We Lean on one Another.

O come and listen while I sing
A song of human nature!
For high, or low, we're all akin
To every human creature,
We're all the children of the same,
The great—the "mighty Mother,"
And from the cradle to the grave
We lean on one another.

It matters little what we wear,
How high, or low, our station;
We're all alike—the slaves of sin
And sons of tribulation.
No matter what may be the coat
With which our hearts we cover,
Our hearts within are of one stuff
And linked to one another.

A fool's a fool, the world o'er,
Whate'er may be his station;
A snob's a snob tho' he may hold
The sceptre of the nation.
And wisdom was ordained to rule,
Tho' knaves aside may shove her,
That all the human race might live
In love with one another.

A king may need our sympathy,
For all his great attendance;
For among men there's no such thing
As perfect independence.
Tho' great is mighty England's heir
Poor Paddy is his brother!
And from the cabin to the throne
We lean on one another.

The earth beneath's our common home,
The heavens bending o'er us;
And wheresoever we may turn
Eternity's before us.
By pride and envy we have been
But strangers to each other;
But nature meant that we should lean
In love on one another.

With Adam from the bowers of bliss
We all alike were driven;
And king and cadger at the last
Must square accounts with heaven,
We're all in need of sympathy,
Tho' pride the fact may smother;
And it's as little's we can do—
To comfort one another.

LONDON'S SMOKE CLOUD.

Three Hundred Tons of Smoke Hanging Over the World's Capital.

The investigations of a society formed in London to abate the smoke nuisance afford a rather startling idea of the wonderful extravagance of the present system of combustion. Here is a summary of a late report of the Smoke Abatement Institute: "The weight of the smoke cloud over the city is estimated at about 50 tons of solid carbon and 250 tons of hydro-carbon and carbonic oxide gases. From actual tests the value of coal actually wasted through the obstinacy of the Cockneys is £2,257,500, or 42 per cent. of the amount expended for coal in London, that being the percentage of heat that escapes up chimney without warming anybody. This waste also causes a useless expenditure of £268,750 for carting coal, to say nothing of the wear and tear of streets and of £43,000 more for carting away ashes. Altogether about £2,500,000 is yearly thrown away in London. Add to this £2,000,000 for injury to property from the smoke-laden atmosphere, and there is shown a total of £4,500,000 which London annually loses because of the failure to burn coal under proper conditions." Nearly all this waste and smoke could be prevented by a general adoption of improved methods of constructing chimneys, fire-places, furnaces and heaters.

Triumph of Grit.

We heard a rather illustrative story lately from one of our neighboring factory towns. An old-fashioned Yankee of Quaker stock, who ran a small shoe factory, indulged in a theory that nothing could pry out of his mind that a moral wrong was somehow perpetrated upon the community at large if a woman were allowed to earn above a stipulated sum each week. As his help was paid by the piece, and he had to keep tally in the main with current prices, he found this rather hard to manage at times. The swiftness of one young woman especially troubled him greatly. She would persist in running financially ahead of others. At last he made a special cut down in her prices, and told her why he did it. She gave him a baleful glance, tightened her lips, and went on working. By Saturday night next, despite the cut down, she made ten cents above the week before. Another week went by, when he cut her down still more. The damsel still proved game and rose to the occasion. After a week or more the Quaker conscience grew "scared" and asked her what she meant. "It means," said the girl, "that you may keep on and I'll keep on till you have a corpse on your hands in this workroom, for I'm grit and you can't conquer me!" The race ended there, and the girl was allowed normal pay.—*Boston Advertiser.*

When to Keep the Eyes Shut.

We are told to keep our eyes ever open, but it is often well to keep them shut. One of the chief causes of nervous disease is the straining of the eyes and the constant tension of the mind. When stretched out in the barber's chair do not try to read a newspaper, but close your eyelids under the soothing undulations of the lather brush, or the dreamy sensation of the shampoo, with the darkey's big hands gliding over your pate. In a railway carriage, instead of staring out your sockets at the landscape that is being torn into shreds before you, fold your arms, bow your head and listen to the whir of the wheels that make an accompaniment to the wordless song crooning in your heart. Again, in the concert-room, in place of surveying the audience critically, or watching the beauty of the singer behind the footlights, shut your eyes once more and let the music sink into your soul, rocking it on waves of emotion and wafting it insensibly into the ideal world.

The Wonderful Human Eye.

"The power of the human eye is simply remarkable. Why, lion-tamers can control the fiercest beasts by simply looking at them."

"That's all rot."

"Did you ever try it?"

"Yes. I was attacked by a Grigsby bulldog the other day and looked it steadily in the eye, resolved to control it, but the scheme wouldn't work."

"Why not?"

"I neglected to climb a tree before commencing to stare at the beast."

Joshua Jones, who spent most of his time looking at the crowds pass a New York hotel window, and who wasn't known to be rich, leaves $7,000,000 by his will.

There are more than one hundred women practising medicine in Chicago, and several of them are well known throughout the country as the authors of standard medical works.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE Duke of Sparta, who is to marry the second and favorite daughter of the Prince of Wales, the Princess Victoria, is said to be a tall, fresh-complexioned young man with pleasing manners and "an innocent expression." The Princess Victoria, who will be 20 years old next July, was in her childhood remarkably plain, but now gives promise of developing into as handsome a woman as her mother.

THE new Maxim gun, rest and all, weighs fifty pounds and is fired from the shoulder. By it an expert can fire three thousand rifle balls in eight minutes. The officer who did the firing at the first test a few days ago had never tried it before, yet he discharged three thousand shots in twelve minutes the first time. A thin line of men armed with this terrible weapon would be almost impregnable to an advancing army

THE New York *Sun* thus recounts the matrimonial experiences of the daughter of a Parisian wine dealer: 1. Marrried a singer. 2. He ran off with an actress. 3. Divorced. 4. Married an ex-priest. 5. Sheeloped. 6. Divorced. 7. Married a mayor's son, the officiating magistrate being her second husband, who showed no ill feeling and joined in the subsequent festivities, after delivering a touching exhortation to the happy couple.

FRANCES E. N. HARPER has been telling the intellectual women gathered at Washington that in her opinion "the neglected rich" should receive more attention from philanthropists. She thinks that many people of wealth are fast going to perdition, with no one to arrest their descent and give them a helping hand. How would it do to form an Association for the Moral Guidance of Those Whose Incomes are More than $20,000 a Year Apiece?

THE case of the steamship Great Eastern presents a good specimen of bad luck. Men were killed at her launch and she made her builder bankrupt; she had an explosion on her first trip from London, on the south coast, by which men were killed. Then her captain was drowned before she went a regular voyage. She then was nearly wrecked off the Irish coast, got aground in America and tore a great aperture in her hull, and now she is to be broken up as a useless craft.

DR. GATLING has made important improvements in his machine gun within the past two years. It is now a terrible arm. It can be pointed down upon a torpedo boat from a ship's deck, or upon a launch, when it is very near to the vessel. The English naval officers are loud in the praises of his gun. It throws a shower of balls with a terrible force, as thick as hail stones in a hail storm. A vessel's deck is swept by this great force, and assaults upon harbor defences, by scaling parties, can be overcome at once by a few of these guns properly placed in the fort. It is not a cannon, but a gun throwing ounce bullets in showers. Its force is fatal for a mile, and for this class of projectiles it is the most formidable arm ever invented. It is reported that an English syndicate desires to purchase Dr. Gatling's patents and plant.

RAILROADING in Montana in the winter time seems to be carried on under difficulties. Not long ago the story was told of water freezing in the boiler of an engine while the fireman was steadily shovelling coal into the firebox, and now another paper reports a still more surprising occurrence. It says in substance that the driving-wheels of a locomotive, after standing for some time, were found to have become so solidly frozen to the rails that the engine could not at first be started. When finally it commenced to move "a heavy humping sound on the roof of the car led the engineer to suspect that something was wrong, and he found to his horror that he was tearing up the track as he went. The rails were so tightly frozen to the drive-wheels that when the engine started the spikes were drawn and the rails wound up on the wheels." It is a relief to be informed that only a few hundred feet of the track were thus destroyed before the difficulty was discovered and remedied.

IT is quite the fashion on the other side of the ocean to send gifts of rare flowers no longer in boxes or baskets, as has been the custom, but arranged in some rare specimen vase, ceramic or silver, as the occasion warrants. Not only are the floral offerings treated to this valuable conveyance, but the receptacle is also adorned with wide ribbons, jauntily tied. One of the gifts sent to the Prince and Princess of Wales on their silver wedding was a lovely vase of pure white orchids, surmounted by an arch from which was suspended a cluster of the largest and most perfect black grapes, tied with silver cord, with some orange blossoms introduced. The contrast of the dark grapes, with their lovely bloom, against the mass of white orchids, must have been ravishing. However, as few pocketbooks can stand this sort of thing, perhaps for a steady pull the pure and simple bunch of flowers wrapped in white paper will do. Young men may continue to buy three Catharine Mermets or a cluster of lilies of the valley for their best and second best girls, and, unless the dear creatures hear of this London wrinkle, they will be just as well contented as if they had a few yards of sash ribbon and a $10 vase thrown in.

Anything to Bring Him.

"Well, how is this, my dear sir?" inquired the local practitioner, "you send me a letter stating that you had been attacked by smallpox and I find you suffering from rheumatism." "Well, you see, doctor, it's like this," said the patient, "there wasn't a soul in the house who could spell rheumatism."

How to Get Into a Mess and How to Get Out of It.

At an art exhibition: "That picture of X's is a fearful daub, don't you think?" The gentleman addressed—"I beg your pardon, but I'm the artist." "Oh, I beg ten thousand pardons! The fact is, I don't know anything about art—I just repeat what I hear every one saying!"

A Compliment.

Miss Giddy (at a progressive euchre party)—Just look at me, Mr. Lavisher, with a horrid fool's cap for a bobby prize. I know I look like a fright.

Mr. Lavisher (never lost for a compliment)—Oh, not at all. It's very becoming. Just suits your style of beauty.

THE PANTRY GHOST,

And What a Godsend He Proved to a Country Family.

(Mrs. M. L. Rayne in the Detroit Free Press.)

It not only "took the cake," but everything else it could lay its hands on, in the way of cooked danties. Occasionally pork and cabbage went, but pies disappeared with fatal regularity. Doughnuts melted away like an untimely feast. The ghost not only ate the food, but was very particular to wash the dishes, which were found as clean as when new.

We barred the windows and locked the doors, but his ghostship disdained any of those mere mortal methods of entering, and came with persistent regularity.

It was a mystery that none of the household could fathom.

We were a family of adults of the staid, respectable sort, with (as we supposed) no skeleton in the closet. Our hired girl had been with us for years and had no family to support and no followers to feed. It was not the dog, for we had none; nor the cat, for she had her own private dishes set for her every day. Who, then, was the ghost with the abnormal appetite?

Hannah declared she heard chains clanking in the pantry, and we instituted a night watch, but without avail. Sometimes, indeed, toothsome dainties were eaten in the daytime, when for a moment Hannah was absent or engaged elsewhere.

"Set a trap for him," suggested mother.

"Try Paris green," said father. "I cannot shoot him on sight, as he is not to be seen, but we might make his food disagree with him."

"There's no trap as would hold a ghost sure," commented Hannah.

"Did you ever hear of a ghost with such an awpetite?"

The next day an almond cake was swept away, and not a vestige left.

"I think I'll call in the police," said my father angrily. "It's something human, and we are bound to find it."

The next morning we heard a shout of triumph from Hannah.

"The ghost! The ghost! I've got him Come quick, if ye plaze, or he'll be gettin off!"

We all rushed in haste to the scene of action. Sure enough, Hannah was holding him in a grasp of iron.

"A boy!" we shouted in chorus.

"Where did you find him?" asked father as he relieved Hannah.

"In the cellar, sure, where he's been hidin' an' livin' on the fat of the land these two weeks," said Hannah.

"How did you come here?" asked father in his judicial voice.

"C-a-r-s," mumbled the boy.

"Whom do you belong to?"

"N'body."

"Where did you come from?"

"N' York."

"But how did you get into the pantry?"

"Trap door."

Sure enough! There was a disused trap door which led to the cellar. We could all see now how easy it was, after once being secreted in the cellar, to use that.

Well, the ghost was laid, but here was this dreadful boy on our hands.

We went into council and decided as a whole that a boy so ready and willing to help himself might be made useful to others, and concluded to give him a chance.

It was the best investment we ever made. As farm-boy, house-boy and general factotum "the ghost" is invaluable. He still possesses the abnormal apetite, but regular meals, with much "pacing" between, have saved the pantry from any further depredations.

Once mother referred to his past. She asked him how he managed to leave the dishes so clean after his ghostly visits.

And he answered, with a smack: "Licked 'em."

He Didn't Sleep Much.

He was rather given to late hours, and his wife remonstrated with him, so he promised her faithfully that he would reform. It would have been all right if his friends had not heard of it.

"So John H. has reformed, has he? Humph, we'll see." The "saw" him in procession. First he met one old chum, then another, and it never dawned upon him that it was a conspiracy.

The first night that John H. reached home after he had made that promise to his wife, it was very late or rather it was very early. In fact it was early morning. He took off his boots, managed to hang his hat up, and walked softly into the room where his wife slumbered. So far all was good. He divested himself of his coat, and just as he was hanging it on the gas bracket his wife woke up.

"Why, John," she claimed; "what on earth are you getting up so early for?"

This was a poser, but John was equal to the occasion.

"That's all right," he said; "you know I've reformed, My, an' there's lots of people I've got to see early in the mornin'."

And he deliberately put on his coat and boots, found his hat and went out again, while Mrs. H. turned over with a fiendish chuckle and went to sleep.

Ladies' Head Gear Seen on the Streets Yesterday.

A green bronze straw bonnet had little clusters of shades of blush pink, brown and cream bows.

A gold-colored straw is trimmed with shades of copper ribbon.

Dark brown hats are trimmed with pink and green.

Dark blue straws and trimmings of shaded blues, yellow and silver.

A light brown or ecrurban had a twist of darker velvet and big bow in front with a nest of violets and leaves.

A black turban had yellow jonquils.

A pretty black lace net was trimmed all around the face with dangling gold sequins.

Children's hats have wide brims and moderately high crowns.

Many hats have long ribbon streamers behind.

A pretty, small brown bonnet was decorated with black apricot-edged velvet ribbon, scarlet poppies and two dark green quills.

Violets trim many hats and bonnets.

Very small crushed roses are in great favor.

Mr. Thomas Seldon was elected Mayor of Ingersoll yesterday to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mayor Buchanan.

ABUNDANCE FOR THE HEIRS.

The Romance of an English Officer and a Pretty Irish Girl.

In the townships of Kinointon and Ballou, county Longford, Ireland, lived two brothers named Sheridan. They were poor farmers and respected by their neighbors. Each had several daughters who were noted for their beauty, but the Sheridans, of Ballou, were conceded on all sides to be the handsomest women in the county. Nellie, the eldest daughter, was the typical rosy-cheeked Irish lass, and through her goodness and beauty won the heart of Robert Dudley Blake, an officer in the English army and a member of a rich and prominent family. He resigned from the army and taking Nellie with him to Scotland, married her in spite of the remonstrances of his family, who disowned him for the act.

Being wealthy in his own right Robert came to America with his young wife and established a millinery house at Mansfield, O. He was successful in his ventures, and after some years retired from active business life. About thirteen years ago the husband died and three years later the widow followed him, leaving a large estate to be divided among her relatives. The estate is said to be valued at $7,500,000, and the heirs mentioned in the will are Mary and Bridget Feeney, twin sisters; Margaret Feeney, Nora Feeney, their heirs or assigns, originally of Adgerton, county Longford, Ireland. Margaret Feeney is the widow of James Fitzsimmons, of Adgerton, and a Mrs. Reilly, of Matawan, N.J., is the Nora Feeney mentioned. Mrs. Fitzsimmons has a son on the police force of this city. Bridget Feeney is Mrs. Lawrence Corcoran, of South Orange, N.J.

The other heirs are Mrs. Ellen Silar, of Trenton, N. J., and Mrs. James Nally, of Millham, a suburb of Trenton. At the time of the death of the testatrix the estate was valued at £148,000, and it is said that by interest accumulated and judicious investments it has increased in value nearly fourfold. The Ohio portion of the estate has been similarly developed, it is said. All of the heirs are poor but worthy people. Mrs. Corcoran is the wife of a day laborer and goes out to work every day herself. Mrs. Silar is the wife of a flagman on the Pennsylvania Railroad. As soon as the relationships are established the estate will be divided.—*New York Herald.*

Strictly True

In every respect and attested by the testimony of thousands that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is a sure and painless cure for corns. The claim that it is just as good made by those endeavoring to palm off imitations for the genuine only proves the superiority of "Putnam's." Use only Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure, safe, painless.

—The first dividend of 33½ per cent. will be paid by the liquidators of the Central Bank on the 23rd inst.

Shocking Accident.

So read the headlines of many a news paper column, and we peruse with palpitating interest the details of the catastrophe and are deeply impressed by the sacrifice of human lives involved. Yet thousands of men and women are falling victims every year to that terrible disease, consumption (scrofula of the lungs), and they and their friends are satisfied to believe the malady incurable. Now, there could be no greater mistake. No earthly power, of course, can restore a lung that is entirely wasted, but Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will rapidly and surely arrest the ravages of consumption, if taken in time. Do not, therefore, despair, until you have tried this wonderful remedy.

One of the most unique firm names in New York is that of "Dolby & Seven Sons."

Nelson's Daughter.

Just before Nelson died aboard the Victory, after making matchwood of the allied French and Spanish ships, he thought of his little daughter Horatia, and solemnly bequeathed her to the nation. The Rev. Horatio Nelson Ward, son of little Horatia, has just died, and his death has revived the controversy respecting Horatia's mother. It is now said, apparently upon authority, that Horatia was not the child of Lady Hamilton. Her mother, it is mysteriously added, was too great to be even mentioned. Nelson's descendants now living are confident they have royal blood in their veins, but of what nationality the family archives say nothing.

Tax on Canadian Currency.

Local financiers and brokers state that the decision among Buffalo bankers to put a charge of 2 per cent. on all deposits of Canadian bank notes presented at their respective institutions will have the effect of driving Canadian currency out of the United States and of forcing people to take the precaution of getting their money exchanged in Canada before leaving for the other side. To avoid the tax, therefore, merchants, while paying accounts in the United States, will do so entirely by New York drafts.

We Never Did Either.

The late Miss Alcott used to say: "I think I have a man's soul in a woman's body, for while I am continually falling in love with pretty girls I have never seen the man I could love the least bit."—*Washington Critic.*

A perfect specific—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Found It Convenient to Forget.

Census Taker—Let me see! You were born—. Miss Ageling (interrupting)—Certainly I was. C. T. (confused)—Yes, but will you be kind enough to tell me the date of your birth? Miss A.—Indeed, I would do so with pleasure; but the fact is, I was too young at the time to fix the date in my mind, so I am sorry I cannot oblige you. Good day, sir.—*Boston Budget.*

One of the treasures prized by Robert Louis Stevenson is an old cabinet carved with designs, singularly quaint and original, made by Deacon Brodie, from whose life were drawn the materials for the story and play of that title. The deacon was hanged at Edinburgh on January 1st, 1788.

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

Florence will be a hot-bed of royalty next month. The King and Queen of Wurtemburg and the Queen of Servia are already there; the Queen of Italy will go from Rome to Florence this week to meet Queen Victoria of England, and the Emperor and Empress of Brazil are expected there very soon.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets — The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS. SIZE OF PELLETS

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a **laxative, alterative,** or **purgative,** these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

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Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of **Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.** In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturers of **Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy,** for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of **Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza,** and **Catarrhal Headache.** Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

PROF. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of Ithaca, N. Y., writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., 2902 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELI ROBBINS, Rushtown, Pa., Columbia Co., Pa., says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

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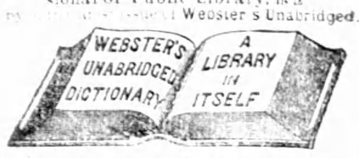

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