Her Dilemma.

I am only a farmer's girl,
John is only a farmer's lad,
But, somehow, when we chance to meet,
The very sound of his coming feet
Can make my heart so glad!
That up to my cheeks the warm blush flies,
And he reads his welcome in my eyes.

I am only a farmer's girl,
Master Tom is the Squire's son,
But, strange to tell, his feet this way
Turn often toward the close of day,
And after the chores are done,
When John (he passes the meadow gate)
Gives me a scowl, and—will not wait.

I am only a farmer's girl,
So what can the Squire want of me?
My heart is John's; John knows it well;
But it isn't for me the truth to tell—
So bashful a lad is he.
So the Squire may come and the Squire may go,
But all the answer he'll get is "No!"

The Squire praises my hair and eyes;
The Squire says I'm a lady born—
What care I for his foolish speech?
'Tis John's voice only my heart can teach
To sing like birds at morn;
But John is a jealous, foolish boy,
And my days are shorn of half their joy.

Oh, I am only a farmer's girl,
And John is only a farmer's lad,
But I'd rather be in his humble life
Than be a "lady" as Squire's wife,
With a restless heart and sad!
But John—so bashful a boy is he!
Is a long while asking my heart of me.

MALLEABLE GLASS.

It Will Revolutionize Housekeeping in the Future.

What is this dirt you sweep up, anyway? asks a writer in the St. Louis *Globe*. The queerest stuff imaginable. Should you burn it in the passage, its candescence would show, with the spectroscope, lines indicating almost all known substances. The iron lines would indicate the wear from the nails in your shoes. The carbon lines would come from the coal dust, and the yellow salt lines would only show that chloride of sodium is always present everywhere. But where you have old wall papers, or old carpets, you can be sure that some of this dust is several generations old; and if there be not some bacteria of a bad sort, and germs of old fevers with all the rest, I shall be surprised. You have only to mildly exercise your imagination to see minute personal relics of all the visitors you have had; and, indeed, your broom will swish all the fiercer when you think of it. I do not like such accumulations, nor do I like the necessity of sweeping my neighbors out of doors. So I say, as our first reform, let us have hardwood floors and, as far as possible, wainscoted walls. There is no artistic requirement that demands so much plaster, or paste, or paper on our room walls. Better still, we will soon have our walls of malleable glass—and our floors also. One is always getting born a little too soon. Yes, there is no knowing how many good things we are ourselves too soon for. Think how it would have been had we been born before window glass was known, and before—but bless me! we came very near being born before coal, and matches, and kerosene, and ranges, and telephones, and railroads, and nearly everything else, including sewing machines. And we are certainly ahead of a great many other fine things. How could we have been so foolish? One can never be too deliberate about such things. And as for malleable glass, I could wait ten generations to let it get the start of me. It is sure to come. Our floors will then be sweet and clean at the least possible outlay of labor, and our walls will need no decorations except that which is part of the glass itself.

Marrying for Spiritualistic Revenue.

Men marry sometimes for various reasons and sometimes for no reason at all, but a Brooklyn dentist assumed the bonds of matrimony not long ago in order that he might transform his bride into a medium. He was convinced that she possessed spiritualistic powers that, when properly developed, would astonish the world, and, in an incidental way, bring wealth to his pocketbook. Hitherto money had literally come to him like pulling teeth, and he believed that plugging the public with spirits could be made more profitable than plugging their molars with gold. He thought, too, that it might be the means of lifting him into an "upper set," as it were, although he couldn't determine at once what set of spirits his bride would be the medium for presenting him to. As soon as the knot was tied the dentist introduced his wife in spiritualistic circles and commenced the work of development. But the young bride didn't fancy sitting in a darkened room every day with vinegar-faced women and bald-headed old men to learn the mystery of raps and spirit voices. It wasn't her idea of a honeymoon at all. She expressed a decided aversion to cabinets and jingling bells and tamborines frisking about in the air. She went so far as to say that she wouldn't lecture on spiritualism or anything else, and soon there was a rupture between her and her husband. Finding that threats and intimidations had no effect upon what he styled her obstinacy, he suddenly quit her and his dentistry practice together and left for parts unknown. And now the lady is suing for a divorce, and the general impression is she will get it.

A Veracious Man.

Wife—What time did you get in last night, John?

Husband—Two o'clock, my dear.

Wife—Where were you, John?

Husband—At work at the office, my dear.

Wife—That's right, John, never tell a lie. (To the servant)—Mary, take Mr. Brown's shoes off the mantlepiece and get his night-key out of the clock and put it in his pocket.

The Powers That Be.

Mrs. Gorham Ware—Henry, I wish you would please not smoke around the house any more.

Mr. Gorham Ware—Why, my love, you've often said you rather fancied a good cigar!

Mrs. Gorham Ware—I know it, dear, but—the cook objects, and I'd like to keep our name out of the courts, you know.—*Puck.*

Hard to Suit.

A man in Chicago has just asked for a divorce from his wife because, though living in the house with him, she has kept silent for three years. It's no use trying to satisfy a man, anyway.

WON BY A COW.

She Eats Some Hay Just in Time to Win $500,000 for a Poor Farmer.

In September, 1871, Griffith Jones, a farmer of Forestport, Oneida county, purchased at tax sale a tract of 360 acres of land in the town of Alleghany, Cattaraugus county, says an Olean (N. Y.), letter to the New York *Sun*. The tract was wild and barren, in an isolated region, and its owner, James Hill, had ceased paying taxes on it and had removed from it. Jones, who was a man of limited means, paid $150 for the property, but after visiting it he concluded that it was not worth putting any more money in, and he paid no more attention to the purchase beyond securing his tax deed on the 23rd of September, 1873, two years after the date of the purchase, which gave him legal title to the land. In 1879 petroleum was discovered in Alleghany. Hill assumed control again of the tract he had abandoned, and transferred it to the Bradford Oil Company. This company drilled wells on the tract, and it proved to be a valuable and large producer of oil. Jones was ignorant of the sudden great value the tract he held the deed for had been given by the oil discovery until 1880, when it had yielded more than $300,000 worth of oil, and was still a great producer. Jones brought suit against the oil company in the Cattaraugus County Court to regain possession of the tract and for an accounting for the oil that had been taken from it and sold for the profit of the company. The company disputed Jones' title to the property in the clause in the tax sale law of New York State, which makes a tax deed invalid if the purchaser does not serve on the occupant of premises bought at tax sale notice to redeem the same within two years. The oil company asserted that Hill was occupying the premises when the deed was passed to Jones, and received no redemption notice within the required time, and the occupancy was claimed as the novel point of law, that although Hill was not living on the tract, he had left a quantity of hay in a shanty on the place when he moved off of it, which gave him legal domicile. This was the entire defence to the suit, and the Cattaraugus Court decided that if the simple fact of there being hay on the place, as claimed, could be established, it would be ample proof of occupancy in law, and would destroy Jones' title to the property. The trial resulted in favor of the oil company in 1882. A new trial was granted, and Jones proved by six witnesses that on the 22nd of September, 1873, one day before he became entitled to the property under the tax deed, Hill's cow had entered the shanty and eaten all the hay that Hill left there, thus depriving Hill of legal domicile, and leaving no one in occupancy on the premises of whom redemption notice could be served. By this act of Hill's cow Jones' title to the property was established, and Jones obtained a verdict for an accounting for the oil, which amounted to nearly $500,000. The oil company obtained an order for a new trial, but Jones was again successful, and his judgment was affirmed by the General Term, and a decision had just been given by the Court of Appeals sustaining all the points in the case in favor of Jones.

Chauncey Depew and the Cemetery.

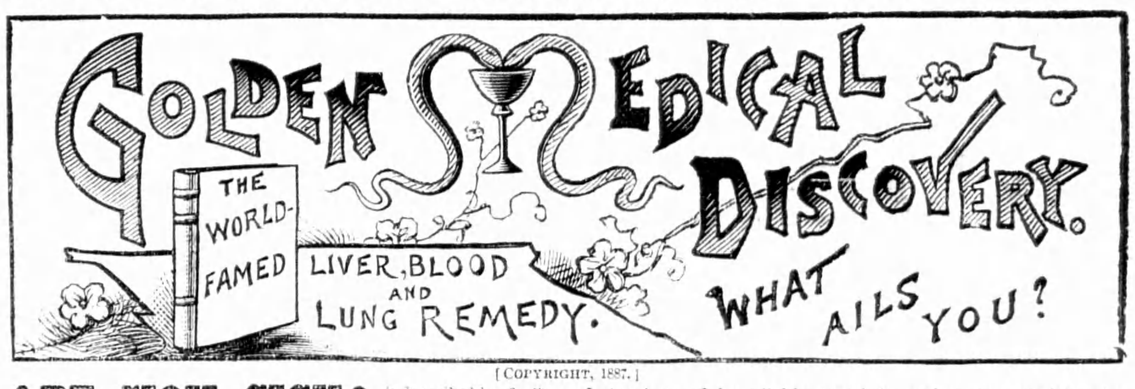
A few days ago Mr. Depew, one of the prospective candidates for the United States Republican Presidential nomination, made a speech in Detroit, in which the following funny passage occurred: There is one thing about a Western town—I mean away up in the Northwest—that pleases me beyond anything in the United States. I do love in the annual tour that I make to strike, away up a thousand miles from here, a booming town where everybody has got rich in reality, and profoundly rich in imagination, where lots are selling at $2,000 the front foot one day and $4,000 the next day. I stood last fall in one of those towns up near the Arctic circle, upon a lot which had sold the day before for $4,000 a front foot, or more than they charge on Fifth avenue in New York. The proprietor of it took me out on the lake to show me the city, for, he said, "the mud is so deep in the streets I cannot show it to you in any other way." (Laughter.) And as he was pointing out this lot and telling me the marvellous prices they had brought, I said to him: "You seem to have everything but a cemetery. Is it because land is so scarce here that you throw your dead into the lake?" "Oh, no," said he. "Where you see that solitary white stone up yonder was the cemetery, but it became so valuable we had to dig them up and plant them over the hill. But it was not an unmixed evil, for the principal avenue ran right by my lot and made it a corner one. I had to take up my wife, but, dear old girl, she would have enjoyed it if she could have known about it, because she was always wild about the growth of the town." (Prolonged laughter.)

The Bloody Shirt.

The origin of the phrase, "The bloody shirt," is in a Corsican custom, now nearly, if not quite, obsolete. In the days of the fierce vendette—the feuds which divided Corsican family from family—bloodshed was a common occurrence. Before the burial of a murdered man the gridata was celebrated. This word, which literally means a crying aloud, may be translated "a wake." The body of the victim was laid upon a plank; his useless firearms were placed near his hand, and his blood-stained shirt was hung above his head. Around the rude bier sat a circle of women, wrapped in their black mantles, who rocked to and fro with strange wailings. The men, relatives and friends of the murdered man, fully armed, stood around the room, mad with thirst for revenge. Then one of the women—the wife or mother or sister of the dead man—with a sharp scream, would snatch the bloody shirt, and, waving it aloft, begin the vocero—the lamentation. This rythmic discourse was made up of alternate expressions of love for the dead and hatred of his enemies; and its startling images and tremendous curses were echoed in the faces and mutterings of the armed mourners.

Wanted a Powerful Dose.

This is the order which a little girl brought into a Lewiston druggist's store the other day. It was written on a dirty piece of note-paper, as follows: "Mister Druggist; Please send ipecac enough to throw up a 4-year-old girl."—*Lewiston Journal.*



[COPYRIGHT, 1887.]

ARE YOU SICK?

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.

BILIOUS ATTACK.

DAVID G. LOWE, Esq., of *St. Agathe, Manitoba, Canada*, says: "Being troubled with a terrible bilious attack, fluttering of the heart, poor rest at night, etc., I commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' and derived the very highest benefit therefrom."

LIVER DISEASE.

MRS. I. V. WEBBER, of *Yorkshire, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.*, writes: "For five years previous to taking 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' I was a great sufferer; had a severe pain in my right side continually; was unable to do my own work. I am now well and strong."

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.

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. Virulent blood-poisons are, by its use, robbed of their terrors. 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.

A medicine possessing the power to cure such inveterate blood and skin diseases as the following testimonial portrays, must certainly be credited with possessing properties capable of curing any and **all skin and blood diseases,** for none are more obstinate or difficult of cure than Salt-rheum.

SALT-RHEUM AND RHEUMATISM.

"COLUMBUS, OHIO, Aug. 18th, 1887.
WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Gentlemen—For several years I have felt it to be my duty to give to you the facts in relation to the complete cure of a most aggravated case of salt-rheum, by the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' An elderly lady relative of mine had been a great sufferer from salt-rheum for upwards of forty years. The disease was most distressing in her hands, causing the skin to crack open on the inside of the fingers at the joints and between the fingers. She was obliged to protect the raw places by means of adhesive plasters, salves, ointments and bandages, and during the winter months had to have her hands dressed daily. The pain was quite severe at times and her general health was badly affected, paving the way for other diseases to creep in. Catarrh and rheumatism caused a great deal of suffering in addition to the salt-rheum. She had used faithfully, and with the most commendable perseverance, all the remedies prescribed by her physicians, but without obtaining relief. She afterwards began treating herself by drinking teas made from blood-purifying roots and herbs. She continued this for several years but derived no benefit. Finally, about ten years ago, I chanced to read one of Dr. Pierce's small pamphlets setting forth the merits of his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and other medicines. The *name* struck my fancy, and seeing that it was essentially a blood-purifier, I immediately recommended it to the old lady who had been so long a sufferer from salt-rheum. She commenced taking it at once, and took one bottle, but seemed to be no better. However, I realized that it would take time for any medicine to effect a change for the better, and encouraged her to continue. She then purchased a half-a-dozen bottles, and before these had all been used she began to notice an improvement. After taking about a dozen bottles she was entirely cured. Her hands were perfectly well and as smooth and healthy as a child's. Her general health was also greatly improved; the rheumatism entirely left her, and the catarrh was almost cured, so that it ceased to be much annoyance. She has enjoyed excellent health from that day to this, and has had no return of either salt-rheum or rheumatism. The 'Discovery' seems to have entirely eradicated the salt-rheum from her system. She is now over eighty years old, and very healthy for one of such extreme age.

I have written this letter, of which you can make any use you see fit, hoping that some sufferer from salt-rheum might chance to read it and obtain relief by using your 'Golden Medical Discovery'—for 'Golden' it is in its curative properties, and as much above the multitude of nostrums and so-called 'patent medicines,' as zealously flaunted before the public, as *gold* is above the baser metals.

Respectfully yours,
F. W. WHEELER, 182 21st St."

CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest Coughs, it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

CONSUMPTION.

SOLOMON BUTTS, of *North Clayton, Miami Co., Ohio*, writes: "I have not the words to express my gratitude for the good your 'Golden Medical Discovery' has done my wife. She was taken with consumption, and after trying one doctor after another I finally gave up all hope of relief. Being very poor and having but one dollar in the world, I prayed to God that he might show me something; and then it seems as though something did tell me to get your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' My wife took it as directed, and as a result she is so she can work now."

GAINED 25 POUNDS.

Wasting Disease.—WATSON F. CLARKE, Esq., of (Box 104), *Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Can.*, writes: "When I commenced taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' I was not able to work and was a burden to myself. At that time I weighed 122 pounds, and to-day I weigh 147 pounds. Then I used to eat about one meal a day, and now can eat four or five if I dared to."

COUGH OF FIVE YEARS' STANDING.

MRS. N. W. RICE, of *Newfane, Vermont*, says: "I feel at liberty to acknowledge the benefit I received from two bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' which cured a cough of five years' standing, and dyspepsia, from which I had suffered for a long time. I have also used Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart-Weed, or Water Pepper, in my family, with good effect."

WORTH $1000 A BOTTLE.

W. R. DAVIS, Esq., of *Bellville, Florida*, writes: "I have taken your wonderful 'Golden Medical Discovery' and have been cured of consumption. I am now sound and well, and have only spent three dollars, and I would not take three thousand dollars and be put back where I was."

Discovery $1.00, Six Bottles for $5.00; by Druggists.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Propr's, No. 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

WOOD CARVING.

A New Fad That Brings Money to the Devotee.

Wood carving is the newest feminine fad. Brass hammering is going out, wood carving is coming in. Instead of punching plaques women are cutting wood panels. The passion for carved hall and dining-room furniture and for wood over-mantels has something to do with starting the craze. The tools are easily handled also, and require little muscular strength, only a quick eye, an artistic feeling and a steady hand. It is the proper thing to design and carve the two halves of the bellows for the open fire; put a naked child on them, say, blowing the red coals in a cave of the winds; or to cut ornaments for the great oak chest that mediæval moderns are reviving chold their wardrobes. There are several classes in wood carving, and many ladies are taking private lessons. There is a niece of Charles Sumner who became quite an expert, but she has rooms in a hotel and has given up her work because the noise of it disturbed her neighbors. A sister-in-law of Horace Greeley, a woman of 76, is one of the enthusiasts, talking it up as Cato did Greek in her old age. Her favorite piece of work is a carved settle for her hall, and she takes great pride in it. Smaller pieces of work are the rule, panels and tiles for the side of the mantel and the like, but carved desks, sideboards and large decorative pieces are not beyond the ambition of the more aspiring. One of the successful wood carvers and designers of the sity has it in mind, if possible, to found a school for instruction in wood carving, for the teaching of young women especially, for whom he believes there is an outlook for paying work in this line. One of his pupils, indeed a girl of perseverance and talent, has supported herself comfortably this winter by taking pupils herself, and has devoted so much originality and independent skill that she has obtained a good commission for carvings and interior decorative woodwork for a number of residences to be built by rich New Yorkers this summer. If the taste for wood carving continues to increase it will supply an occupation in which women who go into it for something more than amusement will find, if they are artists, one more welcome resource.—*New York Mail.*

Eyes and no Eyes.

Husband—"Have the couple who just moved into the house next door any children?"

Wife—"Children? They've only been married a day or two."

"How do you know?"

"Before he started down town this morning he kissed her, and he didn't act as if he was afraid he'd get hit if he didn't."

The Canary Bird Snored.

Miss Almeda Taft, of Sadorus, Ill., has a canary bird that snores. About 2 o'clock one night last week its snores became so loud as to arouse the household. A search about the premises failed to reveal the cause of the noise until the sitting-room door was opened and it was found to emanate from the bird-cage. The bird being awakened, the noise instantly ceased. The owner of the bird regards it now as a very musical canary, and the neighbors all declare they never heard the like of its snores, which become more pronounced with each succeeding day.

Symptoms of Catarrh.

A profuse and many times excessively offensive discharge, with "stopping up" of the nose at times, impairment of the sense of smell and taste, watering or weak eyes, impaired hearing, irregular appetite, occasional nausea, pressure and pain over the eyes, and at times in the back of the head, occasional chilly sensations, cold feet, and a feeling of lassitude and debility, are symptoms which are common to catarrh, yet all of them are not present in every case. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures catarrh in its worst forms and stages. It is pleasant to use, and contains no poisonous or caustic drugs. Of druggists, for 50 cents.

Agricultural Athletics.

Aunt Priscilla—You're getting positively lazy, Laura. If you don't care to read, why don't you exercise?

Laura—I am utterly discouraged, auntie. I sent for a hand-book on fencing yesterday and the stupid book clerk returned a copy of "Wire Barbing for the Farm."

Woman as a Martyr.

History records the sufferings of countless martyrs, and we read of them with wonder and sympathy. But there are living to-day in our midst thousands of other martyrs who have far stronger claims upon our consideration—women who are sufferers from those ailments peculiar to their sex, our wives, daughters and sisters, perhaps, whose lives are an unremitting round of suffering. "Is there no relief?" they cry. Yes, there is; Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will remove that "dragging-down" feeling, will banish that backache, will restore every function to its normal condition. To all sufferers from female complaints—and their name is Legion—we say: get the "Prescription" at once; it will be worth far more than its weight in gold to you.

Dr. George Beer, of Montreal, has been appointed lecturer on dentistry for final students at McGill University.

Very Funny.

Husband—"I see that the papers are calling attention to the absurd way in which people say "Isn't it funny?" when ever they hear anything funny or pathetic."

Wife—"Yes, I've noticed that ridiculous habit myself; isn't it funny that people should be so foolish?"

A Voluntary Statement.

The writer of this paragraph once had an elder and only brother. Brought up together, we were almost inseparable, hopeful and ambitious. Exposure planted the seeds of consumption in the elder, and in a few weeks, in the month of May, "good store of flowers were stuck round his winding-sheet." Every attention and every remedy that love could give or obtain were unavailing. Since that sad day, I have learned, through the most trustworthy authority and from experience in its use, that a real remedy now exists, that of Dr Pierce, called the "Golden Medical Discovery." A thousand pities that it was not discovered ages ago, but how thankful the present generation should be that it can now avail itself of so potent a remedy.

A petition for the rehearing of the Bell Telephone patent cases was filed in the Supreme Court at Washington yesterday.

Failure Impossible

When Polson's NERVILINE is used for pain. It matters not of how long standing it may be, or how often other remedies have failed to afford relief, Nerviline, the great pain cure, does its work promptly. Buy a 10 cent sample bottle, and try it for internal or external pains. You will be convinced of its extraordinary power in relieving pain. Ten cent bottles and large bottles 25 cents, at all druggists. Take no substitute.

D O N L. 21 88.

Merchants, Butchers,

AND TRADERS GENERALLY,

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick

CALFSKINS

For us. Cash furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND