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which we propose to send to you, transportation paid. The little darling rests against a pillow, and is in the act of drawing off its pink sock, the mate of which has been pulled off and flung aside with a triumphant coo. The flesh tints are perfect, and the eyes follow you, no matter where you stand. The exquisite reproductions of this greatest painting of Ida Waugh (the most celebrated of modern painters of baby life) are to be given to those who subscribe to Demorest's Family Magazine for 1893. The reproductions cannot be told from the original, which cost $500, and are the same size (17x22 inches). The baby is life size, and absolutely lifelike. We have also in preparation, to present to our subscribers during 1893, other great pictures by such artists as Percy Moran, Maud Humphrey, Louis Deschamps, and others of world-wide renown. Take only two examples of what we did during the past year, "A Yard of Pansies," and "A White House Orchid" by the wife of President Harrison, and you will see what our promises mean.

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ALPENA ARGUS

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LAST BLOW.

"Hello, Mary! How are you! What! crying again!
Why hang it! you women are always in pain
About something or other. Oh! 'it's late,' is it!
Late,
And you're 'tired and sick,' and it's so long to wait
Up for me all alone. Why, what do you think!
Can't a man, when inclined to, go out for a drink
Without some squalling woman should sit up all night
A-wasting her temper and wasting the light!
Come! get me some supper. What's that you say!
Neither you nor the children have eaten all day!
Why, you squandering jade! dare you sit there and speak,
After spending the money I gave you last week!
Oh! 'it wasn't but five dollars,' and part I 'took back.'
Now look you here, woman, don't you give me no slack;
There's a devil within me that's ugly to-night,
And I might do a deed—Come, come, its all right
If you'll only keep still, but you madden me so
With your whinings and tears that I sometimes don't know
How I manage to listen and keep my hands off.
There, I know it, with crying you're started your cough,
And now you'll be sick. Well, cry if you will,
It's nothing to me. Oh, there you are, still
At the same old complaint,—'it wasn't so once.'
D'ye think I don't know it! Am I such a dunce
That I should forget! Oh, of course I'm to blame,
It is me, not my luck, that has dragged us to shame,
And 'it all comes from drink.' Pooh! your very best men,
When inclined to, have taken a drink now and then.
Oh yes, 'but not too much.' Well, neither do I;
But, hang it! you know I must drink when I'm dry,
And, besides, it drowns sorrow. What's that! 'I was kind!'
Well, so I'd be still if you'd only a mind
To be quiet and decent and keep your tongue still.
I don't want to quarrel. I know that you're ill,
And the children are hungry. But what can I do!
Ain't I hungry myself as often as you
Or the children are either? D'ye think that I'd eat
And look at them starving! But where is the meat
Or the bread I can get? Why it seems you must think
I can get them for nothing. Oh, but I can get drink.'
There, you're at it again. And what if I can!
When a man is discouraged and knows that he's ran
To the end of his luck, would you have him refuse
A drink if he gets it! Oh, he mustn't abuse
Himself with his drinking. D'ye think that I do!
Don't I do what I can for the children and you!
D'ye think I'm contented to live in this hole,
Or to dress in these rags! D'ye think I've no soul
Or no pride in me left! I feel bad as you do
When I think of what's come to the children and you.
Why, it seems only yesterday you were as young,
As light-hearted, and handsome, as any among
The girls of this city; and now you are old
And careworn and gray. Why, I thought myself bold
When I first spoke of love and marriage to you.
And how happy I was that first day when I knew
That you loved me in turn! And oh! how I vowed
That I'd care for you, work for you, ever be proud
That I'd won you at last! Why! I'd give up my life
To see you again the sweet, happy young wife
You were in those days. Oh, but what's the use!
Those times won't come back. Temptation was loose,
And it caught me, and held me, and dragged me down low,
And I ain't a man now. I'm a drunkard, I know;
But it's too late to change, while they sell the cursed stuff.
I must have it, and will. I have struggled enough;
But when every cornerplace has it for sale,
What's the use of my trying? It's only to fail.
I've tried, I've resolved; but my thirst never stops.
If you'd have me keep sober, why shut up the shops.
Oh! you 'couldn't do that.' Well then, neither can I!
But unless it is done I must drink till I die.
'Pray!' What good would that do! I tell you God's church
Isn't 'in it' with Satan's. He's left in the lurch;
His churches are few and they are closed on six days,
And the parsons and priests are high-toned in their ways.
But the devil's ain't stylish: They're out for the dust.
And they're open and plenty, and it,s business or 'bust.'
But I'm dry with this talking, I must have a drink.
Only one, Mary, one; I can't sleep a wink
Without taking a nightcap. Oh come! none of that.
Don't think that you'll stop me by taking my hat.
Stand aside from the door! Get out of my way!
Don't try to prevent me,—don't do it, I say
Oh, you will? Now look here! I don't want a fuss,
You know I was never a quarrelsome cuss,
But a drink I must have, and have it I will.
I've had the blues bad, and I must try to kill
The down-hearted feeling I've had all the day.
Let me go! Let me go! Get out of mo way
Or I'll strike you, I'll strike you. You will have it! There!
Take that, curse your soul! I told you take care."

"Well, I've had the drink, Mary, yes, two,—yes, three.
H'm, you're lying there yet. Well, what's that to me!
You can lay there all night if you feel so disposed;
But I'm going to bed, for the barrooms are closed,
And I'm broke. Oh, you're sulky; you won't even speak.
You've got your own temper for all you're so meek.
Come! get on your feet. Do you hear what I say!
I won't have it,—I won't let you have your own way!
Get up! You won't answer! Don't tempt me again.
You'll be sorry, I tell you, I tell you. Well, then,
No, I won't, not again. I won't strike you, I say;
But what is the use of you acting this way!
You know it is foolish. Get up!—O my God!
What's this at your head! Why, Mary, it's blood,
Whose blood! What's the matter! O my girl—O my wife,—
Won't you speak to me,—answer me,—show you've got life!
I was tempted too far. I won't strike you again,
I won't drink, won't be angry. Why don't you speak then!
Won't you answer me dear! Has your love for me fled!
Won't you speak to me, Mary! Oh, my God! she is dead."

MICHAEL LYNCH.

TAKING A PRISONER.

Previous to the celebrated victory of General Wayne over the formidable conferation of Indians, and while the two forces were within a few miles of each other, the American commander sent out two of his scouts, with instructions to bring in a prisoner. Now, as the Indians also kept their vigilant spies constantly hovering on the outskirts of the army, it will be seen that this was an undertaking which beside the great danger attending it, required on the part of those attemping the feat an unusual amount of skill, daring and coolness in the hour of peril.

Hugh and George Ferrington, two brothers, were the rangers selected for this exciting duty; and, not forgetting the other forest heroes, whose connection with this compaign has rendered their names historical, two better spirits could not have been selected. Both were experienced hunters, who had been engaged in affrays with the Indians on the frontier for over a score of years, and each was in the prime of life, muscular and of unquestioned bravery, and with a fleetness of foot seldom equaled.

It was very early in the day that they set out, so that they had plenty of time for the performance of their duty. For several hours they sped as noiselessly as shadows through the forest, when they reached the banks of a comparatively small river. It was upon the opposite side of this that they expected to secure their prisoner.

After consulting for a few moments it was agreed that Hugh should cross the stream, and reconnoitre the opposite side, and in case matters looked favorable return to the bank and signal for his brother to join him. If he deemed it advisable to return, he was to do so and continue the hunt upon the other side.

This much agreed upon, Hugh strapped his rifle to his back, first protecting it in such a manner that the water could not injure the charge, when, striking boldly out, he swam to the opposite shore, striking it just below a high and precipitous bluff. It seems singular that the brothers should have separated in this manner and allowed a broad stream to divide them, when each knew he was in the most dangerous part of the country. What causes influenced them we are unable to tell, but causes they must have had, for it is not to be supposed that two such veteran rangers would have taken such a step unless they possessed good reasons for doing so.

After ascending the river bank, Hugh struck into the woods and pursued his way with the most studied stealth and caution. He had gone but little over a furlong when he came upon a solitary Indian, who sat nodding over a small fire. The ranger's heart beat high as his eyes rested upon the savage, and instead of his returning for his comrade he determined to secure him alone.

To assure himself that there was no trap into which he could fall, he made a complete circuit around the fire, the result of which was the certainty that the drowsy Indian was indeed alone. Hugh could have easily shot him, as he sat with his head nodding forward, but his instructions were to bring in a prisoner, and he made his preparations accordingly.

He had shifted his position so as to get behind the savage, and he now commenced approaching him as carefully and stealthily as the panther steals upon his prey.—When within a few rods he sank to the earth as the Indian brought his head up with a jerk and made a spasmodic effort to cast off his drowsiness; but the hand of sleep was too heavy, and he succumbed to it and commenced nodding as before.

The ranger arose and resumed his approach as before. He was within fifty feet when, to his extreme chagrin, he pressed upon a rotten twig, which snapped in two. The Indian instantly became bolt upright, and turned his alarmed gaze behind him. As he saw the crouching form of the ranger he sprang to his feet with a yell, and darted off as fast as his feet could carry him. He ran with such fleetness and dodged hither and thither behind the trees with such dexterity, that, had the hunter desired to do so, he could not have brought him down with his gun. He, therefore, made no attempt, but concentrated all his strength in the effort to overtake and capture him.

The occurrences that now took place were certainly curious and unaccountable. The Indian had run but a short distance, when to the surprise of his pursuer, a second one joined him. A few rods further a third did the same; and, finally, a fourth seemed to rise from the ground, and the whole four sped away as if running from a legion of their foes. Four armed Indians fleeing before one white man! It was the easiest thing in the world for them to stop, and taking their position behind the trees cut him off in a few minutes.

What, therefore meant this strange condition of affairs? It certainly could not be fear that caused the savages to run.

"Shoot me, that is a little too much," thought Hugh. "If I keep on, I'll have the whole tribe running before me, and will follow 'em to destruction!"

He halted, turned, and fled himself. Almost at the same moment the Indians became aware of it, and commenced the pursuit, spreading out so as to compel him to run in a straight line. By doing this they hoped to drive him to the river, where they felt sure of capturing him.

Great as was the fleetness of the ranger, it was the most he could do to hold his own with his pursuers. It was not until he came within sight of the river that he realized the straight into which he had placed himself. But it was too late to hesitate. He was "outflanked," and could only run directly forward, without turning to the right or left.

On he went straight toward the river. As he reached it he stopped and waited for his pursuers. In a moment they appeared, when he raised his rifle and shot the foremost, and then, throwing the weapon from him, turned and leaped over the bluffs.

The latter were about thirty feet in height, so that he ran little risk of injury from the leap itself. Fortunately, the water was quite deep, and when he touched bottom with his feet, it was so lightly that it only served to help him to the surface again. He immediately swam for the opposite shore, and had taken but a stroke or two when the three Indians appeared on the bluff; but they, probably in the expectation of "taking a prisoner," refrained from firing, and, running a short distance down the bank of the stream, plunged in and struck out towards him.

The ranger's struggles were desperate, but the Indians grained rapidly upon him, and finding that he would be surely overtaken, he seized a floating log, and getting astride of it, drew his knife, prepared to defend himself against them all. Hugh held the weapon so that it could not be seen, and the foremost savage approached him without hesitation, evidently believing him entirely unarmed.

As he came up he placed his hand on the log, and rising half his length out of the water, he made a grasp at the throat of Ferrington. As quick as lightning the knife of the latter was plunged into his throat, and he fell backward and sank out of sight.

By this time the other two had come up, but, seeing the fate of their comrade held back until they could take him at disadvantage. At this juncture the ranger heard the halloo of his brother on the shore, and called out to him to fire at the head of one of the Indians in the water. He did so, but instead of hitting him, struck and badly wounded the left hand of Hugh himself.

Nothing discouraged, the latter called out to him to re-load, and to take better aim next time, while he, by menacing his enemies, kept them off from him. The aim this time was careful and deliberate, and was fatal to one of the savages. The remaining one, at this, turned and swam for the shore, while the scout, from his disabled hand, was prevented from following him. There being no further danger, he made his way to land and joined his brother.

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Warner & Co.

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That more ills result from an Unhealthy Liver than any other cause—Indigestion, Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, and Malaria usually attend it. Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator is a vegetable specific for Liver Disorders and their accompanying evils. It cures thousands why not be one of them? Take Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator. Your Druggist will supply you.

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Lost His Idea.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, having risen one night, unintentionally aroused his wife, who inquired:

"Are you sick, Waldo?"

"Oh, no, my dear," was his reply, "but I've got an idea. What's the matter with these matches? I can't make them ignite. Let it go, now," sghed the philosopher, "my idea is gone."

The next morning, upon arising, Mrs. Emerson found all the teeth in her comb broken out. This is supposed to have happened in the days (or nights) when matches came in cards.

A teacher in a well-known Sunday school tells of a laughable experience he had recently. He had charge of a lot of boys one day, and was trying to make them understand that all good comes from one source. As an illustration, he told them of building a house, putting water pipes in with spigots in all the rooms, these pipes not being connected with the main in the streets. He said to them:

"Suppose I turn on a spigot and no water comes; what is the matter?"

One boy at the foot of the class called out in a voice which showed that he thought that he was right:

"You didn't have your water rent paid."

Triplets 240 Years Old.

Bucks county, Pa., has the oldest triplets on record. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob Kile, who live in Rockville township, near Quakertown, followed one another into the world all in the space of three minutes, and now they are 80 years old—sharp, shrewd, keen-memoried as when they were youngsters. Jacob is blind, and age is telling on him somewhat, but Abraham can load a hay-wagon or cobble a pair of farmer's brogans as fast and as well as the best of them, and Isaac can run up a cherry tree, and says he is good for the rest of the century anyhow.—Ex.

Gives Character and Standing.

Advertising gives character and standing to a firm. Go into any community as an entire stranger, pick up the papers published there,—for their largest advertisers and you can invariably depend upon the fact that you have found the most reliable and desirable firms in that community.—Reading (Pa.) Eagle.

During the Dull Season.

A prominent business man who advertised very little during the spring season recently gave a large order to the Times to continue during the dull season, "because," as he said, "my experience is that advertising and success in trade are inseparable." He had plenty of trade during the business season; but the time has now come when he must stimulate and create trade and he turns to the widely read newspaper as the only agency through which it can be done.—Philadelphia Times.

He Went Ahead.

The car was not half full but the youth in the new spring suit plumped himself down by the side of the handsome girl in gray.

"Possibly—aw—you were holding this seat," he said, with an engaging smile, "for some gentleman."

"I was," she said, with a little sigh of disappointment, "but he doesn't seem to have come."

And the youth in the new spring suit presently got up and wandered on into the next car ahead.—Chicago Tribune.

Your Ship Will Come In.

The newspaper supplies the broad, swift channel of publicity which enters the port of prosperity, and when you float your boats upon it you are sure of quick returns.

Advertising in dull times is an anchor cast to windward.

Don't fly a kite soliciting celestial customers to visit your place of buiness. It is equally unwise and imprudent to fly in the face of pedestrians with a cloud of 6x9 dodgers. They only encumber the earth and enrage the populace. Flyers in Wall street, or any other street, are not only unwise but wicked, and carry their own punishment. The newspaper is the proper medium in which to express your wants and proclaim the advantages of doing business with your establishment.

A colored porter at a Washington hotel had charge of the hats of the guests who went in to dine. His accuracy and promptness in giving every man his own "tile" as he came out of the dining-room excited one gentleman's curiosity. "How did you knew so well that this was my hat?" he asked. A smile lighted up the waiter's ebony face as he bowed politely. "Boss," he said, "I didn't know it was yours, but it's de one you guv me!"

The sperm whale has twenty to twenty-five teeth of different sizes, some of them weighing as much as thirty pounds apiece. They are used for ivory, but are inferior to that from elephants' tusks. The head of a sperm whale is immense, and in it is a large hollow filled with liquid spermaceti and oil. To get this a hole is cut in the top of the head, and the mixture taken out with buckets. The spermaceti is separated from the oil by boiling.

Old Roger was visiting a friend who had a remarkably fine little girl, about three years old, famous for smart sayings. As usual, she was shown off before our esteemed friend.

"What is papa?" said the "parent" in order to draw out the precocious reply.

"Papa's a humbug," said the juvenile.

"I declare," said old Roger, "I never in my life saw so young a child with so mature a judgement."

Jorkins (who has fallen asleep against a lamp-post and has buttoned his double-breasted ulster around it)—"Lemme go, I tell you! If you're a lady thish conduct ish wrong, and if you're a highwayman I ain't got a cent, so lemme go."—Judge.

2,228,672.
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