NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not—is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, *is prima facie* evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

THE OUTCAST.

JOSTLE him out from the warmth and light—
Only a vagrant feeble and gray;
Let him reel on through the stormy night—
What though his home be miles away?
With a muttered curse on wind and rain
He crept along through the miry lane.

Lonely the pathway, and dark and cold,
Shelter he sought 'neath a ruined wall;
Over his senses a numbness stole,
Round him sleep threw her mystic pall.
Then an angel came with pitying tears
And lifted the veil of by-gone years.

Gayly he sports by a rippling brook;
Soft is the breath of the summer air,
Flowers adorn each mossy nook,
Sunshine and happiness everywhere.
He is *Willie* now, just four years old,
With his rose-bud lips and curls of gold.

Hark to the roll of the war-like drum!
See the brave soldiers go marching by!
Home from the battle young *Will* has come,
Courage and joy in his sparkling eye.
And his pulses thrill with hope and pride,
For he soon will greet his promised bride.

Now in the fireside's flickering glow
Calmly he's taking his evening rest;
Fondly he kisses his infant's brow,
Sleeping secure on its mother's breast
(And the dreamer stirred and faintly smiled):
He is *Willie* now with wife and child.

. . . . . .

The curtain dropped—the morning broke—
Faint was the flush in the eastern sky;
Moaning and wretched the sleeper woke,
Brushing a tear from his bloodshot eye.
To his squalid home beyond the hill,
With a saddened heart, crept poor old *Bill*.

—*St. Nicholas.*

GOOD MR. SPRUE.

"HURRY up there, and get your tickets, gentlemen!" shouted a man in blue coat and brass buttons, with the company's badge on his coat.

There was a general scramble for the head of the line, and a hurried falling back to less eligible places by those who failed to secure the first.

I never had any luck in gaining a good place in a crowd. A tall man, with a high hat, always *would* go in between me and whatever sight was to be seen. If it rained at the circus, the inevitable fat woman, with the green umbrella, always bounded my horizon. In the rush to hear a popular preacher, I *have* been fortunate enough to secure a camp-stool at the far end of the aisle, but, most commonly, have had to put up with "standing-room" in the third or fourth rank, catching here and there a word of the discourse, but not a glimmer of the sense.

This time I fared as usual. Elbowed out of every attempt to gain a better lodgment, I found myself at last at the extreme end of the *queue*.

"Hurry up, I say!" kept shouting he in brass and blue.

But in spite of all, the line shortened slowly. I was getting nervous. The next day was Thanksgiving, which I had agreed to spend at Deacon Patchin's, between whose daughter Polly and myself certain tender negotiations were then in active progress. To miss the train involved the choice of either giving up my visit, or waiting several hours and arriving just in time to find Polly in the pouts and take a longing look at the cold remains of that especial turkey of whose growth in fatness Polly's postscripts had kept me from time to time advised.

"Hurry up!—less than a minute till the gate closes!" admonished the blue and brazen official, as at last I reached the ticket-window.

"Ticket to Hugginsport," I said hurriedly.

"Two dollars," replied the ticket-man, slapping down his stamp on a piece of card-board with the heel of his hand.

"I've lost my pocket-book!" I exclaimed, quickly withdrawing the hand sent in search of it.

Here was a fix! I had started with a liberal supply of the one thing needful for Thanksgiving—at least so far as material pleasures go—and here I was without a penny to pay my fare, and not half a minute of spare time!

I looked around helplessly.

"I perceive your embarrassment, sir," said a grave looking gentleman, whose white choker and long-skirted coat left no doubt of his calling—"I perceive your embarrassment sir, and will be glad to relieve you of it. Get your ticket out of *this*; you can hand me the change and remit the rest."

As he spoke he placed a twenty-dollar bill in my hand.

"But my dear sir—" I began.

"Pray don't waste time in compliments. My name is Rev. Speedwell Sprue, of Chapelton, to which address you can remit the trifling sum advanced. I ask no better guaranty than your countenance."

"I accept your favor," I replied, "with warmest thanks. My name is Hodiah Trimbley, white-goods clerk with Twist & Bobbin of this city."

"Come, sir, do you wish the ticket or not?" demanded the man at the window, with his thumb on the spring that held up the slide.

I threw down the bill, he hastily counted out the change, and handed me it and the ticket. The former I passed to the obliging stranger, whose hand I had barely time to press in parting, as I left him waiting for another train.

The gateman was in the act of closing the passage and the last bell was ringing, as I hurried through and jumped aboard, with views of human nature considerably elevated by the trusting confidence shown by the Rev. Speedwell Sprue—though I doubted whether it would do to sell white-goods on the same credit system.

From Mr. Sprue and his childlike faith, my thoughts gradually turned to Polly Patchin, and I had already laid the ground plans of several fairy cottages, in which, with Love and Polly to lend their charm, I could have laughed at the proudest prince in his palace.

"Dickerville!" sang out the conductor, as the whistle blew and the train slowed up at the first stopping-place.

Two men with lanterns—it was a night train—came bustling through the car, scanning the passengers closely.

"Ha! this looks like him!" said one of them, holding his lantern to my face.

"Fills the bill exactly!" said the other, glancing from me at a paper in his hand.

"Come, sir," he continued, placing a hand roughly on my shoulder—"if I'm not mistaken it was you who bought the last ticket for this train."

"It was," I answered, looking up astonished.

"And paid for it with a twenty-dollar bill," he added, "receiving the change."

I acknowledged the fact, but with no abatement of surprise.

"That bill," he proceeded, "was a counterfeit, and we've been telegraphed to arrest you."

I endeavored to expostulate, and explained, as well as my confusion would permit, the circumstances under which I got the note.

"A likely story!" was the sneering comment; "there's so many good Mr. Sprues you see going about lending money to total strangers. What did you do with the change, now?"

"Handed it back to Mr. Sprue," I answered.

"A clever dodge," said one of the men, as the two exchanged winks.

"Come along!" they commanded, and without further ceremony I was hustled from the train, dragged to a neighboring calaboose and locked up.

Next morning I was taken before a jolly-looking magistrate whose face was a guaranty that I should at least have a fair hearing.

"Well, young gentleman, what have you to say to this?" he began.

I was proceeding with my story earnestly, when, to my great joy, who should enter but my kind friend, the Rev. Speedwell Sprue, in company with a stranger of very different appearance!

"Oh! Mr. Sprue, how glad I am to see you!" I exclaimed. "A word from you will clear up this unfortunate affair."

To my great chagrin Mr. Sprue, instead of promptly answering my appeal, turned aside and quite ignored my presence. But his companion promptly stepped forward.

"Do you recognize this?" he asked, placing in my hand an article taken from his pocket.

"I do!" I cried—"it's my own pocket-book."

"Of which you were robbed by that person," he replied, pointing to the Reverend Sprue, "whose real name is Ahab Dawks, a noted thief and forger, whom I've been for some time looking for. I witnessed his performance at the depot last night, and saw how, after stealing your pocket-book, he made you the instrument of putting off a bad note that he might pocket the change. Though I'm a detective, I didn't interfere, wishing to follow Dawks to the den in which he works and keeps his tools, and knowing the worst that could happen would be your temporary detention. This morning I hurried on, with the double purpose of securing your release and your identification of Mr. Dawks."

It was too late to see the turkey in his glory, but Polly, bless her!—had saved me up a nice piece; and the story of my adventure was the event of that Thanksgiving night. Every body laughed but Polly, who—again bless her!—was quite indignant at the wrongs which I had suffered.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

A Mexican Market.

THE market furnishes an abundance of eggs, chickens, cheese and milk. Fish can most always be had, being brought from the Santiago River, twenty miles distant. A nice chicken can be bought for a real and a medio (18 3-4 cents), and a dozen of eggs for the same. The cheese mostly used is called panda, and comes in the form of small cakes, is white and soft, and eaten when freshly made. Milk is brought into town on the backs of animals, and is plenty and cheap. There is a belief that it is dangerous to drink it in any quantity and clear; that if a glass of it be drank, and the person becomes excited or angry, the chemical affinities of the milk and blood are such that a poison is produced that creates immediate death. Flour sells for 12 cents per pound. The amount used is considerable, notwithstanding that tortillas, or corn-cakes, are a necessity in every family. The bread and cakes are all furnished by the baker. The bread is made in the form of rolls, which are sold at four cents each. Of the sweet bread, there is a great variety, and each family, in purchasing, procures the assortment. It is made into small cakes of different shapes, and sold at from one to three cents each.

The entire ignorance of the value and use of stoves of course necessitates a simplicity in the art of cooking, and the excellence of the production of the cocinera is very remarkable, when this is considered. There is not a stove in use in Tepic. The original antique furnace, that has been in use from the time of the Spaniards, is still cherished as superior to any modern innovation. It is simply of brick, of convenient height, with an opening on top to contain charcoal, which is the only fuel used, and on top of which the cooking utensil is placed. An opening underneath furnishes draft. All the cooking utensils are made by the Indians from clay. They are all glazed; some ornamented with colors, and are cheap but frail. They are of all sizes, from a spoonful up to ten gallons. They are brought into the towns on the backs of Indians and donkeys, packed in crates, and are offered for sale about the Plaza on Sunday. This is an important industry, as all families must use more or less, and the constant breakage creating a continual demand.—*Cor. Alta-California.*

Scotch and English Juries.

A SCOTTISH criminal trial is a model of fairness and deliberation. The accused is in good time served with a very precise indictment, along with a list of the witnesses to be used in evidence against him. At the trial the jurors are chosen by ballot, and each is furnished with a printed copy of the indictment, with paper, pen and ink to write notes of evidence as it proceeds. The trial begins by the Clerk of the Court reading the indictment, by which means the exact nature of the accusation is openly and clearly defined, and there is no need for a lengthened prefatory harangue by counsel for the prosecution. The indictment being read, the evidence is at once proceeded with. Any one can compare this precision with what occurs, and is occasionally complained of, in England. A Scottish jury may give a verdict of guilty, not guilty, or not proven, this last alternative being adopted when the evidence appears to be incomplete. There is no such alternative in England. In English criminal procedure the jury consists of twelve men, who must be unanimous in their verdict of guilty or not guilty; when not being able to agree, after hours of wrangling together, they are dismissed, thereby occasioning a new trial. In Scotland the thing is conducted more in accordance with human nature. The jury is composed of fifteen men, who, if not unanimous, may decide by a majority, such as eight to seven, or possibly fourteen to one; by which means a juror with twisted notions, resolved on being singular, as often happens, is unable to thwart the ends of justice. The decision by a majority is accepted without demur. In the trial of civil cases, a latitude is also allowed. The jury consists, as in England, of twelve men; but if they have been in consultation for three hours a majority of nine is sufficient for a verdict. If after nine hours there is not a majority of nine, the jury may be dismissed. These Scotch arrangements seem to be in all respects more rational than the practice prevalent in England and Ireland. No one ever heard of a miscarriage of justice, civil or criminal, in Scotland, owing to decisions by a majority. The accurate and impartial method of summoning Scotch jurors, special and common, in itself merits commendation.—*Albany Law Journal.*

HOME AND FARM.

A FARMER who intrusts his business to others to manage, soon has no business to manage.

A NERVOUS, excitable steer is not as profitable to feed as a lymphatic one with a broad, deep chest, for this last is seldom disturbed much by anything—he feeds well, sleeps well, and fats well.

A VETERINARY surgeon in Rochester declares it a custom not uncommon among horsemen who want to sell an inferior animal to mix antimony, arsenic, and various forms of mercury with their feed. These cause them to make fat rapidly, and become sleek and glossy, but often result in terrible blood-poisoning, producing slow and agonizing death.

WINDOW PLANTS.—The necessity of a gradual change must be emphasized in removing plants from the open air to the dwelling rooms. It is best to place the plants in a room where there is no fire, and one that can be opened during the day. After a while the plants may be taken to the close living room, in which there is a fire.

A BUNION REMEDY.—Use pulverized saltpeter and sweet oil; obtain at the druggist's five or six cents' worth of saltpeter, put into a bottle with sufficient olive oil to dissolve it; shake up well and rub the inflamed joints night and morning and more frequently if painful. This is a sure remedy. Or take a small onion, split and rub the joint with a fresh half each night and morning. To paint with the tincture of iodine is also good.

SPICED APPLE PUDDING.—Three teacupfuls of bread-crumbs, a pint of new milk, three teacupfuls of apples chopped fine, a teacupful of sugar, two well beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, a teaspoonful of mace, half a teaspoonful of ground cloves. Put the milk into a tin pudding-dish, let come to a boil, stir in the bread and let soak before adding the other ingredients. Add the whipped whites the last thing. Bake forty-five minutes. Eat with sauce.

GEORGE W. CHILDS, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, and Anthony Drexel have bought 600 acres of land, twelve miles from Philadelphia on the Pennsylvania Road, and propose to provide suburban homes at a nominal cost to persons of moderate means. The town is to be called Wayne, and the property is to be laid out in the most attractive manner. A part of the money will also be advanced to those of small savings who wish to build at once.

FLOUR of sulphur is a simple and effective remedy against worms in pigs, and the animals readily partake of it, when mixed in gruel or other sloppy food. For pigs under three months old, a teaspoonful is a dose, and for older ones a small tablespoonful. It may be given four days in succession, morning and evening, and repeated every other week. Give plenty of sour milk, green food, celery tops, acorns and sliced raw onions. Avoid stagnant and putrid water. Give access to charcoal and ashes.—*Western Rural.*

MISS CORSON gives the following recipe for a dish of sweet rice as they prepare it in Portugal: A cupful of rice is washed and boiled in a pint and a half of milk, with four tablespoonfuls of sugar and a laurel or bay leaf; when the rice is soft the bay leaf is removed, a gill of cream and the yelks of four eggs added, and the rice is dished and cooled. When it is quite cold the surface is dusted with powdered sugar and cinnamon, or with burnt almond-dust. The almond dust is prepared by browning peeled or blanched almonds in the oven, and then pounding them to a fine powder.

SAUER-KRAUT.—The best we ever ate we made ourselves for many years, and for a considerable time with our own hands, and always from Savoy cabbage. It was manufactured in this wise: In the first place let your "stand," holding from a half barrel to a barrel, be thoroughly scalded out; the cutter, the tub and the stamper also well scalded. Take off all the outer leaves of the cabbage, halve them, remove the heart and proceed with the cutting. Lay some clean leaves at the bottom of the stand, sprinkle with a handful of salt, fill in half a bushel of cut cabbage, stamp gently until the juice just makes its appearance, then add another handful of salt and so on until the stand is full. Cover over with cabbage leaves, place on top a clean board fitting the space pretty well, and on top of that a stone weighing twelve or fifteen pounds. Stand away in a cool place, and when hard freezing comes on remove to the cellar. It will be ready for use in from four to six weeks. The cabbage should be but moderately coarse. The Savoy variety makes the best article, but it is only half as productive as the Drumhead and Flat Dutch.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

When to Feed Corn for Fattening Hogs.

THIS question has been asked and answered many times with varying results, according to the breed, the care and attention, and shelter, time of year, etc. Store hogs in a healthy condition and of good breed should lay on a pound of additional weight for every five and six-tenths pounds of merchantable corn fed to them, and will do it on the average, with reasonable care. When they do not do it we think there is a defect somewhere.

If the above statement, which in our experience we have verified, be true, one bushel of corn—a part meal and fed as slop, and a part, all the animal will eat, in the ear or shelled, changing frequently—should make ten pounds addition to the weight. Ten bushels of corn will then represent 100 pounds in pork. The following conclusion is then reached: It pays, when corn is worth thirty cents per bushel, to convert it into pork when it sells for $3 per 100 pounds, as the manure will abundantly pay for the care when properly saved. So when corn is forty cents, pork should sell at $4 per 100 pounds; corn at fifty cents, pork $5; sixty cents, pork $6; corn seventy-five cents, pork should be sold at $7.50. When corn is worth $1.50 pork must sell at $15 per 100 pounds. If the pork sells for less than is represented by the corresponding price of corn it is fed at a loss; if more, the advance is profit—in each case regarding the manure as pay for the trouble.

Fattening is accomplished most profitably as the cool weather of autumn advances, the animals having plenty of water or mud in which to roll when they choose, with good shelter and warm quarters in which to lie. The feeding-place should be kept clean, and corn in the ear or shelled fed night and morning, as much as they will eat up clean, and slop of meal at noon, with pure clean water night and morning. The fatter they become, the closer their quarters may be. In the early stages of fattening they need room for exercise, with wheat bran, charcoal and sulphur occasionally to keep them in condition and increase the size of bone and muscle, for when quite heavy they need only rest.—*Cincinnati Price Current.*

Cheap Parlor Plants.

For room decoration why do not people take some hardy things that do not mind heat or frost or drought or flood—that is if none of these things come in too great extremes. There are such things; but instead of looking for them, tender greenhouse things that require much light and great care—things which even a florist with all his skill can scarcely grow—are taken in hand and thus people very often fail of success. Of course after making a close acquaintance with plants and learning their little whims and fancies and just how to humor them in those little niceties that they set their hearts upon, the parlor-gardener can do as well as the greenhouse gardener and often much better.

If, however, the hardier things are taken, success is certain without much anxiety or care and one can practice on them until they are able to care for the more delicate things.

Among the best of these old-fashioned plants easy to grow in sunshine or shade there is nothing so good as the various varieties of English evergreen ivy. As usually seen in pots on street corners, pretty as they are, they give no idea of the great beauty which a plant of several years' old presents. We have seen some grown in moderate-sized tubs six or seven feet high and trained over wires so as to make backs to seats or even little arbor-like coverings or alcoves, admirable for standing in wide entrys or halls. They may be trained up in pots high enough and thick enough to cover window-frames entirely, not only up the sides but round and over tops, making what is usually a dreary room look like a living bower, or a room adorned by the highest art look all the loveller for the incursion of beautiful Nature on her especial domain.

We have seen the ivy in just these conditions frequently and wonder why the successful example is not catching. We suppose it must be simply a want of forethought. We see and admire and resolve that we will do likewise; but we leave these fairy spots and get into the rushing busy world, forgetting the pleasurable impressions and only remembering them when chance throws us in the way of seeing them again.

The time is now come when preparation may be made for these sort of things. The young ivies should be potted in the spring in good garden soil and after a gentle reminder that they are expected to travel upwards by being tied to a stout stake set in the center of the pot, set out in partial shade to grow. It will need to have just the same watering and just the same general culture as ordinary plants and by fall will be large enough for some show the same winter. But it is the second season and afterwards that the great beauty of the ivy will be seen, and it is just these three or four-years-old plants that people very seldom see.

How dearly we should like to see a couple of pots of ivy in everybody's winter-home, and especially in the homes of the poor. We read every year in the daily papers of some individuals at Christmas giving away loaves of bread to the poor. This may be well enough in its way, though it is looked on often as a huge joke and the loaves tossed about in fun, and though it is at other times merely a dodge for cheap advertising by some trader who thinks himself sharp in thus cheating a publisher of a five dollar bill, we are willing to believe that some do it from good motives and that some return genuine thanks for timely relief; but if some one would distribute a few hundreds of well-grown ivy to the poor and ignorant, not to say the vicious at this generally cheerful time, we believe an immense amount of pleasure would be given to a class who know not what rational pleasure is, and no doubt other good would follow.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

—A four-year-old Sunday-school girl did the best she could with a question that was asked of the infant class. Said the teacher: "'And it came to pass, when King Hezekiah heard it, that he rent his clothes.' Now, what does that mean, children, 'he rent his clothes?'" Up went a little hand. "Well, if you know, tell us." "Please, ma'm," said the child, timidly, "I s'pose he hired 'em out."

"WHAT will you give me if I restore your eyesight!" asked the quack. "I will see," replied the blind man.

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

Just So.

It pays to follow good advice. Mr. C. W. Braun, in Eureka Springs, Ark., sends the following item: I had been a sufferer with Dyspepsia for the past three years. Advised by a friend, I used Hamburg Drops. At once, after the first dose, I experienced relief. I continued its use for one month and found myself completely cured. There are so many suffering with indigestion that my advice to such would be: Do as I have done—take the Hamburg Drops and get cured.

A CALIFORNIA Justice, in a moment of anger, said that the lawyers in a case on trial before him were no better than horse thieves. Then he apologized and fined himself ten dollars for contempt of court.

[The Lawrenceburg (Ind.) Register.]

OUR compliments to St. Jacob; we have tried the celebrated St. Jacobs Oil on our rheumatic foot and experienced great relief therefrom. The Saint is a public benefactor.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19, 1883.			
FLOUR—Extra Ohio	$ 5 00	@	$ 6 25
WHEAT—Red Winter No. 2	1 21	@	1 21⅛
No. 1 White	1 19	@	1 19½
CORN—No. 2	57⅞	@	58⅛
OATS—Mixed Western	41	@	42
PORK—Mess	14 50	@	14 75
LARD—Prime Steam	8 75	@	8 77½
BUTTER—Western	14	@	26
CHEESE—Ohio	10	@	12½
EGGS—Western	22	@	30½
WOOL—Pulled	39	@	42
Unwashed	14	@	33
CATTLE	8 00	@	10 00
HOGS	4 75	@	5 00
SHEEP	3 75	@	5 00
CLEVELAND.			
FLOUR—X White	$....	@	$4 25
XX Red, No. 1	5 25	@	6 00
Spring X, Red	6 00	@	6 50
WHEAT—No. 1 Red	....	@	1 09
No. 2 "	....	@	1 07
CORN	44	@	49
OATS—No. 1	....	@	38
CHEESE—Choice Factory	13	@	13½
Ohio Dairy	....	@	07
BUTTER—Choice	22	@	27
EGGS	23	@	25
POTATOES per bush	45	@	55
SEEDS—Timothy	2 60	@	2 65
Clover	4 75	@	4 50
Red Top	....	@	80
CINCINNATI.			
FLOUR—Family	$5 05	@	$5 25
WHEAT	....	@	1 03
CORN	45	@	50½
RYE	96	@	97
OATS	33	@	34
BUTTER—Choice	20	@	23
HOGS—Common to light	3 85	@	4 30
Packing	4 40	@	4 55
BUFFALO.			
BREVES—Best	$5 15	@	$5 50
Medium	4 60	@	4 80
HOGS—Common to fair	4 45	@	4 65
Heavy	4 60	@	4 80
SHEEP—Common	3 50	@	3 90
Choice	4 75	@	5 00
TOLEDO.			
WHEAT—Western Amber	$ ..	@	1 08½
No. 2 Red Winter	..	@	1 08½
CORN—High Mixed	..	@	47½
No. 2	..	@	45⅝
OATS—No. 2	..	@	33½
PITTSBURG.			
BREVES—Best	5 00	@	$5 30
Medium	4 25	@	4 80
HOGS—Yorkers	4 55	@	4 60
Philadelphias	4 70	@	4 80
SHEEP—Best	....	@	4 75
Medium	....	@	3 00

How a Dog Bought His Dinner.

But if you are looking for downright intellect, call on the pointer dog. It is safe to assert that the pointer has mind enough for anything. He is far more human than the monkey, and, we cheerfully acknowledge, far worthier of the relationship. Why, look at Jeff—everybody knows Jeff—Dr. Mattauer's liver-colored pointer. The dog carries notes, goes for the horse and buggy, goes for beef and fetches ice regularly. Besides all this, Jeff has many accomplishments that make him a finished dog. Would anybody deny Jeff's intellect? Hardly. Why, last week Jeff was sent for ice, and what did he do? He started with a towel, in one corner of which the nickel was tied up. Jeff saw that nickel put in, and immediately temptation assailed him. He could buy ice on credit, and beef was always cash. Now watch the dog. He reasoned. He labored under the temptation until he reached Huff's corner, near the old house, and then he yielded. Down in the dirt he crouched, and after a tussel got the knot untied. What next? It would never do to carry that nickel into Corput's. He reasoned again. He buried the nickel, carried the towel in, received the ice and came out, not for the nickel. O, no; he had studied that out too. The Doctor must be left under the impression that the nickel had gone for ice, and he was. The ice was carried to the office, and Jeff came back like a flash, secured his cash, galloped onward to the beef stand, and in a few moments was observed homeward bound with his dinner. He was not afraid to carry it home. He reasoned that the doctor would suppose some one had given it to him. This is vouched for by three witnesses.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

—The Leaning Tower of Pisa was built in the twelfth century It is 190 feet high and leans thirteen feet from the perpendicular. The inclination was caused by the settling of one side of the foundation.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly, and you will remove at least nineteen-twentieths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs.—*Maine Farmer.*

A SPORTSMAN at Dahlonega, Ga., failing in his attempts to shoot a wild turkey, threw down his gun and overtook the bird after a chase of two hundred yards.

Tax Titles in Iowa.

PERSONS who own lands in Iowa to which other parties hold tax titles, can learn something to their advantage by writing to E. J. Adams, dealer in Real Estate, Des Moines, Iowa.

WHILE the daughter of Alfred M. Page, of China, Me., was watching at the bedside of a sick sister, a spotted adder over three feet in length passed over her feet. It was killed by her father in the sitting-room.

Gen. John A. Logan,

Hero of the late war, and now United States Senator from Illinois, writes: "Some years ago I was troubled more or less with rheumatism, and have within the last year or so suffered intensely with same disease. I began to take 'Durang's Rheumatic Remedy,' and am thoroughly satisfied that I have been cured by its use. I do not hesitate to recommend it to all sufferers."

It is taken internally and never fails to cure the worst case in the shortest time. Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists. Write for 40 page pamphlet to R. K. Helphenstine, Druggist, Washington, D. C.

$5,000 will be forfeited and paid by the Malt Bitters Company if MALT BITTERS, a family medicine prepared by them, does not excel in a fair competitive examination all other compounds now before the public called "Bitters."

PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK is the best for marking linen. Sample will be sent post-paid for 30c. by F. H. Stoddard, Northampton, Mass.

THE regular Frazer Axle Grease saves money for the consumer. The light colored or yellow loosens the spokes.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE has proved its efficiency by a test of three-quarters of a century.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, &c. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

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