TRUTH.

rld over I wander, in lands that I never

ere in this mystical In swarm the tree tope, or the gusto of a gathering storm; in the air men hear their volces, their feet on the rocks are seen, (et we all say, "Whence is the message, and what may the wondars mean?"

million shrines stand open, and ever As they bow to mythical symbols or the figures of

For the destiny drives us together, like deer in pass of hills;
Above us is the sky, and around us the sound of shot that kills;
Pushed by a gower we see not, and struck by a hand We pray to the trees for shelter, and press our lips

Here are the tombs of my kinfolk, the first of an an-Chiefs who were slain on the war field, and women who died in fiame.

They are gods, these Kings of the foretime, they are spirits who guide our race—
Ever I watch and worship; they sit with a marble

And the myrid idols around me, and the legion of muttering priests,
The revels and riots unholy, the dark unspeakable What have they wrung from the silence? Hath even Of the secret -whence or whither? Alas! the gods

Shall I list the words of the English, who come from e apperment sea! coret, hath it been told you, and what is your essame to me?" Incessage to me?"
It is naught but the wor'd-wide story, how the earth and the heavens began,
How the gods are glad and hungry, and the Deity one was a man.

I had thought, "Perchance in the cities, where the rulers of India dwell,
Whose orders flash from the far land, who girdle the earth with a spell,
They have fathound the depth we fleat on, or measured the unknown main." Sadly they turn from the venture, and say that they

Is fife then a dream and delusion, and where shall the dreamer awake?

Is the word seen like shadows on water, and what if the sirror break? the marror break?

Shall it pees as a comp that is struck, as a tent that is gathered and gone

Frem he sands that were lamplit at eve, and at morning are level and lone?

Is there naught in the heavens above, whence the Is there naugus in the harled,
hall and levin are barled,
But the wind that is swept round us by the rush of
the relding world?
The wind that shall seatter my askes and bear me to silence and steep,
With the dirge, and the sounds of lamenting, and
voices of women who weep?

# THE INVISIBLE GIRL.

Having decided to finish the year in Italy. I looked around me for a dwelling to be had on reasonable terms. I found what I wanted in the ancient city of Lucca, one of the loveliest spots on the peninsula. The house was quite new, and in every way desirable, while the rent asked for it was absurdly low. I questioned the agent in regard to this circumstance. Having my money safe, he could afford to be truthful.

There is nothing against the house itself, but the grounds have the reputation of being haunted. Strange sounds are said to be heard near that ledge of rock in the park yonder. We Italians are superstitious, signor," he added, with a bow, "but I presume to an American a ghost is no objection.'

"So little," I replied, laughing, "that I am obliged to you for the opportunity of making the acquaintance of this one." Such superstitions are common in Italy, and the agent's story made very little impression upon me.

During a tour of inspection around the premises I came upon the rock in question. It consisted of two walls of granite, perhaps twenty feet in height, meeting at an oblique angle, covered over their greater extent with wild vines. It struck me as an exceedingly beautiful nook, and appropriate for my hours ացյուց

On the following morning, provided with a book and a cigar, I went thither, and disposed myself comfortably in the shade of an olive. I had become absorbed in the volume, when I was startled by the sound of a voice near me. evidently that of a woman, wonderfully soft and sweet, and was singing one of the ballads of the country. I could distinguish the words as perfectly as if spoken at arm's length from me. I started up in amazement. I had no

visitors, and my only servant was an old man. Nevertheless, I made a thorough exploration of the neighborhood, and satisfied myself that there was no one in the grounds. The only public road was half a mile distant. The nearest dwelling was directly opposite, across a level plain-in sight, but far out of ear-shot.

In a word I could make nothing out of it. I observed that when I left my original position under the olive the voice became instantly silent. It was only within the circumference of a circle of about two yards in diameter that it was audible at all.

It appeared to proceed from the angle between the two walls of rock. The minutest examination failed to reveal anything but the bare rock. Yet it was out of this bare rock that the voice

I returned to my former station in downright bewilderment. The agent's story occurred to me, but even now I attached no weight to it. I am a prac tical man, and was firmly convinced that there must be some rational explanation of the mystery, if I could but discover it. The voice was certainly that of a young girl. But where was she? Was the old fable of the wood-nymph a truth after all? Had I discovered a dryad embosomed in the rock? I smiled scornfully even as these fancies ran through

For more than half an hour the singing continued. Then it ceased, and, though I waited patiently for its re-newal, I heard no more of it that day. When I returned to the house I made no mention of the matter, resolving to keep it to myself until I had solved the

The next morning at an early hour I returned to the spot. After a tedious interval the singing began again. It went softly and dreamily through one virse of a song, then ceased. Presently I heard a deep sigh and then in a slow, thoughtful tone the voice said:

'Oh, how lonesome it is! Am I to pess my whole life in this most dreary place?"

There was no answer. Evidently the person was merely soliloquizing. Could she hear me if I spoke, as I heard her? surposing her to be a living being at all. I determined to hazard the experi-

"Who is it that is speaking?" I Fe some moments there was no re-ply, then in a low, frightened whisper the voice said

e toice said :
"Yhat was it? I heard a voice

"Can you not see me?"
"No," answered the voice, "I can
only hear you. Oh, where are you?
Pray do not frighten me. Come out of your place of concealment and let me see "Indeed, I don't wish to alarm you,"

I replied. "I am not hidden. I am standing directly in front of the spot standing directly in months whence your voice seems to come."
"You are invisible," was the trem"Your voice comes to me bling answer. "Your voice comes to me out of the air. Holy Virgin! you must be a spirit. What have I done to deserve this?"

"Have no fear of me, I entreat you." I said earnestly. "It is as much of a mystery to me as it is to you. I hear you speak but you are likewise invisible." Are you a real living being?" asked voice doubtfully. "Then why do I the voice doubtfully. not see you? Come to me, I will sit here. I will not fly."
"Tell me where I am to come," I said.

"Here in my garden, in the arbor."
"There is no arbor here," I returned,
"only a solid rock out of which you seem to be speaking."

"Saints protect me," answered the oice. "It is too awful. I dare not stay here longer. Spirit or man, fare-well." "But you will come again," I plead-

"Let me hear you speak once. Will you not be here at the same hour ?" "I dare not—but yet your voice sounds as if you would do me no harm.

Yes, I will come."

Then there was utter silence, the mysterious speaker had gone, I returned home in a state of stupid wonder, questioning myself if I had lost my senses, and if the whole occurrence was not a delusion. I was faithful to my appointment with the voice on the following morning, however. I had waited but a few moments, when the soft, trembling accents broke the silence, saying: "I am here."

"And I, too," I answered; "I am grateful to you for coming."
"I have not slept the whole night," said the voice, "I was so terrified. Am

I doing wrong to come? "Are you still afraid of me?" "Not exactly, but it is so strange."

"Will you tell me your name?" "I don't know-Lenore. What is "George," I answered, imitating her

example, and giving my first name only.
"Shall we be friends, Lenore?" "Oh, yes," answered the voice with a silvery peal of laughter. Evidently its wner was getting ever her fears. 'Don't be offended, George. It is so owner strange—two people who cannot see each other and perhaps never will, making friends."

"I will solve the mystery yet, Lenore," I answered, "and find out what you are. Would you be glad to see me in my proper person?" was the reply, "I should like

"And I would give a great deal to see you, Lenore. You must be very beau- able quaint designs, secured to a back tiful if your face is like your voice. "Oh, hush!" was the agitated answer.

"It is not right to speak thus." "Why not? Do you know, Lenere, that if this goes on I shall be falling in love with you, though I never see 'You are very audacious," was the

reply. "If you were really here, before me, I should punish you for it. As it is I am going now.' "But you will come again to-morrow,

"If you will promise to be more dis-

creet, George, yes."
As may be imagined, I did not fail to keep my engagement with my invisible friend. For many consecutive days these strange meetings continued. As absurd as it may seem, the voice was beginning to make a powerful impression upon me. I felt in its soft tones the manifestation of a sweet, refined woman's soul.

True, I had made no progress toward unraveling the mystery. Nevertheless, I was confident that through some inex-plicable dispensation of Providence I had been permitted to hold communion with a real, living, lovely woman, from an unknown distance. She had not yet told me more than her first name, and I did not press her for more as yet. Her only answer to my question as to where she was was "In the garden." She did not seem capable of grasping the fact that I was not invisibly near her. She seemed content with matters as they stood, and for the present I could do no

I made no one my confident as to my daily occupation; first, because I knew that I should be regarded as a madman upon my mere statement of the facts. and next, because I shrank from having an auditor at my mysterious conferences Will it be believed? I was in love with the invisible girl—in love with a voice! Absurd, of course, but I am not the first man who has fallen in love with a womvoice. Besides, I was confident that it was only a matter of time before I should see the girl in person.

One day toward the end of summer. we had been talking as usual, and I had said:

"My stay in Italy is nearly over, Lenore "Ah," was the quick reply, "you will

leave me, George."
"No, Lenore," I answered, "not if you wish me to stay. "How can I help it, George, whether you go or stay? I have never seen you

-I never shall see you. What am I to you? "All in the world, Lenore," I answered. "Ours has been a strange ex-

perience. Without knowing each other as people ordinarily do, we have yet been close friends. You are more to me than any friend, for I love you, Le-

There was a quick, suppressed cry, no other reply.

"Be truthful, Lenore. Tell me your heart. If you love me, trust to me to discover your whereabouts and come to you. If you do not, say it, and I will spare you the pain of meeting me, and let us never speak again."

There was a pause, then she tremulously said: "I have never seen you, but my heart tells me to trust you. I know you

are good and noble, and I am willing to leave my fate in your hands. Yes, George, I love you."

Even as she said the words she uttered a cry of alarm. Then agruffman's voice spoke:

"Go to your room, Lenore. As to this villain with whom you have been holding these secret meetings, we shall soon find him and punish him as he deserves. Search for the rascal, Antonio, and bring him to me." There was a quick trampling of feet

and the sound of crushing shrubbery, as if the men were breaking through it. Then another man's voice spoke: "He has disappeared, your Excel-

lence."
"Very well, we shall find him yet. He "Just was at I meand a voice, "S I answered, "you heard mine! I spoke to you." cannot escape me. This is a fine piece of business, surely—the daughter of Count Villani holding secret meetings with some common vagabond. Lenore shall take the veil."

"Yes," I cried, "the bridal veil, Count, I shall pay my respects in per-

son to-day."
Then, leaving them to get over their astonishment as best they might, I re-turned to the house in high spirits. The name, Count Villani, had given me the clew to the whereabouts of Lenore. The dwelling of which I have spoken as ait-uated across the plain and opposite the rock was the residence of Count Villani, I had met the old gentleman in the city and formed a speaking acquaintance with him. As neither of us had mentioned our private affairs, I had no means of connecting his daughter with my invisible oirl

That afternoon I presented myself to the Count, and, after amazing him with my story, which a few tests convinced true, formally proposed for his daughter's hand. As my wealth and social position were well known, he offered no objections and his daughter was sent for.

As she entered the room, I saw that ny idea of her had been less than true. I had never seen so lovely a woman, nor one who so perfectly embodied my highest conception of grace and beauty. Hew dark eyes, still wet with tears, met mine

inquiringly.
"Lenore," said I, "I have come as I promised." "George," she cried, with a radiant smile, "is it you?"

"Are you disappointed?" I asked. am I what you expected?" "You could not be more," she answered naively, "you are no less."
"Now that we meet as solid and material beings," I continued, " willing to ratify the contract we made when we were only voices, Lenore? Your

father gives us permission."

It may be supposed that I received a satisfactory answer, when the good-natured Count found it discreet to turn away his eyes during my reception of it. As to the strange circumstance which was the means of uniting us, a series of tests revealed a remarkable acoustic property in the rock, by which persons standing in certain positions with reference to it were able to hear each other with ease, more than a quarter of a mile apart. It is a very matter-of-fact solution of the mystery, but Lenore and I are none the less grateful for the good offices of the rock.

### ▲ Fumble of Expedients.

Do not attempt to keep house without bottle of mucilage. There are hundreds of little things which may be neatly repaired by this simple treatment. It will quickly fasten this loose leaf in your school-boy's book; it speedily repairs a break in your wall paper; it will daintily secure this pretty frameless picture, or decorated card to the wall by touching it with a brush; a few drops will stiffen a linen collar if your laundress is tardy; with it and some pretty dado paper, or Japanese handkerchiefs from which to cut figures of flowers, birds, bamboo reeds, fans, and innumer ground of old gold, cardinal or any pretty tinted shade you may fancy, you may speedily and beautifully decorate all the fine stops in the house and have them match the hangings in every room. Care is to be had to make them is possible and not to crowd the figures. Afterward apply a thin coat of varnish. 'A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and yen a common-place chimney stop is dorified and dignified by artistic taste. Handsomer ones are made by covering the stop with cloth or silesia and handpainting them. The latter are unique testimonials for "tin weddings." Both are pretty, and by the side of them the common custom-painted ones

tawdry. Another source of comfort is a small camel's-hair brush and a bottle of best varnish. With this potent spell you may charm away every unsightly scratch upon your furniture, by simply tracing over carefully the defect, until it is ob literated. A large brush is useful if it is desirable to varnish a whole article, and if the chemical smell is not objectionable, it is rather pleasant work. new the furniture throughout the house by touching it up in this way occasionally. And nothing is so cleanly, effica-cious and healthy, for keeping bugs from beds, as this simple expedient of varnishing, in early spring, the whole inside frame, the ends of the slats, and the cavities where the frame unites, also cracks or knots in the wood. Repeat if

cessary in midsummer. Old tapestry Brussels carpets, which e worn and unsightly, may be utilized by ripping and turning the seams on the woolen side and finishing with a bright inexpensive border. This makes an elegant dining-room carpet.

# Two Periods.

Behold her at eleven. Her limbs unfettered by the long skirts of conventionality, she runs, she romps, she slides on the ice ponds, she rolls hoop, she climbs fences, she leaps, she kicks, she runs races and is as fleet of foot as the boys. Her appetite is

good, her cheeks rosy, and her movements unconsciously graceful. Behold her again at twenty. No more does she run or jump or roll hoops, run races or slide on the ice. It is not "proper" now nor ladylike, and she couldn't if she would, for she is fettered by long skirts, tight shoes and tighter stays. Her movement has no longer the freedom and unconscious grace of childhood, for now when she walks abroad she walks to be looked at, which now in her estimation is the main object of walking. She is already in delicate health, and has a doctor who prescribes expensive advice and prescriptions for her, and ascribes her complaint to anything and everything but the real cause.
That is simply the fettering of the body
with fashionable clothes. Physically she is a prisoner. At eleven she was free. The doctor advises travel, but he dosen't advise her to take off and keep off her fashionable fetters. She wouldn't do it if he did, and he wouldn't advise her if he knew it would bring relief, for she would no longer believe in a doctor who would make her dress like a guy; and being dressed like a "guy" is dress ing different from the style prescribe by a Paris modiste. Dinna never could hunt in a trailing skirt, narrow, tight, high-heeled gaiters, and a pinched, cor-seted waist, but Dina was a belted tunic, and unfettered limbs would be bounced off Broadway by the nearest policeman. Dressing for health and freedom of body and limb is one thing, and dressing for fashion quite another. A man couldn't endure the pinching and encumbrances peculiar to female attire for an hour, and a pretty spectacle he'd make rushing out in such during business hours. Yet the "weaker sex" wear double the en-cumbrances of the so-called stronger. To "dress" at all after the style takes up half a woman's time and two-thirds of her strength. - New York Graphic.

It is generally observed that persons of about 40 years, especially young ladies of that age, are very forgetful of those with whom they were acquainted in childhood. This remarkable dimness of memory has been appropriately styled "The darkness of the middle ages."

An electric signal apparatus on French railway causes the blowing of steam whistle upon a locomotive ap proaching a danger signal. The engineer is thus warned. This apparatus is found valuable in fogs and snow-storms, when ordinary signals often escape no-

THE number of varieties of insects is vastly greater than that of all other livvastly greater than that of all other hy-ing creatures. The oak supports 450 species of insects, and 200 are found in the pine. Humboldt, in 1849, calculated that between 150,000 and 170,000 species were preserved in collections, but recent estimates place the present number at about 750,000 species.

It is a very general belief that great burial places exert a noxions influence, which must reader the localities very unhealthy as places of residence. idea is shown to be a mistaken one by the results of any inquiry into the sani-tary condition of the cemeteries of Paris. The composition of the air in the cemeteries is reported to be indistinguishable from that of arable lands.

Concerning the moon's effect on tides, the Astronomer Royal for Ireland recently stated that, while the day is gradually lengthening through lunar ac-tion tides, the earth reacts on the moon and drives it away farther and farther Looking backward, the moon must have been nearer and nearer the earth, and at one epoch in the remote ages of the past—perhaps about 50,000,000 of years ago—the two bodies must have been very close together. Then the day was but three hours long instead of twenty-four. At that distant period, the earth rotated once every three ours, and the moon revolved with it in the same time. So near was the moon that, if there had been oceans in those days as now, the tides must have been 216 times as great as at the present time: and, rising to an immense height, would have swept over the whole of England.

Annal life in the Sahara is somewhat peculiar to the region, and, according to M. Vogt, the traveler is struck with the absence of all bright colors in the animals of the desert. As a rule, their hue approaches that of the ground, and the daptation is most remarkable in birds, reptiles, grasshoppers, etc. Black and white exist in some animals—for instance, the male ostrich-which have nothing to fear from enemies; and a single exception to the rule occurs among insects - the Coleoptera are nearly all black. To explain the existence in safety of these insects whose color must make them conspicuous, M. Vogt states that they feign death on the approach of danger and in that state closely resemble the excrements of gazelles, goats, and sheep. This decription, with their disagreeable odor. gives them sufficient protection. The general color of the ground to the desert

s, of course that of sand. AT THE Crystal Palace, London, a second international electrical exhibition to follow closely on the heels of the first at Paris. The objects to be exhibited are chiefly compared in these classes : Apparatus used for the production and transmission of electricity and magnets, natural and artificial; mariners' compasses; lightning conductors, and applications of electricity to telegraphy and the transmission sounds, to the production of heat, to ighting and the production of light, to the service of light-houses and signals, to apparatus giving warning to mines, railways and navigation, to military art, to fine arts, to electro-chemistry and chemical arts, to the production and transmission of motive power, the mehanical arts, to surgery and medicine, to horology, to astronomy, to meteorology, to geodesy, to agriculture, to apparatus for registering, and to domestic uses. It is expected that the exhibition will prove much more attractive to Americans than that at Paris.

Emotional Qualities of the Voice. lecture by Prof. Plumptre, of King's College: "We really in our speeches, College: "We really in our speeches, as, indeed, in ordinary conversation, run up and down the musical scale without iving any heed to it-not, it is true, with separate and full notes of song, but with partially formed notes that melt or slide, as it were, into one another, either ascending or descending in the musical In these words the great orator had well defined the nature of speech. The influence of the elequence of Mr. Gladstone over his hearers is mainly to be attributed to his magnificent delivery and cultivated voice, more, even, than to his profound knowledge, and the earnestness with which he plends the particular cause before him. Men speaking under emotion always make a difference in the length of the vowel, according to the depth of the emotion, and the real essence of language lies in the living utterance, a thought which can well be plied to the premier. The rises and falls in the musical scale are inherent to man, and every race on the earth indulges in Greek and Roman orators have warned their students against monotony, but it was not till the last century that speech was reduced to a system o tion, when Joshua Steele published a work on the subject. The author of this work, "Prosodia Rationalis," took down from the lips of Garrick and other eminent actors their chief speeches, and reduced them to a regular musical notation. Of course, though every note was there, they could not be reproduced with the same effect without the natural gifts of the orator. There is a law of antithesis in speech. The passions of love and hate, for instance, express themselves, the former by notes high in the musical scale, the latter low. Almost every speaker speaks under a different emotion; and, in brief, opposite emotions should be taken in opposite keys and in flections. According to Darwin's work, "Emotions of Men and Animals, as Indicated by the Voice," the voice alters, not only in resonance and quality, but in pitch. This modulation becomes exssive in the earliest period of life, and is intimately related to vocal and instrumental music, and to muscular action. Darwin believes that utterance was first sociated with courtship, in its various phases of endearment, rivalry and triumph; and thought that the progenitors of man had the power of utterance of musical tones even before that of

articulate speech. Dogs on Duty. The Russians have strengthened their army by the novel addition to each company of a pack of powerful and carefully trained dogs. These watchful animals are sent out with the sentinels on picket duty, where their sharp ears and still keener scent will prove an impregnable barrier to the lurking spies of the en-emy. The dogs used are a species of blood-hound from the Ural m The dog is selected because of its habitual silence. It growls, but never barks a matter of first importance to soldiers near an enemy's camp. The Ural hound is gifted with an exceedingly fine sense of smell, keen ears, and is ever alert. Most comforting of all to the lonely picket, the dog is said to be especially the land sells and recommends it.

courageous in defending his master. s curious that, with the example of the King Charles spaniels before us, no one thought before of using these intelligent animals for sentinels. The value of the plan is self-evident. The Muscovites have gone further, and are training swift hounds as well as these same Ural dogs, to act as dispatch-bearers, much as the carrier-pigeon was employed in 1871. They certainly would be hard messen-gers to catch when sent stealing through the woods at night.

"MADE NEW AGAIN."

"MADE NEW AGAIN."

Mns. WM. D. BYCKMAN, St. Ostherines, Ont., says: "R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., I have used your 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' for the last three months, and find myself—(what shall I say?)—'made new again' are the only words that express it. I was reduced to a skeleton, could not walk across the floor without fainting, could keep nothing in the shape of food on my stomach. Myself and friends had given up all hope, my immediate death seemed certain. I now live (to the surprise of everybody) and am able to do my own work."

An Outlaw's Sweetheart. The robbers used to frequently shoot at targets in company with their sweet-hearts, in the shooting the girls making sometimes almost as good a score as the men, and the vells that would rend the air as one's favorite lady would split the bullet on the half dollar as it fell for ward to the ground would have done justice to a border scout. Nor were the young ladies behind them in equestrianism, Miss Ryan, in particular, often boasting that she could drop the nickel as often in the race as any of the boys. It may be proper here to explain the modus operandi of the "nickel race." A nickel or other small coin is placed in the forks of a tree, about the distance from the ground that a man's shoulder would be while on horseback. Each party has one shot at it as he flies by on his horse at full speed. The ladies take their regular turn, and Miss Ryan has been known to drop the nickel three times out of five races, and that she is, indeed, at home in the saddle is demonstrated by the fact that when alighting from her favorite horse, a powerful black charger, she simply rises from the sad-dle and leaps to the ground, while her horse walks to the nearest hitching-post to await its rider. When she is ready to remount, her intelligent horse comes at her call, and taking her saddle by the pummel she bounds into it and is off at a fast gallop, the only gait she ever rides.

# VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

-St. Louis Chronicle

R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.:

I had a serions disease of the lungs, and was for a time confined to my bed and under the care of a physician. His prescriptions did not help me. I grew worse, coughing very severely. I commenced taking your "Golden Medical Discovery," and it cured me. Yours respect-

### Cornish Prayer Meetings.

Many of the expressions used at Corn ish prayer meetings are extremely grotesque. For example, hardly any native would understand what a man meant when he prayed that he might be kept "from skirmishing into the and corners." This was simply the man's way of asking that he might be kept from doing anything wrong. is rather trying to one's gravity to hear a man allude to a certain unmentionable personage as "ould smutty face." About the time I heard this remark, and in the same parish, there was a good deal of rivalry between the Dissenting fishermen and those attending the church. The former annoyed the latter intensely by accusing them of praying at their meeting that "the devil might be hanged." Less primitive people would have laughed at such an absurd charge, but our friends regarded it quite seriously, and one of them took occasion to allude to it thus in his prayer: "They have been saying that we prayed that the devil might be hanged!" I mention this to show how unsophisticated these men are. They are wont to be very personal in their prayers. One evening brought two of his comrades with him. and in his prayer put forth this petition: "Lord, convert they two men ovver there in the cornder."—London Society.

Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are perfect preventives of constipation. Inclose in glass bottles, always fresh. By all drug

# Surface Accomplishments.

That reading does not necessarily make a cultivated person is a truth no generally apparent, even to conscien who suppose themselves to be going through a process of cultiva-There is comparatively small pleasure in talking of book and subjects connected with literature with an uncultured person, however he may be in the habit of reading; while in the presence of cultivated men and women, almost the first word reveals that the reading has been assimilated and become a part of their mental substance, so to speak, and there is felt at once a common ground to move upon, an unspoken understanding of each other's point of view. -Atlantic Monthly.

A Willing Enderser. H. H. WARKE & Co.: Surs — I can recommend your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and you can cheerfully use my name. Mrs. Ann Kelly.

He Was a Donkey Driver. When an Austin schoolmaster entered

his temple of learning, one morning, he read on the blackboard the touching legend:

'Our teacher is a donkey." The pupils expected there would be combined cyclone and earthquake, but the philosophic pedagogue contented himself with adding the word "driver" to the legend, and opened the school with prayer as usual.—Texas Siftings.

SEPIMENT or mucous in the urine is a sure indication of disease. Take Kidney-Wort.

#### A Beloved "Little Sinner." Pope's "personality" may be described

by saying that no writer has a greater quantity of human nature in his composition; every line and word in his best passages seems to vibrate with feeling and has therefore a permanent vitality.
Undoubtedly the feeling often conceals itself under masks to which it has no right; vanity passes itself off for lofty independence, and mere personal spite righteous moral indignation. But the feeling, though affecting to be something better than it is, is still genuine feeling, and therefore appeals to our sympathies and, moreover, it is not intrinsically base. On the contrary, Pope's impulses are so keen and vigorous, and spring from a nature with so much capacity for real affection, that, in spite of ourselves, we have an affection for the warm-hearted, excitable, senditive, irritable and spiteful little sinner, and wish to set down even his sins rather to the unfortunate accidents of his position than to an essential baseness of the man him-self.—Pall Mall Gazette.

AFTER all the arguments about cheapne and quality it appears that Dr. Buli's Cough Syrup is the best remedy for the cure of Coughs and Colds ever offered to the public. The price is only 25 cents a bottle, and every druggist in

It | The Stature of Different Races of Men In comparing races as to their stature we concern ourselves not with the talle or shortest men of each tribe, but with the ordinary or average-sized men who may be taken as fair representatives of their whole tribe. The difference of general stature is well shown where a tall and short people come together in one district. Thus in Australia the average English colonist of five feet eight inches looks clear over the heads of the five feet four-inch Chinese laborers.

Still more in Sweden does the Swede of five feet seven inches tower over the stunted Lapps, whose average measure is not much over five feet. Among the tallest of mankind are the Patagonians, who seemed a race of giants to the Europeans who first watched them striding along their cliffs draped in their skin cloaks; it was even declared that the heads of Magalhean's men hardly reached the waist of the first Patagonian they met. Modern travelers find on measuring them, that they really often reach six feet four inchs, their mean hight being about five feet eleven inches
—three or four inches taller than the av-

erage Englishman. The shortest of mankind are the Bushmen and related tribes in South Africa, with an average hight not far exceeding four feet six inches. As a fair contrast between the tallest and shortest races of mankind it may be stated that if a Patagonian and Bushman stood side by side, the latter's head would only reach to the breast of the former.

Thus, the tallest race of man is less than one-fourth taller than the shortest. fact that seems surprising to those not used to measurements. In general, the stature of the women of any race may be taken as about one-sixteenth less than that of the men. Thus, in England, a man of five feet eight inches and a woman of five feet four inches look an ordinary well-matched couple.

Ban manners disgraced the King of Sweden. "At supper," says Miss Knight, "his Majesty was seen to scratch his head with his fork, and also with his knife, and afterward go on eating with them."

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## all druggists. RESCUED FROM DEATH.

William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: In the fall of 1876 I was taken with bleeding of the iungs, fellowed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lungus big as a half dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. William Hall's Barsam for the Lungs. I got a bettle, when, to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better than for three years past. I write this hoping every one afflicted with discussed lungs will take Dr. William Hall's Balsam, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. I can posi-tively say it has uone more good than all the other medi-cines I have taken since my sickness.



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difference of the advertises of the street of the file of the other than



affections. I saked what the remoth was and he replied, "Sr. Jacobs Oll." Mr. Pastor said that he considered in Great German Remedy an excellent preparation for the circ or relief or rheumatism, and that it was the only d among professional people for that Themmatism, and that it was the only thing used among professional people for that distressing complaint. He took bottles of it with him whenever he went traveling, and would not be without it, and k new that it was very popular with a number of members of his own company. The foregoing, from the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Etole, recalls to our mind an item wherein the editor of the Cairo (III.) Evening San, in paying a tribute to the cutterprise of the St. Louis Post Dispatch, and expressing his sorrow at the loss by fire which the latter paper sustained, says: "The whole office was knocked into ten thousand pieces—all except the Sr. Jacos Ott. advertise popularity the Great German Remedy enjoys everywhere; At a St. Louis theatre recently whilst the play was in progress, one of the lady performers met with a painful mishap, which quite disabled her. The here of the piece, qual to the emergency, called out to one of the usher to "bring a bottle of St. Jacons Clis quietly." The thundering applanse throughout the entire house which promptly followed this happy suggestion was an unmistakable proof of the fact that the audience "had been there themselves," as the expression goes, and experienced whe here e expression goes, and experienced the ben-of this wonderful ar icle.
Charles A. Whitney, advertising agent of Garden, Providence, R. I., writes, "For years I had inflammatory rheumatism in

three years I had inflammatory rhermatism in my right hip and knee. I employed many noted physicians, and tried numerous remedies for the allment, but found nothing to help me until I used the Great German Remedy, Sr. Jacons Ott. which cured meat once. I am now entirely well— TO FGG Dealers. Preserving process, cost for 2 100 da No handling. Send for a reular. W.J. Himes, Dayton,

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