman was the owner of a very unique pin in the shape of a large black spider, the body of which is a large amethyst. This ornament was presented to a young lady friend and she wore it on her dress to service. It so happened, and unfortunately, that a young gentleman near her perceived the lifelike ornament on the young lady's dress, and to all appearances crawling up to her face. A look of terror overspread his features, and without any hesitation he endeavored to brush off what to him appeared a tarantula. He missed it and brushed at it again, when the almost audible smiles of a few who witnessed the gentleman's heroic endeavors attracted the young lady's attention. He became very red in the face when he discovered his mistake, and it will be a long time before he attends that church again.

Visiting a Sad Scene.

On one evening of every week a neatly dressed woman visits the stage entrance of Haverly's Theatre, in Brooklyn, N. Y. The main entrance of the Brooklyn Theatre, destroyed by fire on the night of Dec. 5, 1875, with nearly ...ticular site. The woman looks about her for a few minutes and then runs down Myrtle avenue to her home. One of the policemen attached to the station next door says that in the early evening of that terrible night seven years and more ago the husband of this woman asked her to accompany him to the play. She had been hard at work during the day and preferred to remain at home, but wished that he should visit the theatre. He did so and his body was among the unrecognized dead the following day. The wife fell and for a time it was feared she would lose her reason. Once a week at night, from the date of her recovery to the present, this poor woman has visited the spot.

Mr. and Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, gathering up her skirts and making for the door; "now, my dear, we are already, aren't we? You take those pots of plants and I'll carry the cut flowers."

"How'm I to take thirteen pots of plants in two hands?" growled Mr. Spoopendyke, surveying his job, with dissatisfaction in his eye.

"What is there about me that seems to give you the impression that I am a freight train? What dy'e call these things, anyway? What's this ghost standing up here with a candle in his hand? What particular interest has he got in the Easter business? How'm I going to carry these things? That's what I want to know.

"That's a calla lily, dear," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, laying down her flowers and turning to help her husband. "Now, you can take these pots in your arms by letting the edge of one pot rest on the edge of another. Let me show you," and Mrs. Spoopendyke arranged the pots, neatly folded in clean white paper, in her husband's arms. "That's the way to carry them," she chirped, opening the door for him. "Now, you are all right!"

"Expect me to put on my hat with my leg, don't you?" inquired Mr. Spoopendyke, trying to reach around so that he might see out from his burden. "P'raps you think I don't need any decoration while I am carrying these dod gasted shrubs! May be you think I'd present a more tropical appearance without any hat!"

"I'll put on your hat dear," fluttered Mrs. Spoopendyke, and she carefully put it on hind side before and flattened it down until the "back breadth," as she called it, rested on his shoulders. "Now you're all right, dear, be careful of the flowers!"

Mr. Spoopendyke followed his wife to the street and gave the burden a sort of hitch to relieve himself.

"Here! Look here!" he cried to his wife, "you don't load me straight! These things are slipping! Fix 'em, can't ye?"

"We havn't far to go," pleaded Mrs. Spoopendyke, who couldn't see that anything was wrong. "Can't you hold them, dear, till we get to church?"

"Oh, I can't hold 'em!" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke, "Get out of my eye! can't ye take this yaller lily out of my eye? Look out for my hat! Don't you see it's slipping off? If you don't make some better arangement about these things the neighbors will be startled by the sound of cracking crockery!"

"I hope you won't break any of them," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke. Then she pulled his hat over his eyes and took him by the elbow to lead him along.

"Look out!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, as he felt a pot going. "Here's a decoration in danger! Catch it, if ye don't want to lose a big slice of this resurrection! Catch it, quick!"

But Mrs. Spoopendyke was too late. The pot dropped with a crash on Mr. Spoopendyke's instep and rolled into the gutter.

"Oh, dear!" moaned Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"There you are!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, hopping with pain and dropping another pot. "Satisfied now? Know anyone you want to back me against for a Garden of Eden? Got any more horticultural societies you want knocked out? Here goes another!" and the third of the series smashed on the sidewalk.

"A charge I have to keep," and down came the largest pot of the lot with a prodigious noise.

"Don't!" squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke, watching the fate of her decorations with dismay.

"I ain't!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, letting go two more in the effort to keep his hat on. "Who is? Get hold of that off representative of the day we celebrate," and Mr. Spoopendyke clutched wildly at a sliding pot, not that he cared for the flower particularly, but he had felt four drops on his foot, and he felt some fears. "Dod gast the pot," he squawked, as it eluded him, and landed on his best corn.

"I think you're real mean!" sobbed Mrs. Spoopendyke, surveying the wreck with streaming eyes.

"You do, do you?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, who felt as badly as his wife did now that it was all over. "P'raps you had some kind of a notion that those pots would fall when I let go of em! Why didn't you put 'em in a bag so a man could carry 'em without spilling em? What do you want of decorations, anyway?"

"Because to-morrow's Easter, and I wanted to help make the church pretty," and with this explanation Mrs. Spoopendyke broke down completely and wept bitterly.

"Well, ain't it just as much Easter out doors as it is in the church?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, "And haven't you decorated as much as any woman? What'd you expect? Think people are going to take you for a cathedral just because you take a few shrubs to church once a year? Now you go in the house and don't let me hear any more whimpering. With your notions about duty and your desire to get the best of the other women in the church, you only want a bell in your mouth and a black collar be a whole guild!"

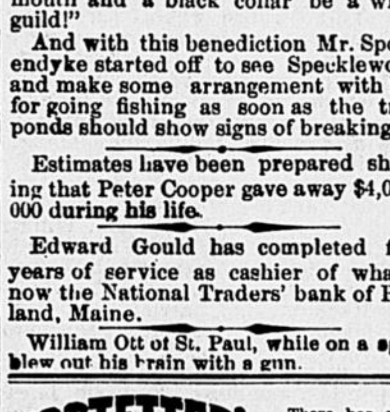
And with this benediction Mr. Spoopendyke started off to see Specklewottle and make some arrangement with him for going fishing as soon as the trout ponds should show signs of breaking up.

Estimates have been prepared showing that Peter Cooper gave away $4,000,000 during his life.

Edward Gould has completed fifty years of service as cashier of what is now the National Traders' bank of Portland, Maine.

William Ott of St. Paul, while on a spree blew out his brain with a gun.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS



There has never been an instance in which this sterling invigorant and antifebrile medicine has failed to ward off the complaint, when taken duly as a protection against malaria. Hundreds of physicians have abandoned all the officinal specifics, and now prescribe this harmless vegetable tonic for chills and fever, as well as dyspepsia and nervous affections. Hostetter's Bitters is the specific you need.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

"THE BEST IS CHEAPEST." ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers (Suited to all sections.) Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

...for it and found no help. We are no doctors, but can offer a prescription that has cured very many, and it might cure you as well; it will cost but a quarter of a dollar, and can be had at any druggist's Ask for Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

Frost has nipped fruit buds in the Ohio valley.

"MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP." Infallible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic; for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. 25c.

Joseph C. Zirkelbach of St. Paul, has been insane, and sent to St. Peter.

Lydia E Pinkham, whose benevolent face is shadowed in almost every paper we pick up, appears to have discovered what Addison calls "The grand elixir, to support the spirits of human nature." It is quite evident that she has the patent and has secured the contract for making over and improving the invalid corps of American womanhood.—Globe.

The Indians in British Columbia are killing and driving out the Chinese.

"ROUGH ON RATS." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

Photographs of "Number One" are to be seen in every shop window in London.

The unpleasant appearance of even the most amiable and intelligent face, when covered with surface irritations as from tetter, pimples, or eczema can be dissolved naturally by Dr. Benson's Skin Cure, an excellent toilet dressing. It cures dandruff of the scalp.

The great white chief, Crook; has started on the warpath in Arizona.

"BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1. Druggists.

After July 1 the general land office will print its decisions every sixty or ninety days.

Diamond Dyes will color any thing any color, and never fail. The easiest and best way to economize. 10 cents, at all druggists.

Ladies & children's boots & shoes cannot run over if Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners are used.

Look out for Frauds.

The great popularity of Allen's Iron Tonic Bitters has induced unscrupulous manufacturers to imitate the name as nearly as possible and still escape the severe penalties of the law. In order to guard against such base imitations, see that the signature of J. P. Allen, Druggist and Manufacturing Pharmacist, St. Paul, is on the front label of every bottle. All others are counterfeit.

The Doctor's Endorsement.

Dr. W. D. Wright, Cincinnati, O., sends the sub-joined professional endorsement: "I have prescribed Dr. William Hall's Balsam for the Lungs in a great number of cases and always with success. One case in particular was given up by several physicians who had been called in for consultation with myself. The patient had all the symptoms of confirmed consumption—cold night sweats, hectic fever, harassing cough. etc. He commenced immediately to get better and was soon restored to his usual health. I have also found Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs the most valuable expectorant for breaking up distressing coughs and colds that I have ever used."

The Culture of Beauty.

The lady of forty, who uses Glenn's Sulphur Soap, the great skin beautifier, drops at least ten years of her age. Unlike the dangerous cosmetics which obstruct the pores, it is entirely harmless. See that "C. N. Crittenton, Proprietor," is printed on each packet, without which none is genuine. Sold by druggists and fancy goods dealers.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, black or brown, fifty cents.

Fire in dry time is not more dangerous than a consumptive cough. Arrest it with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Sold by druggists.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute

From Dr. C. C. Clark, Oswego, N. Y. "I have made sufficient experiments of Colden's Liquid Beef Tonic to enable me to say it is by far the best of all the preparations of the kind (food and tonic) that I have ever used. To the sufferer from chronic diseases, or the convalescent, it is invaluable, being both nourishing and strengthening." (Remember the name, Colden's—take no other.) Of druggists.

Dose Cup. Advertisement in another column

Personal—Men Only. The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Depression of Spirits and General Debility, in their various forms; also as a preventive against Fever and Ague, and other Intermittent Fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from Fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

For the Cure of a Cough or Sore Throat, 'Brown's Bronchial Troches' are a simple remedy.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

"OH MY HEAD

HOW IT THROBS,

I CAN'T SLEEP."

DR. C. W. BENSON'S CELERY & CHAMOMILE PILLS. ARE PREPARED EXPRESSLY TO CURE AND WILL CURE HEADACHE OF ALL KINDS NEURALGIA, NERVOUSNESS AND DYSPEPSIA. PROVED & ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS. PRICE 50 CTS. Dr. C. W. Benson FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE ON EVERY BOX.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

A Sure Cure for all FEMALE WEAKNESSES, Including Leucorrhœa, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Flooding, PROLAPSUS UTERI, &c.

☞ Pleasant to the taste, efficacious and immediate in its effect. It is a great help in pregnancy, and relieves pain during labor and at regular periods.

PHYSICIANS USE IT AND PRESCRIBE IT FREELY.

☞ FOR ALL WEAKNESSES of the generative organs of either sex, it is second to no remedy that has ever been before the public; and for all diseases of the KIDNEYS it is the *Greatest Remedy in the World.*

☞ KIDNEY COMPLAINTS of Either Sex Find Great Relief in Its Use.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the Blood, at the same time will give tone and strength to the system. As marvellous in results as the Compound.

☞ Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. The Compound is sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3 cent stamp. Send for pamphlet. *Mention this Paper.*

☞ LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS cure Constipation, Billiousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents.

☞ Sold by all Druggists. ☜

HARMLESS to the MOST DELICATE

This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR CURING Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Croup, And other THROAT and LUNG AFFECTIONS.

It Contains no Opium in Any Form.

Recommended by Physicians, Ministers and Nurses. In fact by everybody who has given it a good trial. It never fails to bring relief.

Caution.—Call for Allen's Lung Balsam, and shun the use of all remedies without merit.

As an Expectorant it has No Equal!

FOR SALE by all MEDICINE DEALERS.

$5 TO $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

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Educate For Business at the Oldest & Best Commercial College. Circular free. Address C. BAYLIES, Dubuque, Ia.

$72 A WEEK, $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me.

SEND to R. B. Mitchell, 88 Randolph St. Chicago, Ill., 10 cents for his 60-page Illustrated Poultry Catalogue for 1883. It tells how he cleared $1,700 on 2½ acres, by keeping poultry.

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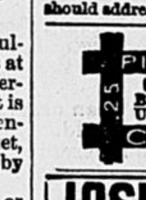
PRINTERS Desiring to purchase new or second-hand outfits for Weekly Newspapers or Job Offices, or to buy offices already established, should address "Printers' Exchange," Box 889, Chicago.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 cts.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS. SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.



DOSE CUP & CORK-SCREW, the invalid's boon and nurse's delight, be GIVEN FREE as a premium to DR. FOOTE'S HEALTH MONTHLY to those sending only 4 letter stamps for a 3 months' trial subscription. The DOSE CUP measures accurately one drachm and prevents mistakes; the cork-screw prevents breaking corks and knife-blades; the Health Monthly prevents human ills. Address M. HILL PUB. Co., Box 788, New York City.

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Piles Piles Piles. A sure cure for Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. A single box of Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment has cured the worst chronic case of Thirty Years standing. Sold and recommended by all Druggists. Price $1.00. NOYES BROS. & CUTLER, St. Paul, Agents.

TREE SEED. We have in stock a full supply of all varieties. We make a specialty of seed suitable for the prairie lands of the Northwest. Send 10c for Manual giving full instructions for growing trees from seeds, and other valuable information. HIRAM SIBLEY & CO., SEEDSMEN, Chicago, Illinois.

NATHAN FORD is giving Special offers in KNABE Pianos, FISCHER Pianos and CLOUGH & WARREN Organs for ten days. Write him at once for BARGAINS.

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