After the Day—Night.

Love knocked early at my door,—
  In the morn he came to find me,—
Saying, "Let me cross thy floor,
  And thy chains shall ever bind me."

But I turned away my heart,
  Who was Love that he should find me?—
Saying, "Well, thou play'st thy part,
  But perchance thy chain would bind me."

Noontide passed. He sought my door,
  "If thou wilt thou still may'st bind me,
And I will yet cross thy floor;
  Here again you never find me."

But I madly chose my part;
  What cared I to stay and find him?
Love should never win my heart;
  Wherefore should I pause to bind him?

Night is here, and at my door
  Vainly now I seek to find him;
Could he only cross my floor,
  I would give all else to bind him.

But again without my door
  I shall never waiting find him;
He will never cross my floor—
  No one thrice has power to bind him.

HER TERRIBLE PREDICAMENT.

Why a Young Lady Made Three Round Trips in the Street Car.

I heard a yarn yesterday that may or may not be true. If not, no harm in its relation; if it be true, however, will the heroine of my tale please forgive me? I do not know her name or I would apologize in advance. A sprightly lass, 18 perhaps, stood on the corner of Fifth and Wabash waiting for a University avenue car. Her face wore a pained expression, and there was an uncertainty, a sort of hesitancy in her movements as she advanced to the car that stopped at her hail. As she lifted her skirt and stepped on the rear platform, the cause of her uneasiness became apparent to a group of interested onlookers. About her ankle, almost hiding her boot, a silken stocking hung, and to it was attached a fragment of stocking support. She made her way to a seat, gracefully hoisted the foot so she could sit upon it, and waited patiently until the car should be emptied so that she could arrange her hosiery. But the passengers were obdurate and refused to leave the car. The end of the line was reached, but before the car was emptied two gentlemen entered to make the down trip. The lady paid her fare again and resigned herself to her fate. Believe it or not as you please, but my informant says that she made three round trips before the desired opportunity came, and then she was so lame from sitting in such a posture for so long a time that she had to ride a dozen blocks beyond her destination before she got the "sleep" out of her foot. The poor girl told her sister, and she told my sister, and my sister told me. Isn't that straight enough to be correct information? —*St. Paul Pioneer-Press.*

A Barbaric Amusement.

Annie Wakeham, writing to the Philadelphia *Record* from London, Eng., about prize-fighter Sullivan, adds:

Pugilism in the prize-ring is illegal in England, and has been for many years, hence the brutes have to go on the continent to train for their contests. Spanish bull-fights and prize-fights are regarded by refined people as barbaric amusements. Yet this creature Sullivan is feted as though worthy some great honor. His laurels are blood and bruises. A noble showing, is it not? War is bad enough in all conscience; at least, though, it is in a measure scientific. Norman Proctor, an ex-prize-fighter here in London, has suggested that when nations should quarrel the better way than to train armies to kill would be send two prize-fighters, one from each country, to fight it out, the victorious one to settle the issue. At least this method would rid the earth of these disgusting objects one at a time.

I appeal to the women of America to put down such degrading shows as Sullivan and his tribe are reviving this season. How can it be done? Well, let every woman refuse to speak to every man of her acquaintance who indorses these revolting "sports" or attends their public exhibition. Let her brand as a "coward" a man who presumes to call such sports courageous. Soon the prize-fighter would find his occupation gone. Let such men as Sullivan be hissed off the public streets and treated as outlaws, wild beasts or highway footpads. And as for the women of England, let them implore their gracious Queen to administer a public reprimand to her son, who has so far forgotten his princely training as to speak to professional prize-fighters save in terms of withering scorn. I am sure she is ashamed of her eldest son in this last exploit. Indeed, I almost hope she does not know of it.

"Lion?" I insult the proud beast of the jungle and desert when I call John L. Sullivan "London's Latest Lion."

An Adventure With Panthers.

It is an old saying, "what strange things a person sees when he hasn't got a gun," says the *Columbian*. This was exactly what Constable Carty said the day before yesterday when he met a couple of panthers. Mr. Carty was driving along the road leading from Clover Valley in the Serpentine Flats, and while passing through some timber was surprised to see two large beasts walk quietly out of the bushes and stop on the middle of the path. The panthers, for such they turned out to be, were only twenty paces ahead of the horse, and as the constable did not have a gun, he was puzzled for a moment as to the best course to adopt towards them. After a moment's thought he decided to keep right ahead, and if the panthers molested him in any way he would arrest them for obstructing the highway. The scheme proved successful, and although the beasts cast a longing eye at the nice fat horse, they saw it would be useless to make any attempt to devour it while the constable was on the ground. The panthers were both very large and appeared to be in good condition; they have been seen in the neighborhood several times of late and it is probable they will soon fall victims to their own temerity.

The Poor Man's Grievance.

Beggar—Oh, yes, the charitable association gave me a present for Christmas.

Charitable young lady—But you don't appear to be very grateful for it.

"To tell the truth, miss, I ain't very grateful. When I think of the fact that my legs are both cut off at the knees and then think of the present I got, I can't rake up much gratitude."

"What was your present?"

"A pair of roller skates."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

PEOPLES ON THE GOLD COAST.

Their Savagery Equals That of Any Known Community—Terrible Punishment.

Although a great portion of the Tshi-speaking peoples have for two centuries been under our rule we know comparatively little about them—a fact which is, no doubt, attributable to the deadly climate and impenetrable forests in which they live. Maj. Ellis tells us much concerning these peoples which will be found interesting; but he has gone so completely into the grosser customs of native life that his book is more suited to the anthropologist than the general reader. The low condition which they occupy in the intellectual scale is, we are told, probably owing to the enervating influences of the climate, which renders any great amount of mental labor out of the question, and to the readiness with which the necessaries of life can be produced. That the climate is unhealthy even to them there can be no doubt, as it is the cause of diseases unknown elsewhere.

Their religion is not allied with any moral ideas, sin being limited to insults offered to or neglect of the gods; murder, theft, etc., are merely offenses against the person, and in which the gods take no interest. The deities may be divided into four classes, viz.: 1. General, those worshipped by a whole tribe or several tribes. 2. Local, those worshipped by the inhabitants of certain towns or districts. 3. Family. 4. The tutelary deities of individuals. The priesthood forms a large and powerful class, without whose aid nobody can hold any intercourse with deities of the first, second or third class, large sums being frequently paid for their services; they have to take care, however, to make their communications ambiguous, as in case of their predictions being falsified they are not infrequently put to death.

In chapter 11 it is stated that the practices of sacrificing human beings at funerals does not arise from the bloodthirstiness of the people, but rather from affection for the dead. This may be true, but the frightful cruelty shown in their executions seem to contradict this theory. We quote the following as an example:

"On June 5th a murderer, with his hands bound behind him, a knife through his cheeks and two forks piercing his back, was dragged past our rooms. Commencing at midday, the punishment increased in intensity till 8 o'clock, when the poor wretch was gashed all over, his arms cut off, and himself compelled to dance for the amusement of the king before being taken to the place of execution. If he could not or would not dance lighted torches were applied to his wounds. To escape this excessive torture he made the greatest efforts to move, until the drum was beaten and the head cut off."

Strange to say, in spite of the frightful punishment, murder is more frequent in Ashanti than in the British protectorate.

The ceremonies at birth, marriage and death are, we think, rather too fully gone into. The criminal laws appear to be extremely severe, and the following ridiculously trivial offences are punishable by death: Whistling in Coomassie, suffering an egg to be broken in the town, looking at the king's wives, or not hiding when the king's eunuchs call to announce their approach, and picking up gold that has been dropped in the market place. From this it will be seen that every-day life in Coomassie must have its drawbacks.—*London Field.*

Winter Styles in Suicide.

"The winter styles of suicide for 1888," said Coroner Hertz, "will differ but little from that of last year. Hempen ties still continue in favor for neckwear, and throats will be cut a trifle deeper as spring approaches. This latter fashion, however, is far from popular, and is affected only by the outre, such persons, for instance, as try to make a sensation by the use of 'rough on rats.' These things, I need scarcely say, are not counted good form—in fact, are vulgar. The most fashionable modes are those of legitimate poisoning and by shooting. If you want to be in style, dear boy, just stick to those two fashions. They are affected by the elite, and you cannot go wrong in following them. There is nothing like a good reliable revolver for this sort of thing. By referring to my annual report, just handed in, you will find that exactly 33 per cent. of the suicides for the fiscal year adopted this mode of departing for the other shore. True, an equal number tried the poison route, but there are poisons and poisons. There are poisons that allow a man to slip quietly out in a gentlemanly way that excites the admiration of every man on the jury, and again there are others which cause a man to shuffle off his coil in a way that is decidedly bazarre, not to say fussy. I am sorry to see the growing tendency to use 'rough on rats' and paris green. These can never find devotees in the best circles, and you can safely set down those addicted to them as decidedly 'loud.' If you go in for poisons, try laudanum, or morphine, or pure strychnine."—*Chicago Times.*

A Pointed Rebuke.

"Georgey, behave yourself!" said the little girl, severely, to her younger brother, who was throwing snowballs at people on the street, yelling like a young Indian, squaring off at imaginary foes, and otherwise conducting himself in a boisterous manner; "Behave yourself! Folks will think you're a member of the Board of Trade!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Sleeping Car Gymnastics.

The Minnesota Railroad Commissioners have not yet got to that part of the sleeping car trouble by which a man travelling rents a lower berth only to be expected to give it up to a lady. Gander-legged gentlemen who have delicacy about displaying their limbs in mounting to the upper perch are still hoping for some sweeping reform.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Enterprise on the Prairies.

In the west they don't think that a town is enjoying much of a real estate boom unless people are wandering around with lanterns at night ready to close desirable bargains.—*New York Sun.*

An Of-fees-ial View.

Reporter—How many criminal cases have you for the next assizes?

Deputy Sheriff—None.

Reporter—That's good.

Deputy Sheriff—Well, not so very good.

ODD SIGHTS IN JAPAN.

What an American Traveller Saw That He Considered Curious.

A gentleman, who formerly resided in Washington, but who now lives in Japan, has recently written a letter giving some descriptions of odd sights to an American visitor. He says: "If you could go out with me in the morning I think the first thing to startle you would be the newsboy. The newsboy here is usually an old man. He trots around with wares that look as if he had torn the wrappers from a lot of tea chests. He rings a little bronze bell as he goes. The bell would be thought an art treasure at home, for it is chased, and has undoubtedly done service in some temple before now. Then the postman would surprise you, for you would hardly believe that the free 'delivery system' exists here, not as we have it at home, where it is confined to the large cities, but going to every little hamlet and isolated farm-house. Perhaps we would see a carpenter holding his work with his toes and drawing his plane and saw toward him. We would certainly see the 'false-hair reviver,' for our Japanese sisters are like the rest of the world, bound to be in fashion, and the elaborate style of coiffure compels them to supplement the natural growth. When the switch becomes rusty it is handed out to a peripatetic hair-dresser, who pushes a cart containing a small furnace, a covered kettle, and several bottles of dyes, and on the front of which, from a small gallows frame, hangs a switch as a sign of his trade. He boils the switch in his dye-kettle—goodness knows how many others have passed through it!—and returns it as good as new. Just now the children are playing with dolls, and every little girl who does not have a live baby tied to her back will have a toy one. I've often seen a mother carrying her own child pick-a-back and to the little one's back would be tied a dolly. The dolls are wonderfully cheap and, generally speaking, good ones. The Japanese boys spin tops, but, of course, differently from our American boys, for everything is done differently here. They usually put a bit of matting over a tub so as to form a shallow basin; then one little chap throws his top spinning into the centre. Immediately another sets his on, and whichever 'knocks the other out' wins, the successful spinner pocketing both. Mild gambling? Yes; but they always gamble here when they have anything with which to gamble. Travelling kitchens are plentiful, but not in the morning or during the day, when the cook shops are open. After dark you would see plenty of them, and I suppose they are going all night, for I have never been out too late for them. The linrickishas are legion, and one is importuned by them at every turn. The children all seem to live in the street, and the passers give way to them always. I have seen porters dragging heavily loaded trucks swing out of the way to avoid a little tot when it cost them no small effort to do so."—*New York Times.*

HE GOT HIS FEE.

How a Syracuse Bridegroom was Forced to Settle with the Sexton.

A novelty in law suits has been adjudicated in Syracuse as a sequel to a fashionable wedding. The parties to the suit were a church sexton and a physician who was a bridegroom not a great while ago. On the 23rd of September, Dr. Amos W. Jennings was married by Rev. Dr. George B. Spalding in the First Presbyterian Church and the elegant and stately edifice was elaborately decorated for the occasion with flowers. In order that the ceremony might pass off smoothly and impressively, there were two rehearsals before the actual ceremony. The groom and bride-elect, and bridesmaids, the groom's best men and the ushers all turned out to these full dress evening rehearsals for which the great church was heated and lighted by Sexton Henry A. Tompkins. The wedding ceremony was witnessed by a large throng, and the affair was a fashionable success. Sexton Tompkins himself thought it was a pretty nice wedding, and worth a fat fee. He waited for his fee for a month, and then began dunning the bridegroom. The second letter brought the reply that Dr. Jennings would pay when he "got good and ready." The sexton then referred the matter to a lawyer, and a lawyer to a justice of the peace. There was no defence, and the sexton got judgment for $40.

A Terrible Strain.

Omaha employer (anxiously)—Does Mr. De Goode drink?

Confidential clerk—Not a drop.

"He has been two hours late for three mornings and he looks as if he had been on a terrible spree."

"It's all right. On Christmas he gave his boy a drum."—*Omaha World.*

"THE EUROPEAN SITUATION."

Says France unto Bismarck:
  "Morbleu! and sacre!
For Alsace and Lorraine I'll
  Get even—some day!"
To Russia says Austria:
  "Hands off, and beware!
There's death on your borders.
  There's wrath in the air!"
Says the Czar with a bluster
  Of trumpet and lance:
"My Cossacks shall pipe and
  Young Ferdinand dance!"
Bulgaria's princeling,
  As still as you please,
Is courting the shade of
  Unbrageous trees.
And Bismarck, the crafty,
  Phlegmatic in mood,
As mum as an oyster,
  Keeps on sawing wood.

Recent experiments with thirty-six-pounder quick-firing guns showed that twenty-two rounds could be fired in two minutes and a half. Seventy pounders are now being made.

Dunley (at the supper table)—"Yes, I have spent most of the day at the dentist's." Mrs. Hendricks (the landlady)—"Are you having your teeth filled, Mr. Dumley?" Dumley (struggling with a steak)—"Yes, ma'am; filled and sharpened."—*New York Sun.*

A confectioner of Newport, England, having missed from the bakehouse time after time dainty morsels, set a watch, and a form resembling that of a boy was seen stealthily creeping along the roof of the adjoining bakehouse. No attention was paid to cries to come down, and a gun was fired. The aim was good and a dead monkey rolled from the roof into the road.

AN ENGLISHMAN INSULTED!

The Difficulty of Rooting Up Prejudices Learned at the Mother's Knee.

One bright June morning, some years ago, a party of travelling men were gazing out upon one of the most charming landscapes in the Susquehanna valley.

In the party was an English gentleman, whose prejudices were stirred by the laudatory tone of the conversation. He grew restless and exclaimed:

"This may seem to you rawther a pretty scene, but if you want to see really beautiful scenery you must go to England, where the air is softer, the grass greener and the flowers more fragrant than here."

As he finished, one of the party, whose ancestors were of good old revolutionary Yankee stock, turned to him, and, with more candor than politeness, said:

"My friend, in childhood, at my mother's knee, I was taught three things: First, to revere the great Creator; second, to love the stars and stripes; and third, to hate a Britisher. This is one of the many occasions when I fully realize the beneficial influences of early training."

Among the obstacles that obstruct a man's upward progress in this world are the prejudices which, planted in the character-forming period of early youth, he finds have become firmly fixed in his maturer nature.

It is difficult to root them out. Men may battle as they will; they can seldom entirely overcome their early impressions.

The progressive man discovers that he must leave his prejudices behind, if he would "keep step" in the ranks.

The barriers in the way of the truth-seeker have been broken.

Do you doubt it? Wend your way to the sanctuary some Sabbath morning, and behold! Universal and Methodist clergymen occupying the same pulpit!

Do you doubt it? See, as may now frequently be seen, physicians of different schools joining in consultation over their patients. See eminent members of the medical profession, like Dr. Rabson, of London, and Dr. Gunn, of the medical college, of New York, publicly recommending a proprietary medicine, like Warner's safe cure, the only sure specific for kidney disorders and the many diseases caused by such disorders, and their views attested by hundreds of regular practitioners of various schools.

Note the fact, too, that the leading clergymen, like Rev. Dr. Rankin, ex-Chaplain of the U.S. Senate, and Rev. Dr. Kendrick, of the Rochester University, one of the international revisers of the New Testament, and thousands less well known, publicly recommend this remedy, because it not only cures kidney diseases, but the many common-named diseases caused directly by them.

When medical men and ministers unite in such a course, who can doubt that intolerance has ceased to rule in the learned professions at least?

She Had Heard of It.

First Omaha Lady—Have you seen the new crematory?

Second Omaha Lady—No, I haven't, but I hear they make lovely butter there.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

"Just Hear that Child Scream!"

said Mrs. Smith to her sister, Mrs. Davis, as the sound of a child's shrieks came across the garden from a neighbor's house. "What kind of a woman have you for a neighbor? Does she abuse her children?" "No, indeed," replied Mrs. Davis. "She is one of the most tender mothers in existence. But you see, she believes in the old-fashioned styles of doctoring. When a child needs physic, she fills a spoon with some nauseous dose, lays the little victim flat on her lap, holds his nose till he is forced to open his mouth for breath, when down goes the dreadful mess. Then come the yells." "No wonder," said Mrs. Smith, "Why doesn't she use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets? They are effective without being harsh, and are as easy to take as sugar plums. I always give them to my children." "And so do I," said Mrs. Davis.

Four Satisfy Them.

The sacred writings of the Chinese are called "Five Kings." A work of only four kings is sacred enough for a great many people in this country—though a man often wishes he had five kings when the other fellow holds four aces.—*Norristown Herald.*

The Little Seed.

A little seed lay in the carter's path,
A little shoot bowed in the strong wind's wrath;
A little shrub grew, by its roots held fast;
Then a stout tree braved all the winter's blast.

A little cough started—twas only light;
A little chill shivered the hours of night;
A little pain came and began to grow,
Then consumption laid all his brave strength low.

Be wise in time. Check the little cough, cure the little chill, dispel the little pain, ere the little ailment becomes the strong, unconquerable giant of disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, taken in time, is a remedy for these ills.

An English Sensation.

Cardinal Manning has astonished his friends by announcing himself a convert to the teachings of Anarchy. "Every man," he says, "has a right to life and a right to the food necessary to sustain life. Necessity has no law and a starving man has a natural right to his neighbor's bread."

A Startling Discovery.

A startling and important discovery was made when, after long and patient experiments, the combination of Nerviline was reached. A grand victory, indeed, for the suffering have an ever-ready, prompt, efficient and cheap remedy at hand. Do you know that for 10 cents you can buy a trial bottle of Polson's Nerviline and test its great power over pain of every description? Polson's Nerviline cures chills, pain in the stomach, side and back, rheumatism—in fact, all pain. Sold by druggists and country dealers.

Strong Evidence.

A Baltimore bookkeeper has committed suicide and left his accounts all straight. It is regarded as certain that he was insane.—*Manchester Union.*

The cleansing, antiseptic and healing qualities of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are unequalled.

Highly Recommended.

"How do you like your new typewriter?" inquired the agent.

"It's immense!" was the enthusiastic response. "I wonder how I ever got along without it?"

"Well, would you mind giving me a little testimonial to that effect?"

"Certainly not; do it gladly."

So he rolled up his sleeves and in an incredibly short time pounded out this:

"afted Using thee automatig Backactionn atype writ,er for thre emonth$ an d Over, I unhesitattinggly pronounce it prono nce it to be al ad even more than the Manufacturs claim ? for it. During the time been in our possessio n e. i. th ree monthz! id has more th an paid paid for it$elf in the Saveing oF time an d labrr"?

john ¶ Smith.

"There you are, sir"

"Thanks," said the agent, dubiously.

—The Mormon question—Will you be my second?

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,** and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is **Scrofula of the Lungs,** is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CURE," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for **all Chronic Diseases** of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

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Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

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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.

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