

errant, whose squire used to ride upon an ass; but he could not remember any precedent for it: however he gave him leave at last to bring his ass, hoping to mount him more honorably with the first opportunity, by unhorsing the next discourteous knight he should meet. He also furnished himself with linen, and as many other necessaries as he could conveniently carry according to the inkeeper's advice, which being done, Sancho Panza, without bidding either his wife or children good-bye; and Don Quixote without taking any more notice of his housekeeper or of his niece, stole out of the village one night, not so much as suspected by anybody, and made such haste, that by break of day they thought themselves out of reach, should they happen to be pursued. As for Sancho Panza, he rode like a patriarch, with his canvas knapsack, or wallet, and his leathern bottle; having a huge desire to see himself governor of the island, which his master had promised him.

As they jogged on, "I beseech your worship, sir knight-errant," quoth Sancho to his master, "be sure you don't forget what you promised me about the island: for I dare say I shall make shift to govern it, let it be never so big." "You must know, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that it has been the constant practice of knights-errant in former ages to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they conquered: now I am resolved to outdo my predecessors; for whereas sometimes other knights delayed rewarding their squires till they were grown old, and worn out with services, and then put them off with some title, either of count, or at least marquis of some valley or province, of great or small extent; now if thou and I do but live, it may happen, that before we have passed six days together, I may conquer some kingdom, having many other kingdoms annexed to its imperial crown; and this would fall out most luckily for thee; for then would I presently crown thee king of one of them. Nor do thou imagine this to be a mighty matter; for so strange accidents and revolutions, so sudden and so unforeseen, attend the profession of chivalry, that I might easily give thee a great deal more than I have promised." "Why should this come to pass," quoth Sancho Panza, "and I be made king by some such miracle as your worship says, then Mary Gutierrez would be at least a queen and my children infants and princes, an't like your worship." "Who doubts of that?" cried Don Quixote. "I doubt of it," replied Sancho Panza; "for I cannot help believing, that though it should rain kingdoms down upon the face of the earth, not one of them would sit well upon Mary Gutierrez's head; for I must needs tell you she's not worth two brass jacks to make a queen of; no, countless would be better for her; and that, too, will be as much as she can handsomely manage." "Recommend the matter to providence," returned Don Quixote; "I'll be sure to give what is most expedient for thee."

CHAPTER VIII.

Of the good success which the valorous Don Quixote had in the most terrifying and incredible adventures of the Windmills, with other transactions worthy to be transmitted to posterity.

As they were thus discoursing they discovered some thirty or forty windmills, in the plain; and as soon as the knight had spied them, "Fortune," cried he, "directs our affairs better than we could have wished: look yonder, Sancho, there are at least thirty outrageous giants, whom I intend to encounter; and having deprived them of life, we will begin to enrich ourselves with their spoils: for they are lawful prize; and the extirpation of that cursed brood will be an acceptable service to heaven." "What giants?" quoth Sancho Panza. "Those whom thou seest yonder," answered Don Quixote "with those long extended arms; some of that detested race have arms of so immense a size that sometimes they reach two leagues in length." "Pray look better, sir," quoth Sancho: "those things yonder are no giants, but windmills, and the arms are their sails, which being whirled about by the wind, make the mill go." "This is a sign," cried Don Quixote, "that thou art but little acquainted with adventures! I tell thee, they are giants; and therefore if thou art afraid, go aside and say thy prayers, for I am resolved to engage in combat with them all." This said, he clapped spurs to his horse, without giving ear to his squire, who bawled out to him, and assured him that they were windmills and no giants. But he was so fully possessed with a strong conceit of the contrary, that he did not so much as hear his squire, nor was he sensible of what they were, although he was already very near them. "Stand, cowards!" cried he as loud as he could; "stand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not basely for a single knight, who dares encounter you all." At the same time the wind rising, the mill-sails began to move, which, when Don Quixote spied, "Base miscreants," cried he, "though you move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for your arrogance." He most devoutly recommended himself to his Lady Dulcinea, imploring her assistance in this perilous adventure; and so covering himself with his shield, and couching his lance, he rushed with Rozinante's utmost speed upon the first windmill he could come at, and running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with such swiftness, that the rapidity of the motion presently broke the lance into shivers, and hurled away both knight and horse along with it, till down he fell, rolling a

good way off in the field. Sancho Panza ran as fast as his ass could drive to help his master, whom he found lying and not able to stir. "Did not I give your worship fair warning?" cried he; "did not I tell you they were windmills, and that nobody could think otherwise, unless he had also windmills in his head?" "Peace, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "there is nothing so subject to the inconstancy of fortune as war. I am verily persuaded, that cursed necromancer Freston, who carried away my study and my books, has transformed these giants into windmills, to deprive me of the honor of the victory; such is his inveterate malice against me; but in the end, all his pernicious wiles and stratagems shall prove ineffectual against the prevailing edge of my sword." "So let it be," replied Sancho. And heaving him up again upon his legs, once more the knight mounted poor Rozinante, who was half disjoined with his fall.

This adventure was the subject of their discourse, as they made the best of their way towards the pass of Lapice; for Don Quixote took that road, believing he could not miss of adventures in one so mightily frequented. Sancho desired him now to consider that it was high time to go to dinner; but his master answered him that he might eat whenever he pleased; as for himself, he was not yet disposed to do so. Sancho having obtained leave, fixed himself as orderly as he could upon his ass; and taking some victuals out of his wallet, fell to munching lustily; and ever and anon he lifted his bottle to his nose, and fetched such hearty pulls, that it would have made the best-pampered vintner in Malaga dry to have seen him.

In fine, they passed that night under some trees; from one of which Don Quixote tore a withered branch, which in some sort was able to serve him for a lance, and to this he fixed the head or spear of his broken lance. But he did not sleep all that night, keeping his thoughts intent on his dear Dulcinea, in imitation of what he had read in books of chivalry, where the knights pass their time, without sleep, in forests and deserts, wholly taken up with entertaining thoughts of their absent ladies. The next day they went on directly towards the pass of Lapice, which they discovered about three o'clock. When they came near it, "Here it is, brother Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that we may, as it were, thrust our arms up to the very elbows in that which we call adventures. But let me give thee one necessary caution; know, that though thou shouldst see me in the greatest extremity of danger, thou must not offer to draw thy sword in my defence, unless thou findest me assaulted by base plebeians and vile scoundrels; for in such a case thou mayest assist thy master; but if those with whom I am fighting are knights, thou must not do it; for the laws of chivalry do not allow thee to encounter a knight till thou art one thyself." "Never fear," quoth Sancho; "I'll be sure to obey your worship in that, I'll warrant you; for I have ever loved peace and quietness, and never cared to thrust myself into frays and quarrels."

As they were talking, they spied coming towards them two monks of the order of St. Benedict mounted on two dromedaries, for the mules on which they rode were so high and stately, that they seemed little less. After them came a coach, with four or five men on horseback, and two muleteers on foot. There proved to be in the coach a Biscayan lady, who was going to Seville to meet her husband, that was there in order to embark for the Indies, to take possession of a considerable post. Scarce had the Don perceived the monks, who were not of the same company, though they went the same way, but he cried to his squire, "Either I am deceived, or this will prove the most famous adventure that ever was known; for without all question those two black things that move towards us must be necromancers, that are carrying away by force some princess in that coach; and 'tis my duty to prevent so great an injury." "I fear me whirled about by the wind, make the mill go," "This is a sign," cried Don Quixote, "that thou art but little acquainted with adventures! I tell thee, they are giants; and therefore if thou art afraid, go aside and say thy prayers, for I am resolved to engage in combat with them all." This said, he clapped spurs to his horse, without giving ear to his squire, who bawled out to him, and assured him that they were windmills and no giants. But he was so fully possessed with a strong conceit of the contrary, that he did not so much as hear his squire, nor was he sensible of what they were, although he was already very near them. "Stand, cowards!" cried he as loud as he could; "stand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not basely for a single knight, who dares encounter you all." At the same time the wind rising, the mill-sails began to move, which, when Don Quixote spied, "Base miscreants," cried he, "though you move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for your arrogance." He most devoutly recommended himself to his Lady Dulcinea, imploring her assistance in this perilous adventure; and so covering himself with his shield, and couching his lance, he rushed with Rozinante's utmost speed upon the first windmill he could come at, and running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with such swiftness, that the rapidity of the motion presently broke the lance into shivers, and hurled away both knight and horse along with it, till down he fell, rolling a

race with the wind. Sancho no sooner saw the monk fall, but he leapt off his ass, and running to him, began to strip him immediately; but the two muleteers, who waited on the monks, came up to him and asked why he offered to strip him? Sancho told them that this belonged to him as lawful plunder, being the spoils won in battle by his lord and master Don Quixote. The fellows, with whom there was no jesting, not knowing what he meant by his spoils and battle, and seeing Don Quixote at a good distance in deep discourse by the side of the coach, fell both upon poor Sancho, threw him down, tore his beard from his chin, trampled on him, and there left him lying without breath or motion. In the mean while the monk, scared out of his wits and pale as a ghost, got upon his mule again as fast as he could, and spurred after his friend, who stayed for him at a distance, expecting the issue of this strange adventure; but being unwilling to stay to see the end of it, they made the best of their way, making more signs of the cross than if the devil had been posting after him.

Don Quixote was all this while engaged with the lady in the coach. "Lady," cried he, "your discretion is now at liberty to dispose of your beautiful self as you please; for the presumptuous arrogance of those who attempted to enslave your person lies prostrate in the dust, overthrown by this arm; and that you may not be at loss for the name of your deliverer, know I am called Don Quixote de la Mancha, by profession a knight-errant and adventurer, captive to that peerless beauty Donna Dulcinea del Toboso; nor do I desire any other recompense for the service I have done you, but that you return to Toboso to present yourself to that lady, and let her know what I have done, to purchase your deliverance." So saying he bade her courteously farewell, and pursued his way.

POETRY.

FROM "SNOW BOUND."

Unwarned by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarms
And whirl-dances of the blinding snow.
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow;
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift filled the window frame.
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on;
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of nature's geometrical signs,
In starry flake and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteors fell;
And when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.

Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn crib stood,
Or garden wall or belt of wood.
A smooth white mound the brush pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridge post an old man sat
With loose-fung coat and high-cocked hat;
The well curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor seemed to tell
Of Piza's leaning miracle.

JANETTE'S HAIR.

Oh, loosen the snood that you wear, Janette,
Let me tangle a hand in your hair—my pet;
For the thought to me had no daintier sight
Than your brown hair veiling your shoulder
white.
Your beautiful dark-brown hair—my pet,
It was brown with a golden gloss, Janette,
It was finer than silk of the floss—my pet;
'Twas a beautiful mist falling down to your
wrist,
'Twas a thing to be braided and jeweled and
kissed—
'Twas the loveliest hair in the world—my pet.

My arm was the arm of a clown, Janette,
It was shaggy, bristled and brown—my pet,
But warmly and softly it loved to caress
Your round white neck and your wealth of
tress,
Your beautiful plenty of hair—my pet,
Your eyes had a swimming glory, Janette,
Revealing the old, dear story—my pet;
They were gray with that chastened tinge of
the sky
When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fly,
And they matched with your golden hair—my
pet.

Your lips—but I have no words, Janette—
They were as fresh as the twitter of birds—my
pet,
When the spring is young, and the roses are
wet,
And the dew-drops in each red bosom set,
And they suited your gold brown hair—my
pet.

Oh, you tangled my life in your hair, Janette,
'Twas a silken and golden snare—my pet,
But, so gentle the bondage, my soul did im-
plore
The right to continue your slave evermore,
With my fingers enmeshed in your hair—my
pet.

Thus ever I dream what you were, Janette,
With your lips and your eyes and your hair—
my pet,
In the darkness of desolate years I moan,
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone
That covers your golden hair—my pet.
—Charles Graham Hopkins.

KISS ME SOFTLY.

Kiss me softly and speak to me low,
—
Madness has ever a vigilant ear;
What if Malice were lurking near?
Kiss me, dear,
Kiss me softly and speak to me low,
—
Envy, too, has a watchful ear;
What if Envy should chance to hear?
Kiss me, dear!
Kiss me softly and speak to me low,
—
Trust me, darling, the time is near
When lovers may love with never a fear,
—
Kiss me, dear!
Kiss me softly and speak to me low,
—
—John Geoffrey Saxe.

We close the poetry with these lines from "Tam O'Shanter" beginning: "But Pleasures are like popples spread"; "But Pleasures are like popples spread, Bot pleasures are like popples spread, You seize the flower, its bloom is shed; Or like the snow-falls in the river, A moment white—then melts forever; Or like the borealis race, That flits ere you can point their place: Or like the rainbow's lovely form, Evanishing amid the storm." —Burns.

MICHAUX'S "THE NORTH AMERICAN SYLVA."

THE OAKS—Continued. Soil, Situation and Climate. The Oaks, to attain their full size, require a deep, loamy soil, a situation low rather than elevated, and a climate not liable to late spring frosts, which injure both the blossoms and leaves. In elevated situations, or in the extreme North, those species which, under favorable circumstances, form the most magnificent trees, become, as in the case of other trees, mere shrubs. The Oaks which flourish on the worst soils are the low-growing kinds belonging to the section Ilex, and especially those belonging to the group Phellos; and those which require the best soil are the Quercus sessiflora, the Q. coccinea, and most of the sorts composing the American group Rubra.

Propagation, etc. The Oak is propagated with difficulty by every other mode except from seed; and, generally, time will be gained when the acorns are sown while the plants are intended finally to remain. It is only, therefore, where peculiar varieties are to be continued that the process of grafting is resorted to; and the mode by approach is almost the only one that is certain to be attended with success. The best stock for grafting on is Q. coccinea, on which some sorts may be successfully budded.

The Acorns need not be gathered from the tree, but may be collected from the ground immediately after they have dropped, and may either be sown then or kept till the following spring. If they are to be kept, they should be made perfectly dry in the sun or in an airy shed, mixed with dry sand in the proportion of three bushels of sand to one of acorns, or with dry moss, and then excluded from the air and vermin, by being put into barrels or boxes, or laid up in a cellar, or buried in heaps and covered with a sufficient thickness of earth to exclude the weather. Very few of any species will germinate after having been kept a year. When acorns are to be sown in a nursery, the soil ought to be thoroughly prepared and rendered fine; and after the earth is drawn off the beds, or the drills opened, the acorns may either be scattered over the beds, or along the drills, so that the nuts may be about two inches apart. The acorns, before covering, must be patted down with the back of a spade in the beds, and with the back of a wooden-headed rake in the drills.

The covering of well-broken soil, should vary in depth according to the size of the acorn, one and one-half inches being enough for those of the largest size and half an inch for those of the smallest size. No mode of depositing acorns in the soil can be worse than that of dropping them in holes made by too small a dibble. The acorn drops into the hole, and becomes wedged by its sides before it gets to the bottom; and if the upper extremity should be downward instead of upward, it can hardly be expected to grow. Sown late in March, the period before the depositing the acorn and its becoming a plant is lessened and the danger from destruction by vermin somewhat diminished. When it is necessary to remove the plant, the tap root should be shortened a year at least in advance; side pruning is soon necessary when the object is a straight clean trunk.

The American Oaks vary so exceedingly in their leaves at different seasons of the year, in different stages of their growth, and in different localities, that some experience is necessary in deciding on them.

Like most other trees, the Oak seldom bears an abundant crop of fruit for two years in succession, and it increases in productiveness with age. All the species push up shoots from the collar when cut down, but only one or two species from the root. After Oaks have stood in good soil and a suitable climate for five or six years, they grow with rapidity till they have attained the age of thirty or forty years; and the life of some species is known to extend to upward of one thousand years.

There are some Oaks in Britain which are believed to have been old trees in the time William the Conqueror; and Pliny mentions a Quercus ilex which was an old tree when Rome was founded, and which was still living in his time. The Merton Oak measures at the surface of the ground sixty-three feet two inches. The Cowthorp Oak, in Yorkshire, measures seventy-eight feet in circumference near the ground, and its age is estimated as nearly coeval with the Christian era. An Oak in Lower Charante, in France, is declared, on good authority, to measure from eighty-five to ninety-four feet.

Particular attention should be given to the remarks of the author on the subject of planting the Oak for future use. The General or State governments should never grant a charter for a railroad or canal, without a clause requiring the planting of useful trees, such as the White Oak, for instance, at the North, and the Live Oak wherever the climate will admit, along both sides of the route. A store of ship-timber would thus be accumulated for national or mercantile service, whence it could easily be transported to the seaboard in emergencies,—a plan which would shade the road and be

advantageous to the banks of a canal. The French government has shown a wise foresight in this particular; her turnpikes are often thus planted and the product is at the call of the authorities.

METHODICAL DISPOSITION OF THE OAKS OF NORTH AMERICA.

- INCLUDING THREE EUROPEAN SPECIES.
- Monica Polyanthra*, Linn. *Amentaceae*, Juss.
- FIRST DIVISION.
Fruittification annual; leaves beardless.
First Section—Leaves Lobed.
1. White Oak.....*Quercus Alba*.
 2. Common European Oak.....*Quercus robur*.
 3. European White Oak.....*Quercus robor*.
 4. Mossy-Cup Oak.....*Quercus macrocarpa*.
 5. Post Oak.....*Quercus obtusiloba*.
 6. Over-Cup Oak.....*Quercus lyrata*.
- Second Section—Leaves Toothed.
7. Swamp White Oak.....*Quercus prinus discolor*.
 8. Chestnut White Oak.....*Quercus prinus palustris*.
 9. Rock Chestnut Oak.....*Quercus prinus monticola*.
 10. Yellow Oak.....*Quercus prinus chinquapin*.
- SECOND DIVISION.
Fruittification biennial; leaves mucronated (except in the 13th species).
- First Section—Leaves Obtuse or Entire.
11. Live Oak.....*Quercus virens*.
 12. Cork Oak.....*Quercus suber*.
 13. Willow Oak.....*Quercus pedunculata*.
 14. Laurel Oak.....*Quercus habricaria*.
 15. Upland Willow Oak.....*Quercus cinerea*.
 16. Running Oak.....*Quercus pumila*.
- Second Section—Leaves lobed.
17. Bartram Oak.....*Quercus heterophylla*.
 18. Water Oak.....*Quercus aquatica*.
 19. Black Jack Oak.....*Quercus ferruginea*.
 20. Bear Oak.....*Quercus banisteri*.
- Third Section—Leaves multifid or many-clefted.
21. Barrens Scrub Oak.....*Quercus catesbeii*.
 22. Spanish Oak.....*Quercus falcata*.
 23. Black Oak.....*Quercus tinctoria*.
 24. Scarlet Oak.....*Quercus coccinea*.
 25. Gray Oak.....*Quercus ambigua*.
 26. Pin Oak.....*Quercus prinus*.
 27. Red Oak.....*Quercus rubra*.

Temperance Column.

EDITED BY THE W. C. T. U.

"The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge."

President — MRS. W. H. BUTTON.
1st Vice-President — MRS. U. D. TWITCHELL.
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JUDGE GOOLEY ON TEMPERANCE.

Hon. Thos. M. Cooley, LL. D., ex-chief justice of the Michigan Supreme Court, recently delivered a lecture on total abstinence before the Students' Temperance Society of Michigan State University; He began with the proposition that we are not to avoid any danger which manliness requires that we shall meet. What, he asked, are some of the dangers incident to the beverage use of ardent spirits? and does not manliness require that we shall meet these dangers by interposing an unflinching resolution not to drink at all? Proceeding, he said: "Our moral, intellectual, and physical natures are originally weak, and depend for strength, upon education and development. Our appetites and passions, on the other hand, are strong, and can be prevented from becoming abnormal only by the exercise of self-control. That is the nobler life which secures the supremacy of the nobler faculties and the subjugation of the ignoble passions. Some men are born victims to their lower natures—slaves to appetite; and from the beginning of their lives seem to be irrevocably lost. Others have no such misfortunes of inheritance, yet by their own acts throw themselves into the scale against their higher nature. With these last let us deal. Why do they fail? Why is indulgence ruinous to them?"

"First, consider that there can be no 'safe line' of self-indulgence to which one may come in safety. Different natures cannot stand the same strain, and the point to which one may go without breaking down can not be the same point for all persons. No one can tell when he is passing the line which limits his own endurance. "Second, any indulgence has the tendency to make one less careful. Any indulgence weakens the higher and strengthens the lower nature. It attacks one in the most vulnerable point of his character. Whenever there exists in a man a tendency to commit a wrong or a criminal act, indulgence will give that tendency strength, and will weaken the power of resistance, and all observation shows that indulgence is a prolific cause of crimes usually charged to bad instincts. The gambler—not alone the player, but the operator in food products and on the Stock Exchange—thoroughly understands the destructive tendency of any indulgence in intoxicants. He knows that it acts to excite and unsettle the judgment, making it the ready victim of the first impulse to assume risks which can not be successfully borne. "Third, any indulgence encourages the instincts which operate to break up habits of steady industry and lead to ruinous habits of expensiveness. Never before were so many men in debt as now; never before was there so general a disposition to contract debts with a reckless disregard of ability to pay. The lack of individual self-reliance, the careless respect for the rights of others which are so frequent, are chargeable, in some degree, to indulgence in intoxicating drinks. This is undisputed.

"Fourth, any indulgence tends to break down the vital organs. Temperance is the law of nature, and there is a penalty for every violation of it. The ultimate penalty is utter physical ruin.

"The men who fall through indulgence therefore fall from sufficient causes. Here are serious dangers, and it is the part of manliness to meet them with strong resolution, with total abstinence. These dangers are greater now than they were in former days; first, because the drink itself is more poisonous, and second, because a man who drinks stands apart from the best society, and is in danger of adding to his other losses the loss of self-respect.

"There is no reason why one should take these risks which attend any indulgence. There is certainly not the reason of manliness. A soldier enlists for the sole purpose of encountering dangers. But what kind of a soldier would he be who from mere bravado would put himself in the way of unnecessary danger? What would be thought of the commander, with the interests of an army dependent upon his life, who would do so? What, then, can be more foolish and more unmanly than unnecessarily and uselessly exposing ourselves to the risks to which any indulgence in intoxicants would subject you and those dependent upon you?"

"No man lives to himself. Especially is this true in a free land like ours. We owe our best life to our country. Think of the United States Senate confessing its drunkenness! How humiliating and how dangerous, too, to have men helping to make the laws and control the destinies of fifty millions of people, themselves in such a condition that, as private individuals, no one would be willing to entrust them with the slightest interests or even admit them to his house—unless perhaps, he should do so in charity to allow them to sleep off their inebriety in back chambers! Have we no duty when such things are possible? It is no sentiment to say that we owe something to our country: 'tis a truth of constitutional law."

Judge Cooley concluded by reminding the young men that, whenever one yields to wrong, he makes the fall of an associate more easy and probable. He said he had known a drunken judge to demoralize, by his example, all the members of the bar in his circuit.

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.

TWO RIVAL CITIES.

In the long and at times bitter rivalry between Connecticut's two biggest cities—Hartford and New Haven—honors now seem to be pretty equally divided. Hartford has secured the State Capital, one of the most coveted honors in the country, situated in a lovely park, but New Haven has gone ahead in population. In the political rivalry between the two, also New Haven, by her Democratic majority, has succeeded in putting the trim little State on the list of those that voted for President Cleveland. Hartford, however, is just now proud of having had her many charms set forth at length, with plenty of illustrations, in the pages of *Harper's Magazine*. On the struggle goes on. Brains will succeed in putting one or the other city ahead, and just here it may be said that New Haven has an exceptionally literary bar. But, then, Hartford has more literary people—Charles Dudley Warner, Mark Twain, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and others. Among the able lawyers of New Haven is Edward A. Anketell, the assistant clerk of the Superior Court, who office is No. 10 in the Court House. Mr. Anketell is well known to the legal profession throughout Connecticut and has also the reputation of being a favored writer for the press. As such this little story, coming from him under date of September 24, 1885, possesses no slight interest:

"Day before yesterday, for a day or two prior thereto, I suffered great pain in my right arm, which I felt sure was rheumatic. Being determined to do something to relieve the pain if possible I sent out and got a bottle of Athlorphos, and took three doses during the day. Yesterday morning the pain was nearly gone and one more dose completed the cure, so that today my arm is as well as ever."

Mr. Anketell was wise in taking such prompt measures to check the pain. Doubtless if Mr. Morris Hobbs, of Hampton, N. H., had known of the existence of Athlorphos, the rheumatism from which he suffered would have been cured with equal speed long ago. Mr. Hobbs thus tells the story of his cure:

"I had the rheumatism nine months before I heard of your Athlorphos. I was prostrate all that time and could do nothing. I had several doctors, but they did no good. I tried all the medicine I could hear of with no better results. At last I saw Athlorphos advertised and sent for some. On the day it arrived I took three doses in the afternoon before I went to bed, and that night I slept as well as I did when a boy. It seemed to kill the pain at once, and I never have been troubled since. My joints were badly swollen at the time, but as soon as the pain stopped the swelling began to go down very gradually. I am satisfied that if I had taken Athlorphos when I was first troubled with the disease it would have saved me \$500 in expenses, time and pain.

"I have recommended it to several others in this place with equally good results. One case was that of a boy 15 years old, who was so badly afflicted with rheumatism that his father had to carry him up stairs to bed for two weeks. His mother came to me to inquire about Athlorphos. I advised her to get it at once by all means and she did. In two days after taking the medicine the boy was out at play with other boys, being entirely cured and had been well ever since.

If you cannot get ATHLORPHOS of your druggist, we will send it express paid, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us, as directed. ATHLORPHOS CO., 112 Wall Street, New York.