The Maiden's Last Farewell.

Then the night wore on and we knew the worst,
That the end of it all was nigh;
Three doctors, they had from the very first—
And what could one do but die?

Oh, William!" she cried, "strew no blossoms of spring,
For the new 'apparatus' might rust;
But say that a handful of shavings you'll bring,
And linger to see me combust.

"Oh, promise me, love, by the fire-hole you'll watch,
And when mourners and stokers convene,
You will see that they light me some solemn, slow match,
And warn them against kerosene.

"It would cheer me to know, ere these rude breezes waft
My essences far to the pole,
That one whom I love will look to the draught,
And have a fond eye on the coal.

"Then promise me, love," and her voice fainter grew—
"While this body of mine calcifies,
You will stand just as near as you can to the flue
And gaze while my gases arise.

"For Thompson—Sir Henry—has found out a way
(Of his process you've surely heard tell),
And you burn like a parlor match gently away
Not even offend by a smell.

"So none of the dainty need sniff in disdain
When my carbon floats up in the sky;
And I am sure, love, that you will never complain,
Though an ash should blow in your eye.

"Now promise me, love"—and she murmured low—
"When the calcification is o'er,
You will sit by my grave in the twilight glow—
I mean by the furnace door.

"Yes, promise me, love, while the seasons revolve
On their noiseless axles the years,
You will visit the kiln where you saw me 'resolve,'
And bleach my poor ashes with tears."

MR. VANDERBILT'S GOLD.

Calculations Intended to Show the Enormous Wealth of the Money King.

Now that Vanderbilt, the giant of Fifth Avenue, has made another rush into the papers, urging his fellow-capitalists to reduce the wages of their workingmen, which he says are so high as to ruin the country, we again bring to notice the fact (which we illustrated in November of last year), writes John Swinton in his paper, that this same Vanderbilt himself is worth two hundred millions of dollars—or, in an array of figures, $200,000,000—of which about $50,000,000 are in United States bonds, that can be turned into gold at any moment at the sub treasury in this city, and the rest in stocks and bonds which he often puts above par—all locked up in his great iron vault in Forty-second street—the greater part of it "made" out of the producers of the United States within the past fifteen years.

The ordinary mind can get no sort of motion of such a stupendous pyramid of gold as $200,000,000. Put it into a pyramid of Egypt, what a monument it would make in the desert for its owner? Or put it into an obelisk over his tomb, the stone column in our park would look like a pigmy to a giant.

Vanderbilt's capital of gold is greater than all the gold there was in the world-conquering Rome in the glittering coin of Augustus Cæsar.

It is a greater than the whole amount of gold and silver there was in the civilized world in 1492, at the time of the discovery of America, when, according to Prof. Newberry, there were between $150,000,000 and $200,000,000.

It is more than the entire product for the past hundred years of the great gold mines of the Czar of Russia.

It is more than the whole product for two years of all the gold mines of the world.

It is nearly twice as much as all the precious metals produced thus far in the gold and silver bearing State of Colorado.

It is about equal to the total product of all the gold mines of California during the four years from 1848 to 1852, when Mr. Chevalier dreaded lest the deluge of gold should overturn the world.

To get and to give some notion of the appearance of our giant's capital in gold, here I stand in the vaults of the sub-treasury of the United States, feasting my eyes upon this prodigious sum of money in coin. I won't say it is all gold that glitters here, for there is a bagatelle of thirty odd millions in silver; but there are $200,000,000 in coin, and gold coin "by a large majority." As I stand before it and find myself able to look upon it at one fell swoop, queer thoughts troop through my brain like squadrons of light cavalry rallying to the fore, as it were. What a teeming subject to think of!

The gold is packed in small canvas bags, $5,000 to a bag, and, as I gaze, a golden nimbus gathers about each bag, the many finally resolving themselves into one grand aureola, encircling the entire collection, and paling the gas-lights in the vaults. Gold, bright yellow gold! And two—hundred—millions—of—dollars—worth—of—it!

200,000,000 golden dollar coins! or
80,000,000 quarter eagles! or
40,000,000 half eagles! or
20,000,000 eagles! or
10,000,000 double eagles!

Heaven and earth, and gnomes that are in the earth, guarding her precious metals, what could a mortal do, and what could he not do, with this tremendous amount of gold? Can you take in with your mind's eye this array of dollars, and hold them in view while you count them, say at the rate of sixty a minute? You can, if your staying powers will enable you to hold out for six years four months and five days. The best way to do it is to spread them out against a gray-toned sky, midway between the horizon and zenith, and begin your count from the north pole, swinging eastward round the circle.

Lay them in a line, edges touching; then pick up a hundred, one at a time, pile them on top of the first one, and then go for and come back with the second hundred, and so on through the successive hundreds; how long could you fight it out on that line—which would reach from New York to St. Louis—and how many miles would you travel before you gathered them in—the $200,000,000?

200,000,000 dollars in gold! or
350 tons of gold! or
700,000 pounds of gold, or
11,200,000 ounces (avoirdupois of gold!

How many freight cars would be required to carry this gold? Ten you'll say at a jump. But stop; ten tons is about the maxium weight that it carried by a freight car; consequently, at that allowance, we should have a train of thirty-five freight cars; and what a train for the robbers of the west to loot.

How many licensed venders' horses would be required to draw this stupendous weight of gold? Well, suppose you say fourteen hundred, allowing a quarter of a ton to each—a liberal allowance, too.

How many "Jumbos" would it take to draw this amount of gold from the sub-treasury? Well, there are Jumbos and Jumbos. Of the African or Indian variety, seventy could walk off with it, giving five tons to each. And what a show they would make—seventy Jumbos.

Turn the gold into golden "eagles"—$10 coins—lay them in a circle, edges touching, what would be the circumference of that circle, and how long would it take Maud S. to swing around it at the rate of 2.10 to the mile? Answering the latter part of this interrogatory first, you say at a jump six minutes and thirty seconds. You are off your base, for it would be a ring over three hundred miles in circumference, and Maud S., speeding at the rate of 2.10, mile after mile, would not pass under the "string," at the conclusion of this most extraordinary heat, until the expiration of twelve hours and forty minutes. Yes, reader, Maud S., Jay-Eye-See, or any other phenomenal flyer—speeding each and every mile at 2.10—would be twelve hours and forty minutes swinging round this golden circle. I could give you the circumference of this circle, but it will only be a pleasure to you to figure out the distance to be travelled.

To switch off again. Two hundred millions of gold, run into a square bar a foot thick, said bar would be about how long, do you think? One hundred feet, eh? Well, friend you would get badly left if you sold it "unsight, unseen" for a 300-foot bar—left by 250 feet, or $90,658,000.

To shoulder this tremendous bar of gold and take it up to your residence on Fifth avenue, how many men would be required, good for 100 pounds each—more than the average man would carry for any considerable distance? Seven thousand, reader! What a procession they would make, marching lock-step. Stop! It just occurs to me that no more than 1,100 men could possibly put their shoulders to this foot-thick 550 feet bar of gold, walking never so close, and that number couldn't begin to raise it from the ground. In that shape, without rollers, it would take seven times seventy "Jumbos" to drag it along. So let it lie there. It will be safe.

Fifty men, standing on Park Row, and giving the dollars away at the rate of $1,000 a day, would have to stand there eleven years before their work was done. This, however, would be an easier job. Fifty men eleven years giving away $2,000,000, at the rate, in the aggregate, of $50,000 a day!

Two hundred million dollars! What a palace of gold it would make for Vanderbilt in Fifth avenue, for which his present palace might be the coal bunker.

Vanderbilt's own weight is an atom in comparison with this 350 tons of gold.

With it he could buy up and own all the 11,314 daily and weekly newspapers in the United States, running them to suit himself as a manufacturer of public opinion on a gigantic scale.

With it he could pay the year's salary of all the 65,000 clergymen of all the pulpits of every sect in the country, giving every one of them over $3,000 a year, which is five times as much as most of them get.

With it he could give a still greater annual retainer to every one of the 64,000 lawyers in the land, and get them to argue for anything whatever.

With it he could raise an army of 100,000 men and keep them in the field for a year at an expense of $200 a head, which is about the cost of a soldier in Bismarck's German army.

What a theme! It is too teeming.

Two hundred millions of dollars in gold It is just the size of your pile, isn't it, Mr. Vanderbilt?

A Vigorous Political Stumper.

Henry Ward Beecher has been stumping in the Presidential campaign for Cleveland, and he struck right out from the shoulder. Here is a specimen: "Let us talk about lying," said Mr. Beecher. "When James G. Blaine said he had not bought $30,000 worth of stock in the Little Rock & Fort Smith Railroad he told, not a professional lie, but a personal lie. (Loud cheers.) When he declared that he did not own $25,000 worth of land in the Hocking Valley he told a lie that could stand and walk alone, and so in the Fort Scott affair, and the $300,000. Blaine is a brilliant liar, and if ever there is a competition in lying he will carry off the prize. (Cheers and laughter.) In fact, he is a constitutional, educated and national liar." And then in dealing with Mr. Joy, a prominent railway man whom Beecher declares is lying to save Blaine's reputation, he (Beecher) said: "The advantage which is expected from your denial can last but a day or two, but the lie will endure forever; it will abide with you, follow you home, dwell in your memory, be present in your old age, stand by your coffin and meet you in God's judgment day! May He who found a way to forgive lying Peter forgive you and have mercy on your soul in that awful day!"

Changed His Mind About Her.

"I shall never call on Mrs. Smith again," said Mrs. Jones. "I never want to see her any more."

"You women are very foolish to quarrel over trifles," said Mr. Jones. "Mrs. Smith is a very pleasant person, a little talkative, perhaps, but one the whole a very estimable woman. You shouldn't attach any importance to what she says. What was the trouble?"

"She said you weren't very prompt in paying your debts."

"Well, by thunder!" shouted Jones, jumping to his feet, "I would give $25 if she were a man for just ten minutes."—*New York Star.*

THE designer of the first Confederate battle-flag was Colonel Walton, of Louisiana, who presented it to General Beauregard, who in turn submitted it to General Joe Johnston, who caused it to be adopted by the Confederate army. It was a Greek cross of blue on a red field, with white stars on the blue bars. At the battle of Bull Run the Stars and Bars were found to be too much like the Stars and Stripes, and caused great confusion among the hostile forces. It was for this reason that General Johnston took measures to have a new battle-flag.

A SKEPTICAL CLERGYMAN.

Throws Aside His Doubts and Bears Strong Testimony to the Truth.

(*London Advertiser.*)

Skepticism is a deplorable thing, especially when it leaves the mind on a stormy sea without an anchor or hope of haven. It does not probably prevail any more in these days than it did in the past, but we hear more of it because of the publicity given by the secular press. Some minds are so constituted that they cannot accept anything without proof, and yet they do not necessarily demand that the proof shall have the stamp of highest authority. They recognize merit for itself and accept it gladly, knowing that eventually it must gain general recognition. The legal and medical professions as well as the ecclesiastical are slow to adopt what may conflict with their notions of self-interest and right. New ideas are almost always disturbing, but eventually they become assimilated and are warmly commended.

The case of the Rev. George Waterman, a talented clergyman of Berwyn Lodge, Broadstone, Winborne, Eng., suggests these observations. He got into a desperate condition, which thoroughly unfitted him for ministerial work. His mind, sympathizing with his body, became very much depressed. As the mind is, so the thoughts are. He finally put himself under the care of the best London specialists. For several years he pursued the ever fleeting phantom, but at length they told him his case was beyond amendment. Still more thoroughly depressed, he grew skeptical to a degree and believed himself doomed.

Providentially, however, he had his attention drawn to a widely-reputed means of restoration in cases like his own. He reluctantly began its use. Every few weeks he had chemical analyses made, and finding constant improvement, he eagerly persevered, and when twenty-six bottles had been used, the analyst reported: "No trace of either albumen or sugar by the severest tests." In other words, he exclaimed with rapture, "I was cured." He had Bright's disease of the kidneys. That was in 1882, and from the day he put aside his skepticism at the use of an unauthorized remedy until to day he has been strong and well in body and mind, and contrary to the boasts of his medical friends has had no relapse. It is only fair to remark, though it may be unusual for papers editorially to do so, that Warner's safe cure is the remedy which saved Mr. Waterman's life, to which he bears willing testimony. And when we see it publicly endorsed by such eminent persons of quality as the Right Rev. Bishop Edward Wilson, the Rev. W. S. Henderson, of Prescott, Madame Sainton-Dolby, the renowned music teacher of London, Dr. Dio Lewis, the famous American hygienist, the Rev. Dr. Squirrel, of Rugby, Eng., the Rev. D. A. Brown, of Aultsville, Mr. Arthur Augur, of Montreal, Captain W. H. Nicholes, of Hamilton, the Rev. Dr. R. C. Sowerby, of Helensburg, N. B., the Rev. James Brierly, M. A., Congleton, Eng., the Hon. Geo. Taylor, of the *Globe*, and others equally well-known, we unhesitatingly commend it to the favor of our readers.

The Stomach and Infection.

It has long been a popular belief that a watcher with a full stomach was comparatively safe in the sick room, and that one exposed to infection with an empty stomach was in great danger of taking it, says the *Youth's Companion*. These views, the results of accumulated experience, are substantially true. Science accepts and explains them. As we have had occasion repeatedly to say, many infectious diseases are due to bacteria—microscopic plants—received into the system with the breath, food or drink. Cholera is found to be due to a kind of bacteria, one of whose characteristics is that they penetrate deeply into the coats of the intestine, thus, doubtless, producing more destructive disorganization and being not so easily reached with remedies. The bacteria can be readily destroyed by various acids, provided they can be reached. Now, when these diseases are prevailing, thousands of persons may take the bacteria into their systems with entire safety. What is the explanation? It is that suggested above. A vigorous stomach, in a state of activity, digests them as freely as it does larger vegetables. The gastric juice itself is acid, and is thus destructive to their life. Hence, since an empty stomach does not secrete gastric juice, it allows the bacteria to pass on unharmed to the alkaline portion of the intestine.

Animal and Vegetable Tissue for Clothing.

Hygienists have praised from time immemorial the use of woollen clothing next the skin. Prof. Jaeger's novel departure consists in advocating thoroughgoing use of wool as well as for the outer as for the under garments, for the bedding, and even for furniture as far as practicable. Jaeger expressly rejects the use of wool next the skin unless the outer garments are likewise of wool. Jaeger goes so far as to say that a man who wears a woollen undershirt and above that a linen shirt, becomes more sensitive and is injured rather than benefited, being more liable to "catch cold," than he who uses a cotton undershirt. Jaeger's scientific discoveries are original. Whether they are true is open to intelligent discussion. Stated in as few words as possible, Jaeger's discovery, based on approximately exact physiological experiments, is this: That vegetable tissue (cotton, linen, etc.), is hygienically unfit for use, and must be wholly and altogether discarded.—*Boston Transcript.*

He Was Mistaken.

Denver *News*: "I was passing your house last evening," he went on, "and stood at the gate for a moment to hear you play. I think you are improving—if any improvement is possible," he added, politely. "Last evening?" she asked. "Yes, about 9 o'clock." "You are mistaken. I was at the opera last evening," she said in a strained voice, as she accepted an invitation to dance from another gentleman. "It was the man tuning the piano you heard."

Judge Estes, of Georgia, has abolished the practice of requiring witnesses and others to kiss the Bible when they are sworn.

"I Have Suffered!"

With every disease imaginable for the last three years. Our
Druggist, T. J. Anderson, recommending
"Hop Bitters" to me,
I used two bottles!
Am entirely cured, and heartily recommend Hop Bitters to every one. J. D. Walker, Buckner, Mo.

I write this as a
Token of the great appreciation I have of your Hop
* * * Bitters. I was afflicted
With inflammatory rheumatism!!!
For nearly
Seven years, and no medicine seemed to do me any
Good!!
Until I tried two bottles of your Hop Bitters, and to my surprise I am as well to-day as ever I was. I hope
"You may have abundant success"
"In this great and"
Valuable medicine:
Anyone! * * wishing to know more about my cure?
Can learn by addressing me, E. M. Williams, 1103 16th street, Washington, D. C.

—I consider your
Remedy the best remedy in existence
For Indigestion, kidney
—*Complaint*
"And nervous debility. I have just"
Returned
"From the South in a fruitless search for health, and find that your Bitters are doing me more
Good!
Than anything else;
A month ago I was extremely
"Emaciated!!!"
And scarcely able to walk. Now I am
Gaining strength! and
"Flesh!"
And hardly a day passes but what I am
* * * * * * * * *
complimented on my improved appearance, and it is all due to Hop
Bitters! J. Wickliffe Jackson,
—*Wilmington Del.*

☞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

As many as fifty wild geese and ducks have met their fate in the blaze of a gas well near Pittsburg. The light of the escaping gas deludes the poor birds, and they fly into the blaze. The heat is so intense that not even a charred bone is left.

——It is truly wonderful to see how the name of Mrs. Pinkham is a household word among the wives and mothers of our land. Alike in the luxurious homes of our great cities and in the humble cabins of the remote frontier one woman's deeds have borne their kindly fruit in health for others.

To Don Antonia de Mendoza, Viceroy of Mexico, the honor seems to belong of establishing the first printing office in America. The first printer was Juan Pablos, a Spaniard.

"What we learn with pleasure we never forget."—*Alfred Mercier.* The following is a case in point: "I paid out hundreds of dollars without receiving any benefit," says Mrs. Emily Rhoads, of McBrides, Mich. "I had female complaints, especially 'dragging-down,' for over six years. Dr. R. V. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' did me more good than any medicine I ever took. I advise every sick lady to take it." And so do we. It never disappoints its patrons. Druggists sell it.

Mr. Gladstone, during his past and present premiership, has disposed of the English primacy and of sixteen English bishoprics, as well as of eighteen English deaneries, besides many canonries and livings.

Pile Tumors,

however large, speedily and painlessly cured without knife, caustic or salve. Send six cents in stamps for pamphlet, references and reply. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

An Ohio farmer shut a hog into a hole in his haystack by mistake, and just thirty-three days later the hog came out on the other side, eighty pounds lighter and a world wiser.

Stranger than Fiction

are the records of some of the cures of consumption effected by that most wonderful remedy—Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Thousands of grateful men and women, who have been snatched almost from the very jaws of death, can testify that consumption, in its early stages, is no longer incurable. The Discovery has no equal as a pectoral and alterative, and the most obstinate affections of the throat and lungs yield to its power. All druggists.

The *Lancet* states that some families in Lesignan, France, have shown symptoms of poisoning which were proved to have been caused by eating salads from vineyards treated with chemical products which had been employed against the phylloxera.

It Saved My Wife's Life.

This is the report of a Princess street gentleman who had the opportunity a few nights since of testing Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain cure. Be prepared for any emergency by having a bottle of Nerviline at hand. It only costs 10 cents to test it, as you can buy test bottles at any drug store. Get a 10 or 25 cent bottle to-day. Sure in rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, colic, headache. Nerviline, the sure pop pain cure. All druggists, 25 cents a bottle.

The New York *Medical Tribune* calls attention to the fact that since the production of cider in New England had almost ceased, there has been a marked increase in rheumatism and stone. European observers have called attention to similar facts abroad. Mr. Dumont, while examining the statistics of a hospital in Normandy, found that in fifty-nine years only four cases of stone had been admitted. The ordinary beverage in Normandy is cider.

Ladies who Shave!

It will occasion you surprise to learn that many ladies make a practice of using the razor. Nevertheless it is a literal fact, as many brothers and husbands can testify. Why should it be considered unwomanly to use a razor, especially to shave down troublesome corns. The only reason against the practice is because a new and a brighter era has dawned upon the sufferers from corns, for Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, by its prompt, certain and painless action, has done away with the necessity of resorting to the dangerous practice of using the razor. Try Putnam's and be satisfied that it is the best and surest corn cure. Beware of imitations.

Dio Lewis is probably in league with Col. Sellers. He declares that turnips are the best food people can eat.

A Chinese doctor at Victoria, B. C., is reported to have accomplished some remarkable cures upon white men who were given up as incurable by the faculty of Victoria.

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.☜

FOR THE CURE OF KIDNEY COMPLAINTS IN EITHER SEX THIS REMEDY IS UNSURPASSED.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. *Sold by all druggists.* Sent by mail, postage paid, in form of Pills or Lozenges on receipt of price as above. Mrs. Pinkham's "Guide to Health" will be mailed free to any Lady sending stamp. Letters confidentially answered.

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

D. CN. L. 49 84.

CUTLER'S POCKET INHALER
AND
Carbolate of Iodine
INHALANT.

A certain cure for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs—**even Consumption,** if taken in season. It will break up a **Cold** at once. It is the **King of Cough Medicines.** A few inhalations will correct the most **Offensive Breath.** It may be carried as handily as a penknife and is always ready.

This is the only **Inhaler** approved by physicians of every school, and endorsed by the **standard medical journals** of the world. **All others** in the market are either **worthless** substitutes or **fraudulent** imitations. **Over 400,000 in use.**

Sold by all Druggists for **$1.00.** By mail, $1.25.
W. H. SMITH & CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

30 DAYS' TRIAL

ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES are sent on 30 Days' Trial TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD, who are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, WASTING WEAKNESSES, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE, resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration to HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address
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EYE, EAR AND THROAT.

DR. G. S. RYERSON, L. R. C. P. S. B., Lecturer on the Eye, Ear and Throat Trinity Medical College, Toronto. Oculist and Aurist to the Toronto General Hospital, and Clinical Assistant Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorefield's and Central London Throat and Ear Hospital. 317 Church Street Toronto. Artificial Human Eyes

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