

THE SONG OF THE APACHE.
I'm the Terror-of-the-Mountain and the Horror-of-the-Plain,
I'm the Fabled, Fie-bald-Peltain, you bet!
I'm the Scavenger-of-Dead-Men's-Bones, the Burrower-of-Brain,
The Dainty-Daisy-Darling of our "set".
I'm the Holy-Haunted-Hunted-Hunted-Hill-ound-in-the-Clouds,
I'm a Killer-When-You-Hit-to-Earth, but when I am I am
I am always the most innocent of men.
I'm the Glory-Ghost-of-Goblins, I'm the Gallows-Guest-Galors,
I'm the Bustle-Blowing-Bellows without Ball,
I've an album filled with Top-knots, and I count 'em by the score—
I'm the Very-Vicious-Vagrant-of the Vale.
But in future I'm the Voter-that-will-Early-Vote-and-Of,
I intend to give the pallid dogs a scare;
And I guess I'll get an office that's a snap well paid and soft,
And I'll give my braves their fill of Yankee hair.

THE BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.
When Mary Clairmont's engagement was proclaimed to the world there ensued a general expression of surprise. People generally are surprised at matrimonial engagements. There is always some cogent reason why things should have been adjusted otherwise—why John should have married Joan, and Peter should prefer Betsy. Nobody was ever yet married to suit everybody. But in Mary Clairmont's case it did really seem as if the course of true love had interfered seriously with the current of common sense and prudence. Miss Clairmont was only one-and-twenty, a tall, imperial beauty, with dewy black eyes, and dark-brown hair, coiled in shining bands at the back of her head. Moreover, Miss Clairmont had a "career" before her. She had just graduated from Medfield Medical University and taken out her diploma as an M. D.

"And only to think of it," said Aunt Jo, bursting into tears of vexation and disappointment, "that she must needs go and ruin all her prospects by getting engaged to Harry Marlow, down in New York!"
"It does seem strange, Aunt Jo, when I sit down and think of it," said Doctor Mary, laughing and blushing. "Six months ago my profession was all the world to me. I neither wished nor cared for anything outside its limits. The future was all mapped out before me, without let or hindrance; and now—"
"Humph!" growled Aunt Jo. "Any brainless idiot could get married and keep a man's house and mind his affairs for him, but you were made for something higher and more dignified, Mary."
"My dear-bright eyes sparkled."
"Higher, Aunt Jo," said she. "More dignified? There you are mistaken. There is no higher or more dignified lot in life than that of the true wife of a noble husband."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Aunt Jo. "As if every poor fool who was dazzled by the glitter of a wedding-ring didn't say the same thing. You are just disappointed me, Mary Clairmont, and I'm ashamed of you, and that is the long and the short of it."
"Dear Aunt Jo," said she, "I shall not let my sword and shield rust, believe me. Harry has only his own talents to advance him in the world, and it will be at least a year before we shall be ready to marry. In the meantime I shall accept the post of visiting physician to the Aldenbury almshouse and practice my profession in Aldenbury, just the same as if there were no engagement."
"I wish to goodness there wasn't," said Aunt Jo. "I tell you what, Mary, I don't fancy that smiling, smooth-tongued young man of yours, and I never shall."
Still Doctor Mary Clairmont kept her temper.

"I am sorry, Aunt Jo," she said, pleasantly, "but I hope that you will eventually change your mind."
"I used to keep a thread-and-needle store when I was a young woman," remarked Aunt Jo, dryly, "and I always could tell the ring of a counterfeit half-dollar when a customer laid it on the counter. I could then, and I can now—and I tell you what, Mary, there's a base metal about Harry Marlow!"
Doctor Mary bit her lip.
"Perhaps," she said, "I do not discuss the subject further, Aunt Jo," she said, with quiet dignity, and the old lady said no more.
"Aunt Jo is wrong!" persisted the pretty young M. D. to herself.
"Mary is making a fool of herself!" thought Aunt Jo.
Aldenbury was a pretty manufacturing village, with a main street shaded by umbrageous maples, a "west end," where people who had made their fortunes lived comfortably in roomy houses, surrounded by velvet lawns and terraced gardens, and an "east end," where people fought desperately and not always successfully to keep soul and body together on the merest pittance.
And a little way out of the village the almshouse, built and endowed by a certain smuggling sea Captain, whose conscience had pricked him during his latter days, raised their gray-stone gables to the sky, and made a picturesque background to the landscape.
Doctor Mary Clairmont made something of a sensation at Aldenbury. Up to this time all the resident M. D.'s had been snuffy old gentlemen with wigs and pert young ones with eyeglasses.
A beautiful young lady who wrote prescriptions and compounded pills and potions, was a novelty in the town, and by no means a negligible one. People rather liked the idea, once they had convinced themselves that the lady doctor thoroughly understood herself and her patients.
And the poor old people at the almshouse grew to love Doctor Mary and listen with eager ears for the sound of her carriage wheels over the blue gravel drive which led up to the portico.
It was a brilliant December day when the young physician stood in the neatly carpeted reception-room, drawing on her fur gloves previous to entering her neat parlor once again, while she reiterated to the white-capped maid some directions concerning old Ann Mudgett's rheumatism, when the matron hurried in.
"Oh, I beg your pardon, Doctor Clairmont," said she, "but I clean forgot the new old woman!"
The new old woman, repeated Doctor Mary, with a smile.
"That is," explained Mrs. Cunningham, "she only came last night—a quiet old soul, half blind and quite bad with the asthma. Perhaps you'd better just see her before you go. She brought a card of admission from Doctor Merton, the New York clergyman, who is one of our directors, you know, and she seems a decent body enough."
So Doctor Mary went cheerfully into the little brick-paved room with its white pallet-bed, cushioned rocking-chair and nestly-draped easement, where a poor, little shriveled-up woman, wrapped in a faded shawl,
She looked timidly up, as Doctor Mary came in, from under the borders of her cap.

"I'm a poor body, miss," said she, "and I'm sensible I'm making a deal of trouble in the world. But the Lord won't always take us, miss, when we'd like to go."
"This is the doctor," said Mrs. Cunningham.
The little woman would have risen up to make a feeble courtesy, but Doctor Mary motioned her to keep her seat.
"What is your name?" said she, pleasantly.
"Louise Marlow, miss."
"Marlow? That is an unusual name, isn't it?" said Mary Clairmont, coloring in spite of herself.
"We're English, miss," said the old woman, struggling bravely with her asthma. "There ain't many of us in this country. I've a son, miss, in the law business, as any mother might be proud of."
"A son!" echoed Mrs. Cunningham; "and you in the almshouse!"
"Not that it's his fault, ma'am," the old creature made haste to explain. "My son is married to a fine, proud young lady, as fit for any prince in all the land, and of course he can't be expected to burden himself with a helpless old woman like me. He says I'm to write and let him know how I get along, and if I'm sick or anything he'll try to see me. I sewed carpets until the asthma got hold of me, and supported myself comfortably. But of course I couldn't lay up anything for a rainy day—who could? And Henry couldn't help me, for he's getting ready to be married, poor lad! So I went to Mr. Merton and asked him did he know of any decent place where an old woman like me could end her days in peace. And he gave me a card to come here and some money to pay my traveling expenses—God bless him!—and here I am!"
Mary Clairmont had listened quietly to the garrulous tale, but the color had varied in her cheek more than once as she stood there.
"Is your son's name Harry Marlow?" she said, slowly and thoughtfully.
"Yes, miss, at your service," said the old woman, with a duck of her white-capped head, which was meant to do duty in place of the impossible courtesy.
"Is he like this?" said Doctor Mary, taking a photograph from her pocket.
"The old woman, with trembling hands, fitted on her iron-bowed spectacles, and looked at the picture, uttering a little cry of recognition.
"Sure, miss, it is his own self," she cried. "You are acquainted with him, then?"
"Somewhat," said Doctor Mary, composedly, as she returned the photograph to its place. "And now I'll leave you something to relieve this difficulty in breathing."
But the old crone eyed her wistfully.
"Perhaps you know the young lady my son is to marry?"
"Yes," said Doctor Mary, writing something in her prescription book. "I have seen her."
"Perhaps, miss," faltered the old woman, "you would give her my humble duty, and tell her I would just like to look at her once and see what she is like. There's no fear of my troubling her, miss, for I mean to end my days here. But I would like to see her just once. And if it wouldn't be asking too much, miss, would you please write to my son, and tell where I am?—for I'm no scholar myself, and I'm his mother, after all."
"I will write to him," said Doctor Mary, quietly; and so she went away.
"I never see a lady doctor after," said old Mrs. Marlow, with a long sigh.
"But she's a pretty creature, and it seems good to hear her around. I hope she'll come again soon."
"You may be very sure of that," said the matron, brusquely. "Doctor Clairmont ain't one to neglect poor people because they are poor."
That evening Aunt Jo, frying crullers over the kitchen fire, was surprised by a visit from her niece, who came in, all wrapped in furs, with her cheeks crimsoned with the frosty winter air.
"Bless me, this ain't never you?" said Aunt Jo, peering over the rims of her spectacles.
"I drove over to see you, Aunt Jo," said Mary, "to tell you that you were right. The metal was counterfeit."
"Oh?" said Aunt Jo, mechanically leading out the brown, curly crullers, although she did not look at what she was doing.
"I have written to Harry Marlow, canceling our engagement," said Doctor Mary, calmly, albeit her voice faltered a little. "The man who will heartlessly let his old mother go into an almshouse, sooner than take the trouble to maintain her, can be no fit husband for any woman!"
And then she sat down by the fire and told Aunt Jo everything; for crabbled, crusty old Aunt Jo had been like a mother to her, and the girl's heart was full to overflowing.
When she ceased speaking Aunt Jo nodded her head.
"You have done well and wisely," said she.
Old Mrs. Marlow died that winter, in Aldenbury almshouse, with her head on Doctor Mary Clairmont's arm, and never knew that her garrulous confessions had deprived her son of his promised wife.
And Mary says quietly and resolutely that her profession must be husband and home to her henceforward.
"Just what it ought to be," says Aunt Jo. "No woman ever yet succeeded in doing two things at once."
And ever thereafter Dr. Mary wore bloomers, fought for the rights of her sex, and entertained an unquenchable dislike for the male sex.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.
There is a banyan tree on the banks of the Merubunda, in India, which measures 2,300 feet, or nearly half a mile, in circumference. Its foliage is the home of thousands of birds and monkeys.
The abundance of herring ova spawned upon the coast of Labrador has been reported by a trustworthy observer to be so great that he has seen the shore covered with it to the depth of two feet for several miles.
A new theory of the so-called fascination of birds by snakes is that the bird is attracted by the snake's tongue, which the reptile keeps in constant motion, for a lively worm, and watches it with the expectation of devouring it.
BACTERIA is the general name given to the smallest forms of living organisms; they are prevalent everywhere in nature, and there is reason to believe that they constitute the major part of the bodies of both animals and plants.
The tiger takes particular care of those terrible weapons, his claws. Trees are frequently seen in jungles scored with long vertical fissures to the height of eight or ten feet from the ground, where tigers have cleaved and sharpened their claws.
It may not be generally known that cobwebs have been applied to various uses. The delicate cross-hairs in the telescopes of surveying instruments are fine webs taken from spiders of species that are specially selected for their production of an excellent quality of this material. The spider, when caught, is made to spin his thread by tossing him from hand to hand, in case he is indisposed to furnish the article. The end is attached to a piece of wire, which is doubled into parallel lengths, the distance apart exceeding a little the diameter of the instrument. As the spider hangs and descends from this web it winds upon it by turning the wire around. The coils are then gathered, and the wire and kept for use as required.
Other attempts of the kind have been made but with moderate success.
Dr. R. B. BURTON writes: Sirius (Dog Star), which rises about 10 o'clock in the evening during the month of November, is the largest and perhaps nearest of the fixed stars. In order to make its amazing distance from us understood I will give the rest of the stars of magnitude 1,000,000 of people in New York city, and from the Battery to Spuyten Duyvil is thirteen miles. Both the length of this island and its number of people can be easily comprehended. There are a thousand times as many people in the rest of the world as in New York, and a thousand can also be easily comprehended, for the number can be counted in five minutes. Now if all the inhabitants in New York, and all the inhabitants of the rest of the world beside, should walk the distance from the Battery to Spuyten Duyvil and return every day for five years, and these distances should be added together, the amount would be the distance to the Dog Star, viz: (fifty trillions) 50,000,000,000,000 miles!
The strange Dragon's-Blood tree of the Canaries excites a deep interest on account of its immobility, like some huge, rocky cliff, which has been a well-known landmark for long ages. Famous for its strange look, its great size and longevity, it is no less so for the stationary position it occupies. The legend of Tenerife proclaims that this tree was worshipped by the original inhabitants, and in the fifteenth century the Roman priests celebrated mass in the interior of its trunk, where there are still standing the ruins of a rude altar. So little has this tree grown since its discovery in 1402 that no perceptible change in the circumference can be noted. Nearly 480 years have made no difference in the girth. When Humboldt, in 1799, he found it forty-five feet around a little above the level of the ground, and thus it has been from time immemorial. What suggestions of antiquity this fact carries! It may be fancied standing a great tree far back in remote ages antedating the very beginning of reliable history.

Materials of Which Fish Are Composed.
Considered from the stand-point of the food-value, fish, as we buy them in the market, consist of (1) Flesh, or edible portion, and (2) Bones, scales, entrails, etc. The analysis of fish is in different kinds of fish, and of different samples of the same kind, in different conditions, vary widely. Thus a sample of flounder contained 68 per cent. of refuse and only 32 per cent. of flesh, while one of halibut steak had only 18 per cent. of refuse and 82 per cent. of edible materials. Among those with the most refuse and least edible flesh are the flounder, porgy, bass, and perch. Among those with the least refuse are fat salt, mackerel, salmon, and dried and salt fish.
The edible portion consists of (1) Water, and (2) Solids, actual nutrients. The proportion of water and solids in the flesh of various kinds of fish are much more variable than most people would suppose. Thus the flesh of flounder had 85 per cent. of water and only 15 per cent. of solids, while that of salmon contained 36 per cent. solids and 64 per cent. water. The flesh of dried, smoked and salt fish has still less water. Lean beef contains, on the average, 25 per cent. or one-quarter its weight of solids, the other three-quarters being water, while fat pork has about half solids. Ordinary fresh meats are from one-half to three-fourths water, while the water in fresh fish varies from three-fifths to six-sevenths of the whole.
To find the actual nutritive materials of a sample of fish, we must first subtract the refuse, the entrails, bones, etc., which leaves the flesh. Then we must allow for the water in the flesh. What remains will be the total edible solids, the actual nutritive material. The per centages of edible solids in the different samples of fish were more varied than those of refuse and water. Thus 100 pounds of flounder contained only five pounds of actual nutrients; 100 pounds of halibut, nine pounds; of bluefish, eleven pounds; of cod, twelve pounds; salt mackerel, sixteen pounds; shad, sixteen pounds; salt cod, twenty pounds; salmon, twenty-seven pounds, and smoked herring, twenty-eight pounds.—*American Agriculturist.*

The Last of the Merrimac.
The Merrimac was lying off Tanner's creek when the Confederates evacuated Norfolk, and the orders were to run her up the James river. She was lightened until her iron plates no longer protected her bottom, and yet she drew too much water for the river. She had no pilot for any other river or harbor, most of her ballast was gone, and it was determined to destroy her.
The Merrimac was run ashore on Craney island, her crew landed, and then Oliver, the Gunner, set fire to her and laid a powder train to her magazine. All her guns and ammunition were left

board, and as the crew had a long march before them most of them left all baggage behind. Every gun was loaded and in battery when Oliver left, and the heavy doors of the magazine were thrown wide open.
The crew had been on the march an hour when the explosion took place. Just in the gray of morning there came a terrible rumbling of the earth, followed by a shock which made them stagger. A column of smoke and flame shot up over the trestle tops into the clouds, and from the trestle came the distant boom of cannon discharges in mid-air, while shell shrieked and hissed in every direction. A monster solid shot from one of the big guns whirled over four miles of space and fell with an awful crash among the pines ahead of the little band, and they had seen the last of the Merrimac.—*Detroit Free Press.*

History of the Tichborne Trial.
The Tichborne case reads like a highly-colored work of fiction and may be briefly given as follows: Roger Charles Tichborne was born January 5, 1839, and was, after his father, heir to the title and large estates of his uncle, Sir Edward. Roger was educated in France and at the Roman Catholic College of Stonyhurst and when 30 years of age, entered the army. In the year 1852, Roger wooed the daughter of Sir Edward, his cousin Kate, but her parents were opposed to the match, and the young man resigned his commission in the army and went to sea. On June 19, 1853, he arrived at Valparaiso, and on April 20, 1854, sailed from Rio de Janeiro for New York in the ship Bella, a vessel that was lost. In March of the year 1853, Sir Edward died, and was succeeded by his brother James, the father of Roger; and Sir James died June 11, 1862, and, as it was believed Roger had been lost at sea, was succeeded by Alfred his second son, and brother of Roger. Alfred died in February, 1866, and was succeeded by a posthumous son, born in May, 1866, Lady Tichborne, in the meantime, was not on "good terms" with the rest of the family, and in her peculiar and pronounced way began her feeding. In 1875 she began to advertise in the English and Australian newspapers for Roger, who, it will be remembered, had been absent, i. e., dead, nearly twelve years. In the year following a butcher of Wagga Wagga, Australia, supposed to be Arthur Orton, but called himself Thomas Castro, announced that he was Roger Charles Tichborne, and that he had been saved from the wreck of the ship Bella. This person after a correspondence with Lady Tichborne, set sail for England, reaching London on Christmas, 1866, and in the month of January, of the next year met Lady Tichborne at Paris, and was accepted by her as her son, and furnished with funds. Lady Tichborne was almost the only member of the family who recognized him, all the others repudiating him as an impostor. For some months he went about England collecting evidence, securing witnesses, and obtaining such information in reference to the real Roger as could be valuable. In May, the first action was commenced by the "claimant" filing a bill in chancery, the real issue of which was to enable him to prove himself to be the veritable Roger, and the rightful owner of the title and estates. The case did not come to trial for nearly four years, because of commissions being sent to South America and Australia; and in the interval Lady Tichborne died. The trial began May 11, 1871, and with two adjournments, it continued 103 days, till March 6, 1872, when the jury interposed, declaring themselves satisfied that the "claimant" was not Roger Tichborne, and he was non-suited. He was at once ordered into custody to be tried for perjury, but was later released on bail. The perjury trial was commenced April 23, 1874, when he was found guilty and sentenced to fourteen years of penal servitude; he was sent to Millbank, and later transferred to Dartmoor prison. The estates of the Tichborne were valued at £24,000 a year. The first trial was before the Court of Common Pleas, and the perjury trial was before the court of the Queen's Bench. It was settled beyond reasonable doubt that the "claimant" was Arthur Orton, who emigrated from London, his native place, to Australia, and because of evil-doing changed his name to Castro. There are, however, many in England who believe, and still claim, that Orton is Roger Charles Tichborne.

A Kiss on the Sly.
There is a well-proven fact refreshment in a well-proven fact. This much every one acknowledges, though only a frank few have the courage to acknowledge it openly. As it is a curious fact, yet unexplained by the philosophers, that the slyer the kiss is the more is in it of refreshment.
A kiss that is paid as a forfeit before a whole room full of people is prosaic, not to say embarrassing. The girl laughs, which spoils the romance, and the fellow, thinking much of it, and they are both apparently soon to forget all about it.
But let the same fellow kiss the same girl when nobody is looking, and the situation is as different as possible. That sort of a kiss, fired off in a hurry behind the door or in a conservatory, is like an electric shock, and is as sweet as cream. The taste of it sort of holds on and constantly suggests the propriety—or impropriety, as the case may be—of trying it again. And the laughing and blushing are exactly covered and let off by a bit and the girl blushes like a pink carnation.
It is queer that the very same thing should, under such slightly altered circumstances, be so entirely different, nor is it any the less queer because the difference has existed from the earliest age of the world.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Still Larger.
An enterprising tobaccoist in London, whose name was Far, advertised himself and his wares simultaneously by writing up in conspicuous letters on the side of a building, "The Best Tobacco by Far." A rival on the opposite side of the way was not to be outdone, at once proclaimed the superiority of his stock by advertising, "Far better tobacco than the best tobacco by Far." This reminds the New York Mail of the story of the miner who, returning from the far West to civilization, saw a sign up outside a show, "The largest bear of the world." After paying the twenty-five cents and enjoying the sight, he noticed another sign across the street, "Larger bear," and at once returned and demanded his money back, on the ground that it had been extorted under false pretences, as there was a larger bear over the way.

God is pleased with no music below
so much as the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows and supported orphans, of rejoicing, comforted and thankful persons.
KIDNEY WORT will cure kidney and liver diseases and worst cases of piles.

An Old Adage Verified.
A New York man tells in the *Evening Post* how he was cured of interfering in other people's business. He lives near a police-station, and upon one occasion saw a crowd moving toward the station-house and a poor-looking woman struggling between two officers. He knew nothing about the reason of the arrest, but became at once interested on noticing that the prisoner was a middle-aged decent-looking woman, apparently not intoxicated, endeavoring to be let go. He followed the crowd to the station-house, succeeded in getting in, determined to see fair play, and took a position in front of the sergeant's desk, before whom the woman was placed and at once charged by the officer with disorderly conduct. They found her in the middle of the street, talking loudly and wildly at several men and boys and offering to fight. As she did not obey their directions to go home they resolved to "take her in." She struggled with them all the way to the station-house, making high jumps by her shrieks, etc. The woman all this while remained calm and quiet, and the sergeant asked her what she had to say to the charge. She at once commenced a tirade against the two officers. He knew that she was a quiet, sensible woman, sitting on the step when several loafers came along, and insulted her, one of them slapping her in the face; that she "went for them," and a skirmish ensued; that the police came up and instead of arresting them arrested her. At this moment she turned her eyes on the good-natured citizen or bystander, who was there to see that she had fair play, and exclaimed in a voice of thunder: "These are the men who take women to jail. With that she plunked her sharp bony fist with full force right in her champion's left eye. His championship ended in an instant, and her case was settled by the sergeant ordering the officers to "take her down," and they had their hands full. The "champion's" eye was badly blacked, and when he told his wife about the case she reminded him of the well-known story of the man in Tennessee who was hung for not minding his own business.

"BECAME SOUND AND WELL."
R. L. FAY'S STOMACH, G.I., March 27, 1876.
I have been ill for over two years, but had many other medicines, became sound and well by using your "Favorite Prescription." My health has been increased about one-half over former years.
Yours truly,
THOMAS J. MERVIN.

Home.
Dr. Holmes says: I never saw a garment too fine for a man or maid; there never was a chair too good for a cobbler or a cooper or a king to sit in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head, these things are about us, the glorious and the imperial, and are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools a little more than they are worth and sometimes mortgage a house for the mahogany we bring into it? I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I got to a home, and take so much more pleasure in the outside than the inside which was hollow and gave no life. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garment, house, and furniture are tawdry ornaments compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love than for whole ship-loads of furniture and all the gorgeousness all the upholsterers in the world can gather.

Sick and bilious headache, and all derangements of stomach and bowels, cured by Dr. Pierce's "Peppermint" or anti-bilious granules. 25 cents per bottle. Send for catalogue (half size edition) free. Address or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

Photographing in Theatres.
In one of the new theatres now approaching completion there will be a photograph gallery, where the portraits of visitors can be taken by line light. This is a capital idea, and many people, especially ladies, will doubtless avail themselves of the opportunity to be taken in evening dress, the facilities for which purpose are not at present great. A photograph is so conveniently a thing done in a hurry and on impulse, and few people would send a ball dress to the photographer's the day before and put on by daylight in his boudoir; while the other alternative, of driving in evening dress down street at noon, is still more distasteful. Quite naturally you go from the dimmer table to the theatre, and in the same dress, from your box to the operating room.—*London Court Circular.*

Grapes as Food.
According to the views entertained by Dr. Hartson, of Cannes, in France, the organic acids in grapes deserve more consideration, dietetically, than they have generally received, and their nutritive value has been as commonly underrated. It is known that they are changed to carbonic acid in the blood, and possibly carefully with the view of showing that they are convertible into fats. It is thought that they should be ranked with the carbohydrates as food; they have also been found a valuable diet in fever, and the well-known "grape cures" in the Tyrol prove their benefit in other diseases.
Get Out Doors.
The close confinement of all factory work gives the operatives pallid faces, poor appetite, languid, miserable feelings, poor blood, inactive liver, and all the ordinary troubles, and all the physicians and medicine in the world cannot help them unless they get out of doors or use Hop Bitters, the purest and best remedy for such cases, having abundant health, sunshine and rose-bushes in their life, they cost but a trifle. See another column.—*Christian Recorder.*

"WELL," exclaimed Mrs. Goodington as she put down the glass of water in disgust, "I thought they were right; but it's unbearable owing to the taste, goodness knows. It's perfectly contagious, and I'd as lief drink so much bulge water. Why can't they stop the collusion of that nasty Piggion Brook, I wonder; and I wonder, too, if swallowing elergy, as they call it, is wholesome. Guess if they had to drink it, themselves, instead of Apollo and Vicious water, they wouldn't drink it wasn't delirious. And the old lady scolded an unwanted son at the 'unpleasant' beverage that badly became her usually serene countenance."
The Gods Help
those who help themselves." And Nature invariably aids him who takes Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

God is pleased with no music below so much as the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows and supported orphans, of rejoicing, comforted and thankful persons.
KIDNEY WORT will cure kidney and liver diseases and worst cases of piles.

Almost Young Again.
My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy, inactive condition of the whole system; was headache, nervous prostration, and almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters, with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family.—*A lady in Providence, R. I.—Journal.*

Fog put his foot into it boily when he was introduced to Mrs. Smith and her daughter. He wished to say something neat and gallant. Addressing the daughter, said he, "Really, madam, I never should have suspected that that lady was your daughter. I supposed, of course, that you were sisters; I did, I assure you." "Thank you, Mr. Fog," replied Miss Smith. "You were perfectly right in thinking that lady could not be my daughter. She is my mother." "Fog went off in a hurry, calling somebody or other a confounded fool, while Miss Smith was heard to remark, indignantly, "Sisters, indeed!"

On Thirty Days' Trial.
The Voltaic Belt, Marshall, Mich., will send their Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to any person afflicted with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vigor and manhood. Address as above without delay. N. B. Risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

He Had Bronchitis.
A prominent physician of Cincinnati, Ohio, says: "I owe my life to Pae's Cure." He had bronchitis. Messrs. Crum & Bro., Cook's Mills, Ill., say that "Pae's Cure for Consumption" acts readily, and is giving universal satisfaction. J. T. Beeson, Franceville, Ind., writes: "Pae's Cure is giving general satisfaction. My health has been increased about one-half over former years."

Dr. WINGFIELD'S Teething Syrup has never failed to give immediate relief when used in cases of Summer Complaint, Cholera-infantum, or pains in the stomach. Mothers, when your little darlings are suffering from these or kindred ailments, do not fail to give this Syrup. You will surely be pleased with the charming effect. Be sure to buy Dr. Wingfield's Teething Syrup. Sold by all druggists. Only 25 cents per bottle.

HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE is the BEST SALVE for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Piles, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all kinds of Skin Eruptions, Freckles and Pimples. Get HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE, all others are counterfeits. Price, 15 cents.

DR. GREEN'S OXYGENATED BITTERS is the best remedy for Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Malaria, Indigestion, and Diseases of the Blood, Kidneys, Liver, and Stomach. Price, 15 cents.

DR. MOTT'S LIVER PILLS are the best Cathartic. Price, 15 cents.

TOBACCO, INDEED.
Life's vexations do not generally come on one like a storm descending from the sky. They are a whitening; they come as the rain does in some sections of the world—gently, but every day. One of these is the habit of smoking tobacco.
According to popular impression, hot whistles, mosquitoes and flies are the same name and interchangeable to the malevolent influence of the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a 'gamin' at the Comch, when along comes old Bytes turned out to be a dog, and which we were in a short extract from the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a 'gamin' at the Comch, when along comes old Bytes turned out to be a dog, and which we were in a short extract from the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a 'gamin' at the Comch, when along comes old Bytes turned out to be a dog, and which we were in a short extract from the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a 'gamin' at the Comch, when along comes old Bytes turned out to be a dog, and which we were in a short extract from the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a 'gamin' at the Comch, when along comes old Bytes turned out to be a dog, and which we were in a short extract from the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a 'gamin' at the Comch, when along comes old Bytes turned out to be a dog, and which we were in a short extract from the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a 'gamin' at the Comch, when along comes old Bytes turned out to be a dog, and which we were in a short extract from the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a 'gamin' at the Comch, when along comes old Bytes turned out to be a dog, and which we were in a short extract from the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a 'gamin' at the Comch, when along comes old Bytes turned out to be a dog, and which we were in a short extract from the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a 'gamin' at the Comch, when along comes old Bytes turned out to be a dog, and which we were in a short extract from the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a 'gamin' at the Comch, when along comes old Bytes turned out to be a dog, and which we were in a short extract from the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a 'gamin' at the Comch, when along comes old Bytes turned out to be a dog, and which we were in a short extract from the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a 'gamin' at the Comch, when along comes old Bytes turned out to be a dog, and which we were in a short extract from the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a 'gamin' at the Comch, when along comes old Bytes turned out to be a dog, and which we were in a short extract from the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a 'gamin' at the Comch, when along comes old Bytes turned out to be a dog, and which we were in a short extract from the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a 'gamin' at the Comch, when along comes old Bytes turned out to be a dog, and which we were in a short extract from the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a 'gamin' at the Comch, when along comes old Bytes turned out to be a dog, and which we were in a short extract from the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a 'gamin' at the Comch, when along comes old Bytes turned out to be a dog, and which we were in a short extract from the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a 'gamin' at the Comch, when along comes old Bytes turned out to be a dog, and which we were in a short extract from the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a 'gamin' at the Comch, when along comes old Bytes turned out to be a dog, and which we were in a short extract from the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a 'gamin' at the Comch, when along comes old Bytes turned out to be a dog, and which we were in a short extract from the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a 'gamin' at the Comch, when along comes old Bytes turned out to be a dog, and which we were in a short extract from the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a 'gamin' at the Comch, when along comes old Bytes turned out to be a dog, and which we were in a short extract from the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a 'gamin' at the Comch, when along comes old Bytes turned out to be a dog, and which we were in a short extract from the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a 'gamin' at the Comch, when along comes old Bytes turned out to be a dog, and which we were in a short extract from the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a 'gamin' at the Comch, when along comes old Bytes turned out to be a dog, and which we were in a short extract from the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a 'gamin' at the Comch, when along comes old Bytes turned out to be a dog, and which we were in a short extract from the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a 'gamin' at the Comch, when along comes old Bytes turned out to be a dog, and which we were in a short extract from the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a 'gamin' at the Comch, when along comes old Bytes turned out to be a dog, and which we were in a short extract from the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a 'gamin' at the Comch, when along comes old Bytes turned out to be a dog, and which we were in a short extract from the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a 'gamin' at the Comch, when along comes old Bytes turned out to be a dog, and which we were in a short extract from the Dog Star. Speaking of dogs and the Dog Star reminds us of a boy's story which I have heard told by the boy's letter: "Golly, Bob, you ought to have been here last night to see the fun. You know the old fellow, Tom Winkles, who's got a