DRINK NO MORE.

"Dear father! drink no more, I pray,
It makes you look so sad;
Come home, and drink no more, I say,
'Twill make dear mother glad.
Dear father; think how sick you've been,
What aches and pains you know;
On, drink no more, and then you'll find
A home where'er you go."
Thus spake in tenderness the child—
The drunkard's heart was moved;
He signed the pledge, he went, he smiled,
And kissed the boy he loved.

NOT GROOMSMAN.

"What time is it Madeline?" asked Gaffer Hitchcock, carefully folding the evening paper, and placing it on the table.

The person addressed—a tall, slender woman about thirty-five—looked up from her knitting, and answered with a pleasant smile:

"About half-past eight, I believe," and, rising, began to put her work away.

Gaffer's question had been for the last six years the signal for retiring to rest, and, although it was full an hour and a half before the usual hour, Madeline never thought for a moment of hesitating to obey.

"Something has occurred," she thought, "and he will tell me before long;" for Gaffer had looked at his watch at eight, and a few minutes after, and at a quarter past had changed his chair, and couged uneasily, and now he asked:

"What time is it?"

Madeline was the orphan daughter of an old schoolmate; Gaffer had taken her home with him when she was only ten years old, and his sister had cared for her with motherly solicitude, until she was wooed and won by Frank Reynolds and went to a distant city to live. Gaffer had made a terrible to-do about her marrying, called her an urgrateful good-for-nothing, and declared it was proper punishment for taking her in the beginning; but, nevertheless, spared no expense on the wedding trosseau. And when, about nine years after, she came back to her old home, widowed and childless, she was tenderly welcomed by the lonely man, for the grass waved over the grave of the good, true-hearted sister.

For six years she had kept house for him, cared for him, humored him, and made everything bend to his comfort, as few daughters ever do. Lovers she had in plenty; those who would at any moment have laid heart, fortune and hand at her feet; and when Gaffer heard that Madeline had refused them, he chuckled at their discomfiture and smoothed her soft, brown hair, telling her she was a good girl, every way worthy of their love, only he knew that she would never leave him.

He had grown so accustomed to seeing her happy, contented face by the opposite side of the fire, with some kind of work in her hands, that occupied neither brain nor attention, but left her always free to listen to him when he spoke, or play chess when the whim seized him, that he felt no fear at the attentions she received. He seldom spent an evening from home unless Madeline was with him; and he had never left his native city since she came home. He was thinking of all this to-night, as he watched her folding her work so carefully.

"What are you going to do, Madeline?" he asked at last.

"Going to put away my work," she answered, simply.

"What are you putting it away for?"

"You asked me the time, and that is equivalent to saying 'I am tired of you, Madeline; go to bed.'"

"No, it ain't," said Gaffer, gruffly; "come back here, I want to talk with you—there, let that knitting-work alone. What is it, that you are in such a hurry to finish it?"

"Stockings," answered Madeline, sententiously, "stockings for Madeline Reynolds."

"Haven't you any more that you make such a fuss about this pair?"

"Yes, I have a pair on, I believe, and in case of emergency I could borrow of you."

Gaffer sat for a few moments in perfect silence; at last, with a violent effort and with very much the air of a man who had just made up his mind to have a tooth pulled said:

"Maddy, I am going away."

"Going away!" she repeated. "Where to, pray?"

The tone of surprise in which the question was asked fully satisfied Gaffer of the importance of the revelation.

"Yes! I am going to New York; Bonnehue is going to be married on New Year's Day, and wants me to be groomsman. Who would have thought old Bonnehue would have got married at last; why, he's at least ten years older than I, and I am 'most fifty. You see, Maddy, child, your old bachelor friend is not too old to get married yet. Dreadful pity leap year is 'most over; here I am, a hale, hearty man, in the prime of life, with plenty of money to support a wife, and no wife forthcoming. But what makes you so quiet—don't you want me to go?"

"No, said Madeline, gravely, "I would rather you would not go; I had made different calculations for New Year's; in fact, I rather think of getting married myself."

"Madeline, are you crazy?" and Gaffer fairly bounded in his chair with astonishment. "Why, what will become of the house? what will become of me? I'll starve, I know I shall!"

"You might live with me," remarked Maddy, in the same grave, business-like tone.

"You know very well," said Gaffer, testily, "that I never could live with another man in the house; I should put him out before the honeymoon was over. And who may the happy man be? some blind old dotard? some conceited dandy? some lame mendicant? some lazy vagabond who sings love ditties to carry away Gaffer's money? or—or——"

Gaffer did not stop for breath, but for lack of sufficiently expressive words to convey his destation of the projected union.

"No, said Madeline; "he is not blind or lame, or seeking after your fortune." She hesitated for a moment, and then continued slowly, "he is neither very young nor very old, very kind or very cross, very good or very bad, very rich nor very poor—but I think he likes me."

"Of course he has told you so in most affecting tones;" muttered Gaffer ironically.

"No," she said quietly, "he has not."

"Madeline, are you crazy! or going into a dotage? Why did you not tell me that you were so anxious to get married? and I would have advertised in all the daily papers for a suitable lover for a widow not very far advanced in life, well preserved, and anxious to leave Graffer Hitchcock. Why did you not tell me all this?" and his face clouded woefully. "Its too bad, Maddy! I would never have believed you would go away again; it was bad enough to leave me when sister was here, but now, now, why Maddy! Maddy! think better of it—do, and don't leave me alone, child."

Madeline's fingers worked nervously! how she longed for the knitting-work! "Gaffer," she said without looking up, "perhaps tomorrow you will not feel so badly about it. It is no sudden thing, my determination to get married; I have thought about it for over a year, and yet last night I would have said there was no telling when the wedding would take place."

Poor Gaffer seemed perfectly undone at the news Madeline had imparted, but at her last words he started from his seat, and drawing up a chair took a seat in front of her. "It is not too late then," he said his face radiant with hope. "You can yet retreat; oh! by the memory of past days; by the solemn agreement I entered into with your father, to guard his little girl; by all the years I have loved and striven to serve you, do not leave me now; you know that it would be taking away my life to part with you." He took the two cold hand in his. "Will you leave me? Dare you leave me?" Still no answer. "If you would be happy away from me, my dear girl, say so, and Gaffer will not say another word; speak, Maddy, speak; don't mind me."

The face of the woman was averted, but the words, though soft and tremulous, were distinctly heard by the anxious man before her. "I never said I was going to leave you; If ever I marry again, it will be to be forever near you."

The look of anxiety on Gaffer's face gave place to one of bewilderment, and then utter astonishment. "Do you mean what you say?" he asked.

"I do; and it is for you to judge whether he is a blind old dotard, a conceited dandy, or after Gaffer's money."

Then Gaffer rose, walked across the room and took his old seat, picked up the evening paper, and asked "What time is it?"

"Half-past nine. Good night."

"Good night," he answered, as if nothing had occurred; and Madeline put the knitting in her workbasket and left the room.

The next morning at the usual hour, the bell was rung, and Gaffer walked down to the breakfast table, in dressing-gown and slippers, to see Madeline arranging the cups and saucers in her own quiet, precise way; they talked very quietly together until Madeline asked: "When are you going to New York, Gaffer?"

"Not till after the first of the month; for I expect to be married on New Year's day myself."

There was nothing more said, and if Maddy ate little, Gaffer ate less. "Maddy," he said, when they had adjourned to the library, "you are a very sensible girl, and I never knew before last night that I needed a wife; but I am fifteen years older than you, and what will the world say?"

"You suit me," she answered, putting up her face for a kiss; "and we will not invite the 'world' to the wedding."

A SISTER'S VENGEANCE.

"A bouquet, sir?"

Elmer Richards starts suddenly, and glances apprehensively at the speaker.

Surely there is nothing to fear in the little pink-robed figure before him with shyly drooping eyes, and white dimpled hands that were now engaged in wrapping a bit of silver leaf around the stems of a bunch of flowers.

"Bouquet, sir?" she repeats. "Here is one I am sure you will like, myrtle and tea-roses. Shall I arrange it for you?"

He bends forward that she may pin the blossoms on his coat-lapel.

He, notices how small and white her hands are and wishes she would raise her fringed lids.

"There; don't you like it," she says. "The price is a shilling."

Elmer draws a coin from his well-filled wallet, and lays it on the counter.

"Keep the remainder for the cause," he says.

The young girl smiles, and raises her eyes to his.

Can it be that he, a man of the world, who has been admired and sought by dozens of beautiful women, has fallen in love with a pretty flower-seller at a charity fair?

He moves away, and accosts an acquaintance moving around the brilliant apartment.

"Who is this young girl with the handsome black eyes—the flower-seller?"

George Ellis looks up at his companion with an amused smile.

"What, Richards, are you smitten?" he says. "Well, you are by no means the first one with whom those eyes have made sad havoc. Her name is Beatrice Irving."

Irving! Elmer gave an involuntary start.

Ah, yes, that name is familiar to him.

A sad pale face rises before him with wistful blue eyes and trembling lips.

It appeared to him once before this evening, when he first heard Beatrice Irivng's voice; it haunts him all the evening, and when the fair is over, and he returns to his handsome apartments, he sees it still, and beside it glows the flower-seller's brilliant face.

Elmer Richards starts like a guilty thing as this thought comes to him; he knows why the sweet lire ended so early; why the little grave was made so soon for her whose last words were of him—pretty Milly Irving.

"Why indulge in these morbid fancies?" he thinks. "It is a thing of the past now, and as such should be forgotten."

So he dismisses the sad, unpleasant memories, and leaning back in his chair, lights a cigarette, and, watching the curling smoke-wreathes as they float upwards, he sees in their midst a dim vision of the rose-tinted face of Beatrice Irving, the flower-seller.

* * * * * * * *

"What, Richards, are you going to snub your friends in this manner?"

"Jerry, old boy, is it you?" he exclaims. "'Pon my honor, I did not know you! Step up into my room and tell me the news."

"Nice place you've got here," says Jerry, as they enter the luxurious apartment.

"When did you return?" Elmer asks.

"Only two days ago," is the reply. "Been down to see the folks; lots of company there—a whole household. Oh, by-the-bye, Richards, Esther sent you an invitation to come down and enjoy yourself! Nothing else on hand have you? No? Then of course you'll accept. It will be a good chance for you. Almost a dozen girls, Esther says, and everyone either a beauty or an heiress."

"What, are you married?" Elmer inquires.

"No, but engaged, and that amounts to about the same thing," Jerry replies. "Bessie Townsand—don't you remember her? Well, she's there, too. But say, you haven't told me whether you are coming or not."

"Yes, I will come."

"Soon as possible, mind, says Jerry. "Esther will be looking for you. Au revoir!"

He goes out, and a few moments later Elmer, looking out of the window, sees his tall form striding up the street with the same careless, swinging gait he remembers of old.

A few days later, Elmer Richards enters train enroute for the Trows' country residence. That evening he makes a faultless toilet, and descends to the lighted rooms.

Esther presents him to the other guests, and soon he is engaged in a lively conversation with Jerry's betrothed; Bessie Townsend. Then Esther comes and carries him off to the conservatory. As they enter, a recumbent figure rises, and in the dim light Elmer sees the yellow flash of jewels.

"Are you here?" cries Esther, "Miss Irving, Mr. Richards."

The figure takes a step forward, and a ray of light streaming through the half-open door, falls upon her face, the brilliant face and lustrous black robes of Beatrice Irving.

Beatrice is a charming converstionalist, and Elmer thinks it is infinitely more agreeable to pass the time with her in the dimly-lit observatory than to chatter with this one and that in the illuminated room beyond.

At last they arise, and join the company. As they emerge into light, Elmer glances at his companion; she looks wonderfully fascinating to-night.

The summer days pass quickly by, and some of Esther's guests take their departure. Beatrice Irving and Elmer Richards are among the last that linger; it has been a blissfull summer for him, one he will never forget.

One morning Beatrice announces her intention of returning to her old home on the morrow, and that day Elmer determines to know his fate.

During the evening, he requests her to walk with him in the garden, and she complies; perhaps she has an intuition of what is coming.

A few commonplace remarks pass between them; then Elmer Richards begins his passionate declaration of love, and Beatrice listens with clasped hands and downcast eyes.

As he ceases speaking, he ventures to glance into her half-averted face. It wears a fierce, triumphant expression, a strange look that one would not expect a girl to wear when listening to a lover's pleadings.

She turned and faces him, and in the moonlight he can see the yellow lights in her eyes flame like those irradiating from her jewels.

"Mr. Richards," she says, calmly, "I can never be your wife!"

He draws back, and his face grows white. He is not prepared for this. He had expected a doubtful, wavering answer, a few month's probation, perhaps, but this cold, flat, refusal, never!

"Then why have you led me on all these weeks?" he asks, hoarsely. "Are you heartless, that you can so trample on a man's heart? Are you a coquette, a jilt? Oh, Beatrice, I cannot believe it. Tell me you love me."

"No, I do not," she replies, firmly. "Listen, Mr. Richards. Five years ago there lived a young girl a bright, happy girl whom all that knew her loved.

"One day a stranger came to the village, and—well, Elmer Richards, you know the story; it is needless for me to repeat it; you know of whom I am speaking—little Millie Irving.

"Where is she now? Who ruined her life, and broke her heart? You, Elmer Richards! Ah, you start and turn pale, and well you may, for you know you are guilty. At her death-bed I made a vow that if you ever crossed my path I would have my revenge. She was my sister."

"Your sister?" Elmer echoes.

"Yes. Did she never speak of me to you?" Beatrice says.

"Yes, yes," Elmer replies; "but she called you——"

"Tress," interrupts the girl. "Yes, that was her pet name for me."

There was a long silence; then Elmer raises his white, haggard face.

"Beatrice," he says, "I meant no harm to your young sister. I did not dream of such a sad ending. I was young then, young and foolish. Can you forgive me? Will you——"

But she interrupts him with a mocking laugh, and turning, flips down the garden path.

He sees her amber robe fluttering in the moonlight, and her jewels flash forth tiny flames of fire; then she is gone, and he is alone with his sorrow and despair.

They do not meet again, and the next day Beatrice bids her hostess farewell, and returns to the city.

One year later, Elmer Richards goes to a second charity fair. He has been persuaded much against his will, however, to attend, and now he saunters arm in arm with a friend, paying little attention to the gay scenes around him; they fail to interest and muse him as they once did.

Before a stand of flowers he pauses, and memory carries him back to the time when two white hands fashioned for him a fragrant bouquet, and two bright eyes flashed into his. He hears the rustling of garments and looking up sees Beatrice Irving stand before him. She is attired in her favorite color, amber, and wears the old gleaming jewels.

Their eyes meet, and the yellow light in hers burns brighter. She leans over the counter, and her jewels flash in the gaslight.

"A bouquet, sir?" she asks, with a mocking smile.

INTER-HOSPITALITY.

"The Fifty-Fourth Virginia is at the Ferry!"

From the Youth's Companion.

The cry of "On to Richmond" awakened no enthusiasm in the hearts of the third Ohio one day when they found themselves en route as prisoners of war for that famous capital. Nor were they enthusiastic when they halted for the night and prepared to sink supperless into dreamland.

The fifty-fourth Virginia regiment was encamped near by, and some of the men came down to have a look at the "Yanks."

"Had your coffee?" asked one of a blue coat stretched disconsolately on the bank.

"Not a sup," answered the other.

"Ain't you had any rations to-night?"

"Only a crumb or two from the bottoms of our haversacks."

This was told to the boys of the 54th, and old Virginia hospitality showed itself at once. The men soon made their appearance with coffee kettles, corn bread and bacon, the best they had. In a few minutes the coffee was steaming, the bacon cooked, the prisoners and captors sat down together around the camp fire, "like kinsmen true and brothers tried." The hungry, grateful Yankees ate with a relish such as no one can appreciate unless he has been in a like situation.

No wonder there was a warm spot in every heart of the 3d Ohio ever afterward for the generous 54th.

A fresh slide in the magic lantern gives another of these shifting war pictures. In the distance is Mission Ridge, which has just been stormed. That long line of prisoners passing over the pontoon bridge and up the stony mountain road is the 54th Virginia. A soldier on duty at Kelly's Ferry asked indifferently of one of the prisoners as the regiment passed:

"What regiment is this?"

"The 54th Virginia," was the reply.

In an instant the loungers sprang to their feet and rushed to camp. "The 54th Virginia is at the ferry," they shouted, as they ran in and out among the tents of the 3d Ohio.

The Ohio boys were quick in motion. Boxes from home and all reserve stores were speedily ransacked. Coffee and sugar, beef and canned peaches and the best they had of everything were freely brought forth. They remembered gratefully their debt of honor, and paid it nobly. It was the same old scene over, with the shading reversed. For one night at least both Confederates and Yanks enjoyed again the sweet grace of hospitality that could bring a smile even to the grim visage of war.

Webster's Love for the Old Home.

Among the various reminiscences of Daniel Webster, suggested by the centennary of his birth, Jan. 18, is the following extract from Daniel Webster's speech at Saratoga the following reference to the home of his infancy, which has been pronounced as beautiful a specimen of language as has been written in the English tongue:

"I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if I ever fail in affectionate veneration for him who reared it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of a seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind!"

A Massachusetts crank has bequeathed Dr. Mary Walker the considerable sum of $2,000, and it is hoped she will start upon a trip around the world and spend all her money by the time she reaches the extreme southern tip of Africa.

It is said that at least seven millionaires perished in the earthquake at Ischia. To be possessed of $200,000 constitutes a millionaire in Italy. Fortunes are reckoned by lires, and a lire is equal to a franc, or about twenty cents in our currency.

There has been less hay fever in New York this summer than there was ever known before, and the prospects are that by another season it will entirely disappear. The New Yorkers have just learned that it isn't English.

The charge is made against Gov. Hamilton, of Illinois, that when a boy holds his horse the boy gets no money.

THE FATHER OF FISH CULTURE.

Seth Green's Ideas About the Finny Tribe and Some of His Varied Experiences.

(Turf, Field and Farm.)

"How did you ever come to devise this scheme?"

"I have been working at it ever since I was large enough to bend a pin."

The above remark was addressed to Mr. Seth Green, the veteran fish culturist, who is known to the entire world, and his reply indicates the extent of his labors.

"When I was quite young," he continued, "I would lie on the limbs of trees that reached out over the water entire afternoons watching the movements of the fish and studying their habits. In this way I discovered many characteristics which were before unknown. I saw, as every observer must see, the destructive elements that are warring against fish, and I realized that unless something were done, the life in the streams of this country would become extinct. To counteract this disastrous end became my life work, and I am happy to say I have seen its accomplishment."

"Were you successful on the start?"

"No, indeed. Up to that time all artificial attempts to hatch and raise fish from the spawn had failed, and I was compelled to experiment in an entirely new manner. The work was a careful and tedious one, but I finally succeeded and to-day I am able to hatch and raise fully seventy-five per cent. of all spawn."

"Enormous! Why that is a larger percentage than either the vegetable or animal kingdoms produce in a natural condition."

"I know it, but we exercise the greatest care in the start, and guard the little fellows until they become able to care for themselves."

The foregoing conversation occurred at Caledonia where the representative of this paper was paying a visit to the state fish hatcheries. It has been his privilege to report very many interesting sights within the past twenty-five years, but the view presented here exceeds in interest anything ever before attempted.

"How many fish are there in those ponds, Mr. Green?"

"As we have never attempted to count them it will be impossible to say. They extend way up into millions though. We shipped over three millions cut of the pond this year and there seemed to be as many afterward as before. We have nearly every variety of the trout family and many hybrids.

"You speak of hybrids, Mr. Green, What do you mean by that?"

"I have experimented for years in crossing the breed of the various fish and I am still working upon it. We cross the female salmon trout with the male brook trout, and thus produce a hybrid. Then we cross the hybrid with the brook trout, which gives us three-quarter brook trout and one-quarter salmon trout. This makes one of the finest fishes in the world. He has all the habits of the brook trout, lives in both streams and lakes, develops vermillion spots on his sides, rises readily to a fly, is far more vigorous and fully one-third larger than the ordinary brook trout of the same age. The possibilities of development in the fish world are great and we are rapidly ascertaining what they are."

As the man of news watched the countenance of Mr. Green while he was giving the above account, he could not but feel that he was in the presence of one of the few investigators who, from a rich and life-long experience, bring great benefit to the world. Let the reader imagine a strong and stalwart frame, surmounted by a head strongly resembling that of Socrates and covered with a white silky beard and luxuriant gray hair. Seth Green, the father of fish culture, is a picture of health, and the reporter could not help remarking so.

"If you had seen me the last winter and spring, young man, you might have thought differently," said the veteran.

"How is that? One would think, to look at you, that sickness was something of which you knew nothing."

"And so it was until last winter. I went down into Florida in the fall to see what kind of fish they had in that state and study their habits and was attacked with malaria in its severest form, and when I came home I realized for the first time in my life, that I was sick. My symptoms were terrible. I had dull, aching pains in my head, limbs and around my back. My appetite was wholly gone, and I felt a lack of energy such as I had often heard described but had never experienced. Any one who has ever had a severe attack of malaria can appreciate my condition. I went to bed and remained there all the spring, and if there ever was a sick man I was the one."

"It seems hardly possible. How did you come to recover so completly."

"My brother, who had been afflicted by a severe kidney trouble and threatened with Bright's disease was completely cured by a remedy in which I had great confidence. I therefore tried the same remedy for my malaria and am happy to say I am a well man to-day and through the instrumentality of Warner's Safe Cure, which I believe to be one of the most valuable of medicines. Indeed, I see it is endorsed by the United States medical college of New York, and that Dr. Gunn, dean of that institution, has written a long article concerning its value."

"And are you now as well as formerly?"

"Apparently so. I keep the remedy on hand all the while though and do not hesitate to recommend it to others."

"One question more. How many ponds of fish have you here and how are they divided.

"Well, we have 43 ponds which are divided up as follows: 22 ponds of brook trout, 2 ponds of salmon trout, 4 of McCloud river or rainbow trout, 2 ponds of German trout, 3 of California mountain trout, 2 ponds of hybrids, 4 of one-quarter salmon and three-quarters brook trout, 2 ponds of gold fish, and 1 pond of carp. Then we have what we call the centennial pond or 'happy family,' consisting of crosses of different fish, including Kennebec salmon, Land Locked salmon, California salmon, brook trout, salmon trout and hybrids. These fish range in size from minnows to 18-pounders, and in age from one-and-one-half months to eleven years. I forgot to say, also, that we have a 'hospital' pond, which is entirely empty, which speaks pretty well for a community of many millions. Indeed the whole secret of fish culture can be summed up in four things. Impregnation,—using no water. Plenty of food. Plenty of pure water and cleanliness."

The numerous fish exhibitions which are taking place in all parts of Europe and the unusual interest which is being manifested in this subject throughout the world all owe their origin to the process above described as originated and conducted by Seth Green. It is certainly cause for congratulation to every American that this country produces so many men whose genius brings value to the world, and it is proof positive of the greatest merit that a remedy even with such high standing as Warner's Safe Cure is known to have should be so strongly endorsed and recommended by one so reputable and reliable as Seth Green.

Senator Cullom, of Illinois, says that when he was governor he never, in making an appointment, exacted a promise. Perhaps he attended to that part of the business in advance.

Beaten by Chicago.

A Toledo commercial traveler who has been opening up a new route in Indiana this winter encountered one dealer who didn't think he had better change his custom. He had been dealing with a Chicago house for several years, and he had no fault to find.

"I can make you brooms for $—— per dozen," urged the Toledoan.

"Yes, but Chicago beats that."

"How's—— cents a pound for starch?"

"Oh, Chicago beats that."

"I'll sell you good tea by the chest for —— cents."

"That's purty fair, but Chicago beats that."

"Our house will give you four months' credit."

"Chicago's ahead of that."

The traveler couldn't mention a thing that Chicago didn't beat, and at last, despairing of receiving an order, he remarked:

"I did think of stopping over Sunday and going to church, but it seems—"

"Oh, it's no use in trying that on," interrupted the dealer. "The agent of a Chicago house has been running our choir over a year past, and a Cincinnati house has already agreed to send us on a Sunday school library! Maybe you can do something in the next town, but we're chuck full here and wouldn't touch a Toledo house unless it promised us a twenty-acre lot for a new graveyard.

The Parrot that Called Out "Mortar."

Opposite the residence of Poll's owner there was some buildings in course of erection, and the men at the top of the scaffold were in the habit of calling to those below for such material as they wanted, "More brick," "More mortar," and so on.

In a very short time Polly had these terms, by heart, as well as the gruff tones in which they were uttered. No sooner did the Irish laborer relieve himself of a lead than the everlasting cry, "More mortar!" assailed his ears. He bore it with exemplary patience till the mortar baord at the top of the scoffold was piled, but again the order for "mortar—more mortar!" was given. Then, to the delight of the parrot's master, who was standing by, the man flung down his hod, and making a speaking-trumpet of his hands, bawled to the bricklayer above: "Is it mor-r-ter mad that ye are? Sure a man may have as many legs as a centerpig (centipede) to wait on the likes o' yez!"

Catarrh and Hay Fever—For twenty years I was a sufferer from Catarrh of the head and throat in a very aggravated form, and during the summer with hay fever. I procured a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm and after a few applications received decided benefit—was cured by one bottle. Have had no return of the compl int. CHARLOTTE PARKER, Waverly, N. Y. (Price 50 cents per bottle.)

The glory of a man is his strength. If you are weakened down through excessive study, or by early indiscertions, Allen's Brain Food will premanently restore all lost vigor, and streugthen all the muscles of Brain and Body. $1; 6 for $5.—At druggists or by mail from J. H. Allen, 315, First ave., N. Y.

Straighten your boots & shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners, and wear them again.

Our home trea ment positively cures all diseases; cost small; write for pamphlet—Home Health Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

$10,000 would not purchase from me what Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) has effected in my case. It has cured me of Malarial Rheumatism. Archie Thomas, Springfield, Tenn.

Pure Cod-Liver Oil made from selected livers, on the sea-shore, by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market.

Chapped Hands, Face, Pimples, and rough Skin cured by using JUNIPER TAR SOAP, made by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York.

New York county doctors are in the midst of a code war.

"ROUGH ON RATS"—Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks. 15c.

The Panama canal is to be done in 1888.

FLORENCE, GA.—Dr. W. B. Prather, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters have given satisfaction in every instance I have known it used."

Wise's Axle Grease never gums.

"BURNS AND SCALDS."—If you are so unfortunate as to injure yourself in this way, we can suggest a remedy that will soon relieve you of all pain and quickly heal the wound; it cost but twenty-five cents and is old by all druggists. Ask for Perry Davis' Pain Killer.

A street railway company has been organized in Wabasha, with $10,000 capital.

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

Real estate valuation of the city of Austin $465,813; personal property, $233,500.

An invaluable strengthener for the nerves, muscles and digestive organs, producing strength and appetite, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

What We Ought to Do.

A wise man being asked what boys should learn answered: "What they ought to do when they come to be men." They as well as men should learn that Allen's Iron Tonic Bitters purifies the blood, assimilates food and cures dyspepsia. All genuine bear the signature of J. P. Allen, St. Paul, Minn.

A saloon was recently burglarized in Minneapolis to the amount of $13.

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

Mrs. Caroline Fossum of Manchester died recently, aged ninety-three years.

Rev. W. B. Smith, Gratton, Mass., says: "I have derived benefit from using Brown's Iron Bitters for a low state of blood."

I have taken Swift's Specific (S. S. S) for Rheumatism, and found perfect relief. It is the best tonic and Blood Remedy known to science. D. P. Hill, Attorney at Law, Atlanta, Ga.

Hattie Olmsted, aged 15, married Henry Philips, seventy-five, at Greig, Lewis county, New York.

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

We recommend Wise's Axle Grease.

An Open Secret.

The fact is well understood that the MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT is by far the best external known for man or beast. The reason why becomes an "open secret" when we explain that "Mustang" penetrates skin, flesh and muscle to the very bone, removing all disease and soreness. No other liniment does this, hence none other is so largely used or does such worlds of good.

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.

HUNT'S REMEDY

THE BEST KIDNEY AND LIVER MEDICINE.

NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL.

HUNT'S REMEDY has saved from lingering disease and death hundreds who have been given up by physicians to die.

HUNT'S REMEDY cures all Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs, Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, and Incontinence and Retention of Urine.

HUNT'S REMEDY encourages sleep, creates an appetite, braces up the system, and renewed health is the result.

HUNT'S REMEDY cures Pain in the Side, Back, or Loins, General Debility, Female Diseases, Disturbed Sleep, Loss of Appetite, and Bright's Disease.

HUNT'S REMEDY quickly induces the Liver to healthy action, removing the causes that produce Bilious Headache, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Costiveness, Piles, &c.

By the use of HUNT'S REMEDY the Stomach and Bowels will speedily regain their strength and the blood will be perfectly purified.

HUNT'S REMEDY is purely vegetable, and meets a want never before furnished to the public, and the utmost reliance may be placed in it.

HUNT'S REMEDY is prepared expressly for the above diseases, and has never been known to fail.

One trial will convince you. For sale by all Druggists.

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Prices, 75 cents, and $1.25 (large size).

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TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect

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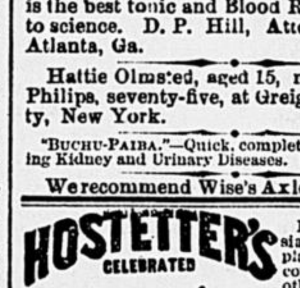

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