

A TERRIBLE BLANKET.

We were on the continent when I met with my terrible blanket. We were going up one of the passes on foot, and somehow I lagged behind. I had an alpenstock in my hand; and as I went swinging it away, it struck against a lump of rock that hung over a precipice, so deep, that sailor as I am I trembled as I looked down. The stick bounded from the rock against my shin, and so I resolved that the granite should take a run.

But it was tough work; for the stone was big, and was well set in the rock; but, after a deal of straining and pushing, down it went.

The job must have taken me longer than I thought, for when I looked before me I could see no one, and as I looked I began to see that twilight was coming on, and since among mountains night follows almost immediately upon twilight, I hastened onward.

I do not think I had gone twenty yards when I saw that a storm was brewing and it was on me in no time, and as the snow came down it grew so dark that a great curtain seemed to be drawn over the sky.

Well, I groped on, but I didn't like it. If it had been a storm at sea, I should not have cared much; if the mountains about me had only been of water, I should not have cared at all; but when I knew that a false step might send me toppling down, as the rock had toppled before me, I don't mind owning that I grew to like it less and less.

I stooped down to look at the path, as well as I could in the little remaining light; and I found that I was in no path at all.

As the last rays of light died out, and as the snow whirled about me, I turned cautiously toward a slope of rock, feeling with my stick before I took a step (for the snow will fill up a crevice in no time, and you may sink twenty feet before you know where you are), and at last I touched the rock.

There was still a glimmer of light left, and by it I just saw a black part of the rock, which I took to be a cave. So I crept into it and crouched down on the ground.

Well, I didn't lain there three minutes when it became pitch dark. I don't know whether any of you have ever been in the dark when full of fear and anxiety; but if you have, you know how every minute seems like an hour.

Suddenly I thought of my match box; and I believe I shouted as I thought of it, for a second idea came into my head. Suppose I struck the matches about one a minute, they would not help me through the darkness, but they might guide those who were searching for me to my place of shelter.

So out came the match box, and the next moment I had struck a light. Why I looked round the cave I can't tell; but I did, and I ought my breath, as dark as I may suppose, when away in the dark I saw two great yellowish-green balls of fire.

I don't think I moved for a moment, and then I began to ask myself whether it was not all fancy.

So I thought I would strike another light; but the box had fallen among the snow, and when I felt for the matches they were all mixed up with the snow.

Now, what was I to do? If I went out of the cavern I should be frozen to death; while to remain in the cave, and near those dreadful balls of fire, was enough to drive me mad; so I curled myself up as small as possible, and lay shivering. I had only lain for what I now know to be a very short time, but which I took to be hours, when something soft came against my knees and elbows.

I dashed out my fist, and felt it sink a foot deep in the snow, which I found had drifted against the opposite side of the cavern till it fell over upon me.

So I found that I was being snowed up, and that I must either go nearer those dreadful balls, which by this time I was sure was no fancy, and which I felt certain were looking toward me through the darkness, or I must stay where I was to be buried alive.

I don't know how I came to the decision; but I did at last decide to go further into the cavern, and so I shuffled out of the way of the snow. And then I lay still again, waiting. In a moment or so, surrounded by danger as I was, I began to find myself actually going quiet to sleep. I had no notion then that that sleep would have been the sleep of death.

In another minute or so I felt a warm air on my face; but I was too sleepy to move, and so I lay still.

And then I felt four weights press one after the other, upon my body, and then a soft heavy weight sunk down upon me. I guessed it was an animal of some kind. I felt sure of this, when a muzzle was placed close to my mouth.

I dare say you will hardly believe it, but in a few moments all my fear had gone, and I found myself growing grateful to this creature, for he made me so good a blanket that the heat came back into my body, and I felt no longer the strange sleepiness.

I do not at all know how long I had thus lain, when I heard a distant bark, which disturbed the regular breathings of my hairy friend, and I felt his big heart beat quicker above me. Again there was a bark, and it sounded much nearer than the first. As my

blanket heard it, he uttered a half growl and leaped off me.

The barking and the start of the animal roused me; so that I plunged through the snow, which was above my head, to the entrance to the cave. I found the whole mountains were lying again, with the stars and the rising moon, for the storm was over.

But, more blessed sight than all was that of a brave, big dog, who leaped upon me, and placed a forepaw upon each of my shoulders, while not far off I saw one of the monks coming toward me.

I afterward learned that when my friends missed me, and told the guide, he saw the storm coming, and said it would be impossible to turn back; that they might think themselves fortunate if they reached the monastery of St. Bernard safely themselves, and if they did, the monks and their dogs would do their best to save me. They reached the convent just as the storm began; and the monks sent out their noble dogs to seek me, though they had but little hope of saving my life.

I shall pass over my arrival at the monastery. I was welcomed so kindly that you might have thought that my friends had not seen me for a year.

They were very willing to hear my adventures, but when I came to the two balls of fire, and the heavy animal who had made himself my blanket, they laughed, and said I was giving them a traveler's tale.

They were still laughing, when my eyes fell on my greatcoat, which was hanging on a chair, and I at once pointed to some yellowish hair sticking to it. This was proof positive, and I was more of a hero than ever.

The next morning, when all of us travelers assembled for our simple breakfast, the young monk who had discovered me had a tale to tell. Out of curiosity he had gone down to the cave, which was a very little way from the convent, and in it he had found an immense wolf, frozen and stark dead, for the cold of the night had been intense.

I went down myself to see the poor old fellow, and I declare he looked as large as a calf, and as for his fangs, I think they would have gone through a deal board.

I begged his body of the monks, brought the skin home and had it stuffed; and I can tell you when I come into the room where he lies and the sun is shining on his glass eyes, I often find myself giving a start as if he were still alive, and as if I were still lying under my terrible blanket.

Little Things.

A cup of water timely brought, An offered easy chair, A turning of the window blind, That all may feel the air; An early flower bestow'd unask'd, A light and cautious tread, A voice to soften whispers hush'd, To spare an aching head— Oh, things like these, though little things, The purest love disclose, As fragrant atoms in the air Reveal the hidden rose.

THE SUPREME COURT.

The Only Place Where Everyone Shows Reverence.

The justices of the supreme court are not to be blamed if they are vain, says a Washington correspondent. All day long they sit upon the grandest throne in the United States, surrounded by more show of deference and honor than even the president receives, with theatrical curtains of crimson silk draped behind them and a great gold eagle over their heads, with page boys at their elbow, venerable lawyers bowing before them, velvet carpets to hush the fall of feet upon the court room floor, negro doorkeepers watching over noiseless doors, a dim religious light in the semi-circular room, and a never-ceasing throng of awed citizens of this and other lands reverentially staring them out of countenance. The Lybian lion at a circus excites very little more veneration and awe from the spectators. I should think that the justices must feel sometimes how like wild beasts on exhibition they are. Perhaps they don't think of it at all, for one grows accustomed in time to anything, even to being a supreme court judge.

Natural Curiosity.

"I should think, sir," said a Mormon wife severely to her husband at Castle Garden the other morning, "that you would be ashamed to be seen flirting with that girl so openly."

"Flirting, my dear," he returned in astonished tones. "I wasn't flirting. We were engaged before the vessel left Queenstown."

"Oh," said his wife, calmly, "I beg your pardon. If you have proposed to her I presume it is all right. When does the interesting event take place?"

Oil From Corn.

Oil from corn is one of the latest products which modern science every now and then throws upon the world. The maize, which is now grown in the United States at the rate of some 2,000,000,000 bushels per year, has been experimented with and found capable of yielding 3 1/2 per cent of its weight in oil, the germ of the kernel being the part from which the oil is extracted. The new material is of a pale yellow, somewhat thicker than either the olive or the cotton-seed oil and does not seem to be readily available as a substitute for them, but it is well adapted for lubricating purposes, and may be used as a salad dressing.

NOT A BOOK OF RULES.

A Point in Which the Bible is Misunderstood by Many.

A chief value of the Bible as a guide of human conduct is found in the fact that it is a book of vital principles instead of being a book of rigid rules; that it indicates in its precepts the spirit that should influence us in all our actions instead of declaring to us in specific injunctions the application of those principles in every imaginable case. Yet it is just at this point that the Bible is misunderstood by many, and that many are perplexed by what seems to them a lack of explicitness in the divinely inspired teaching of the Bible, says the Sunday School Times.

The Bible declares it to be every man's duty to love God supremely, and to love every child of man as one dear to God himself. This commandment is "exceedingly broad." It represents a principle which can find its application at all times, in any and every relation of life. He who really wants to know and do just what is right in any given case has the responsibility laid upon him of finding out for himself how the principle bears upon that case, and then of acting accordingly.

But if a man is puzzled to know whether he shall take the right hand or the left when he meets a fellow-man on a narrow crossing in a muddy street, he will find no specific declaration on the subject in the pages of the entire Bible. The principles enunciated in the Bible ought to enable a man to see that it is his duty to conform to the well-defined current practice in such a matter, and to concede to his fellow man that portion of the pathway which custom or law declares to be his. But unless a man is willing to study out from Bible principles a rule that should guide him in the case, he must be so far without a rule that has the Bible sanction.

And thus it is in all the range of human duty: the Bible enunciates the principle that ought in every case to be a man's standard of action, while it does not propose to supply a man with a specific rule for every particular case before him for decision. Although this is unmistakably the truth concerning the Bible, it is by no means generally recognized as the truth; and because of the misconceptions of the purpose and methods of the Bible so far, men are constantly misleading themselves in courses of conduct through their conviction that the Bible does or does not specifically pass upon those courses of conduct for all time and for every person.

A-I-t-o-h.

Aitch is the peculiar name of a post-office in Huntington county, Pennsylvania. The origin of the name, as one might suppose, is at the bottom of a curious and interesting story. Within a few miles of this little mail dispensary reside five prosperous, well-to-do farmers named, respectively, Anderson, Iseberg, Taylor, Crum, and Henderson. When it became known that Uncle Sam had decided to extend the mail facilities to that part of "Penn's Wood's" a rivalry sprang up between the above well-to-do and prosperous farmers, each desiring to give his name to the forthcoming postoffice. Numerous meetings failed to settle the matter, until at last some peace-making genius proposed to the rivals that each, in order as given above, contribute the first letter of his name, and thus form a word heretofore unknown in the geographical glossary. This was done according to suggestion, and behold! the new word Aitch sprang into existence.

A Rival for the Pedometer.

The pedometer's life of usefulness seems to be very seriously threatened by a new French invention for recording speed and distance traveled by man, beast or vehicle. The inventor, E. J. Marcy, of the Institute of France, has devised a very simple machine to which the name odograph has been given. It draws or traces a curve on a traveling band of paper, which is a register of the speed with which a person walks or a vehicle moves. The recording mechanism is not at all complicated and is not likely to get out of order. It consists of a cylinder covered with ruled paper and revolved by clockwork. On this a stylus actuated by a wheel which traverses the ground marks the trace, and the stylus moves at a rate proportional to the wheel, while the paper moves past it at right angles with a velocity proportional to the time. The slope of the trace is a record of the speed. The odograph is capable of being adapted to special purposes, such as measuring the speed of soldiers on the march, the rate that railroad trains travel, or the time made by race horses on the track, and it is thought that in the more general use which promises to be made of this instrument it will be found to meet accurately numerous purposes for which some such recorder has been needed.

Politeness in the Boston of Mexico.

In Guadalajara when you enter a street car you are expected, before taking your seat, to bow, hat in hand, to your fellow passengers, none of whom you have ever before seen. Arrived at your destination, you must rise, smile a friendly farewell to the car in general, shake hands with the conductor and, with a polite inclination of the head, take leave of the driver. And yet Guadalajara is the Boston of Mexico.—Boston Herald.

Only His Grave Remains.

A friendless old man in a small town in this state, after suffering many years from a cancer and using all his hard earned money, mortgaged his small farm last fall for a sum sufficient to get him into the Maine General hospital, and went there to die, but has lingered through the winter, suffering acutely.

A few weeks ago word was sent to the town authorities from the hospital to make arrangements at once for his burial, as he could not possibly live but a few hours, and his body would need immediate attention. So in the lonely village churchyard was dug his grave, which still awaits its occupant.

Strange to relate, the condition of the sick man has since changed for the better, and there is a possibility that he will recover sufficiently to return to find no house and no welcome save the open grave on the bleak hillside.—Cor. Boston Record.

A New England Maid.

A writer in The Christian Union sketches with a sympathetic pen a typical New England old maid, grim and burlesque of manner, but having a warm heart; a hard shell saint, he felicitously calls her. "Not long ago," he says, "after the death of a proud aristocrat of the town whom she had nursed faithfully, she said: He allers used to think the Lord's overcoat wouldn't make him a jacket. Guess now he knows better." Nor could Charity itself forbear a smile when one day in the burying ground she first saw 'Memento Mori' cut on the family stone of a local citizen, and exclaimed: 'I knowed all Jem Smith's darters, but blessed if I ever knowed before one of them had married any Mr. Mori.'

Viewed the Falls Too Closely.

Louis Sinclair, an English tourist, has enjoyed a slightly more intimate acquaintance with Niagara than generally falls to the lot of his fellow countrymen. In order to get an extra good view he clambered on some rocks the other day. Suddenly the water boiled up and submerged the spot where he stood. Mr. Joseph R. Wilson, of Philadelphia, saw his predicament and managed, with great difficulty, to rescue him. Sinclair had to wade back to safety through the current, holding on to Wilson's overcoat, and both narrowly escaped being swept over the precipice.

Women Barbers in London.

A lady whom I know is thinking of opening a haircutting saloon for gentlemen, and having a trained army of lady hairdressers to wait upon them. There is no doubt that a staff of lady haircutters would attract customers. There is no reason at all why women should not be employed to "barber" men. Women barbers are largely employed to cut women's hair, and a man's hair is easier to cut than a woman's. Of course the women barbers would have to gain proficiency in shaving.—Miss Mantalini in Pall Mall Gazette.

Children Enjoy

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative and if the father or mother be costive or bilious the most gratifying results follow its use, so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

When poverty attack a man it first breaks out on his hat.

In 1850 "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.

Another conspiracy against the guard has been discovered in France.

SIX NOVELS FREE will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., to any one in the U. S. or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each bar. Soap for sale by all grocers.

The United States gunboat Beumington has been launched.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

Striking carpenters in Chicago are on trial for intimidation.

FOR DYSPEPSIA TAKE ALLEN'S Iron Tonic Bitters. All genuine bear the signature of J. P. Allen, Druggist, St. Paul, Minn.

The New York supreme court has affirmed the conviction and sentence of ex-sheriff Flack.

None equal "Tansill's Punch" 5c. Cigar.

It is said that the Louisiana lottery people are gaining ground. The opponents of the lottery attribute this result to the lavish use of money, which has been going on.

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REMEDY FOR PAIN
THE GREAT
CURES PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY
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Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache,
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A Bright Girl Editor.

Miss Andrea Hofer, a girl of 20 is editor of The McGregor (Ia.) News. She carries on the paper herself, doing all the editorial and nearly half the mechanical work. She has worked in the office since she was 10 years old, and has graduated out of every department. Her helpers, a boy and girl, both younger than herself, set the correspondence and clippings. The editorials, notes, reviews, etc., Miss Hofer sets in type as she thinks them out.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Pride of His Class.

He was a bright, handsome boy of sixteen, sunny-tempered, brilliant and engaging, the delight of his parents, the joy of his home, and the pride of his class. But a shadow fell across his bright prospects. It began with a trifling cough; soon came premonitions of consumption, his strength failed, his cheeks grew hollow, and he seemed doomed to an early grave. Then a friend advised Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. He tried it and was saved. Health and strength returned, his cheerful voice rang out again across the school playground, his cheeks again grew rosy, his eyes bright. He is still "the pride of his class" and he graduates this year with highest honors.

Chronic Nasal Catarrh positively cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents, by druggists.

Woman is the cork to many a bottled secret.

A Sure Deliverance.

Not instantaneously it is true, but in a short space of time, persons of a bilious habit are saved from the tortures which a disordered liver is capable of inflicting, by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an anti-bilious medicine and aperient of the first rank. The pains in the right side and through the right shoulder blade, the sick headache, nausea, constipation and saffron hue of the skin are entirely removed by this estimable restorative of tone to the organs of secretion and digestion.

The governments of Germany, France, Russia and Switzerland have signed the treaty for the suppression of anarchy.

The Dairy Supply house of Cornish, Curtis & Green Co., St. Paul, Minn., offer to send a copy of their publication "The Dairyman" to any one who will send their address on a postal card to them. The firm are extensive manufacturers and dealers in everything that pertains to butter and cheese making, and handle everything in that line from a steam engine down to a butter ladle. It will pay anyone wanting dairy goods to correspond with them.

About seventy persons were poisoned at St. Jacob, Ill., by ice cream. There are several very critical cases.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me express and post-office address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

Creates An Appetite

There is nothing for which we recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla with greater confidence than for loss of appetite, indigestion, sick headache and other troubles of dyspeptic nature. In the most natural way this medicine gently tones the stomach, assists digestion, and makes one feel "real hungry." Ladies in delicate health, or very debilitated by particular ailments, after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a few days find themselves longing for and eating the plainest food with unexpected relish and satisfaction. Try it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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THE GENUINE DIAMOND BRAND.
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be diligent for Diamond Brand. In
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mail. *Solec Paper.*
Chichester Chem. Co., Baldock Sq., Phila., Pa.
N. W. N. U. 1890 No. 24.

"When slovens get tidy they polish the bottoms of the pans."—When
SERVANTS
are given **SAPOLIO** they are never tired of cleaning up.

Two servants in two neighboring houses dwelt, But differently their daily labor felt; Jaded and weary of her life was one, Always at work, and yet 'twas never done. The other walked out nightly with her beau, But then she cleaned house with SAPOLIO.

SECOND-HAND TYPE FOR SALE CHEAP.

MINION, 15 CENTS PER POUND. AGATE, 10 CENTS.

News Stands in First-Class Order \$1.50 Each.

Write for particulars to NORTHWESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION, St. Paul, Minn.

PIRO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH—Best, easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH
It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

Many Witnesses.

100,000 witnesses testify to the virtues of Dr. Tatt's Pills. Wherever Chills and Fever, Bilious Diseases or Liver Affections prevail, they have proven a great blessing. Readers, a single trial will convince you that this is no catch-penny medicine. Twenty years test has established their merits all over the world.

Gains Fifteen Pounds.

"I have been using Tatt's Pills for Dyspepsia, and find them the best remedy I ever tried. Up to that time everything I ate disagreed with me. I can now digest any kind of food; never have a headache, and have gained fifteen pounds of solid flesh."
W. C. SCHEUTZLE, Columbia, S. C.

Tutt's Liver Pills

GIVE STRENGTH AND HARD MUSCLE.

SICK HEADACHE
CARTER'S
LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartily Eating. A perfect Remedy for Biliousness, Dizziness, Headache, Bloating, Bragg, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.
Price 25 Cents.

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Pumps, Pipe and Well Supplies.
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