SELFISHNESS UNPARALLED

An Etrxaordinary Case of Overreaching Cupidity—A Designing Widower's Discomfiture.

A visitor at the Surrogate's office on a recent morning might have heard the following conversation, if he had happened in at the right time:

"Mornin', Squire," said the man from Grafton, as he strode into the Surrogate's office, wearing a fresh weed on his hat, but ill succeeding in the evident attempt to conceal a high degree of satisfaction under the external show of sorrow, which propriety seemed to demand.

"Good morning my dear sir," said the Surrogate, as he turned from a critical survey of the bootblack's study in blacking on the cloth tops of his boots. "You seem to be in affliction. Can I do anything for you?"

"Wall, yes, Squire, I have been visited by a dispensation o' Providence, so to speak, and p'raps you ken sorter 'lay my cur'osity about ap'int or two. Fact is, Squire, my wife Hannah died last night, an' I come into town fer a coffin. Hannah was a good savin' woman, an' she's goin' to hev a fust class funeral ef I know myself. 'N seein' 's I'm here, thinks I, I'll jist drop in 'n' see 't I've got ter go through any performange 'bout gettin' possession o' Hannah's prop'ty. S'spose it's all right jis' 's 't is, ain't it, Squire?"

"That depends, my dear fellow," said the Surrogate; "it makes all the difference in the world how your wife came by her property; what it consist of; how she disposed of it, or whom she left to inherit it."

"Do tell," said the man from G. as he rolled his quid from one cheek to the other, and heaved a sigh—presumably onf of respect to the late lamented. "Of course I know it's all mine, anyhow, 'n I can't for the life of me see what odds all them things kin make. But I don't mind tellin' just how 'tis, squire."

By this time the bystanders began to show indications of interest. Three lawyers who had dropped in to look for a possible fee arranged themselves in listening attitude; the raw reporter sharpened his pencil with Surrogate's penknife, that functionary the while keeping a sharp weather-eye on his property and the m. from G. continued:

"Oa, but, ye see, squire, the deacon willed all his property to the widder," and the chuckle which had been maturing broadened into something very like a grin.

"Indeed; no children, then, of course?"

"Wrong ag'in, squire; four on 'em, three gals an' a boy."

"Didn't the deacon make any provision for them?"

"Wall, I s'pose, betwixt you an' me, Squire, he did have an understan'in' with Hannah that she'd give the young 'uns a home, and leave them the property when she died."

"Ye see, 'Squire, my wife was Deacon Joshua Gordon's widder up in Washington county—"

"Ah," interrupted the Surrogate, "I've heerd of the Deacon. Left a handsome property, I've understood."

"Wall, yes, 'Squire, I guess, I y'r safe in assumin' t' ther' was a perty conside'ble pile—$75,000 or thereabouts; quite an inducement to marry the widder, eh?"

And the m. from G. manifested a tendency to chuck the Surrogate in the ribs, a familiarity which that official might have resented at some period more remote from the next county election, but now contented himself with evading, as he remarked:

"Yes, I presume so, especially if the Deacon left no heirs, and—"

"Do the children live with you?"

"Me! Do you s'pose, 'Squire, I'm such a tarnation fool's to marry a hull fam'ly o' gals 'n' a good for nothin' boy into the bargain? No siree, boss, no kids for me, even o' my own, let alone other men's! I turned them out t grass, lively, you bet y'r boots's soon's I come into possession!"

"I suppose, at least, their mother made provision for the children before her death?"

"Wall, no, 'Squire, to tell the truth, she didn't. She did talk one spell 'bout makin' a will 'n givin' the chil'n halt 'n' me t'other half, but I kin o' talked her out on 't. I'm up to a thing or two, 'Squire; I aint agoin' to take no half loaf when I kin hev the hull on 't, ye know!"

"But how did you persuade your wife to leave her children penniless?"

"Oh! I reckon she'd somehow got a notion t' the law 'd allow them suthin' out o' their father's property anyhow, an' I didn't ondedeive her; hed n't the heart to, ye see."

Here another sigh escaped the manly bosom of the m. from G., while the Surrogate looked daggers, but proceeded:

"Was your marriage blessed with any off-spring?"

"Any kids, ye mean, 'Squire? Nary a one, thank ye."

"In what shape was the deacon's property?"

"Notes 'n mortgages and Guv'ment bonds, every red cent of it. But jist 's soon 's I got the management on it I says: "Hannah, I'm a goin't buy land with that 'ere money. Don't want no notes nor Guv'ments no; no sort o' perishable stuff t' show fer my money," says I. An' Hannah was jist that supple like she says: 'Just 's you think best 'bout that, Elkanah.' An' don't you think 'Squire, that woman was so confiden' she wanted me take all them deeds in my own name!"

"And you did so?"

"No, 'Squire, I argu'd like this. I says to myself, 'What's my wife's is mine, except when my creditors get after it, an' then it's just as well not to own any real estate. I've got a long head, 'Squire, and don't you forget it. And when I owe five hundred dollars 't I ain't in no hurry to pay, I don't want t' own two much 't 's in sight, you bet!' But come, 'Squire, I don't 'spose nothin's got to be done, has there? I'm fixed all right, ain't I? Not that I've any doubt on't but I thought seein' I's in I'd jest get your jedgment on't, seein' 't don't cost nothin', while I'm waitin' fer the coffin. I told 'em to take their time 'n durn the 'xpense. Want ye 't understand there's nothin' mean about me, 'Squire."

And the concluding sigh was a dead failure. The m. from G. could see the acres bought with the deacon's dollars already his.

The Surrogate looked him over for fully two minutes before he replied, and the lawyers and the raw reporter, seeing the expression on his face, braced themselves for the opinion that followed, per curiam.

"Yes, old man, you're fixed, no mistake. And you won't need to trouble yourself one bit about the Deacon's estate. You're just about the smartest, cove I've seen yet. Now, you might have been so short sighted as to keep the Deacon's money just as he left it, personal property, and so have been entitled to only one-third of it upon your wife's death; but you were much too keen for that! Or you might have been so foolish as to allow the deeds to be made out in your own name; and then how your creditors would have gloated over their $500! But you were too old a fox to be caught in such a flusy trap, though, to be sure, what the creditors left would have been yours. Or if you had permitted your wife to make the will as she proposed, how one-half the Deacon's board would have slipped out of your hands! But you have planned better. I assure you there isn't a lawyer in the county who could have advised you so clearly. Let me congratulate you on the success your efforts deserve!"

"And that is—?" asked the m. from G., too eager now for even a pretense at sorrow.

"Just this. You have tried your worst to cheat the Deacon's children out of their father's estate, and through your monumental stupidity have succeeded in depriving yourself of every possible hold, and in having the property left in such shape that the children will have every dollar that belongs to them; while you get your deserts. No, sir; not a solitary red cent do you get, unless the Deacon's children help you to it, and under the circumstances I don't believe even you will have the cheek to ask them."

As the man from Grafton turned to go, vowing vengeance on all that remained of the Deacon's widow in muttered threats of a pine coffin and no minister at the funeral, the Surrogate fired his parting shot:

"Now, look-a-here, old man, don't do it! The law allows your wife a decent burial, and I propose to be on hand and see that she has it. Govern yourself accordingly!"—Troy Times.

OCCASIONS FOR PRAYER.

Two Episodes in the Life of Rev. Lyman Beecher.

There is one anecdote told by Mrs. Spillman about the Rev. Lyman Beecher, the father of Henry Ward, which may have been published, but I have never seen it. Mr. Beecher had been called to Boston to preach. He was a widower at the time and thought it would be a good idea to combine pleasure with business and look for a wife while there. But it seems that the search was unsatisfactory and the old gentleman was about to give it up. He had announced to his congregation that he was going back to Cincinnati, and upon that occasion he would deliver his farewell sermon which he did. The next day be met a friend who asked him why he was going to leave so soon, and Mr. Beecher unbosomed himself and told him of his disappointment. "Oh!" said the friend, "that could be easily remedied; he knew just the lady. There was the widow Bems, she was just the woman, and would suit Mr. Beecher exactly." So Mr. Beecher decided to remain and make the last great effort of his life. The next day he called upon her. He introduced himself, and abruptly popped the momentous question with which his mind was over-burdened. It considerably startled the good lady, and she remonstrated with the good man thus:

"Brother Beecher, really I—I was not prepared to——"

"Preparation is not necessary," said Brother Beecher.

"But I have no time to reflect," argued Mrs. Bems.

"Don't reflect," persisted Mr. Beecher.

"But in so important a matter on should go to the great judge at the throne of grace and ask to be guided. One should have time for prayer," said Mrs. Bems.

"Let us pray now," said Brother Beecher, and down on his knees he went, the widow following suit, and he poured forth an eloquent-horse-power-pressure argument in his own favor. When they arose at the conclusion, Mrs. Bems admitted that all objection was removed and accepted the inevitable.

An amusing incident happened shortly after they were married, although Mr. Beecher did not seem to catch the point of the joke. While riding their horse took fright, and becoming unmanageable, overturned the vehicle, emptying its contents on the dusty thoroughfare. Mr. Beecher escaped with no injury, but a pretty bad scare. After picking up the pieces and finding that they still lived, Mrs. Beecher remarked that it would be quite appropriate to offer up thanks for their miraculous escape, to which Mr. Beecher remarked: "Offer up thanks for yourself; as for me, I'm pretty badly broken up."

Emerson and England.

At the end of an article on Emerson's "English Traits" the Pall Mall Gazette remarks;

"We wonder how much of this description would pass for true now? Are all Englishmen John Bulls—beefy, mutton-fisted wielders of the sledge-hammer of common sense—deaf to the more ideal aspect of things, and yet extorting respect, and even blundering into works of genius, by their indomitable vigor? Are we so hidebound in prejudices—such examples of 'arrested development?' Mr. Matthew Arnold would perhaps agree with Emerson in the main. England, he says, is a blind Titan; as Emerson calls her, a "divine cripple like India." That is for others to say; at least, it is not to be said at the end of a brief review. But we cannot help reflecting, after all, how rash and unsatisfactory are all sweeping judgments upon national pecularities, and how many qualifications we should have to suggest before we could accept Emerson's theory as accurate. Doubtless, it represents the way in which England strikes the mind already prepared with a certain theory; but, though it is pleasant reading, we are struck at every point with doubts as to the real resemblance."

Five Thousand Dollars a Pound.

In his last letter to the Atlanta Constitution "Bill Arp" says:

As a general thing the girls show too much anxiety to marry. They are too sweet on the boys. They ought to stand off and look reserved and precious and put on Jerusalem airs and say young man you don't know who you are fooling with. I'm a treasure, I am. I weigh 115 pounds and am worth $1,000 a pound. Well, they are. A good, nice, healthy girl who can make her own dress and get up a good supper for company and is not ashamed to wait on the table while they are eating, is just worth about $1,000 a pound. But that is nothing compared with what they will be worth. Why, Mrs. Arp has cut out and made up at least 2,000 garments of one sort and another. She has sewed 500,000 stitches, and patched and darned and washed faces and feet and combed hair innumerable. She has tied up 500 sore toes and cut fingees and burns and bruises and kissed away a thousand tears. She has watched em by night and by day, and keeps on watching; and right now, while I am writing on my piazza, she is looking way up the big road, and says; "I'm afraid something will happen to them boys; they are too little to go on by themselves." There are two little nephews here just out of school, and they and Carle have all got a horse or a colt apiece, and have gone off on a "scursion," and I call them the infantry cavalry and tell Mrs. Arp it is all right, but she sits here sewing with her specks on and ever and anon looks up the road and says, "Those children have overstayed their time. I'm afraid something has happened." If they don't come back soon I know that I will have to start after 'em, for this is always the way." Mrs. Arp is worth at least $5,000 a pound, and she weighs right smart and keeps a getting heavier. I am rich, I am. I feel wealthy whenever I look at her.

THE IRON ROOM.

From the Argosy.

Directly the large country house began to lose its guests, the hostess, Mrs. Hope, had time to look about her, and one of the first inconvenient things she saw was the very evident love affair between handsome Jack Talbot, of the —th, who had nothing in the world but his Captain's pay, and her only daughter Lillian, who first duty to her parents lay in making an eligible match! This would never do. But the worldly wise lady reflected that Captain Talbot's visit was only to last three days longer, and with true art appeared blissfully content with the position. The night before he went away, the suitor applied to Mr. Hope, and begged to have his prayer favorably answered; and he (having received his brief from his wife) temporized gently; spoke of youth, changeable affections, and so on, and said he could not at present give a definite answer.

"May I hope?" asked the suitor.

"If you like," said the father; and nothing could have ended better. Lillian waved a damp pocket-handkerchief from the window, and the knight "rode away."

A month later Jack was ordered to Egypt, and Mrs. Hope thought it highly probable that all her difficulties would be removed by the Egyptians. If not, the time was gained at any rate, and Lillian was growing handsomer every day.

"My dear," said Mr. Hope one evening, "Lord Blackmoor is evidently struck with Lillian."

"So I see," responded the wife, smiling complacently.

"I shouldn't be surpised if he spoke shortly."

"So much the better."

"But ah—haw about that other fellow?" queried Mr. Hope, uneasily.

"Nothing about him," said Mrs. Hope, resolutely; "he must not be mentioned."

"Lork Blackmoor is very old."

"He will make the better husband."

"Lillian is a beautiful, warm-hearted girl!" faltered the father.

"Had she not been beautiful a coronet would not have been offered her."

"But Harriet, you and I were both young when we were married."

Mrs. Hope calmly fixed her fine eyes on the ceiling, and her husband saw sentiment would find no response.

And so, while Jack was bronzing his handsome face and fighting for his country in Egypt, his Lillian was desired to receive the addresses of an elaborate old fop of seventy-five, and she only eighteen. But these things happened, so we must contemplate them.

Between her mother and Lord Blackmoor it was arranged that the wedding should take place in December, and in the meantime rumor came that captain Talbot was killed.

The Hopes return took place the end of November, and the old bridegroom elect was to come there in December. He arrived, and, to the girl seemed more distasteful than ever. He followed her about with an affection of youthful ardor, which sorely warred with gout and dyspepsia.

"Mamma," said the frenzied Lillian, "if you don't keep him away from me now, I'll say no at the altar!" And fearing that this was true, Mrs. Hope rejoiced in an attack of gout which confined the old nobleman to his room, where she treated him with flattery and devotion.

So then the poor girl wandered down to the boat house. It was half a mile from the house, and there was a snugly furnished iron room there, where tea things and spirit lamps were kept. Lillian had often made tea here in the happy summer; and now she entered the room, which stauck cold and damp from long disuse, and throwing herself in a chair, and sobbed as if her heart were breaking.

A footstep outside made Lillian start up quickly. It was the postman on his way to the house.

"Have you any letters for me?" asked the girl.

"Yes, miss, surely," said the man; and he found three, handed them to her, and passed on.

Lillian re-entered the iron room, sank on a sofa, and with trembling hands tore open one—it was from Jack. As she read it she found that other letters had been sent to her—who had them? Jack was in London; said he was fast recovering from his wounds, and that he had determined to come down and hear from her own lips that she gave him up. And concluded by saying he would be at the boat-house by 5 o'clock the next evening—would she meet him there?

The next evening meant this evening; this evening that ever was; for the letter had been written the day before.

Lillian's delight at this unexpected news was paramount. She hastened back to the house, determining that nothing should reveal the change. She inquired civilly after Lord Blackmoor, had five dresses tried on by a dressmaker, drove wrth her mother to pay some calls and when they returned home it was a quarter to five o'clock. Mrs. Hope ordered tea for herself in her bedroom saying she should sit afterward with Lord Blackmoor till dinner time, so Lillian was at liberty. She escaped in the dark winter afternoon, ran swiftly through the park, and as she neared the boathouse she saw a tall, well-known figure keeping out of the way of observation. Her heart beat so violently that she could scarcely go on, and then the lover threw caution to the winds, and in another few seconds all that was needful was told, and the old, old story went on as smoothly as if no old Lord Blackmoor existed.

Late that night, after Mrs. Hope and the servants had gone to bed, Lillian sought her father in the library.

"My dear girl, what is the matter?" he cried, nervously, as the fair form of his daughter, robed in a light blue dressing gown, suddenly appeared and sat down on his foot-stool.

"Papa, Jack isn't dead," whispered Lillian, fixing her lovely eyes on Mr. Hope's wondering countenance and fondling his hand.

"Isn't he, my dear?" helplessly inquired the old gentleman, who had been aware of the fact for some time.

"I am going to marry Jack, papa—"

"Then don't tell me, my dear, don't tell me!" exclaimed Mr. Hope, a beam of delight on his countenance. "I know nothing about it, mind; if I did your mother would worm it out of me." For there are still "Caudle Lectures," dear reader.

"Then, dear, dear papa—you won't be angry—if—to-morrow—"

"Never, my love, never, as long as I know nothing about it," hastily cried the father, kissing the pretty upturned face, and adding in a whisper, "Talbot is the soul of honor, and I can trust him."

In the gray morning it was Miss Hope's habit to take a walk. She took one the next morning, and a muffled figure emerged from the iron room to meet her. And by the first up-train these two reached London, and by the time Lord Backmoor's gout relented sufficiently to enable him to appear at a late breakfast, where he hoped to meet his fair finance, a telegram from John Tablot announced to the scandalized father and the mortified nobleman that Lillian would never wear a coronet.

She did not do badly, though. An eccentric godmother of Captain Tablot's was so impressed by the fact that a girl had refused a coronet for his sake that she left him her fortune.

A QUEEN OF THE STAGE.

"Her Second Love," and the Important Secret She Reveals for the Benefit of Women,

New York World.

Several years ago the American public were aroused by the entree upon the stage of a little lady who had been previously but little announced. She was one of an innumerable number of aspirants for public favor and had no instrumentality, aside from her own talents to cause recognition. In spite of this fact, however, she quickly achieved a warm place in the heart of the public which she has continued to hold ever since. When it was announced, therefore, that Miss Maude Granger would star the coming season in the play "Her Second Love," written by Mr. John A. Stevens, it was only natural that unusual interest should be manifested not only in theatrical circles, but in other branches of the community. This was specially the case, as it was known that Miss Granger had, for the past year, been in exceedingly delicate health, and the determination to star in a strong emotional play was the more surprising. One of the staff of this paper was accordingly deputized to see the popular lady and verify the rumor or announce its incorrectness.

Miss Granger's countenance is familiar to nearly every one in the United States. It is a face once seen never to be forgotten. Features remarkable in their outline and contour are surmounted by a pair of large and deep eyes indicative of the greatest soul power. It is easy to see where Miss Granger obtains the ability to portray characters of the most emotional nature. She possesses within herself the elements of feeling without which no emotion can be conveyed to an audience. The man of news found the lady at her home in this city and was accorded a quiet welcome. It was evident at once that she was in greatly improved health, which the expression and color of her countenance both indicated.

"Is it true Miss Granger that you contemplate a starring tour the coming season?"

"Yes, indeed. My season begins in Chicago on the 16th of July. From there I go to San Francisco and then play the remainder of the season through the eastern and western states."

"Are you confident your health will permit such an undertaking?"

A ringing laugh was the first reply to this question, after which she said:

"Certainly. It is true I have been ill for the past two years, but now I am wholly recovered. Few people can have any idea of the strain a conscientious actress undergoes in essaying an emotional part. It is necessary to put one's whole soul into the work in order to rightly portray the character. This necessitates an utter abandonment of one's personality and an assumption of the character portrayed. If this is an emotional part it is necessary to feel the same emotions the part it is supposed to feel. For more than a year I actually cried each night in certain passages of a part I was playing. The audience considered it art. Probably it was, but those were none the less real tears and the effect none the less trying upon my health."

"But do you anticipate avoiding this in the future?"

"Not in the least. I expect to have just as great a strain as before but with restored health and a knowledge of how to retain it I do not fear."

"You speak of a 'knowledge of how to retain health.' Will you please explain what you mean by that?"

"You must be aware that women by their very natures are subject to troubles and afflictions unknown to the sterner sex. The name of these troubles is legion, but in whatever form they may come they are weaknesses which interfere with every ambition and hope in life. I believe thousands of noble women are to-day suffering agonies of which even their best friends and relatives know little or nothing, and when I reflect upon it I confess it makes me sad. Now all this misery arises largely from an ignorance of the laws of life or a neglect to carefully observe them. I speak from the depths of a bitter experience in saying this, and I am thankful I know the means of restoration, and how to remain in perfect health."

"Please explain more fully."

"Well, I have found a remedy which seems specially adapted for this very purpose. It is pure and palatable and controls the health and life as, I believe, nothing else will. It is really invaluable and if all the women in America were to use it I am quite sure most of the sufferings and many deaths might be avoided."

"What is this wonderful remedy?"

"Warner's Safe Cure."

"And you use it?"

"Constantly."

"And hence believe you will be able to go through the coming season successfully?"

"I am quite certain of it."

"A few questions more, Miss Granger. Will you please give me a list of the parts you have created and the plays you have taken part in since your first appearance in public?"

"I first played for some time with the amateurs in New York and Brooklyn. I then went to the Union Square theatre for two seasons, after that to the Boston Globe for one season and then to Booth's theatre in this city. Next I supported John McCullough and afterwards starred in Juliet, Camille Rosalind, etc. Subsequently I created the part of Cicely Blaine in the Galley Slave and also starred in Two Nights in Rome, playing the part of Antonia. The past year I have been playing in the Planter's Wife and the coming season, as I have said, will be devoted to Her Second Love."

As the writer was returning home he fell into a train of musing and wondered if all the women in this land who are suffering could only know Miss Granger's experience and the remarkable results achieved by the pure remedy she used, how much suffering might be avoided and how much happiness secured.

A Millionaire's Choice of a Wife.

Norwich Dispatch to the New York Sun.—Fifteen years ago Captain George W. Rogers, of this city, who had been a captain on a southern line of steamers, died, leaving his family, a widow and a son and daughter, in moderate circumstances. They had a pleasant home, on Hill street, and by means of economy managed to live comfortably. Several years ago the daughter, Miss Georgette T. a beautiful and spirited young lady decided to support herself. She became a professional nurse in a Providence hospital. Subsequently she went to a hospital in Hartford, and while there was engaged to Mr Christopher M. Spencer, the millionaire inventor and manufacturer of the Spencer rifle, to attend his wife, who was dying of consumption. Miss Rogers was the attendant of Mrs. Spencer until that lady's death, last September. The patient care and gentle disposition shown by the young nurse at the sick bed won the regard of Mr. Spencer and he recently asked her to be his wife. Their marriage was celebrated in the Central Baptist church, in this city, at noon yesterday, the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Herr, performing the ceremony in the presence of a large assemly. The bride is twenty-five and the bridegroom about fifty years of age. They sail for Europe this week.

There is no use in talking, Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills will cure nervousness in its worst forms, and produce a charming happy state in a troubled mind and permanently build up the general system. They contain no narcotic or harmful drug whatever.

Edward Barr & Co., a New York Iron firm have assigned. Liabilities $50,000.

WELLS' "ROUGH ON CORNS."—15c. Ask for it complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

Gordon got bail and declared Mitchell to be of babe-unborn innocency.

In the Country all Summer.

The man who takes his family into the country for the summer should remember that he will save his children a great deal of pain and himself a large amount of money in doctors' bills, if he is thoughtful enough to carry a supply of Perry Davis' Pain Killer. The medicine is a standard specific for all cases of cramps, colic, cholera morbus, diarrhœa, or dysentery.

The Exposition building at Louisville will be lighted by 4,600 Edison electric burners.

Liver disease, headache, and constipation, caused by bad digestion, quickly cured by Brown's Iron Bitters.

Johnson, the phenominal pacer, made a mile in 2:11¼ at Chicago, equaling the best record.

SKINNY MEN—"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence. $1.

At Red Rock canyon, Nev., 12,000 carcasses of sheep are poisoning the air. They were killed by the bad water of that place.

Ladies of all ages who suffer from loss of appetite; from imperfect digestion, low spirits and nervous debility may have life and health renewed and indefinitely extended by the use of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies for all complaints incident to the female constitution. We have not only a living faith in Mrs. Pinkham, but we are assured that her medicines are at once most agreeable and efficacious.

The Union Pacific has begun its annual cleaning out of conductors.

LEWIS, IOWA.—Dr. M. J. Davis says: "Brown's Iron Bitters give the best of satisfaction to those who use it."

The editor of the Delano Eagle excurted to Santa Fe, New Mexico, to attend the celebration there.

IRRITATION, inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

Burglars attempted to get $300 from under the pillow of Mr. Beggs, at Shakopee, but he was on the alert and scared them off.

GARFIELD, IOWA.—Dr. A. T. Henak says: "Once using Brown's Iron Bitters proves its superiority over all other tonic preparations."

The funeral of Tom Thumb took place at Bridgeport, Conn., with Masonic ceremonies. Fully 10,000 people viewed the remains.

Don't die in the house. "Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

We recommend Wiss's Axle Grease.

Neuralgia.

Allen's "Iron Tonic Bitters" supplies iron to the blood, invigorates the liver, aids digestion and the assimilation of food, and purifies, tones, strengthens and fortifies the whole system. Many severe cases of neuralgia have been cured by this sovereign medicine. All genuine made by J. P. Allen, St. Paul, Minn.

The Motherly Affection of a Bird.

A very pretty little story comes from a neighboring town and it is true. A nest of the orchard oriole (improperly called the "English robin") was discovered by the owner of the lot, whose child wanted the young birds, and the child was duly gratified. The nest was taken home to the delight of the child and the grief of the parent birds, and the fledgelings were placed in a cage, outside the house. To the surprise of the persons who had put them there, he found one day, that the mother bird had discovered her lost children and was feeding them through the wires of the cage. This proof of parental affection in a bird was continued, till at length the person who had removed the nest from its place and put it in the cage was moved to restore it to its place on the tree, with the young birds in it. The unbounded delight of the old birds proved a full compensation for the sense of his (or rather his child's) loss by the restoration of the young birds to their mother.—Hartford Times.

Wife and Partner.

From the New York Correspondence Philadelphia Times.

I think men and women will be more just to each other when their enterprise is mutual. Germans the next station in force to the Anglo-Saxons make the best husbands, because they marry with sagacity, and if the wife has no dower she gives labor in place of it. My butcher's wife keeps his books and handles all the actual shop money. He markets and cuts all the meat up, and the same horse that serves the customers on week days takes them both out to the park or country on Sundays. Four pairs of hands and two hands are at work in that family. The woman is not a peacock, making Broadway interesting for loungers. No wonder they have plenty of children which never become a burden to the parents. It seems to me there is a new baby every time I buy a roast, either just come or nearly in sight, and still that perennial woman comes out and runs the cash book, and the very sausages in the window seem to wag the tail of the invisible dog within them to welcome her to the shop.

An Item of Interest.

WOOD'S OPERA HOUSE, St. Paul, Minn., May 19, 1883, S. Blackford, 274 East Seventh St., St. Paul: Dear Sir—It gives me great pleasure to recommend in the highest possible manner your medicine, Dr. Halliday's Blood Purifier. It is all you claim for it and more. Yours Gratefully.

EFFIE JOHNS.

A Cure of Pneumonia.

Mr. D. H. Barnaby, of Oswego, N. Y., says that his daughter was taken with a violent cold which terminated with pneumonia, and all the best physicians gave the case up and said she could not live but a few hours at most. She was in this condition when a friend recommended Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs and advised her to try it. She accepted it as a last resort, and was surprised to find that it produced a marked change for the better, and by persevering in its use a permanent cure was effected.

Mothers, Attention!

Chas. Jones of Elizabeth, Spencer Co., Ind., says, I have dealt in medicine a number of years, and will say that Dr. Roger's Vegetable Worm Syrup is the most valuable medicine I ever sold. My customers were so pleased with its effects that they purchased a number of bottles to have it on hand. It is all that it is recommended to be.

All diseases cured by a new and safe method—saves expensive Doctor and Medicine bills. Send for causes of disease & Home treatment. Home Health Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

The Frazer Axle Grease is the Standard Axle Grease of the world. One greasing will last two weeks.

STRAIGHTEN your old boots and shoes with Lyon's Patent Steel Stiffeners, and wear again.

Wise's Axle Grease never gums.

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 incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

Patti said in an interview that she used several thousand different kinds of perfume. "Wonder how she smells when using none," thoughtfully remarked Mr. Dusenbury when he read this.

PERRY DAVIS' Pain-Killer

A SAFE AND SURE REMEDY FOR Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cramps, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Sprains AND Bruises, Burns AND Scalds, Toothache AND Headache

For Sale by all Druggists.

TUTT'S EXPECTORANT

Is composed of Herbal and Mucilaginous products, which permeate the substance of the Lungs, expectorates the acrid matter that collects in the Bronchial Tubes, and forms a soothing coating, which relieves the irritation that causes the cough. It cleanses the lungs of all impurities, strengthens them when enfeebled by disease, invigorates the circulation of the blood, and braces the nervous system. Slight colds often end in consumption. It is dangerous to neglect them. Apply the remedy promptly. A test of twenty years warrants the assertion that no remedy has ever been found that has prompt results as effects as TUTT'S EXPECTORANT. A single dose raises the phlegm, subdues inflammation, and its use speedily cures the most obstinate cough. A pleasant cordial, children take it readily. For Croup it is invaluable and should be in every family. In 25c. and $1 Bottles.

TUTT'S PILLS

ACT DIRECTLY ON THE LIVER. Cures Chills and Fever, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Bilious Colic, Constipation, Rheumatism, Piles, Palpitation of the Heart, Dizziness, Torpid Liver, and Female Irregularities. If you do not "feel very well," a single pill at bed-time stimulates the stomach, restores the appetite, imparts vigor to the system. Price, 25c. 35 Murray St., N.Y. WRITE FOR TUTT'S MANUAL FREE.

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No time should be lost if the stomach, liver and bowels are affected, to adopt the sure remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Diseases of the organs named beget others far more serious, and a delay is therefore hazardous. Dyspepsia, liver complaint, chills and fever, early rheumatic twinges, kidney weakness, bring serious bodily trouble if trifled with. Lose no time in using this effective and safe medicine.

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A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.

From the Boston Globe.

Messrs. Editors:—

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."

It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

It costs only $1. per bottle or six for $5., and is sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.

For Kidney Complaint of *either* sex this compound is unsurpassed as abundant testimonials show.

"Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills," says one writer, "are *the best in the world* for the cure of Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the liver. Her Blood Purifier works wonders in its special line and bids fair to equal the Compound in its popularity.

All must respect her as an Angel of Mercy whose sole ambition is to do good to others.

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