POETRY.

"Little Brown Hands."

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long, shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat field
That is yellow with ripened grain.

They find the thick waving grasses
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow,
They gather the elder-bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.

They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea shells,
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall, rocky tree tops,
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings;
And at night time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest
The humble and poor become great,
And from those brown handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of our land—
he sword and chisel and palette
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

Do Thy Little; Do It Well.

Do thy little—do it well;
Do what right and reason tell;
Do what wrong and sorrow claim;
Conquer sin, and cover shame.

Do thy little, though it be
Dreariness and drudgery;
They whom Christ apostles made
"Gathered fragments" when He bade.

Do thy little. God hath made
Million leaves for forest shade;
Smallest stars their glory bring;
God employeth everything.

Do thy little; and when thou
Feelest on thy pallid brow,
Ere has fled the vital breath,
Cold and damp the sweat of death.

Then the little thou hast done,
Little battles thou hast won,
Little masteries achieved,
Little wants with care relieved.

Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little favors kindly done,
Little toils thou didst not shun,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne.

These shall crown the pillowed head,
Holy light upon thee shed;
These are treasures that shall rise
Far beyond the smiling skies.

A Fractured Sabbath.

Gimme that gun!" the old man cried
To his son, a sprightly urchin;
"It's Sunday, yes, but I'll have the hide
Of that coon if it costs a churchin'."

'O, father, stay," the youthlet plead,
'Remember, to-day is Sunday;
Call not down vengeance on thy head—
Wait, father, and shoot it Monday."

'Gimme that gun!"—the man was stern—
"And gimme no more palaver;
You are young in years, and had better learn
When a coon 's in sight I'll have her!"

The youth passed over the heavy gun—
A gun which himself had loaded,
Like a bold, bad, unregenerate son,
By the spirit of mischief goaded.

An ounce of powder and three of shot
He had dumped in the carbine's muzzle,
And gloated over his dreadful plot,
Like a child with a Chinese puzzle.

Then he hied away to a safe retreat
'Neath a stone wall's friendly cover;
"I'll wait awhile," did the lad repeat,
"Till the din of battle's over."

Then came a burst of thunder sound:
The old man, where was he?
Curled like a squash vine on the ground,
While the coon skipped up a tree.

"O, father, father!" the youthlet cried,
"Remember, to-day is Sunday!"
"You bet! but I'll tan your tender hide
From now till the dawn of Monday!"

A LONG SLEEP.

On death's cold bier the mother lay,
In garments cold and white;
Her little child comes full of play
And wonders at the sight.

The roses in her golden hair
The child with joy do fill;
On bosom cold the flowers fair
Do please it—ay, more still.

It calls, in tones caressing, mild,
"Mother, dear mother, pray,
A flower give thy darling child,
But one from thy bouquet!"

But since no sound the silence breaks,
It thinks and whispers low:
"Dear mother sleeps; when she awakes,
She'll give it me, I know!"

On tip-toe then it quits the bier,
Her slumber not to break,
And comes, from time to time, to hear
If mother's not awake.

FEROCIOUS ATTACK

On a Farmer by a Mulatto—The Victim Will Die—The Murderer Arrested.

A last (Friday) night's Hicksville, L. I., despatch says: At half-past 6 this morning Selah Sprague, a well-to-do farmer at East Meadow, went to the barn to feed his horses He had just reached the barn when a tall mulatto attacked him with a fishplate used for coupling on railroad tracks, and after striking him several murderous blows on the head left him for dead and made his way to the house. Upon entering he saw Mrs. Sprague in the kitchen, and struck one blow at her and demanded her money. She told him to get it out of a drawer and then ran screaming from the house. Before she had gone far the man overtook her and passed her, soon getting out of sight. The neighbors hurried to the spot and found Sprague's almost lifeless body lying in a pool of blood near the barn. The country was scoured, but the miscreant was not found. Great excitement prevails. Sprague and his wife are about 50 years of age and amongst the most respected residents of the country. There is no hope of Sprague's recovery. Later.—The mulatto has been arrested.

An elegant out-door garment is the long black velvet paletot trimmed with bear-skin.

An Irishman was heard to say that he would have been a man of considerable property if his father had never entered the family.

There is a man who knows how to play on two cornets at once. The neighbors say they don't object as to his knowing how, but he had better not try to do it.

IMAGES OF DEATH.

The Remarkable Discoveries Made in the Ruins of Pompeii.

HOW BODIES WERE PRESERVED FOR AGES.

Who that has an object before him ever grows tired in Pompeii? As I have said, the aspect of the local museum is smart. It glistens, it gleams with its polished oaken fittings and glass cases. The pots and pans, the fishhooks and stirrups, the calcined loaves and fruits and nuts that have almost, but not quite, brought me face to face with the people of A.D. 79 are from carbonization black, but they are comely. The whole room looks bright and cheerful, yet on every side are there mementoes of death, sudden, violent and terrible. Ranged round the walls are skeletons of men, women, infants, horses, mules, dogs, cats and poultry, all dug from the ruins. Stay, the little sucking pig yonder, that was found in the baker's oven, escaped a violent end. He had been mercifully stuck to death before they scored and trussed him for the bake-house. His tender crackling, the gristle of his snout, his ears and eyes have long since been resolved into dust and ashes, but the osseous structure of the tiny creature is yet perfect, even to the bones of the pettitoes and the vertebræ of the once curly tail. Plum sauce and not pumice stone should have crowned the funeral pyre of that little pig. How brown and shiny he must have been growing, how nice he must have smelt, when the black rain of ashes came down upon him and covered him up for eighteen centuries. But the middle of the museum; what is there in the midst of the museum? Sudden, violent and dreadful death, the aspect of which is almost supernaturally revealed to us, but which bears no appalling look. I have rarely known a civilian who, having once been over a field of battle, say three days after the slaughter, exhibited the slightest desire to make a second time that journey full of horrors. Yet there is nothing shocking, and scarcely anything, indeed, that can be called painful, in the appearance of the images of death ranged at full length on the tables. The prostrate figure of the man who, from the aquilline outline of his countenance, is known as the Roman, and who is girt with a money belt. His death must have been from asphyxiation. His head reposes on one of his arms; the expression of the countenance is one of deeply thoughtful gravity—scarcely sleep, although the eyes are closed, but rather profound meditation. And then the *ragazzo*, the boy of 11 or 12 summers, who had tumbled face foremost on the ground, and died there in a moment. And the *ragazza*, the exquisitely formed young girl of 16 or 17, her face turned a little on one side, so that you can see her sweet innocent features, and her hair fixed in girlish coquetry. These images of sudden and violent death are all nude; but when they were stricken down by death they wore the garments of their time and rank—garments which the heated ashes calcined and made to vanish in a moment. But the *aqua bollante*, the boiling vapor permeating the pumice, the scoriæ and the ashes formed round each body a fine paste, which received the imprint of the corpse which it surrendered. This paste after some days dried, and became a sharply defined mould, and then came the eighteen centuries of entombment. The bodies decayed, the bones fell away from ligaments which turned to dust, but the sharp mould remained, retaining every detail of the external form of what had once been human. And one day Cavaliere Fiorelli, superintending the proofs of the "scavi," was told by one of his workmen that with his pick-axe he had struck into a cavity apparently of considerable dimensions. The cavity was sounded, and by-and-bye some vestiges of mortality—a vertebra, a bone of a tarsus or a metacarpus was brought to the surface. It instantly occurred to the astute mind of Cavaliere Fiorelli that a human body had once filled that cavity, and that the long-since indurated mass of pumice and ashes had formed a mould which should present an exact imprint of the disintegrated corpse. Liquid plaster of Paris was brought and poured through the aperture of the cavity. The plaster was allowed to harden, and then the surrounding mould was gently removed, and these astonishing transcripts of life suddenly turned into death were revealed. In only one of these bodies, strangely resuscitated—if the paradox can be pardoned—by means of a bucketful of liquefied plaster of Paris, are any signs of acute physical suffering visible, There is a reproduction of the body of a dog which, with a collar round its neck, was found by the side of the vestibule of a patrician's house. The poor dog has died hard, it has rolled over in its agony and lies on its back, its mouth open, its limbs violently contorted. The stretched-out fore-paws are crossed almost in an attitude of supplication; and the whole frame is twisted and wrenched in a manner suggestive of fearful pain having been suffered ere the relief of death came. —*London Telegraph.*

A Remarkable Mosaic.

A very remarkable mosaic has just been discovered at Nimes. It is over 150 square feet in size, and represents a Roman emperor seated on a throne, by the side of which stands a female figure. There are also two figures of men, leading, the one a lion and the other a wild boar. A warrior with a Roman helmet and a number of slaves complete this highly-interesting group. The work has happily escaped injury; the lines and the colors are as fresh as if they dated from yesterday. It is declared by competent judges to be the richest mosaic yet discovered, no museum in Europe possessing one to match it. As for its value, they decline to name a definite sum, though they express the opinion that it cannot be worth less than 1,000,000 francs at the lowest. The unfortunate owner of the house in which this treasure has been discovered had just sold the property to the municipality for less than £2,000. This body will frame the mosaic, and place it in the museum of the town, already so rich in local relics of the Roman period.—*St. James' Gazette.*

The brown and gilt plush hat which young women in Paris wear in their after noon promenade on the boulevards is a reproduction of the hat worn by Charles I. in he portrait by Vandyck.

STARTLING DISCLOSURE.

Over Twenty Thousand Dollars Lost—An Old Pioneer's Statement.

How a Fortune was Spent in Vain—An Eventful Career—Rescued At Last.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—The *Daily Chronicle* publishes the following editorial communication from Captain W. F. Swasey, the oldest pioneer in San Francisco, a gentleman well known throughout the coast, which will be self-explanatory:

Editor of the Chronicle—SIR: Anything concerning the history of an old Californian, especially if he is extensively and favorably known throughout the Pacific coast, never fails to attract attention, but when the circumstances attending his career are of such a peculiar character that a knowledge of them will benefit the public at large, the imparting of such knowledge becomes not only a pleasure, but a duty as well. Therefore, the writer deems the following brief sketch not only eminently proper, but also feels confident that it will prove deeply interesting and beneficial to the thousands who will read it.

Colonel D. J. Williamson, the subject of this letter, entered the Union Army in 1861 as Regimental Quartermaster of the Fourth California Infantry, and in 1863 he was appointed by President Lincoln, Captain, Quartermaster of the United States Army. He served with distinction to himself and honor to the Government, until 1867, at which time he left the military service and became a prominent operator in stocks in San Francisco. In this business he continued until 1870, when he received from President Grant the appointment of United States Consul at Callao, Peru. In 1874 he was appointed by President Grant Consul at Valparaiso, Chili, and also Charge d' Affairs of that Republic, which latter positions he was compelled by ill health to resign in 1878.

In the winter of 1861-2, a winter that was unusually inclement, while on military duty at Sacramento, Colonel Williamson was obliged to sleep in tents, and then first contracted the terrible scourge of rheumatism, from which he at times suffered excruciating pain, although he was not incapacitated from duty. After he had left the service and entered upon business pursuits the disease pertinaciously clung to his system, although he resorted to the most eminent medical advice and to every known remedy for relief. When he arrived in Peru, where rheumatism is very prevalent, the disease assumed a still more virulent type, and his suffering became so utterly intolerable that he was obliged to submit to the application of hypodermic injections of morphia, frequenty administered as often as twenty-five times in twenty-four hours. He visited the famous baths of that country without avail, and when he reached Chili, resorted to the baths Coquenes and afterwards to the baths on the summit of the Andes, which latter are celebrated throughout the world for their efficacy in the cure of rheumatism. He still found no relief, however, and in 1878 his knees and lower extremities became so powerless from the disease that he was obliged to resign his position and return to California. He at once repaired to the Paso Robles Springs, in San Luis Obispo county, where he received but slight temporary relief, the malignant complaint continuing to torture and rack his frame, almost without cessation. From 1878 until within about two months, he has been totally deprived of the use of his lower limbs, being absolutely unable to perform the most simple physical act, without assistance. Some six months ago he was induced by his friend, Ferdinand Vassault, Esq., Secretary of the California Pioneers, to try St. Jacobs Oil. It is fortunate he did so, for to-day, after long years of intense agony and utter prostration, he is able to walk about with comfort and without the aid of either cane or crutches. He has discontinued all medical treatment and the use of all narcotics, and he gratefully and most emphatically attributes this happy result solely to the use of St. Jacobs Oil. The writer of this letter having himself been a sufferer from rheumatism, and having been thoroughly cured by the same remedy, feels impelled by a sense of duty to afflicted humanity to impart this information to the public.

Yours respectfully,
W. F. SWASEY.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

To Captain W. F. Swasey, Pioneer Hall, City—DEAR CAPTAIN: Having carefully read the foregoing, I cheerfully add my unqualified attestation to the truthfulness of the statements contained therein. Of course, no language is adequate to convey a realistic sense of the fearful suffering and agony I have passed through in the last eight years, during which time I have expended at least $20,000 for remedies, medical attendance and an enforced residence at different bathing resorts. I cheerfully add this testimony because I feel perfectly certain that a knowledge of my cure by St. Jacobs Oil will prove the means of relieving hundreds of sufferers from the pangs of the dreadful disease alluded to. Confident of being soon again able to resume my former active life, I remain always,

Your friend,
D. J. WILLIAMSON.
520 Taylor street, San Francisco, Cal.

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

The St. Louis, Mo., *Post-Dispatch*, says A most remarkable case has just come to the notice of a reporter of this paper, who having been informed of the wonderful cure of Mrs. Phoebe Rice, 1,208 Madison street, a sister of Hon. H. Clay Sexton, Chief of the St. Louis Fire Department, visited that lady at her residence. Mrs. Rice made her statement without the least reluctance and said that for the past seven years, she had been a sufferer from acute, inflammatory rheumatism, which had affected the muscles of the hands, contracting them so badly she could not comb her hair, hold a needle or pick up a pin, and rendered the lower limbs so helpless she required crutches to move about. During ten months she was obliged to carry the right hand in a sling. Physicians were called in, but gave her only temporary relief. Some time ago one of her children was afflicted with a contraction of the muscles of the lower jaw, which turned her mouth to one side; a few applications of St. Jacobs Oil restored the features to their natural condition, and Mrs. Rice began to look hopefully towards it for her own cure. A single application, she said, made her a firm believer in its virtues, as the effect was instantaneous and she was greatly benefitted. The continued use of it brought her to the happy state in which the reporter saw her, with the free use of her limbs and in perfect health, cured. She was very enthusiastic in her commendations of the pain-relieving and curative powers of St. Jacobs Oil, which she said had accomplished more for her in a few weeks than all the other remedies the physicians had recommended in the past seven years. She can now run up and down stairs, she said, and her hands were as useful, in every respect, as they had been before she began to suffer, seven years ago. "God bless St. Jacobs Oil," the good lady exclaimed, as the reporter was about to leave. Mrs. Rice has lived in this city thirty years, and her statement, worthy of all credence, is fully corroborated by her friends and neighbors, and by her own children, who were fully cognizant of her helpless condition before she began to use the wonderful remedy.

Latest News Notes.

The Humber relief fund has reached a total of $8,580 08.

The Chinese are now reported to be generally less disposed for war.

York County Council will consider a motion to abolish toll-gates.

Toronto harbor receipts for 1883 exceed those of the previous year.

A FATAL MISTAKE

would be not to take Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" if you are bilious, suffering from impure Blood, or fearing consumption (scrofulous disease of the lungs). Sold by all druggists.

A large flint arrow-head was found firmly imbedded in the back of a whale captured off San Diego, Cal., the other day.

Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are sugar-coated and enclosed in glass bottles, their virtues being thereby preserved unimpaired for any length of time, in any climate, so that they are always fresh and reliable. No cheap wooden or pasteboard boxes. By druggists.

Several years ago a flock of tame goats were turned loose in the Santa Catalinas, Arizona. They have multiplied in number till they now amount to a large band.

Functional derangement of the female system is quickly cured by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." It removes pain and restores health and strength. By all druggists.

Five men and five women in various parts of the United Kingdom have lost their lives during the gale.

"BUCHU-PAIBA."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1. Druggists.

The pen may be mightier than the sword, but if you get a hair in it you begin to believe that it may sometimes outlive its usefulness.

☞Millions of packages of the Diamond Dyes have been sold without a single complaint. Everywhere they are the favorite dyes.

A lady recently sat down on the slippery pavement of a Minnesota town with a "dull sickening thud." It has struck the Northwest, has it?

It seems impossible that a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, etc., should make so many and such great cures as Hop Bitters do; but when old and young, rich and poor, pastor and doctor, lawyer and editor all testify to having been cured by them, you must believe and try them yourself, and doubt no longer.

An explosion occurred in a mine in the Rhine Province, Germany, Tuesday, in which 16 persons were killed and 12 severely wounded.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS."

Knocks a Cough or Cold endwise. For children or adults. Troches, 15c. Liquid 50c. At druggists

A negro lad, of Carlisle, Ky., was taught to write by a son of R. A. Bevard. He returned the favor by using the copies of the name and trying to forge it. He has been placed in jail in consequence.

[From Rev. Dr. Ripley, Editor of the *Christian Advocate*, Buffalo.]

A VALUABLE MEDICINE.

WE WISH TO CALL THE ATTENTION of all persons suffering from throat and lung diseases to a medicine which we have personally tried to our satisfaction, and greatly to the benefit of our health. Having suffered for some time past from Bronchitis, and more or less trouble with the lungs, we commenced taking Dr. Wheeler's Compound Elixir of Phosphates and Calisaya in February last, and steadily improved through the spring, the worst season of the year for such diseases.

The chord of sympathy is often best expressed by a cord of wood.

*** Test a man's profession by his practice. Phys-cian, heal thyself." Physicians not only heal themselves with Kidney-Wort, but prescribe it for others for the worst cases of biliousness and constipation, as well as for kidney complaints. If you feel out of sorts and don't know why, try a package of Kidney-Wort and you will feel like a new creature.

You've no idea what a horror it gives a man to steal up behind a girl who is scribbling, look over her shoulder, and find that she's idly writing your name with a "Mrs." prefixed.

*Revelation suggests the idea that from Woman comes the power to "bruise the serpent's head." The words take a new meaning to-day, since this is precisely what Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Remedies do for the physically diseased patient. Her Vegetable Compound reaches the ultimate sources of the evil. Its action is gentle and noiseless, but it is more powerful than the club of Hercules.—*Bazar.*

This is the best country in the world for a poor man. Except when he is married he has a right to do as he pleases with what he makes.

"ROUGH ON CORNS."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

FOR THE

KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS

THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—whatever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these herefore is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where **Warner's Safe Cure** has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles, for the distressing disorders of women, for Malaria and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.

For Diabetes ask for **Warner's Safe Diabetes Cure.**

For sale by all dealers.

H. H. WARNER & CO.,

Toronto, Ont. Rochester, N. Y London Eng.

D. C. N. 1. 6. 84.

Home Items.

—All your own fault
If you remain sick when you can
Get hop bitters that never—*Fail.*

The weakest woman, smallest child and sickest invalid can use hop bitters with safety and great good.

—Old men tottering around from Rheumatism kidney trouble or any weakness will be almost new by using hop bitters.

—My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of hop bitters, and I recommend them to my people.—Methodist Clergyman.

Ask any good doctor if hop
Bitters are not the best family medicine
On earth.

—Malarial fever, Ague and Biliousness, will leave every neighborhood as soon as hop bitters arrive.

—My mother drove the paralysis and neuralgia all out of her system with hop bitters.—*Ed. Oswego Sun.*

—Keep the kidneys healthy with hop bitters and you need not fear sickness.

—Ice water is rendered harmless and more refreshing and reviving with hop bitters in each draught.

—The vigor of youth for the aged and infirm in hop bitters.

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.

[From the Boston *Globe.*]

Messrs. Editors:—

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."

It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

It costs only $1. per bottle or six for $5., and is sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.

For Kidney Complaint of *either* sex this compound is unsurpassed as abundant testimonials show.

"Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills," says one writer, "are the best in the world for the cure of Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the liver. Her Blood Purifier works wonders in its special line and bids fair to equal the Compound in its popularity.

All must respect her as an Angel of Mercy whose sole ambition is to do good to others.

Philadelphia, Pa. G Mrs. A. H. D.

KIDNEY-WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF

CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

☞ If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

KIDNEY-WORT

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.