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**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**

I believe PISO'S Cure for Consumption saved my life.—A. H. DOWELL, Editor Enquirer, Edenton, N. C., April 23, 1887.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**

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

**RUSSIAN RELIGION.**

**How It Displays Itself in the Streets and in Railway Cars.**

One of the first things that strikes the stranger in St. Petersburg, and still more in Moscow, is the constant crossing that goes on in the streets. Whenever a devout Russian passes a church or a shrine or a holy altar, he lifts his hat and crosses himself in the fashion of the Eastern Church. In Moscow the number of shrines is so great, and the sanctity of some of them so overpowering, that it must be difficult for the devout orthodox to get along the street. In St. Petersburg the number is much less, but it is still sufficient to keep your ivostochik's arms in tolerably active exercise. One thing puzzled me much. In St. Petersburg the women very seldom crossed themselves. For one woman who would make the sign of the cross in passing the shrine at the entrance to the Gostinnoi Dvor it would be made by a dozen men. In Moscow the women were more careful to perform their devotions, but in St. Petersburg the males were much more devout to outward seeming than the women. Of the women who did obeyance to the holy places in St. Petersburg all were poor. I did not see one well-dressed lady cross herself in the streets all the time I was in Russia. Officers and gentlemen were not so particular as the ivostochicks and workmen, but it was no uncommon sight to see them making the sign of the cross. I traveled with General Ignatieff from St. Petersburg to Moscow. The moment the train started the General crossed himself twice, remarking that although you should always pray, it was especially incumbent upon you to do so when starting on a journey. The number of shrines in Russia where candles are burning before holy pictures is very great, and much greater importance is attached to the science of genealogy than is easily credible to the non-ritualistic Englishman. Sunday was much more generally observed as a holiday than I expected. The shops on the Grand Morskaya and the Nevski Prospekt are almost all shut all Sunday. St. Petersburg is not Sabbatarian by any means; it is more a day of amusement and of visiting than of devotion, but there seemed to me to be a much more general cessation of labor on Sunday in Russia than either in Germany or in France.—Contemporary Review.

**Fish That Annoy the Diver.**

As to the fish the diver sees, they are legion. They swarm all around him. Hideous sculpins peer into his eye-windows and grin horribly, and snake-like eels glide over his feet and squirm round his legs, and crabs and lobsters claw at his clothing and make themselves familiar in a cordial manner that would make anyone except a stoical diver go out of the water. But it's the simple, every-day perch, the little fish that the boys catch at the wharves that bother the divers the most. They seem to think his fingers are bait, prepared by an overruling providence for their special appetite, and accordingly they nibble and gnaw the bare flesh with the same persistency that they employ in devouring angle-worms sent down on fish-hooks. You see, it's not fashionable among divers to wear gloves when diving in warm water. Gloves would greatly decrease the delicacy of touch with which the diver examines the slimy pile in search of worms.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**Drunkenness or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.**

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it; it is absolutely harmless and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. It never fails. The system once impregnated with the Specific it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. For full particulars, address GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

The slot is still wending its way. A company in New York has been formed which proposes to make machines for the delivery of postage stamps automatically by dropping a coin in the slot.

A certain preacher discoursing upon Bunyan and his works, caused a titter among his hearers by exclaiming: "In these days, my brethren, we want more Bunyans." Another clergyman, pleading earnestly with his parishioners for the construction of a cemetery for their parish, asked them to consider the "deplorable condition of 30,000 Christian Englishmen living without Christian burial." Still more curious was this clerical slip: A gentleman said to the minister: "When do you expect to see Deacon S. again?" "Never," said the reverend gentleman, solemnly. "The deacon is in Heaven."

A new acquaintance, who lately offered Edwin Booth a cigarette, got the information that the actor was a man able to hold a pipe.

Mrs. Cleveland has become an expert lawn tennis player. She is able to serve a ball with skill and energy, and her volleying is remarkably effective.

**THE BOWSER FAMILY.**

**Epistles Which Turned the "Old Man's" Wrath Into Confusion.**

Some time since I referred to the fact that I had carefully preserved, arranged and filed all of Mr. Bowser's love letters, and I advised every bride to do the same thing. I now desire to reiterate that advice. I really don't know how I could get along with Mr. Bowser if I did not have this leverage on him. Like all other husbands he has his sudden fits and his hours of forgetfulness. He wanted a pair of pincers to use for something, and because they were not right at hand he made a gesture of despair and exclaimed:

"O, of course, I must get used to it, I suppose. Such a housekeeper as you are Mrs. Bowser?"

"Here they are. You left 'em on the lounge yourself last night."

"Lay it to me, of course. What's that young'un bellowing about now?"

"He fell down."

"Doesn't he know enough to stand up? Did the wood come up?"

"No."

"It didn't." I ordered it the first thing this morning. This is the worst run house in Detroit."

"Do I run the wood yards?"

"But why didn't you tell me it hadn't come up? It's a wonder the girl hasn't quit to climax our troubles."

"She went an hour ago."

Mr. Bowser sat down and looked at me a long time. Then he sighed deeply and said:

"Well, I suppose I must stand it, but it's hard, very hard. This is what comes of marrying a girl who has been brought up on caramels and novels."

I went up-stairs and brought down the package of letters. Selecting one marked: "Exhibit A—filed September 10, 1884," I began to read:

"MY ANGEL ONE: I send you another box of caramels and five of the best novels, and I hope you will thoroughly enjoy them. You were lamenting the fact that you knew so little of housework. I am glad that you are married, and I shall never know a household care."

"That's a base forgery!" shouted Mr. Bowser as I finished reading.

"Oh, no, it isn't. I expected the day would come when you would say so and so I prepared for it. See here: My mother attests it as a witness."

"Well, if I wrote it I must have been asleep."

"And only the other day, Mr. Bowser, when I got a new dress home, you said I hadn't any more taste than a clam, and that my ideas of harmony would stop a clock."

"Yes, and I meant it. You were always that way."

"Was I?"

I selected a letter marked "Exhibit A—2—filed September 18, 1884," and read:

"MY BEAUTIFUL: The picture of my dear one as she appeared to me last night has been with me all day. You have the taste of a queen in your toilet, and harmony is second nature with you. Oh, my little angel, you—"

"I wrote that, did I?" sternly demanded Mr. Bowser.

"Of course."

"Never! The man who says I was ever fool enough to write such stuff must die!"

"It is duly attested, Mr. Bowser, and you can't deny your writing. I haven't changed a bit in my tastes since our marriage. Indeed, I think I have improved."

"There goes that young'un again! He isn't happy unless he is belling like a calf mired in a ditch."

"But see here, Mr. Bowser."

And I selected a telegram marked: "Exhibit B—1—original," and attested by father, mother and nurse, and read:

"CHICAGO, November 20th, 1887.—My Darling: Thank God for the news of the birth of our son! My heart swells with love and gratitude. It is our bond of love. Heaven has surely blessed us. Again, thank God. Will be home Sunday night, Bowser."

"I never sent it," shouted Mr. Bowser.

"Yes, you did! Here is the proof to convict you. There isn't a mention about 'calf' in this, and as for 'belling,' you never dreamed of it."

"Oh, well, have it your own way. You'd have the last word if I was dying. Some wives are built that way. If I was like some husbands I'd assert my authority."

"But you are not, Mr. Bowser, as this will prove."

And I selected a letter marked: "Exhibit C—1—original," and attested, and read:

"MY DEAREST LOVE: In reference to our conversation last night, I wish to say that I have always held and always shall hold that husband and wife should be equal in authority. Neither has the right to dictate to the other, though if either had that right I would give it to you. We shall never have a word of dispute—not one. If there is any 'bossing' you may do it."

"And do you dare charge me with writing such stuff as that?" gasped Mr. Bowser.

"I do. Here is the proof, and you can't wriggle out of it."

"I wrote 'Dearest Lovey,' did I?"

"You did. Indeed, Mr. Bowser, you were far gone about those days."

"I was, eh! Well, you can't make me believe that I ever wrote any such infernal bosh as that! You'll next charge me with writing you up in verse."

"You even did that, sir. Just wait."

I selected a letter marked: "Exhibit C—1—very choice," and read:

"The twilight softly cometh down,  
As sinks the sun away,  
And little children go to bed,  
All weary with their play.  
Where is my love this glorious eve?  
Where doth her proud foot rest?  
And where that head of golden hair  
Which I shall ever bless!"

"And you say I wrote that?" whispered Mr. Bowser.

"You did. It's a beautiful thing, too. I can see those little children going right to bed. You spoke of my 'hoofs' the other day, and you had a slur about red-head! Only four years ago it was my 'proud foot' and my 'golden head!'"

He was silent.

"Do you want any more, Mr. Bowser?" I asked.

"Mrs. Bowser, I don't say that you are not as good as the average wife, but I do say that you have a mighty mean streak in your composition. It may be possible that while I lay burning with fever, or while suffering a nervous attack, I may have written a portion of those letters. The rest are base forgeries, of course, and you are holding them over me as a menace. Is that wifely?"

"Why, Mr. Bowser, do you deny your own hand-writing?"

"I haven't seen the writing and don't want to. Don't threaten me, Mrs. Bowser. I can be coaxed, but not driven. Cases have been known where husbands walked out and never returned."

But that was only his way of wriggling out of it. The next day he sent me up a new dress, took baby for a long walk, and at present is the most docile husband in Detroit.—Detroit Free Press.

**TOQUES AND TURBANS.**

**The Various Styles in Which They Are Made by Fashionable Milliners.**

Toques, turbans and walking hats are made in various styles for young ladies to use for general wear, and are adopted for morning hats by those who are older. Paris milliners are sending over round toques in contrast to the long oval-crowned toques imported from Regent street, which English women of fashion adopted at first merely to wear with tailor gowns, but which they are now using with their handsomest costumes. The round French toques are made of velvet or of cloth in three soft pulls around the head, separated by folded bands of gros grain ribbon, and have a soft wrinkled crown which is covered and flattened on the right side by a very large rosette of the ribbon, with its longest loops coming forward almost to the front. This style is youthful, and is excellent for hats of a single color, the velvet and ribbon being all brown or all black or gray, as best suits the gowns of the wearer, a black toque being now appropriate with dresses of any color. Other velvet toques have fur tips for their only trimming, as short tails of sable with a miniature sable head set in the front of the soft crown. Ribbon toques are also new, and are in the long English shape; two kinds of ribbon are used, velvet in one row draped along the brim, and ending in two rosettes in front, while the crown is covered with three lengthwise rows in loose folds of the new satin ribbon that has raised cords in it, or else gros grain ribbon; these form standing loops in front between the velvet rosettes. Black velvet ribbon with a green ribbon crown makes a stylish toque, or cream velvet with fawn ribbon crown, brown with cardinal, or olive with red, matching the two colors that are combined in the costume. The handkerchief turban is a pretty caprice, with the crown draped with a square of black velvet on which white gros grain is set like a hem or binding half an inch or more in width. Rosette turbans have soft rosettes of doubled silk thickly gathered set in front of shirred velvet crowns. Other velvet turbans have a frill falling on the lower edge, with a gathered band, and above this a soft puffed crown. Embroidered cloth turbans may be merely scalloped on the edges, but many are covered with embroidery. There are also very rich embroidered cloth leaves and bands that are used to trim the sides of velvet and plain cloth turbans. Braiding and cording are also fashionable on these small hats. Long slender oxidized silver pins, daggers, and clasps are fashionable ornaments. Ribbon bows are very tightly strapped with long loops, and these rival rosettes in popularity.—Harper's Bazar.

**What Am I to Do!**

The symptoms of billi-busness are unhappy but too well known. They differ in different individuals to some extent. A billious man is seldom a breakfast eater. Too frequently, alas, he has an excellent appetite for liquors but none for solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furred, it is rough, at all events.

The digestive system is wholly out of order and diarrhea or constipation may be a symptom or the two may alternate. There are often Hemorrhoids or even loss of blood. There may be giddiness and often headache and acidity or flatulence and tenderness in the pit of the stomach. To correct all this it not respect a cure try Green's August Flower, it cost but a trifle and thousands attest its efficacy. 41-117. e o w.

**Geniuses are not sectional. They are liable to spring up anywhere. A telegraph operator in Minneapolis has invented a word-counting machine, which may be used by itself or attached to a typewriter. And some genius there about the Tribune office has invented a roller blotting pads.**

Ignatius Donnelly has written a letter to the London World in which he says: "My 'Great Cryptogram' showing that Bacon wrote Shakespeare has not been answered. I have been traduced, slandered, in sulted, denounced, ridiculed and misrepresented." The Minnesota politician finds it difficult to get himself believed.

The Edinburg (Ind.) Courier says: "There is a wide difference between prohibition laws and prohibition. Legislatures can make the former in an hour. It takes years of patient labor of the best men and women to prepare society for the latter."

Zola seems to understand his nation and offers this explanation for its recent conduct. He says: "Boulanger supplies what the French want—glitter, gilded uniforms, stars and ribbons and loyalty."

Last year there were 136,000 European immigrants to Brazil.

In England all butter substitutes are summed up in the word "bosh."

**FIGHTING THE BROTHERHOOD.**

**The Reading Road Gives Its Engineers a Broad Intimation.**

Reading, Pa., Feb. 19.—It was learned here this afternoon that an intimation was recently made to the members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers in the employ of the Reading Railroad Company, that it was desired by the company that they should either quit the brotherhood or the company. Since then many members have withdrawn from the order and it is asserted that those who fail to do so would be discharged by the company. Not many brotherhood men are on the main line, but on the North Pennsylvania and Roundbrook division most of the members of the brotherhood and if the order to withdraw be enforced by the company it is difficult to predict the outcome. It is believed however, that no organized opposition to the company.

**He Rent His Clothes.**

John L. Brandt is a brawny black smith, with a large property and a temper, his wife says, that vents itself on everything in sight, animate and inanimate. They entered into a domestic partnership on the 17th day of February, 1887, and his wife's experience as a matron is graphically set forth in her petition, which, being of a decidedly unique pattern petitions go, is worth printing at some length. She declares that he was violently profane and habitually flew into violent fits of rage and would go about the house breaking us furniture, china and glassware and stripping portions of his wearing apparel off his body; would tear it into pieces and burn it; that in the early summer of 1888 he brought her some strawberries and told her that they were expensive, and when she said that she was sorry he had spent so much for them he cursed her, and in a fit of temper tore off his necktie and collar and tore them into shreds and threw them out of the window. The same day the plaintiff remarked that the weather was warm whereupon he lighted a large Rochester lamp, though it was broad daylight, and heated the room up till it was almost unbearable. At other times, when she asserts, she had taken unusual care and pains to prepare his meals for him, he would call the dog and throw his food out of the coal in the scuttle over the floor, break out a pane of glass, knock over chairs, and then lie down in the debris and dirt to read the newspaper. She declares that she is in danger of great bodily harm if she lives with him, and asks for an absolute divorce, alimony and the custody of their child.—Ex.

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