July 15, 1887

JULY.

JULY—for you the songs are sung
By birds the leafy trees among;
With merry carolings they wake
The meadows at the morning's break,
And through the day the lisping breeze
Is woven with their tree-top glees.
For you the prattling, pebbly brooks
Are full of tales like story-books.
For you a fragrant incense burns
Within the garden's blossom-urns
Which tempt the bees to hasten home
With honey for their honey-comb.
The river, like a looking-glass,
Reflects the fleecy clouds that pass,
Until it makes us almost doubt
If earth and sky are n't changed about.
July—for you, in silence deep
The world seems fallen fast asleep,
Save on one glorious holiday,
When all our books we put away
And every little maid and man
Is proud to be American!

Frank Dempster Sherman, in St. Nicholas.

The Madison's Butler.

BY EDITH EVELYN BIGELOW.

It was Mrs. Madison's opinion that the servant question would be the death of her. The "question" with her meant, generally, how long will the newly acquainted domestic remain on the field of his or her present usefulness—or uselessness?

Mrs. Madison was rich in this world's goods. She had an indulgent husband, charming children, a more than comfortable income, and enough beauty to make her very pleasant to look upon. But all these gifts of a kind Providence were as nothing weighed in the balance against the crushing fact that every one of the Madison butlers was worse than his predecessors. The poor lady had tried every nationality, as she said, except the Chinese; there she drew the line. The Irishmen need no description. We in America have all suffered. The colored men were wofully lacking in "style." The Swedes were mercenary and would leave in hope of higher wages. The Germans were too something—"I forget what," Mrs. Madison would say, in recounting her woes to an intimate friend, "and the Frenchmen too, sometimes or other else; and really, my dear, if you notice several gray hairs under my bonnet I am not surprised. But what can I do? George will give dinners, and will not have a woman wait at table."

At the time when this veracious history opens, the latest venture in the pantry-line had proved to be a complete failure, and was to depart on the morrow.

Mrs. Madison sat in her charming sitting-room, over a wood fire, with the hot-water kettle hissing genially among its companion tea-things, which had been brought in for the last time by the present incumbent.

Opposite to her was her sister, Sylvia Arden. She had just came in from walking, and her long sealskin garment was thrown open as she sat toasting her cold feet and drawing off her gloves

She was one of the prettiest girls in New York,—which means that she was very lovely indeed.

"Shall you have that dinner on the 15th, Maud?" asked the young lady. She rose as she spoke, and divested herself of her furs, and as she did so one saw what a lithe and shapely figure she had.

"It all depends upon the butler," said her sister. "George will get somebody to-day,—goodness knows what."

"An Irishman, probably," said Sylvia. "All our French dressmakers are Irish. Our city is ruled by the Irish; our policemen are Irish; why not our butlers?"

"I should think you were Irish yourself, dear, from what you say," said Mrs. Madison, laughing. "Ah, there's George's key in the door. Now we shall see what news he brings."

In a moment or two the master of the house entered.

He took the cup of tea which his wife had poured out. Then, seating himself, he said, "Well, I have got him."

"Who?" asked his wife, mischievously.

"Patrick O'Mulligan?"

"No. John Parkins,—an Englishman."

"Was there ever an Englishman who wasn't named John?" said Sylvia.

"Good references, of course," said Mrs. Madison, with grim sarcasm. "They always have."

"No," said her husband, cheerfully. "None at all."

Mrs. Madison was quite quiet.

"You are tired of the silver, then?"

"Not at all; but he won't take the silver. If there is anything dishonest about John Parkens, then I am wofully mistaken."

"You generally are," said his wife, drily.

"Thank you, madam. No, he may be a little green, but he is one of the finest looking men I ever saw."

"Do you remember our British Adonis?" asked Sylvia,—"when he handed round the lobster in a kitchen jug, and then put himself into the dumb-waiter instead of the empty dishes.?"

"Am I likely to forget it?"

"Then why," said Mrs. Madison, with sudden asperity, "do you subject us to a similar experience? How can you bring a man without reference into my house?"

"On the same principle," said Mr. Madison, setting down his cup with perfect imperturbabilty, "that you once said you would advertise for an atheist, having tried every religion in the housemaid line and failed lamentably with all the sects represented. I am tired of the men who have lived with all the English aristocracy. Now, Parkins assures me that he hasn't lived with any of them. He has the face of an honest, steady man; and he tells me that he is willing to learn."

Mrs. Madison gave a mock groan,"

"That means that I am willing to teach," said she.

"And are we to have the Bellingers on the 15th? asked Sylvia.

"By all means," said her brother-in-law. And so the conversation ended.

The next day, it being the 1st of the month, promptly at the hour agreed upon, John Parkins presented himself to the lady of the house, with a modest deferential bearing which was quite delightful. He was a strapping fellow about thirty, dressed in worn but well-cut garments. His features were rather handsome, and his smooth-shaven upper lip showed at times a glimpse of very good teeth.

"It is not our custom to engage any one without a reference," said Mrs. Madison. "We are placing great confidence in you in taking you like this into our house."

"I am aware of that, ma'm," said Parkins. "I am very thankful for your kindness. I hope i shall suit you."

"I hope so," said Mrs. Madison, in tone which hinted that the hope was a forlorn one.

"Have you had much experience in waiting at table?"

"Not much, ma'am," said Parkins.

"May I ask where you have lived last?"

The man hesitated for a moment.

"On a ranch, ma'am," he said, with a slight air of being unwilling to pursue the subject further. Then he added, with more alacrity,—

"I was servant to a gentleman out in Wyoming."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Madison.

She had rather intended to bully John Parkins, but somehow the manner of the man forbade it.

Having this unaccountable feeling that further investigations would be almost an impertinence, she proceeded to instruct the new butler as to what would henceforth be expected of him.

He showed great alacrity,—zeal not according to knowledge. But in spite of a few awkwardnesses on his part he produced a favorable impression on his new mistress.

Dinner that day passed off remarkably well, considering that Parkens was rather nervous, as servants are apt to be in new places.

Miss Arden could not help admiring his personal appearance and gentlemanly manner, and Mr. Madison sat at the head of the table, smiling blandly and full of elation at the success of his last venture.

When dinner was over, Mrs. Madison entered the pantry to ascertain how the new functionary was behaving. She was surprised to see a row of wet plates standing all round the room, leaning their backs against the wall.

"Why, Parkins, what are you doing with those plates?" she cried.

The Englishman regarded her with a deprecatory air.

"I was letting them dry a bit, ma'am," he said. "Have I done wrong?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Madison. "The towels in the drawer are for dry-the china."

Parkins blushed so brightly that she really pitied him.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," he stammered, "but you see a man gets so awfully rough in the West, ma'am. We hadn't many towels on the ranch. Thank you ma'am. I'll use them in future. I'm very anxious to learn."

The drawing-room was henceforth entertained with the pantry episodes, of which this was the beginning.

In the main, however, Parkins gave satisfaction. He was sober, diligent, almost chivalrous in his attention to the wants of the ladies.

The defects in his education as a butler were soon remedied, for Mrs. Madison was an excellent housekeeper and was willing to take untold trouble to instruct any one who was teachable.

The fresh, handsome face of Parkins, his respectful and manly bearing, and his charming English accent, which was evidently not that of a cockney, ingratiated him with his employers and even their acquaintance.

Occasionally a new book or paper was missing from the sitting-room, and more than once it was found in the pantry among the rouge-cloths and plate-powder. In one case the missing volume was one of Lecky's, and Miss Arden, who had searched in vain, asked Parkins if he had seen it. He confessed to having borrowed it; and when Sylvia looked at him with obvious surprise, he made some confused remark about "bettering his education."

"If he can appreciate that book," said Miss Arden afterwards to her sister, "his education dosen't need much bettering."

One evening, when John Parkins had been with the Madisons for a month or more, several newly-arrived English people dined at the house.

From the moment when the party sat down at the table, Parkins began to behave strangely. He became absent-minded and inattentive. His strongest desire appeared to be to get out of the room as quickly as possible.

Mr. Madison was annoyed, and thought for a moment that his butler might be under the influence of liquor; but after he had watched him for a minute or two he was convinced that the man was perfectly sober, though evidently laboring under great mental perturbation.

But, as one cannot watch one's butler all the evening, Mr. Madison's attention was soon diverted, and the circumstance passed from his mind.

One day in the early spring a letter came for George Madison from the British Legation at Washington.

It requested information in regard to the whereabouts of Mr. Cecil Finch, an English gentleman who was supposed to be in the United States at that time. Mr. Madison replied with polite brevity that he had never had the pleasure of knowing any one of that name. There he thought the matter would rest. But by return of post came another letter, which intimated that the Legation could not take Mr. Madison's reply as final, for Cecil Finch had been seen going in and out of Mr. Madison's house in New York.

Mr. Madison was by this time rather curious, and not a little indignant. He was not accustomed to having his word doubted.

He therefore wrote back somewhat sharply to the effect that the only Englishman who came and went in his household in the manner described was his butler, John Parkins.

"Upon my word," he said that night at dinner to his wife and sister-in-law, "I am tired of Mr. Cecil Finch without ever having seen him. The dogged pertinacity of the English diplomats does them credit."

Parkins, who was handing a dish of sweets at the moment, started so violently that the dish almost slipped from his fingers.

This did not escape Mr. Madison, but he said nothing.

Afterwards, however, he remarked to his wife, "If am not mistaken, Parkins knows something about Mr. Cecil Finch."

In a day or two a third letter bearing the Washington post-mark arrived for Mr. Madison. It said. "Strange as it may appear, we should be glad if you would interrogate the man whom you call John Parkins as to the whereabouts of Mr. Finch. Tell him that your reason for asking is that Cecil Finch has come into a title and a fortune by the unexpected death of his uncle."

Mr. Madison was now thoroughly excited. What if his butler were the new lord in masquerade? He laughed to himself as he pictured the face of his wife and sister when they should hear the news.

It so happened that this last letter from the Legation had been sent to Mr. Madison's house, and it was there that he read it. His wife was out with Sylvia.

His decision was quickly formed. He touched the bell. Parkins appeared, calm and correct as he was in his best moment when there was nothing to disconcert him.

"Parkins," said his master, "did you ever happen to hear of an English gentleman called Cecil Finch?"

"Yes, sir," said the butler. "I think I have heard you mention his name, sir, at dinner, a night or two ago."

"Have you ever seen him?"

"Yes, sir.—in Wyoming, sir."

"It would be a good thing for him, Parkins," said Mr. Madison, carelessly, "if you could find him."

"How so, sir?" asked the young man, changing his color a little.

"He has just come into his uncle's title and estate; and he can't be found."

"By Jove! Is Lord Grimsmead dead?" cried the butler, in a voice very different from his usual guarded one.

Before he had time to pull himself together and apologize, Mr. Madison pounced upon him.

"Look here, Mr. Finch!" he said, quite sternly, "you are no butler! Your name isn't Parkins! Why did you lie to me?"

"No, Mr. Madison," said the man, "I am not a butler, and my name isn't Parkins, and lie is not a word to use among gentlemen!"

"But, hang it, Parkins,—Finch, whatever you are, I can't realize quite yet that you are not what I thought you five minutes ago. And I think I have a perfect right to know why you have imposed on me in this way," said Mr. Madison, still irate.

"Of course you have," said Mr. Finch, late John Parkins. "The story is simply this. I was pretty well down on my luck after having tried ranching and failed, as many a cleverer man than I am has done before. I was too proud to go home. There was no one of whom I could borrow, and I hadn't a penny. I saw your advertisement in the paper, and applied for the situation. I hadn't an idea that you'd take me, but I was touched by your confidence, Mr. Madison, and I've done the very best I could for you. I remembered the old butler at home, and I tried to model myself on him.

"The other night you thought, no doubt, that I was drunk. I wasn't; but the man who sat next to Mrs. Madison was a fellow who knew me well at Oxford, ten years ago."

Both men had been standing while they talked. Madison read candor and integrity in the handsome face of the other.

"Sit down, Mr. Finch," he said, "and tell me the rest."

"I would rather stand, thank you," said Finch. "How do you know that I'm telling you the truth? Is my Oxford friend in town yet?"

"I believe so," said Mr. Madison.

"Will you go there with me and get me identified?" asked Finch. Then he added smilling a little, "I believe I've got one pretty decent coat."

About six o'clock the ladies came home. The parlor was full of spring twilight.

"Why are no lamps lighted? asked Mrs. Madison. Where's Parkins? I never knew him to be so careless."

She rang the bell sharply. It was answered by her maid.

"Where is Parkins?" Mrs. Madison demanded.

"Gone out, ma'm, with Mr. Madison, said the maid, demurely.

"With Mr. Madison? How extraordinary!"

"He said he might not come back," said the maid, rather enjoying Mrs. Madison's surprise.

Sylvia then entered.

"The table isn't set and I can't find Parkins anywhere," she said.

When the lady's maid withdrew, the sisters expressed themselves more freely.

"Always the way with my butlers! Is this frightful servant-hunt going to be begin again?" moaned Mrs. Madison.

"And really he was a man one could have loved, if he hadn't been a butler," sighed Miss Arden.

Presently Mr. Madison returned alone, Without giving his wife time for indignant questions, he said.—

"Parkins wanted to come back and serve his dinner, but I wouldn't let him."

"And pray why not?" asked his wife. What has he done?"

"He has gone and got himself a title, and I thought that a dinner handed round by my Lord Grimsmead would choke us all.

The next day Lord Grimsmead, formerly Cecil Finch *al as* John Parkins, modestly requested a few moments' conversation with Mrs. Madison.

She was less at her ease than he.

"I wanted to come back last night, Mrs. Madison," he said, coming forward, without extending his hand, "but your husband would not hear of it. I am sorry that your proverbial bad luck with butlers has not been changed by me. I sail to-morrow, and I fear that you must supply my place,—which will be easily done."

"There you make a mistake," she answered, motioning him to a chair. "You were the very nicest servant I ever had in the house."

And then they both laughed long and heartily.

"May I see Miss Arden before I go?" he asked presently, with a decided deepening of his color.

Mrs. Madison said, "Certainly," and in a few moments Sylvia entered. He rose and gave her his chair, and she could not but notice how the obsequious alacrity of the butler had given way to the well bred manner of the English gentleman.

"I want to say before I go," he said, almost brokenly, "that I thank you for the happiest and most innocent months of my life. I have had constant kindness from you both, and I hope you will all come to England some day, that I may do something for you in return. I should like to show you the old park. It will be full of primroses in a few weeks." And a mist came before the eyes of the strong man as his heart turned toward home.

Just before he went away, he said very softly to Sylvia (her sister being somewhat in advance of them, as they walked towards the door),—

"Do you think that you can ever forget that I was your sister's butler?"

I don't know what she answered, but I do know that an account of Lord Grimsmead's wedding appeared in the Court Journal about a year later, and that the bride was a very lovely American. Another fact, also, I can tell you, which the Court Journal knows nothing at all about. To this day Lady Grimsmead calls her lord nothing but "Parkins."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

A Terrible Threat.

"Farewell, father, I can stand your reproaches no longer. I will seek some foreign clime—England most likely, and once there, I shall search for a wife amongst the nobility, and then—"

"Oh, my dear son, anything but that! Have some consideration for your poor mother and sister if you have none for me. I forgive you. Come to my arms."—*Grip.*

PITH AND POINT.

Clothing will make the man if he only sells enough of it at a good profit —*Albany Journal.*

If you are good, you know it; if you are bad, everybody knows it.—*Montgomery Dispatch.*

The dried codfish is the only animal that wears its shirt open in the back.—*Newman Independent.*

The lay members of the poultry organization are of more importance than the roosters who do the crowing. —*New Orleans Picayune.*

He was a "jewel" when she married him; six months later he was her "gem." When the matter came up in the divorce trial, two years after, she explained that g. e. m. stood for "green-eyed monster."—*Washington Critic.*

No one ever hears of Mrs. Bismarck. Mr. B. probably hears from her, however, after he gets through with his usual nine glasses at the reichstag.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

With an earthquake shaking up his garden and the Indians clamoring for his scalp at the front door, the average Arizona settler has a lively time.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The ladies will not have the privilege of casting a vote the coming election, but the liberality with which they will distribute sweet cakes and ice cream, accompanied with fascinating please-vote-for-the-amendment smile, will decide more than one wavering sovereign.—*Austin Dispatch.*

It will not be many years before the telegraph wires in cities will be put under ground and the clanging of church bells will be prohibited by law. The moss is getting heavy on both ideas.—*Nashville Union.*

If there is anything bad in a man the telephone seems to bring it out, and a great deal is brought out of many who profess to be wholly good.—*Indianapolis Journal,*

There is no change in the style of fishing-tackle this year, except that the jug has more body and not quite so much neck.—*Rochester Post-Express*

It is a suggestive and interesting fact that if the Apaches who are now on the warpath in the southwest should hire an able manager and go to London they could win social and financial success. There is a good deal of truth in the remark that "position is everything in this world."—*New York World*

A wedding "in the strictest English style" was the feature of the marriage on Tuesday of one of Boston's swells to a niece of Gov. Oliver Ames—another symptom of the Anglomania which is sweeping down on Boston like measles on an orphan assylum.—*New Haven News.*

Chicago thinks because the "bookmakers" are more numerous there than at Boston she is entitled to the palm as a literary center.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

There is a lawyer in Gladstone, this territory, named Western Starr. He wanted to stay back in the states, but his name wouldn't let him.—*Dakota Bell.*

One of the Sharp lawyers is distinguished by an expression of great perspicacity and a diamond collar button whose sparkling can be heard whenever the court-room is still.—*New York Reporter.*

Watchmaking is said to be running down in Switzerland. They ought to wind it up, in that case, for profit is the mainspring of success.—*Washington Post.*

Yankee fishermen are received with more civility in Canadian ports this year than last. "All I ask is servility," said the dignified mate of the Sairey Ann, "and that of the dog-gorndest kind."—*Boston Herald.*

The Facts in the Case.

Some things do not work out quite the same now as they did in biblical times. The other day a little event happened in New York as follows:

A certain rich man went down from Jerusalem to Wall street, and fell among thieves who stripped him of all he had, and wounded him in body and spirit, and left him half dead.

And by chance there came down a certain man that was also rich and had been a chosen friend of him who lay so sore distressed; and when he saw him he passed by on the other side.

And so there came down a Newspaper; and it came much closer than the others, and he who was in sore distress thought of a certainty that succor was come to him at last; but the Newspaper only questioned him strictly and then passed by on the other side on a trot and told long stories of the poverty of man and also that he never did amount to much, not being even so much as the tenth part of what he was cracked up to be; and printed his picture, drawn by the janitor, and said that he would soon drive a street car. And all these things the man read, and he wept and was cast down in spirit.

But a certain dime-museum proprietor, as he journeyed, came where he was; and when he saw him he had compassion on him, and bound up his wounds, and said to him: "arise and come with me, and I will give you even $20 dollars each week to stand on a platform with a card hung from your neck."

And when the man heard this he cried out with a loud voice, and sank by the wayside. And so he died.—*Dakota Bell.*

Who Was Cinderella?

Cinderella's real name, it seems, was Rhodope, and she was a beautiful Egyptian maiden, who lived 670 years before the common era and during the reign of Psammeticus, one of the twelve Kings of Egypt. One day Rhodope ventured to go in bathing in a clear stream near her home, and meanwhile left her shoes, which must have been unusually small, lying on the bank. An eagle, passing above, chanced to catch sight of the little sandals, and mistaking them for a toothsome tid bit, pounced down and carried one off in his beak. The bird then unwittingly played the part of fairy godmother, for, flying directly over Memphis, where King Psammeticus was dispensing justice, it let the shoe fall right into the King's lap. Its size, beauty, and daintiness immediately attracted the royal eye, and the king, determined upon knowing the wearer of so cunning a shoe, sent through all his kingdom in search of the foot that would fit it.

As in the story of Cinderella, the messengers finally discovered Rhodope, fitted on the shoe, and carried her in triumph to Memphis, where she became the queen of King Psammeticus, and the foundation of a fairy tale that was to delight boys and girls 2,400 years later. —*Jewish Messenger.*

MARKETS.

NEW YORK.—Wheat, No. 2, Chicago, 84½c; No 1, hard, 87 to 89c; No. 1, red, 83c; No. 2, red, 89 to 93c; Corn, No. 2, 46¾c; No. 2, White, 53c; Oats, mixed, western, 34 to 36c; white, western, 36 to 41c.

MILWAUKEE.—Wheat, 70½c. Corn, No. 3, 37c. Oats, No. 2, white, 30c. Rye, No. 1, 57c. Barley, No. 2, 57c. Pork, $14.50. Lard, $6.30.

MINNEAPOLIS.—Wheat, No. 1, hard, 70c; No. 1, Northern, 69c; No. 2, Northern, 67c.

CHICAGO.—Wheat, No. 2, red, 73c; No. 4, red, 63 to 65c; choice red, 76c; No. 2, red, 76c; No. 2, spring, 68c; No. 4, spring, 60 to 62c; No. 3, spring, 64 to 69c; No. 2, spring, 70 to 71c; choice, 72; Corn, No. 2, 35 to 36c; No. 2, yellow, 36 to 36½c; No. 2, white, 33c; No. 3, 35 to 36c; No. 3, yellow, 36c; No. 4, 37c. Oats, No. 2, 24½c; No. 3, 25c; No. 2, white, 30c. Rye, No. 2, 54c. Barley, No. 2, 51 to 55c. Timothy seed, $2.00 to $2.25. Flax seed, No. 1, $1.19 rejected, $1.18c. Lard, $6.20 to $6.25c.

The river commission, at their recent session in New York, determined to spend about $460,000 on the Arkansas levees.

We take pleasure in recommending the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer as safe and reliable for restoring gray hair to its natural color.

Gossip With a Seasoning of Sense From the Ends of the Earth.

Of the Princess of Wales, who, if she lives, will some day be Queen and Empress of Britannia's dominions, a charming story is just added to the many humane acts for which she is noted. A little while ago she visited the Milbank female prison, and was shown over the place by the chaplain. In one of the cells was a woman who was so violent that it had been found necessary to handcuff her. Her Royal Highness spoke kindly and tenderly to the woman, remonstrated with her as to her conduct and completely broke down her sullenness. The refractory woman burst into tears, and on the Princess asking her to promise that if the handcuffs were removed she would not be violent, she faltered out in a voice choked with sobs, "I will really be good, my lady, if they take these things off." It is needless to say that "these things" were taken off.

Col. R. S. Withers, Fair Lawn Stock Farm, Ky., and Joseph Cairne Simpson, Esq., Secretary Pacific Coast Blood Horse Association, commend St. Jacobs Oil for all horse complaints. Sold by Druggists and Dealers.

Minister McLane will leave Paris for the United States in a few days.

Sir Roger Tichborne, of England, was cured of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil and recommends it highly. Sold by Druggists and Dealers eveywhere.

Winning a Wife in Singapore.

From All the Year Round.

The damsel in Singapore is given a canoe and a double-bladed paddle and allowed a start of some distance. The suitor, similarly equipped, starts off in chase. If he succeeds in overtaking her she becomes his wife; if not, the match is broken off. It is seldom that objections is offered at the last moment, and the race is generally a short one. The maidens arms are strong, but her heart is soft and her nature is warm and she soon becomes a willing captive. If the marriage takes place where no stream is near, a round circle of a certain size is formed, the damsel is stripped of all but a waistband and given half the circle's start, and if she succeeds in running three times around before her suitor comes up with her she is entitled to remain a virgin; if not, she must consent to the bonds of matrimony. As in the other cases, but few outstrip their lovers.

Science says that oatmeal is one of the cheapest foods we have; that is, it furnishes more nutritive material, in proportion to the cost, than almost any other food. It is estimated that twenty-five cents will pay for 0.29 of a pound of nutrients in beef sirloin, 0.40 in round beef, and 0.92 in neck beef; oysters 0.12; shad and bluefish about 0.28; cheese 1.08 to 1.35; milk 0.99; wheat bread 2.08 to 2.75. Comparing the dietaries of manual laborers or mechanics in Europe and America, Science finds "that in this country a large excess of food is consumed, not only by well-to-do people, but also by those in moderate circumstances, and this excess consists mainly in meats and sweetmeats, which are expensive, as well as physiologically injurious when consumed in too large quantities." —Dr. Foot's Health Monthly.

A beautiful geyser has belched forth at the Upper Basin, Yellowstone Park. It throws a stream into the air 150 feet in height. It is located 200 yards from the Spasmatic and is one of the grandest on the formation. It has reacted with equal force and beauty.

Breaking Down and Building Up.

When a man breaks down in the matter of physical strength, the question of its recovery depends in great measure upon the length of time he allows to elapse before adopting medicinal means to recuperate it. A tonic, which gives a speedy and powerful impulse to the processes of digestion and assimilation, is the best auxiliary he can employ, and he should resort to them promptly. The most reliable dependence of the feeble, the aged and the nervous, has ever proved to be Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an invigorant of national reputation and proven worth, commended by medical men of distinction, not only for building up a broken-down system, but as a remedy for dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint, fever and ague, and kidney trouble. While not claimed to be a panacea, it is a most useful and comprehensive household remedy. It is, moreover, eminently safe as well as effective.

The Ohio labor party nominates a full state ticket.

"The Blood is the Life."

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequaled remedy. Sold by druggists.

Yan Phen Lee of Fragrant Hills, China, who graduated with high honors at Yale at the last commencement, was since married to Miss Elizabeth M. Jerome, a New Haven heiress. The groom first came to America in 1873. At the end of his freshman year he was ordered back to China by the government, which had sent him to America for education. Before going to China Miss Jerome had fallen in love with him and the couple were engaged. The Chinaman became tired of home, ran away to America and completed his course at Yale. The couple will live here and the groom intends to enter the journalistic field.

Dr. McGlynn is said to have received formal notice of his excommunication.

Delicate diseases of either sex radically cured. Send 10 cents in stamps for book. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coberg is elected prince of Bulgaria.

Sick and bilious headache, and all derangements of stomach and bowels, cured by Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—or antibilious granules. 25 cents a vial. No cheap boxes to allow waste of virtues. By druggists.

The president decides not to visit St. Louis, in order, as he says, to prevent discord at the G. A. R. encampment.

We have received a copy of the catalogue of the St. Paul college of short-hand typewriting and telegraphy, Anna C. Drew, principal and proprietor, Hale Block, St. Paul, Minn. This college is thorough, complete and proficient in all its departments. Anyone interested in the three departments above mentioned will find the catalogue an interesting one. Send for a copy to the above address.

The old Metropolitan hotel at St. Paul was sold at auction for $64,000.

Will Upset Some of the Devil's Plans.

Two years ago a South American fodder plant was found to possess the extraordinary power of stopping the appetite for liquors, effects of dissipation and nervous exhaustion of women at once, without stimulation or reaction, leaving no morbid appetites or bad effects more than any ordinary food. It created so much excitement among the church people and doctors, that a large manufactory was started, over five million quart bottles were sold the first months. The whole country are astounded at the size of the demand. The Grocers and Druggists are full of it. It is only 50 cts a quart bottle. The women swarm after it.

Frederick Douglass will return from Europe in September.

Relief is immediate and a cure sure. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh 50 cts.

Gen. Richard Grief, engineer of the French ministry of war, is dead.

"I am a merchant and planter," writes Mr. T. N. Humphrey, of Tenn., "and it gives me great pleasure to say that for severe colds and coughs Allen's Lung Balsam is the best remedy now offered for sale. I have induced many to try it, with the best of results." At Druggists, 25c., 50c., and $1.00 a bottle.

No stock is taken in the report that the Sioux of Dakota may go on the warpath.

Mensman's Peptonized Beef Tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its ENTIRE NUTRITIOUS PROPERTIES. It contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork, or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. HAZARD, HAZARD & Co., Proprietors, New York. Sold by Druggists.

BARBED WIRE.

If you have barbed wire fences, keep **Veterinary Carbolisalve** in your stables. It cures without a scar and renews the hair its original color. 50 cents and $1.00 at Druggists or by mail. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

BABY'S SKIN & SCALP CLEANSED PURIFIED AND BEAUTIFIED BY CUTICURA.

FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

CUTICURA, the great SKIN CURE, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, invariably succeed when all other remedies and the best physicians fail.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers, free from poisonous ingredients.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

Cholera Morbus

is about as sure to come as Summer is, It comes suddenly and without warning—is Dangerous and often Fatal.

ARE YOU PREPARED for its coming?

If any of your family are attacked PROMPT action only may save life. For 46 YEARS ONE medicine has ALWAYS cured CHOLERA, CHOLERA MORBUS, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY and all SUMMER COMPLAINTS. CHILDREN can take it with perfect safety. This medicine is Perry Davis' Pain Killer. To be on the safe side get some NOW and have it on hand. For sale by all Druggists.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE.

Best in the World. Made only by the Frazer Lubricator Co. at Chicago, N. Y. & St. Louis. Sold everywhere.

Tutt's Pills

J. H. ATHEY, a prominent druggist of Holly Springs, Miss., says: "Your pills are doing wonders in this state. The sale of Tutt's Pills exceed those of all others combined. They are peculiarly adapted to malarial diseases. Our physicians all prescribe them."

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

$5 TO $8 A DAY. Samples worth $1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write BREWSTER SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.

PENSIONS procured. 16 years' experience as Attorneys in Pensions and other Soldier Claims. C. M. Sites & Co., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS R. S. & A. P. LACEY, Patent Attorneys Washington, D. C. Instructions and opinions as to patentability FREE. 17 years' experience

SHORTHAND, Typewriting AND TELEGRAPHY BEST AND LARGEST SCHOOL in the United States. Shorthand by mail a specialty. Send for circulars to ANNA C. DREW, Hale blk., St. Paul, Minn.

DETECTIVES

Wanted in every County. Shrewd men to act under our instructions in our Secret Service. Experience not necessary. Send stamp for particulars. GRANNAN DETECTIVE BUREAU, 44 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

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

Grand Closing out sale of all summer suits, coats and vests. Thin underwear. Light colored and straw hats at the BIG BOSTON, MINNEAPOLIS. Send a sample order and see what bargains we are giving. Men's blue flannel suits and gray mixed cassamere all wool only $6.00.

ALLEN'S IRON TONIC BITTERS. The most elegant Blood Purifier, Liver Invigorator, Tonic and Appetizer known. The first Bitters containing iron ever advertised in America. Get the genuine. See that the following signature is on every bottle and take no other: J. P. Allen. ST. PAUL, MINN. Druggist & Chemist.

ESTERBROOK STEEL PENS

Leading Nos.: 14, 048, 130, 135, 333, 161. For Sale by all Stationers. THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO., Works: Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH **PENNYROYAL PILLS** The Original and Only Genuine. Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless imitations. Ladies, ask your Druggist for "Chi-ches-ter's English" and take no other, or inclose 4c. (stamps) to us for particulars in letter by return mail. NAME PAPER. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 2813 Madison Square, Philada. Pa. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW 1,001 Important things you never thought of about the human body and curious organs, How life is perpetuated, health preserved, diseases induced, How to avoid pitfalls, consequence and indiscretion, How to apply Home Remedies to all forms of disease, How to cure Crooked Eyes, Rupture, Phimosis, etc., How to make happy marriages, Price prize Subject, SEND FOR FREE RED, WHITE, BLUE PAMPHLETS. Murray Hill Pub. Co., Box 759, New York.

The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued Sept. and March, each year. 212 pages, 8½x11½ inches, with over 3,500 illustrations—a whole Picture Gallery. GIVES Wholesale Prices direct to consumers on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These INVALUABLE BOOKS contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy FREE to any address upon receipt of 10 cts. to defray expense of mailing. Let us hear from you. Respectfully, MONTGOMERY WARD & CO. 227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

GIBBS' IMPERIAL ATTACHABLE TO ANY HAND PLOW. The Best PLOWS ON Earth. HAND & SULKY PLOWS —FOR— Difficult Soils STEEL and Wood Beams. Manufactured by the BUCHER & GIBBS PLOW CO., Canton, O. LIDDELL, CAMPBELL & CAVNAH, Gen'l Agts., Minneapolis, Minn., and Altoona, Dak.

A Great Literary Sensation!

Will be the publication in the SUNDAY PIONEER PRESS, and the WEEKLY PIONEER PRESS. OF A Great Detective Novel, By the famous novelist Julian Hawthorne, Founded upon Facts furnished by the Celebrated Detective INSPECTOR BYRNES.

The Serial began Sunday June 19, and will run about three months. Those subscribing prior to July 15, will, if they so request, be furnished with the earlier chapters in supplement, giving them the complete story. Price of Sunday Pioneer Press, $2.00 per year, of the Weekly $1.00 per year, address PIONEER PRESS CO., St. Paul, Minn.

N. W. N. U. 1887 No. 29

TOWER'S FISH BRAND **SLICKER** The Best Waterproof Coat. The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. None genuine without the "Fish Brand" trade-mark. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. Tower, Boston, Mass.

For a woman to say she does not use Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap, is to admit she is "behind the times."

Nobody uses ordinary soap now they can get "Lenox."

Defective Page