LIE STILL.

Lie still. You need not love, nor gold,
Nor name, to make the sum complete.
The world no living Hand may hold
Falls at a dead man's feet!

Lie still. You climbed for flowers, and found
They grow not well in highest air.
Lie still. The rock, the thorn, the wound
Were yours; you had your share.

Lie still. This is the end, they say.
Lie still. The peasant and the king,
A little weary, walk this way;
The bride leaves here her ring.

Your virtues? Though the priest speak true,
You need not blush—your face is hid.
The roses life denied to you
Are on your coffin-lid.

—Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

TWENTY POUNDS STERLING.

There never was such a man to bet as Staining. He was always so sure he was right. Our mutual friend, Marxwell, ought to have sailed for Brazil, but I felt confident I had seen him in the street, but Staining said it was nonsense, and he bet £20 to 1s I was wrong. He had hardly finished speaking when Marxwell came in. Staining pulled out of his pocket a £20 note and handed it to me.

"There you are, old fellow. 'A fool and his money,' &c. Another illustration of that wise adage."

"Not exactly; for you don't expect I shall take your money?"

"Yes I do; and shall be extremely annoyed if you refuse."

I protested, but presently he said in considerable irritation:

"Then be my almoner, and give the money away in charity."

He left presently, and, as there are objections to standing in the public highways with a bank note in your hand and a puzzled expression in your face, the note was transferred to my pocket, and I went my way wondering, when I was met full tilt by a clergyman I knew.

"Hulloa!" he cried. "Mr. Smith, you and I seem to have our minds so much occupied that we cannot take care of our bodies."

"No grave matter of mine," I said, "but you look sad. Nothing wrong with you and yours?"

"No, thank you; but I have just left a depressing scene. A young couple, married in haste, have come to grief. The wife and child are ill. Relatives and friends have receded into the remote background. And worse than all, the husband—"

"Has become intemperate or has gone mad?"

"Neither one nor the other."

"Something worse."

"Yes; for to be dishonest is worse than going mad. And it is such a mere trifle that is needed apparently, to put all straight, that I groan at my inability to find it."

"What's wanted?"

"Well it's only £20."

"There's the money you require. Hast away, and do all the good you can with it."

My friend looked astonished. He even hesitated a moment.

"It is very good of you," he said, nervously, "but really——"

"I have the power to give this away. Good by." And I hurried off. Then I hastened back to him.

"May I request that you will on no account mention my name?"

"As you wish it, I won't; but you should know the objects of your bounty." And he told me. Then we parted. I had only gone a dozen yards, when there passed me a young man with a flushed face and a frightened, anxious look in his eyes. He caught up to my friend and spoke to him.

"That is the man," I said to myself, "whose proceedings here have been dubious, and who will, I trust, be rescued by Staining's £20. Well, if the wheel should turn, and this poor man should ever be in a position to deliver a fellow-creature from such trouble as he himself is now in, by the surrender of £20, I wonder whether he'll do it? Smith, you surely know human nature well enough to answer your own foolish question. Not he—not a bit of it."

This incident was soon swept from my mind by a sudden call to go abroad, even to the place where Marxwell did not go—Brazil. Nothing hampered me then; I was a young bachelor, and could start for the antipodes at two days notice. When I take my wife and children—I forgot them numbers—for our annual trip, in these later years of my life, I require weeks preparation.

Away, then, to Brazil; away to new life, new companions, new hopes and fears; away to fortune and the yellow fever! Here occurs in my tale an interval of twenty years, (my story deals in twenties.) I doubt whether I should have come back had not a young English lady one night sung in my hearing an old home ballad, so well remembered in connection with some who in this world will sing no more, that a craving for my native land mastered me at once, and in a very short time I was on my return home.

On the way home I had one night a frightful dream. I fancied a terrible enemy had me down and clutched my throat. Tighter grew his grasp and fainter my breath. My staring eyes scanned every feature of my murderer. Slowly and painfully did I call to mind the face above me. I gasped an entreaty for mercy.

"Give it to me; I want it; I must have it instantly—instantly!" was the hoarse reply.

"What—what can he mean?"

"What!" he shrieked, in maniacal frenzy. "My £20.'

I had quite forgotten about the bet and £20, but the dream set me thinking of what rumors I had heard respecting Staining since I left England—that his money had wasted, he had fallen in position and even into poverty.

"Poor fellow!" I thought, "there may be something in that dream. If his pride will accept it he shall have that money back, and very glad I shall be to present it."

Back in England, settled down in the old country. Main matters disposed of, I began to think of minor ones, and among the latter the discovery of Staining. He was not in the former haunts, and I failed so long to find him that I was beginning to despair, when one night I met him in the street.

The brilliant light of a ball-room may increase the lustre of a woman's eyes, but if you want to see a broken-down man in his worst aspect, survey him standing disconsolately under a street lamp, a drizzling rain descending upon him, and he with folded arms presenting a picture of mute dispair. So did I behold Staining. I put my hand upon his shoulder. He sprang from me as though I were a wild beast.

"I did not want to run away," he said hoarsely; "they knew that. Go on; I'll walk quietly enough. Why—what—can it be—"

"Yes, it is Smith, your old companion. Come out of this and confide in me. If you are in trouble and money can help you, you shall not want." And I took his arm and we went together.

And then I heard poor Staining's confession, and it amounted to this: When he had wasted his money, he obtained a situation in a merchant's office. The pay was sufficient to keep him; but even new nothing could restrain him from betting on horse-racing. As a consequence he was soon penniless, and worse—dishonest. He had paid a bettting debt out of a £20 note which had been entrusted to him. Discovery had ensued, and though the luckless man had explained that it was only through a failure of another member of the virtuous fraternity he could not replace the money at once, he had been discharged, and had reason to suppose he would be prosecuted.

"Many, many thanks," replied the poor fellow to my offer. "You can see the firm in the morning; but I doubt whether they will take the money. I believe they are bent on my ruin."

Early the next morning I was at the office of Blendon, Baydon & Co., and having stated my errand, I proffered my £20.

Mr. Baydon was a sleek old gentleman. There was an air of wealth, and ease all over him. He bowed complacently, and said:

"I can appreciate your kindness to this poor man, and I myself would pass the matter over at once, but my partner takes a different view, and I cannot interfere."

"Can I see Mr. Blendon?"

"Yes, if you will call again in two hours."

In the cab I kept muttering to myself: "Blendon, and Robert Blendon, too? I am sure of it. Still, if it be so, it is very strange. I think I should know that face again. We shall see who will be master."

Back again to Messrs. Blendon, Baydon & Co.'s office, and then in the presence of Mr. Blendon. All my anxiety for my poor friend faded away. I was manager of the situation. I stated my desire to pay the amount of Staining's defalcation, and my hope that under the extenuating circumstances no publicity would be given to the miserable wrong-doing.

Mr. Blendon heard me with some impatience, and before replying, drew a check to "self or bearer" for £100. Having given it to the clerk, he said to me:

"You will excuse me answering somewhat shortly. It cannot be It is not the money we care about, but we must vindicate the law."

I declare I was pleased at the grandiose style of his speech. How beautifully he was working into my net! I suggested that in a case like this there was no imperative call to such a course, and that forbearance might be shown.

"I do not see it, "observed Mr. Blendon. "You do not appear, sir, to observe the immense importance of punishing a delinquency of this kind. I cannot take your money. If I were to let this man off, I would be ashamed of myself. I have just overcome some foolish hesitation of my partner. I am always firm myself." (Not always, Mr. Blendon—not when I last saw you. But wait a bit. A little further into my net, please.) "And, therefore, however sorry I may be, sir, I must say no. If I were myself to commit an act of this kind, and—"

Why did he stop! I bowed quietly, and rising said:

"You are quite right, Mr. Blendon, for dishonesty is a terrible thing, and while not for a moment pressing my request, I know you will forgive my calling to remembrance a curious case known to myself. Some twenty years ago a poor young couple, not long married, had fallen into poverty. The wife and infant were ill; the husband was distracted; he must get money. When his young wife and infant child were almost starving what was to be done? The money was obtained—Mr. Blendon, you know how. But in what way was it repaid before mischief came, and how was the husband saved from ruin and degradation—saved to become a rich and respected merchant? Whose money saved him? That you do not know, but I will tell you. The £20 note which rescued the husband, rested only ten minutes before in the very pocket of this very Staining whom you are about to prosecute. Then Staining was as rich as you are now; but he was a kind, Christain man. Mr. Blendon, I have a right to ask you to what character do you lay claim."

I have often thought since, what admirable advantages are a clear head and a calm temper. I'd worked myself up to a white heat. It was only when he saw my drift that my listener manifested any strong emotion. Then he rose from his chair with flushed face, but he resumed his seat, and by the time I had finished he was almost as calm as when I entered. There was a slight pause, and then he said:

"You have acquired some knowledge of an incident in my life which I am not called upon to discuss. Is this knowledge confined to yourself?"

"I believe it to be confined to myself and my informant, and I have no desire it should be otherwise."

Mr. Blendon bowed.

"I will not conceal that I shall be glad if this goes no further, and on that footing I will say that your friend will be freely absolved, and I will even aid him if I can. You must excuse my taking your £20. I am obliged to you for coming. Good morning."

I felt as I left him that the enemy had well covered his retreat, and had not left me a morsel of triumph more than he could help. But my object was accomplished, and I hastened to meet Staining. He was not at the appointed place so I went to his lodgings. The landlady told me he had come in early and gone to his room—not well, she thought. She and I went up together and knocked more than once. Then I went in. Poor Staining lay upon the bed -dead. His enfeebled frame had not been able to endure the recent wear and tear, and he was now beyond the reach of his follies and his troubles.

PITH AND POINT.

Here lies a man whose crown was won
By blowing in an empty gun.
No sooner in the gun he blew
Than up the golden stair he flew,
And met the girl on heaven's green,
Who lit the fire with kerosene.
He also saw, astride a stool,
The man who tampered with a mule.
He also saw—'twas mighty sore—
The man who whistled "Pinafore."
And further on the miner cove
Who thawed his powder in the stove.

Bits of Fun.

"Can't you trust me, darling?" murmured Spilkins to the daughter of old Moneylender. "Not without real estate security," replied Isabella, absent-mindedly.

Class in definitions—"What is monopoly?" "That rival establishment over the way." "When is a monopoly not a monopoly?" "When it is in your own hands."

Miss Araminta Gushington speaks of the solemn season of Lent as "the season of painfully vulgar, you know.

What would be the most natural expression of a man who woke up on a cold night and found himself without sufficient covering? "Blank it!"

News from the army: The lieutenant was badly bitten, about three inches from the end of his vertebra and twenty-five miles from the mouth of the Rio Grande, where he was stationed.

"Anything taken place, to-day?" asked Mr. Frelinghuysen, as he walked in and elevated his boots to the top of the cabinet table. "Nothing," replied Mr. Arthur, without looking up from the tantalizing pages of the patent office report. "There were lots of fellows here who wanted to take it, however." Thus doth the oasis of innocent mirth lighten up the barren waste of official life.

A Brief Honeymoon of a Soldier.

A case of persecution which is exciting great indignation in Somerville, Mass., has just come to light. In 1866 Charles E. Trask of Boston, then sixteen years old, enlisted in the United States army and served three years. He then re-enlisted, and was in the service continuously until 1873, when he found himself with his comrades in close proximity to yellow fever at Charleston, S. C. The young man had but eighteen months to serve, and not caring to die away from home, deserted and came home. He told no one that he had left the service surreptitiously, and has been engaged in honest business ever since. A few months ago he became enamored of Miss Mary Beliew of Somerville, and successfully prosecuted his suit. The young lady's brothers were bitterly opposed to the match, and vowed that by some means or other they would break it up. In this, however, they were unsuccessful, for the lovers were married. Three days later came the revenge, when a file of soldiers from Fort Warren, accompanied by a civil officer, arrested the bridegroom and incarcerated him in Fort Warren on the charge of desertion. Trask is without doubt guilty of the charge, and unless popular sentiment is able to bring about a revocation of sentence, he will be obliged to wear a ball and chain.

The Career of a Fascinating Beauty.

Catherine Stephens, the countess of Essex, died in London last month in the eighty-eigth year of her age. She was the daughter of a wood carver, possessed a singularly sweet voice, and appeared on the lyric stage in 1812, and continued on it until 1838, singing in concert and opera with varying success. She was a fascinating and joyous beauty, and had plenty of admirers. One man, after haunting Drury Lane, and pursuing her all over great Britain and Ireland, went mad for love, and the duke of Devohshire and Lord Milton were reported as about to marry her. Finally, April 14, 1838, she married at his house in Belgrave square, the earl of Essex, a childless widower of eighty-two who died on St. George's Day of the following year. He settled on her a splendid jointure, and allowed her thus to leave to her family the really large fortune she had accumulated, her earnings during a long period have ranged from £3,000 to £5,000 a year. She was of a very generous and unspoiled nature, prudent and clever, displaying in private life the warmth she lacked on the stage, and towards her brothers and sister professionals the soul of courtesy and kindness.

HOUSE AND FARM.

Domestic Recipes.

HOECAKE.—Here is an excellent recipe for making hoecake: Scald one quart of corn meal, with just enough hot water to make a thick batter; stir in two large spoonfuls of butter; beat this a little before mixing it with the batter, so it will rise readily; add half a teaspoonful of salt. This should be baked at least three-quarters of an hour; butter the tins well in which it is baked; serve hot. This is decided economical, and it is very rourishing.

BAKED CABBAGE.—Baked cabbage is a nice entree, or side dish. Cut the cabbage in small pieces and boil till tender in salt and water. When cold chop it fine, add two beaten eggs, a little butter, pepper and salt, if it needs it, and two tablespoonfuls of cream. Stir all vigorously, bake in a buttered pudding dish till it is brown on the top. Serve hot.

GINGER COOKIES.—The taste of ginger cookies can be improved by using half a cup of cold coffee instead of water. There is almost always at least so much left after breakfast; or, if not, put a little water in the pot and let it boil for a minute or two, and strength enough will be given to flavor the cookies.

Buckwheat Cakes are improved for some people by mixing the buckwheat with graham flour. Put about one-third of graham with it. Start the cakes at night with yeast—a small teacup of yeast to one quart of flour; mix with cool, not cold water, and set in a warm corner. Griddle cakes can be made of oat meal by putting one-third of wheat flour with it. They require more for cooking than buckwheat cakes do, and should be browned thoroughly.

Farm Brevities.

J. W. Sanborn, of the New Hampshire Agricultural college, pronounces the ensilage system for preparation of green food, as fallacious; and that they who use it report more milk as the product than the amount of food contains.

The difference between the value of the labor on the form of a man who thoroughly understands how to work, and one who is a novice is more than one dollar per day. A good, faithful, intelligent man is a great relief to a farmer's mind, as well as a great addition to the profits of the farm.

The Rev. Mr. Carlton, who has been living for some years in the Kulu or Cooloo District of the Punjab, in northern Hindostan, has made some very successful experiments in the cultivation of maize, or American Indian corn, which were reported at a meeting of the Agricultural and Horticultural society of India, held in Calcutta in December last. From that report, as printed in the *Indian Daily News*, we learn that of the mammoth dent corn nearly 100 bushels to an acre were raised. This variety seemed to succeed best.

Peas are excellent for fatteuing swine and do well where the season is too short or cold for corn. Many farmers sow oats, peas and barley for fattening pigs. This crop is much more easily grown and more certain than corn. Two bushels per acre are required for seeding in such proportion as may be most readily or conveniently obtained. The usual proportion is one bushel of peas and half a bushel each of oats and barley. The grain should be covered with a cultivator or drilled in after the land is well prepared by thorough harrowing.

Domestic Recipes.

PARSNIP OYSTERS.—Boil parsnips until tender and mash well. To a pint of mashed parsnips add a tablespoonful of butter, three well-beaten eggs, salt and pepper to taste, and enough flour to hold the mixture together. Make into small, flat balls and fry in butter until brown.

EGGS AU PLAT.—Butter a plate or dish which has been made very hot and strew bread crumbs over it. The crumbs are better if the bread is first browned and then rolled. Break in a saucer, one at a time, half a dozen fresh eggs, and arrange them on the bread crumbs; add butter, pepper, and salt; strew a few more crumbs over the top, and bake in a quick oven until the eggs are set. Serve hot.

DEVILED EGGS.—Boil half a dozen fresh eggs about twenty minutes. Remove the shells carefully and cut each egg exactly in half, leaving the whites in two perfect pieces. Mash the yolks with butter, pepper, salt, and prepared mustard to taste. Heap this mixture up in the divided whites; place them on a tin plate and brown them in a quick oven. Serve cold for luncheon.

BIRD'S-NEST PUDDING.—Pare and core six mellow apples and place them in a buttered pudding-dish. Rub half a cup of sugar add a tablespoonful of butter together, and a small quantity of cinnamon, and fill the apples with the mixture. Make a batter of one pint of milk, three eggs—yolks and whites beaten separate—a pinch of salt, and sufficient flour to make it of the consistency of thick cream. Pour this over the apples and bake slowly until the apples are tender. Serve warm with sauce.

BOLOGNA SAUSAGES.—Take equal portions of fresh pork, lean beef and salt pork or ham, some would add an equal portion of veal. Chop or grind the meat together, and to every nine pounds of meat add ten teaspoonfuls of powdered sage, two teaspoonfuls of cayenne, two of black pepper, one minced onion, one teaspoonful of cloves, one grated nutmeg, and salt to the taste. Stuff into beef intestines, which may be obtained of a butcher already prepared. Tie up each sausage at both ends and prick in several places. Put into hot, not boiling, water and boil an hour. Take them out, lay them to dry in the sun on straw or hay. Rub the outside of the skins with melted butter.

Hints for Tasteful House Furnishing.

From the New York Sun.

Fortunately, at this time a house can be tastefully furnished without a great outlay of money. It may be made to show that its occupants are people of refinement and æsthetic cultivation, and yet it may not contain a single expensive article. It may be so appointed that it shall be attractive both because of its comfortable and tasteful appointments, and still be the home of people who are forced to husband their resources with the greatest care. Money, no matter how abundant it may be, cannot make up for the lack of good taste, but good taste can easily offset a deficiency in money.

And especially is this the case when the house to be purchased is in the country. That is where a fortunate bride who asks some questions regarding the appointment of her house, is about to settle down. She is fortunate in having a home of her own in which to start out in married life, and fortunate in the ability to decorate it according to her own notions; more fortunate still if, as we doubt not, she is supported by the love and confidence of her husband. Here is what she asks:

"Sir: Will you be kind enough to advise me how to furnish my home? I am newly married, and my husband said he preferred to leave the house unfurnished till I came, and to let me exercise my own taste. The rooms are 16 by 20, and I think at least 10 feet pitch; painting, oak-grained. It is porticularly as to the window curtains, cornice, centre table, parlor, chairs, and as to sideboard and curtains for the dining room that I would plead for some advice. A Young Wife.

"Oh, I had forgotten the hall. It is very wide and handsome. The house has twelve rooms, and this wide hall runs right through it. I live in the country and can't buy very costly furniture."

Hers seems to be a very nice house to run. But the oak graining is not at all desirable. It gives a common appearance to any room. An imitation of black walnut is better, especially in the country, where you have plenty of light to your house; but even that is not the best. Some pleasant colors, not too pronounced, are far preferable. A warm brown is good; so is a Pompeiian red, if used with discretion. As to the hangings for the windows, there is a fine chance for the exercise of taste. Avoid the hideous lambrequins so often seen, with their stiff and meaningless patterns. Get your curtains of some material, no matter how cheap, which hangs in agreeable folds, and have them of a solid color, or of some Moorish or Persian pattern. Very cheap stuffs made of linen can now be purchased, and goods of cotton handsomely dyed are suitable for bed rooms. They have a pleasant tone and a nice texture. Then, put at the top, instead of the odious lambrequins, a square piece of material of a contrasting color or shade, or nothing but a heavy fringe. Or if you can run your curtains on a round rod of brass or wood, and so dispense with the top piece altogether. You don't need a conspicuous cornice. There is nothing more vulgar.

For a centre table, any kind of simple table will do. Avoid those hideous white marble top ones. If it is a plain square or round pine table, with legs painted black, it will serve as well as another. Then put a pretty cloth on it of agreeable colors. That will go far toward making your room bright and cheerful, and the cost of the whole will be less than that of a marble top table or one of the machine carved monstrosities.

As to the chairs, first of all get those that people can occupy comfortably. A chair is not merely to be looked at, and it is not intended to be an instrument of torture. The same thing is true about sofas. They especially should invite occupancy by their comfortable appearance. Avoid curved-backed chairs with carvings which annoy those who sit in them. There is no need of buying a set of furniture with chairs matching in their covering. Get only the articles which by themselves please you, no matter how great the variety, taking care, however, to have them covered with stuffs of agreeable tones of color that go well together. Easy chairs and sofas which show no wood except in the legs, and are upholstered throughout, are the best. Wicker chairs are desirable, and they are cheap. Black is a good color for them. Two or three camp chairs, covered with dark and pretty stuff, are also very convenient to bring into use on occasion.

Don't undertake to load your parlor with furniture. Comparatively few articles are necessary, and everything in it should have its use or a reason for being there because of its beauty. If you wish to paper the walls, put on a quiet paper of a pleasant tone, without large figures. Even that which is perfectly plain is good, provided its color helps to furnish the room and gives a desirable background for pictures.

A good carpenter can make for you a sideboard which will serve any purpose, and be better than the ugly things generally sold in the shops. Paint it black, for instance, giving it several coats, then apply varnish, and it will look like lacquer work. Put a little red stripe around to relieve the black. A box standing on its side, with two or three shelves within it, and perhaps two or three on top, is all you need. A curtain in front will hide the lower shelves, and a piece of dark enamelled cloth on top will complete the thing. There is no need of going to much expense for a sideboard.

Paint the walls of your hall a plain tint—Pompeiian red is a good shade—and let the washboard be dark brown, and relieve the edge of the ceiling with a black line. Paint the floor very dark brown and shellac it. Then lay a strip of carpet half a yard wide through the center, put up some pegs to hang coats on, provide a table for hats, a jar for umbrellas and a chair to sit on, and your hall will be all right. Avoid the stiff hat racks of an octopus pattern.

And generally, in carpeting your house, don't think it necessary to fit the carpet into every little jog. Leave a space sixteen or eighteen inches around it, to be painted dark brown and covered with shellac. And let the carpets be small in figure and quiet in tone.

All this may be done at no great expense—with a very little money, indeed, compared to that often expended to make a single room hideous. The bride who honors us by asking our advice, can make her country home pretty and a model for the whole neighborhood with a small outlay of money, if her taste is good, and she is not tied down by merely conventional notions of house furnishing.

Chicago Times.

CUTTING RATES.

War On Traveler's Torment.

While sauntering leisurely down Canal street, the other day, our young man observed a sign suspended over the door of an elegantly-fitted up office which stands just opposite the new Union Depot. It was not the grandness of that sign that attracted our y. m.'s attention, but the inscription thereon, which read as follows: "Nat Reeves, Railroad and Steamship "Ticket Broker, No. 79 South Canal street, Chicago, Ill." Nat Reeves—Nat Reeves thought our y. m.: well, certainly this cannot be the Nat I knew some years ago in the city of Covington, Kentucky. Now, as thinking the matter over would not solve the question, even though our y. m. thought until dooms-day, he very sensibly resolved to enter and search for ocular demonstration.

The young man who smilingly looked up from the desk proved to be the gentleman sought for, and after a pleasant greeting our y. m., who has but lately arrived from the Buckeye state and is not posted in the biz., asked Nat to explain, which that gentleman did in the following manner:

"When I last met you," said Nat, "you remembr that I was lame with the rheumatism—that is; I was in a sad condition, and could just get about; I was doctoring for it, and was paying out money as fast as I could very well do it. A man never knows how much money it can cost until he gets a good case of rheumatism, and as to suffering, well if a men don't know what it is to suffer when he has got the rheumatism he never will know. I tried doctor after doctor, and remedy after remedy, but all to no avail. I went to the seaside and I went to the springs with the same result; but it was on my return trip from the Springs that I learned of a way for curing my rheumatism and decided on my present business. I heard from a passenger on the train an account of two or three remarkable cures for rheumatism brought about by that infallible remedy—St. Jacobs Oil. I determined to try it. On my arrival here I did so. I went to Van Schaak, Stevenson & Co.'s and purchased a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, and I had not felt such a pleasant experience for a long time as on the morning following the first application. I felt ten years younger on arising than I did on retiring, and each succeeding morning enhanced the pleasant feeling. It was as good as an opiate to me, for I must say that I never slept better in my life than while I was using St. Jacobs Oil, and all it cost me was 50 cents per bottle. Previous to using St. Jacobs Oil, I was paying big bills for doctors, for medicine, and for railway fares. St. Jacobs Oil cured me of all that. First it cured me of rheumatism; while riding on the train I got to thinking of the price of railway tickets, and I made up my mind that they were to dear; I resolved to speculate in that line, so as soon as my rheumatism was cured I went into this business. Now I can furnish railway or steamship tickets over any and all lines cheaper than the companies owning the lines by 50 per cent.—a big thing to traveling public. I can send them anywhere, and if they should prefer walking—well, I can make the lame walk with the use of St. Jacobs Oil—the Great German Remedy."

The writer, after leaving the offices of Mr. Reeves, took his way down Madison street, and just as he rounded the corner of La Salle street he met face to face with another old-time acquaintance—Mr. Mel G. Holding, formerly in the grocery business at the corner of Fourth and Scott streets, Covington, Ky. After the exchange of a pleasant greeting with Mel; the writer related the conversation just held with Mr. Reeves, and imagine his surprise to hear that gentleman exclaim:

"So Nat has used St. Jacobs Oil has he? I wonder if there is any one who has not used that wonderful medicine!"

The writer becoming interested, propounded the following query to Mel:

"Have you used St. Jacobs Oil, Mel?"

"Well, I should say I did use it," was the reply, "and that is not the beauty of it but that I used it and was cured of a bad case of the rheumatism; my arms and shoulders were in a terrible state when I began its use. My mother, who had employed St. Jacobs Oil, would not hear of my trying anything else, so I purchased a bottle and rubbed it upon my shoulders on retiring. The next day I felt greatly improved, and in three or four days I was as well as ever. St. Jacobs Oil is quick, safe, sure and a perfectly permanent cure."

That was talking at a cutting rate, at least so the writer thought, and now he wishes to ask, with Mr. Holding, if there is anyone who has not used St. Jacobs Oil—the Great German Remedy.

The Long Branch property of ex-President U. S. Grant, near Elberon, has been transferred to his wife, Mrs. Julia Dent Grant. The consideration named was $30,000.

All the property in St. Louis, real and personal, is valued at $193,000,000. This seems like a vast amount, but Mr. Vanderbilt could buy it and pay more than half down. Vanderbilt and the Astors could buy it and pay cash.

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, weak stomach, night sweats, and the early stages of consumption, "Golden Medical Discovery" is specific. By druggists.

Woman Suffrage is commended by Gov. Hoyt of Wyoming, as quite a successful venture.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" perfectly and permantly cures those diseases peculiar to females. It is tonic and nervine, effectually allaying and curing those sickening sensations that effect the stomach and heart through reflex action. The backache, and "dragging down" sensations all disappear under the strengthening effects of this great restorative. By druggists.

The statement is authoritatively made that Miss Annie Louise Cary will be quietly married to the man of her choice in the summer or early autumn.

Our Grandmothers

taught their daughters that "a stitch in time saves nine." A pill in time saves not only nine, but oftentimes an incalculable amount of suffering as well. An occasional dose of Dr. Pierce's Pellets (Little Sugar-coated Pills), to cleanse the stomach and bowels, not only prevents diseases but often breaks up sudden attacks, when taken in time. By druggists.

The *Mobile Register* says the south would not accept peaceful secession to-day if it were offered.

A Good Housewife.

The good housewife when she is giving her house its spring renovating, should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house are more precious than many houses, and that their systems need cleansing by purifying the blood, regulating the stomach, and bowels to prevent and cure the diseases arising from spring malaria and miasma, and she must know that there is nothing that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines.—*Concord (N. Y.) Patriot.*

Surgeon General Woodward, whose health was impaired during his attendance on President Garfield, has been granted an eight months' leave of absence.

Fourteen miles south of Lisbon, Ill., Gordon Lord, a farmer, shot twice and killed a boy named Zerah Hall, working for him. Lord then cut his own throat and hung himgelf. He is believed to have been temporarily insane.

On Thirty Day's Trial.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send their Electric Voltaic Belts and other Electric appliances on trial for thirty days to any person afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vigor and manhood. Address as above without delay.

P. S.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

A GOOD FAMILY REMEDY
STRICTLY PURE.
Harmless to the Most Delicate.

By its faithful use **Consumption has been Cured** when other Remedies and Physicians have failed to effect a cure.

JEREMIAH WRIGHT, of Marion County, W. Va., writes us that his wife had PULMONARY CONSUMPTION, and was pronounced INCURABLE by their physician, when the use of Allen's Lung Balsam ENTIRELY CURED HER. He writes that he and his neighbors think it the best medicine in the world.

DR. MERRIDEN, Dentist, of Cincinnati, was thought to be in the last STAGES OF CONSUMPTION and was induced by his friends to try Allen's Lung Balsam after the formula was shown him. We have his letter that it at once cured his cough and that he was able to resume his practice.

WM. A. GRAHAM & CO., Wholesale Druggists, Zanesville, Ohio, writes us of the cure of Mathias Freeman, a well-known citizen, who had been afflicted with BRONCHITIS in its worst form for twelve years. The Lung Balsam cured him, as it has many others of BRONCHITS.

AS ALSO
CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,
ASTHMA, CROUP,
All Diseases of the THROAT, LUNGS and PULMONARY ORGANS.

C. S. MARTIN, Druggist at Oakley, Ky., writes that the ladies think there is no remedy equal to Lung Balsam for Croup and Whooping Cough

Mothers will find it a safe and sure remedy to give their children when afflicted with Croup.

It is harmless to the most delicate child! It contains no Opium in any form.

Recommended by **Physicians, Ministers and Nurses.** In fact by everybody who has given it a good trial. **It Never Fails to Bring Relief.**

Call for Allen's Lung Balsam, and shun the use of all remedies without merit and an established reputation. As an Expectorant it has no equal.
SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.

TUTT'S PILLS
SYMPTOMS OF A
TORPID LIVER.
Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the Shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine, and
CONSTIPATION.
TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.
They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents. 35 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts Instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
OFFICE, 35 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK.
Dr. TUTT'S HAND BOOK FREE on application.
(Useful Receipts will be mailed FREE on application.)

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can Sympathize with Woman.

Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.
Is a Positive Cure
for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.
It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.
It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.
It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.
That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.
It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.
For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*
No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.
Sold by all Druggists.

OPIUM HABIT
Morphine Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. The only known and sure Remedy. Thousands of references from persons cured. No Pay till Cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

40 large chromo cards, no 2 alike, with name, 10c. 13 packs $1. G. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

Not the Way to Do.

In localities where the extraordinary merit of Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla becomes fully known, it leads the sale of all other remedies, and although, in some instances, certain druggists have been known to recommend some other remedy as a blood purifier or strengthening tonic, by the sale of which they make greater profit, nevertheless it is a fact that intelligent persons will not be thus persuaded, but will insist on the druggists procuring Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, as it far excels all medicines as a blood purifier, strengthening tonic, liver and bowel regulator, and kidney cure. A trial will prove its merits as a general health renewer. Its principal ingredients are Yellow Dock, Sarsaparilla, Juniper, Iron, Buchu, Celery, and Calisaya bark, and it acts on the blood, liver, bowels, kidneys, and nervous system at one and the same time, rebuilding a broken-down constitution as if by magic. Try one bottle.

During the war Quartermaster General Meigs directed the expenditure of $1,956,600,000, and audited 33,000 war claims amounting to $40,000,000.

Mr. George M. Whiting, Middletown, O., writes: "I was an invalid many years, suffering from general debility, nervous prostration, blood impurities, dyspepsia, painful urination, weak lungs, catarrh of the bladder, an extreme physical weakness. Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla has brought me out, and made me a sound, healthful, vigorous man. I can never say enough for this wonderful strength and health restoring medicine."

The $2,000,000 estate imputed to the late Henry F. Durand, the Boston founder of Wellesley college, dwindles, on settlement, to about $940,000.

"Mother has Recovered"

wrote an Illinois girl to her Eastern relatives. "She took bitters for a long time but without any good. So when she heard of the virtues of Kidney-Wort, she got a box and it has completely cured her, so that she can do as much work now as she could before we moved West. Since she has got well everyone about here is taking it." See adv.

What Edward Riddle of Round Grove Mo., gained by going into the fight of the rebellion, he retains; and that is, 12 bullets scatteringly placed in his body.

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Depression of Spirits and General Debility, in their various forms, also a preventation against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Caswell, Hazzard & Co., of New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

A washerwoman of Franklin, Pa., has 28 living children. She is about 50 years of age.

The highest hopes and interest of the race rest on the purity, health and strength of womanhood. We take pleasure in referring our readers to the remarkable efficacy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in all that class of diseases, from which women suffer so much.

It is stated that the Pittsburg glass blowers never had so prosperous a season as that in which they are now working.

Mothers who have children who are subject to croup, read this. Allen's Lung Balsam should always be kept in your house, and be given immediately when the first symptoms appear, which will remove the mucus collected in the throat, and save the life of your child.

Buckingham Palace has four hundred rooms, without counting corridors.

There is but one way to cure baldness, and that is by using CARBOLINE, a deodorized extract of petroleum, the natural hair grower. As recently improved, it is the only dressing for the hair that cultured people will use.

A Bad Cough.

NEWCOMERSTOWN, O., Dec. 15, 1881.
Piso's Cure for Consumption has cured my wife of the worst cough that ever was in this country, and I am glad to certify to its good qualities. JNO. W. RODNEY.

Have you a Cancer?

Or do you fear that you have? Then write to Dr. F. L. Pond, Aurora, Illinois. He does cure cancers as certainly as the sun shines. You will be satisfied with proof beyond all doubt if you but ask it.

The spring boom still continues for Dr. Halliday's Blood Purifier and other remedies. In the last nine days the proprietor, S. Blackford, has sold Noyes Bros. & Cutler, druggists and wholesale agents, St. Paul,—30 dozen bottles. Druggists send in your orders.

Skinny Men.

Wells' Health Renewer.—Absolute cure for nervous debility and weakness of the generative functions. $1. at druggists. Prepaid by exp. $1.25, 6 for $5. E. S. Wells, Jersey City, N. J.

The Gold Drunkenness Cure advertised elsewhere in this paper will assuredly cure the worst cases of dissipation.

Use Reddings Russia Salve in the house, and use Reddings Russia Salve in the stable. 25c. per box. Try it.

"Dr. Sellers