A LEAP TO SAVE LIFE.

The Heroism of Frank Neumann, who Dragged a Boy from a Telegraph Wire.

Johnny Mackintover is a chubby little fellow of 7 years, who lives with his parents at No. 144 Hester street, New York. Adjoining the house is a six-story factory on the southeast corner of Hester and Elizabeth streets. The factory has a flat roof, which on Sundays is a resort for the people of the neighboring houses, being easily accessible by ladder from their own roofs.

On Sunday morning, about 9 o'clock, Johnny Mackintover was flying a kite on the roof of the factory. Beginning at one end of the long building he ran with his kite the entire length. Most of the way he ran backward, pulling the kite after him. So absorbed was he that he ran too far, and, striking his heels on the low guard that bounds the roof, he fell over the edge on the Elizabeth street side, turning over and over in the air as he fell.

Luckily for Johnny the telegraph wires at this point are very high above the street, and the boy after falling about ten feet, by a good fortune that was hardly less than a miracle, caught one of the lower wires in his hands and hung there, about fifty feet above the ground. There was no other wire within his reach.

A few persons had seen the little fellow fall, and in a moment a crowd had gathered. Unable to render the slightest assistance the people stood paralyzed with horror, gazing up at the boy dangling between heaven and earth. Not a cry escaped the lad's lips.

"Hold on tight and I'll save you!" cried Frank Neumann, a youth of 18 years, who lives in the same house with Johnny. He had been lying on the top of the house, and, attracted by the noise, he ran to the edge of the roof. Young Neumann took in the situation at a glance, noting that Johnny hung nearly opposite the fire escape. But the fire escape extended only to the fifth story and not to the roof. Without losing a moment, Neumann clambered over the edge of the roof, and, supporting himself by his fingers on the narrow line of brick outside the guard, hung directly over the fire escape.

"Oh, Frank," cried the lad, "do hurry up if you're going to do anything. I can't stand this any more. I'm going to drop."

"Hold on tight a minute longer and I'll be there," shouted Neumann.

Swinging his body backward and forward like a pendulum he cleared the wall and let go his hold. Like an arrow he shot down through the trap in the fire escape at the fifth floor, and caught with his hands the iron rounds of the ladder between the fourth and fifth stories.

A loud cheer went up from the crowd in the street. It was a fearful leap, but a successful one.

"You'll have to move lively, Frank," said the boy. "I must let go."

"Just one moment yet," said the young man. He got a precarious hold on the ladder with his feet and one arm, and leaned far out so that he could just grasp the lad's wrist. Then he drew him in amid the cheers of the crowd. Taking the boy in his arms they descended the ladder until they reached the third floor, when his strength failed him and he let go his hold, dropping with the boy to the ground. Neither was hurt. Then the crowd shouted itself hoarse.

The little fellow's face was white. "Frank, I wouldn't try that again, if I was you," was all he said. Then he ran away and hid himself in a cellar, where he remained two hours, fearing the paternal wrath.—*New York Herald.*

HIS PILE FOR A SQUARE MEAL.

An Anecdote of Bonanza Mackay.

In the first months of 1860 times were tough on the Comstock. Supplies could not be brought over the mountains from California, and before spring many of the Comstockers went hungry to bed about three nights a week. That winter a jolly crowd made their headquarters in a cabin that stood on the hill above the Ophir office, near the California shaft. The cabin was a sort of cave. The roof was composed of a layer of brush, a stratum of dirt, and over this a canvas cover to hold it all in place. The cabin contained four bunks. John Mackay had the lower bunk on the north side, and Alexander Kennedy slept in the upper one. Patrick J. Corbett, at present United States Marshal Corbett, and Jack O'Brien occupied the south bunks. As times grew rough and grub scarce the number of lodgers in the cabin increased. Jack McCaffrey was taken in on the understanding that he was to furnish wood for the household, and Johnnie Walker in consideration of his doing all the cooking. The new-comers brought their blankets and slept on the floor. As the winter wore away provisions of all kinds became scarce, and famine prices ruled for a time early in the spring. Finally hunger got into the cabin, and not a man except Mackay had a cent of money. An attempt to starve the more shiftless into "rustling for grub" had proved a failure. Mackay had just $30 left; it was all the money he had in the world. "Here, Pat," said he to Corbett, handing him a twenty and a ten in gold, 'go and see if you can get a sack of flour."

A man had packed in from Placerville that day, and Pat found him near where the Bank of California now stands. The price was $26. Pat handed the Placervillian the gold, got back $4 in silver, and, shouldering his flour, climbed the hill to the cabin. Mackay took the $4, and, giving it to the cook, sent him in search of bacon, tea and sugar. When the flap-jacks began to brown, and the savor of the bacon pervaded the cabin, the spirits of both the regular inmates and transient boarders went up to the fair weather notch, and it seemed that there was nothing more in the world to be desired.

Sure to Catch Him.

First New York Detective—Here is an order to shadow young Grimes, the banker. He has taken seven million from the vaults.

Second New York Detective—And you want me to help you catch him, I suppose?

"Yes; I heard that he has bought a ticket for Quebec."

"The train starts at midnight, don't it?"

"Yes."

"All right then. We will begin watching his house early next week."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Sir Lepel Griffin on Niagara.

On the whole, and always excepting the Chicago pig-shambles, I am disposed to think Niagara the sight best worth seeing in America, though I will never return there until the paper-mill shall have been removed. I will not attempt to describe the indiscribable, and would merely note, for the benefit of future travellers, that the effect of Niagara is as follows. On the first day it is distinctly disappointing; the roar of the water is not so loud, the fall so high, or the current so fierce as was imagined. On the second day this natural though irrational disappointment had been gradually and unconsciously swallowed up by the waterfall, which has become omnipresent, tremendous and soul-absorbing. On the third day Niagara has grown a monster so oppressive to soul and sense that the visitor hurries from the place with a feeling that another day's communing with the waters would make him mad. Such, at any rate, were my sensations, and I found them almost identical with those of my three fellow-travellers. The last, though by no means the least, annoyance connected with Niagara is the all-pervading presence of brides. When a young American's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, he vibrates to Niagara as the needle to the pole. Here he brings his bride for the honeymoon, whether from the facilities offered for suicide, or for other and more recondite reasons, unconnected with the beauty of the scenery, I know not; though my belief, founded on prolonged observation, is that the choice is due to the fact that Niagara is the place in the world where two persons, who have nothing to say to each other, can remain silent without embarrassment for the longest period of time, the noise of the water forbidding all but pantomimic conversation. However this may be, brides and bridegrooms are everywhere to be seen, making demonstrative if silent love under every tree and on every point of danger overhanging the torrent. There are, perhaps, earthly conditions in which the identity of a bride may remain concealed, for other women besides her are demonstrative in their affection and wear new frocks. But Niagara, with its almost perpendicular descents to the river, is peculiarly favorable to the display of the feminine foot and ankle; and the bride invariably wears new boots, which is done by no other sane women on a country excursion. The time to visit Niagara is in the early spring or in the late autumn, before the arrival, or after the departure, of tourists, and when all the hotels save one are closed. The visitor may then, for a time, be happy, especially if he has induced Mr. Patrick Ford, the editor of the *Irish World*, to blow up the paper mill with the dynamite collected for his scientific war with England.—*The Great Republic.*

BARGAIN BUYERS.

How They Sometimes Get Left—A Congregation Scandalized by its Pastor's Doings.

Very absurd stories might be told of the experiences of bargain buyers. There is a tale of a country parish, too poor to afford an organ or harmonium, the vicar of which secured at a sale a very large musical box, which played the "Old Hundredth" and other hymn tunes. Delighted with his bargain (the box had been sold cheaply), it was arranged that its music should accompany his singers on the ensuing Sunday; and the box played the hymn tune to the general satisfaction. But what were the feelings of the vicar when, instead of decorously stopping at the end of the last verse, the profane box struck up "The Blue Bells of Scotland!" The clerk hurried to the rescue, but, unfortunately, touched a wrong spring, and only converted the Scottish song into the yet more indecorous melody of "Drops of Brandy. Amid the stifled titters of the congregation, the offending instrument was hurried out of church, and was heard at intervals in the churchyard cheerfully carolling a succession of lively airs. The bargain-loving vicar was afterwards content to manage without music as heretofore. There was an old method of "making an April fool," by giving the victim of the hoax a letter containing the words "send the fool on." These credentials having been duly delivered, the recipient of the epistle wrote a similar message to some one else, till the unfortunate letter-carrier had made a tour of the parish. A somewhat similar custom prevails among buyers of bargains. They are generally extremely eager to share their good fortune with their neighbors, and readily hand on their bargains to another dupe. "How could you crack up his preaching so much?" said a Scotch elder, reproaching a friend whose high laudations had induced his congregation to elect a very unsatisfactory minister. "Oh," said the other, drily, "you'll be ready enough to crack him up if you see a chance of getting rid of him—*we were!*"

Thorns in Ireland.

In Ulster the thorns are sacred; no plough approaches within some feet of them, says *Harper's Weekly*, and even to touch their branches is unlucky. Innumerable are the tales of foolhardy persons who, after many warnings, insisted on breaking off leaves or boughs from such trees, and who were punished by losing the guilty hand, or by its being so torn by the thorns as to be crippled for life. Sometimes a man alone at work in the fields would hear his own name distinctly called, and, looking up, would see all the little folks in green dancing on the hillside or playing among trees, and while he gazed hey would all vanish again. They are in popular legends the very embodiment of caprice and fitful zeal for good or evil. For no apparent cause, some man or woman is suddenly singled out for every sort of favor; the ashes on their hearths are changed by night to glittering gold, the empty cans are filled with well water by the toil of the tiny friends, the housework is done, and the barrel kept full of meal; and then on a sudden they forsake the favorite of a fortnight, and pelt him with petty woes till he is half wild, or maybe, dry up the supply of milk, lame his horses or blight his child. Their love of children and their longing to carry them away have suggested many touching ballads, and they are supposed to be willing to give any good gift to a household in return for leave to rock the cradle.

A stunning article—A club.

THE STAGE-DRIVER'S STORY.

How General Scott's Life was Saved, and How His Driver Twice Escaped Death.

The traveller of the present day, as he in hurried along by the lightning express, is its buffet cars and palace sleepers, seldom reverts in thought to the time when the stage coach and packet were the only means of communication between distant points. It is rare that one of the real old-time stage-drivers is met with now-a-days, and when the writer recently ran across Fayette Haskell, of Lockport, N. Y., he felt like a bibliographer over the discovery of some rare volume of "forgotten lore." Mr. Haskell, although one of the pioneers in stage driving (he formerly ran from Lewiston to Niagara Falls and Buffalo), is hale and hearty, and bids fair to live for many years. The strange stories of his early adventures would fill a volume. At one time when going down a mountain near Lewiston with no less a personage than General Scott as a passenger, the brakes gave way and the coach came on the heels of the wheel horses. The only remedy was to whip the leaders to a gallop. Gaining additional momentum with each revolution of the wheels, the coach swayed and pitched down the mountain side into the streets of Lewiston. Straight ahead at the foot of the steep hill flowed the Niagara River, towards which the four horses dashed, apparently to certain death. Yet the firm hand never relaxed its hold, nor the clear brain its conception of what must be done in the emergency. On dashed the horses until the narrow dock was reached on the river bank, when by a masterly exhibition of nerve and daring, the coach was turned in scarce its own length and the horses brought to a stand-still before the pale lookers-on could realize what had occurred. A purse was raised by General Scott and presented to Mr. Haskell with high compliments for his skill and bravery.

Notwithstanding all his strength and his robust constitution the strain of continuous work and exposure proved too much for Mr. Haskell's constitution. The constant jolting of the coach and the necessarily cramped position in which he was obliged to sit, contributed to this end, and at times he was obliged to abandon driving altogether.

Speaking of this period he said:

"I found it almost impossible to sleep at night; my appetite left me entirely and I had a tired feeling which I never knew before and could not account for."

"Did you give up driving entirely?"

"No. I tried to keep up, but it was only with the greatest effort. This state of things continued for nearly twenty years until last October when I went all to pieces."

"In what way?"

"Oh, I doubled all up, and could not walk without a cane and was incapable of any effort or exertion. I had a constant desire to urinate both day and night, and although I felt like passing a gallon every ten minutes only a few drops could escape and they thick with sediment. Finally it ceased to flow entirely, and I thought death was very near."

"What did you do then?"

"What I should have done long before; listen to my wife. Under her advice I began a new treatment."

"And with what result?"

"Wonderful. It unstopped the closed passages, and what was still more wonderful regulated the flow. The sediment vanished; my appetite returned and I am now well and good for twenty more years wholly through the aid of Warner's Safe Cure that has done wonders for me as well as for so many others."

Mr. Haskell's experience is repeated every day in the lives of thousands of American men and women. An unknown evil is undermining the existence of an innumerable number who do not realize the danger they are in until health has entirely departed and death perhaps stares them in the face. To neglect such important matters is like drifting in the current of Niagara above the Falls.

How Opium is Smoked.

The smoker lies curled up, with his head resting on a bamboo or earthenware pillow about five inches high. Near him stands an opium lamp, the flame of which is protected by a glass shade low enough for the point of the flame to project above the top of the shade. The smoker takes a wire and dips it into a little box containing prepared opium. A small quantity adheres to the point of the wire, which is then held over the flame of the lamp until the heat has swollen it to about ten times its original size. This is rolled over on the flat side of the clay bowl, the opium all the time adhering to the wire. When it has been rolled to a soft, solid mass it is again applied to the lamp, and this alternate roasting and rolling is kept up for at least ten minutes, by which time it is in the shape of a pill and ready for use. The aperture in the pipe is so small that it can only receive the smallest quantity, and the most careful manipulation is needed to transfer the tiny ball of opium from the end of the wire to the bowl of the pipe. The point of the wire is inserted into the hole of the pipe and worked round and round till the soft opium forms into a conical shaped ring around the wire. By twirling the wire the drug is gradually detached from it, leaving a hole through the opium about as large as the hole of the pipe bowl, with which it communicates. The pipe is now ready and the bowl is held over the lamp so that the opium comes in contact with the flame. A spluttering noise ensues as the smoker sucks at his pipe. After each successive draw he ejects from nose and mouth a volume of smoke, the very smell of which is enough to turn a horse's stomach. By the end of the fourth or fifth whiff the pipe is empty. The smoker scoops up another dose of opium, rolls it into a pill and repeats the operation with the same patience as before and smokes away until the pipe falls from his hands and he is lost in dreamland. If tobacco smoking were only half the trouble tobacconists would soon have to shut up shop.

Youth—You say you are in love with two girls, both beautiful, one "divinely tall," and the other "a perfect little fairy." Marry the little one. She won't need so much stuff for a dress.

Assyrian chariots, a new investigator writes to the *Athenæum*, had elliptic iron springs.

A Voice from London

Repeats the oft-repeated story that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the best, least harmful, most certain and prompt of all preparations ever offered for the removal of corns. Kennedy & Callard, London, Ont., writes: "Nothing ever introduced has given the satisfaction that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor has. We recommend it." Beware of cheap or poisonous substitutes. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine everywhere. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston. Always safe, harmless and sure.

"It is very hard, my Lord," said a convicted felon at the bar to Judge Burnet, "to hang a poor man for stealing a horse." "You are not to be hanged for stealing a horse," replied the Judge, "but you are to be hanged that horses may not be stolen."

A Hazelhurst, Miss., man has started a new industry. He ships toads to Louisville florists, who use them to rid their plants of insects, which it is said they do very effectually.

By Russian imperial order, the delivery of the works of 125 different authors, native and foreign, to libraries and public reading rooms is strictly prohibited, as well as of eight Russian newspapers.

What 10 Cents Will Do.

A 10 cent bottle of Polson's NERVILINE will cure neuralgia or headache. A 10 cent bottle of Nerviline will cure toothache or faceache. A 10 cent sample bottle of Nerviline is sufficient to cure colds, diarrhœa, spasms, dysentery, etc. Nerviline is just the thing to cure all pains, whether internal or external. Buy a 10 cent sample bottle of Nerviline, the great pain cure. Safe, prompt and always effectual. Large bottles at any drug store, only 25 cents.

If you hit the mark, you must aim a little above it; every arrow that flies feels the attraction of the earth.

—No lady of refinement likes to resort to superficial devices to supply a becoming semblance of her former beauty. It is health alone that lights the countenance and brings back fresh tints to the faded cheek. If anything on earth will do this, it is Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which has already brought health to multitudes with whom all other means had failed.

Oatmeal is a favorite dish of Queen Victoria's.

The Way of the World.

That many with the glad consent praise new-born remedies, especially if they pay a larger profit, no one conversant with the substitution practiced in this respect will deny, and when you are told by interested parties that such and such a preparation is as "good or better" than the great sure pop-corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—just for a moment consider if your benefit prompts the advice, or if the small additional profit secured by the sale of inferior or poisonous substitutes lies at the bottom of the suggestion. We say, then, buy only Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor; the safe, sure and tested remedy for corns will be found in Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, proprietors.

A Wedding in High Life.

A London cablegram says: A number of weddings in high life are arranged to take place during the interim. The grandest of the approaching nuptial events will be the marriage of Lord Stafford to Lady Millicent, daughter of the Earl of Rosslyn. The bridegroom is the eldest living son and heir of Sutherland. He is 33 years old, and was formerly a lieutenant in the Second Life Guards, and is now a member of Parliament for Sutherlandshire. The bride is only 17 years old, and is as lovely as she is youthful. The guests will include some of the highest nobility of England, and as the Prince and Princess of Wales are to be present, it goes without saying that invitations to the wedding are eagerly sought.

Advertising Cheats!!!

"It has become so common to begin an article, in an elegant, interesting style,

"Then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them *one trial*, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"THE REMEDY so favorably noticed in all the papers,

Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability * * *

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered long, pining away all the time for years,"

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility,

"Uunder the care of the best physicians,

"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief,

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say:

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."

"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A LADY of Utica, N. Y.

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Enthusiasts in cold water cure cite the alleged fact in natural history that animals with a broken limb have frequently been known to hold the member in running water until it had healed.

With Satisfaction.

Polson's NERVILINE, the new and certain pain cure, is used with satisfaction in every instance. There is abundant reason for this, for it performs all that is claimed for it. Nerviline is a never-failing cure for cramps, pains in the side or back, lumbago, sore throat, chilblains, toothache. Nerviline is in fact a sure remedy for all pains, both internal and external. Try a 10 cent sample bottle. Large bottles only 25 cents, by all druggists.

As the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind without cultivation can never produce good fruit.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S

VEGETABLE COMPOUND

IS A POSITIVE CURE

For all of those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

IT WILL CURE ENTIRELY THE WORST FORM OF FEMALE COMPLAINTS, ALL OVARIAN TROUBLES, INFLAMMATION AND ULCERATION, FALLING AND DISPLACEMENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WEAKNESS, AND IS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THE CHANGE OF LIFE.

IT WILL DISSOLVE AND EXPEL TUMORS FROM THE UTERUS IN AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE TENDENCY TO CANCEROUS HUMORS THERE IS CHECKED VERY SPEEDILY BY ITS USE.

IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, DESTROYS ALL CRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH. IT CURES BLOATING, HEADACHE, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, GENERAL DEBILITY, 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 LAWS THAT GOVERN THE FEMALE SYSTEM.

☞ ITS PURPOSE IS SOLELY FOR THE LEGITIMATE HEALING OF DISEASE AND THE RELIEF OF PAIN, AND THAT IT DOES ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO, THOUSANDS OF LADIES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY. ☜

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No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

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