THE DEAD OR THE QUICK

A Complete Novel After the Style of Miss Amelie Rives.

BLIZZARD I.

Miss Barbarity Pompadour returned to her old Virginia home on a dark, tempestuous night, which had been specially selected for her by the author, so that she could drive through the scorching rain and allow the ragged trees to scratch her face as she dashed out and in the room.

When she reached Rosemary her aunt rushed into her arms, kissed her, and then disappeared from the story.

Barbarity was a dashing young widow, who had lost her husband, Valentine, three years before. She was now back at the home they had occupied, and as soon as she recovered from the renovating effects of her aunt's kiss she asked to be shown to her room. It was a gloomy chamber, and its familiar aspect threw her into convulsions. Everything reminded her of Valentine. She had strength to bear it, however, until she saw a half-smoked cigarette in her [illegible]. She drew back in horror, for it was one of Val's stubs. She picked it up at her feet and kissed it passionately.

BLIZZARD II.

The next morning she got up feeling much better, and went out into the woods. She returned in the evening singing "White Wings." As she entered the drawing-room she was met by her husband's cousin, Dock Jeering, and she fainted at the sight of him, for he was the very image of Val, and he had many of the latter's peculiar Virginia ways, such as expectorating [illegible] and eating pie with a knife. The prospect of mashing Dock, however, soon restored her to consciousness; when Dock saw her profile he acknowledged himself mashed.

A few days later he called upon her as she was sitting [illegible] on an old tree, and [illegible] his admiration for her profile. They conversed jaunty for a while, and then stepped out of the shadowed forest into the teeth of a storm that had been hanging around the parts until the author should need it.

In a burst of passionate longing she said in a low, soft, [illegible] whisper:

"You [illegible] me."

"I [illegible] one of my galvanic thoughts," said he; "I like you."

She gazed at him with sparkling eyes, and allowed him to hold her hand. Then, after raving about Valentine, when the storm let up a little she permitted Dock to throw his arm around her.

BLIZZARD III.

For three weeks Barbarity did not see Dock. [illegible] reason he came around, and after kissing the back of her wrist, as was his courtly habit, he took a seat in a nestling fashion on the door mat.

The kiss burned into Barbarity's conscience so deeply that she dismissed Dock, ran up to her room, and drowned her remorse by standing before her mirror, where she proceeded to address a few uncomplimentary remarks to the image therein. She grew so cold with horror that she froze the fire in the grate.

Dock, the living, and Val., the dead, were now pronounced rivals for Barbarity's affections. It worried Dock a great deal, but Val. pursued the even tenor of his way and didn't seem to mind it at all. Dock finally retreated to New York. There he received a letter from Barbarity, bidding him farewell forever. He accordingly lighted four gas-burners in his room, took a Turkish bath and went to a comic opera.

BLIZZARD IV.

A few days after she telegraphed him "Come to me."

He packed his valise and went back to Virginia, where he was welcomed by Barbarity with all the fervor of a human Vesuvius. She sank into his arms.

A week of ecstasy followed. Dock and Barbarity were dreaming love's young dream. They were now on the brink of matrimony, but Dock's good fortune had not quite deserted him. One day a terrific storm of the author's best construction broke loose, and Barbarity was caught in it. She was terribly frightened by the thunder, and she discovered by the glare of the lightning that she couldn't marry Dock. When she got home she so informed him.

And he, after telling Barbarity that he had had his opinion of her all along, put his wearing apparel into a valise and went over to the nearest saloon. In the meantime Barbarity had gone up to her room, donned her wrapper, and was deeply absorbed in the last number of the New York *Ledger*.—*Life.*

John Wesley on the American Revolution.

A curious and characteristic letter of John Wesley, bearing date June 11th, 1775, has been discovered by the Historical Manuscript Commisson among the family papers of the Earl of Dartmouth. It is addressed to Lord Dartmouth, at that time Secretary of State for the Colonies, and is an energetic and passionate protest against the war in America. "All my prejudices," says the writer, "are against the Americans, for I am a High Churchman, the son of a High Churchman, bred up from my childhood in the highest notion of passive obedience and non-resistance. And yet, in spite of all my rooted prejudices, I cannot avoid thinking, if I think at all, that an oppressed people asked for nothing more than their legal rights, and that in the most modest and inoffensive manner which the nature of the case would allow. But waiving all considerations of right and wrong, is it common sense to use force toward the Americans? Remember Rehoboam, remember Philip II., remember Charles I.!"—*St. James Gazette.*

The W. C. T. U. in Japan.

In Tokio alone the members of the W. C. T. U. are over 300, and likewise good numbers will be found in Kobe, Osaka and Kioto. Japan especially is indebted to the W. C. T. U. of America for the temperance work. Japanese papers often speak with great appreciation of Miss Frances E. Willard. Her writings are constantly translated into Japanese papers. By these influences, temperance work is swiftly moving on towards victory. Japan hopes in future that she will produce a Miss Frances E. Willard.

Miss Amelie Rives, the authoress, s said to have been overwhelmed with offers of marriage since her portrait was published recently.

CHARLIE ROSS AGAIN.

Said to Be Living in New York State and Acknowledged by His Father.

L. G. Reno, a prosperous and intelligent farmer, living about one and one-half miles from Cooperstown, in this State, says the Syracuse (N.Y.) *Standard*, was in Syracuse yesterday on business, and in the course of conversation with a friend the subject of the abduction of Charlie Ross was mentioned as an unexplained event.

"Unexplained?" repeated Mr. Reno quickly. "Why, I know Charlie Ross as well as I do my own brother. He has told me the story of his abduction fifty times. He lives right amongst us in Cooperstown, and everybody out there has no other thought than that he was the child abducted so strangely from his Philadelphia home fifteen or sixteen years ago. He worked for me on my farm two years ago from October to April. He has since worked in Cooperstown on the estate of the late Edward Clark, of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, and is now there. Every other Sunday he comes to see me and take dinner with me. He is now 19 or 20 years old, a fine-looking young man, bright and of faultless habits. He is thought a great deal of by the people of the town. The story which I have heard so often from him, and confirmed in many details by others, is that a circus man and woman enticed him into their carriage as he was climbing a tree, promising to buy him candy. An hour afterward he was put on board a steamer from New York and from there was immediately taken to Cuba. He was taught all kinds of circus performances, how to ride bareback, jump and swing on the trapeze. After he was brought to Cooperstown he often showed up his circus tricks in tumbling about the barn and on the backs of horses. The circus people were very cruel to him. In one of their rooms at the Cuban Hotel where they stopped they rigged up a trapeze and trained him in spite of his fright. They used to beat him with the buckle end of a strap until his back was all black and blue. One day he ran screaming downstairs into the bar-room. The circus man followed him and struck him with his first in the bar-room, felling him. The landlord interfered, and the matter ended in the landlord taking charge of him. Subsequently an Episcopal missionary in Cuba named Kinney, who lived in New York city, took an interest in the youngster and secured charge of him.

"The missionary took care of Charley for a year or more and then intrusted the boy to his father, Captain Kinney, the captain of a steamboat line running between Havana and New York city. Capt. Kinney took him to the Cooper Orphanage at Cooperstown, an Episcopalian institution, the matron of which was then and is now a daughter of J. Fenimore Cooper. The boy was then about 7 years old, I believe. Captain Kinney was deeply interested in the boy, and suspected that he was Charley Ross, as did the matron. What bothered them was that he pronounced his name 'Russ,' giving the Scottish accent. Of course he couldn't spell his name. Correspondence was entered into with Mr. Ross and photographs obtained of Mr. and Mrs. Ross. The boy was awakened in the middle of the night, showed one of the photographs, and asked if he knew who it was. He said it was his mother. He also identified the likeness of his father. Mr. and Mrs. Ross were then sent for and went to the orphanage. Mrs. Ross had been rendered insane by grief over the loss of her son, but seemed to have a lucid interval. Twenty men were placed in a room and the boy was asked which was his father. He went right to him. He was then taken into a room where there were twenty-two women and he picked out his mother. Mr. Ross was then satisfied and prepared to take his child away. His trunk was packed and sent to the depot. Then Mrs. Ross suddenly burst forth in one of her raving spells, and insisted that the child be taken from her sight. The only way to quiet her was to leave the child behind. Mr. Ross, however, believed Charley to be his son, and often visited him, wrote him frequent letters and paid for his clothing for several years. But various distractions, including the insanity of his wife, have affected Mr. Ross, who seems to have lost all interest in his son. It has been nearly a year since he has written him a letter. About the time of the Centennial Exhibition Capt. Kinney took Charley to Philadelphia, and walked with him up the street where he was playing when abducted. The boy did not seem to recognize anything at first, but presently began to stoop and look around, and then said: 'That is the tree I was on when they took me away.' The matter was published in the Cooperstown papers at the time of these occurrences, but there were so many Charley Ross stories about that time that this story did not attract attention outside. None of Charley's relatives admit his identity except Mr. Ross himself. The young man is smart, and is bound to make his mark in the world."

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.

A Culinary Brute.

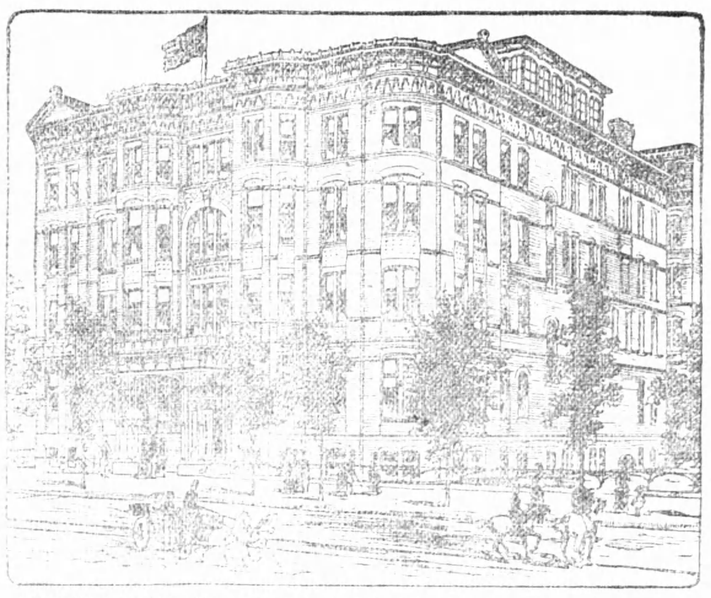
Mrs. Sweetser (quoting)—"And now, my lord, thy ladye rare is ready for the festival."

Mr. Sweetser (who was waiting an hour)—I'm very glad you're rare. I was afraid after all this time you might be a little too well done.

Where She Reigns Supreme.

Woman may not become a lay delegate to the Methodist Conference, but she will continue to be President, Secretary and disbursing agent in her husband's house, where she will have her whole say, now and forever.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A Massachusetts man was so disturbed by the cries of his infant child that he compelled its mother to place it in a remote room in the house. Next morning it was found dead of starvation and the parents were arrested.



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The Treatment of Diseases of the Air Passages and Lungs, including Catarrh in the Head, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, both through the skill of our institute, is a specialty specially.

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Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Obstinate Constipation, Chronic Diarrhœa, Piles, Worms, [illegible]

KIDNEY DISEASES.

[illegible] cho cases, therefore, generally successfully treated at their homes. [illegible]

CAUTION.

[illegible]

BLADDER DISEASES.

INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER, STONE IN THE BLADDER, Gravel, Enlarged Prostate Gland, Retention of Urine, and kindred affections, may be included among those in the cure of which our specialists have achieved extraordinary success. These are fully treated of in our Illustrated Pamphlet on Urinary Diseases. Sent by mail for 10 cts. in stamps.

STRICTURE.

STRICTURES AND URINARY FISTULAS.—Hundreds of cases of the worst form of strictures, many of them greatly aggravated by the careless use of instruments in the hands of inexperienced physicians and surgeons, causing false passages, urinary fistulæ, and other complications, annually consult us for relief and cure. That no case of this class is too difficult for the skill of our specialists is proved by cures reported in our illustrated treatise on these maladies, to which we refer with pride, as to intrust this class of cases to physicians of small experience, is a dangerous proceeding. Many a man has been ruined for life by such doing, while thousands annually lose their lives through the skillful treatment, and particulars of years' use and ten cents in stamps for a copy, Illustrated Treatise containing many testimonials.

NERVOUS DISEASES.

Epileptic Convulsions, or Fits, Paralysis, or Palsy, Locomotor Ataxia, St. Vitus's Dance, Insomnia, [illegible] and Brain Diseases generally. Nervous Debility, and every variety of nervous affection, are treated by our specialists for these diseases with unusual success. Some [illegible] in our [illegible] of illustrated pamphlets [illegible] which will be sent for [illegible] in postage stamps, which request [illegible] consultation, so that we may know which of our treatises to send.

DISEASES OF WOMEN.

We have a [illegible] department devoted [illegible] specialist, [illegible] Send ten cents in stamps for our Complete Treatise on Diseases of Women, illustrated, with [illegible] pages.

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RUPTURE, no matter [illegible] size, is [illegible] and permanently cured by our specialists, without the knife and without dependence upon trusses. Abundant [illegible] cents for our Illustrated Treatise.

PILES, FISTULA, and other diseases of the lower bowels, are treated with wonderful success. [illegible] cases of piles, fistulæ, or fistulous tumors, are permanently cured in from [illegible] to twenty days. Send ten cents for Illustrated Treatise.

WEAK MEN.

Organic weakness, [illegible] and all affections [illegible] and perhaps premature decay of the manly powers, [illegible] are treated with [illegible] and extensively used.

We, many years ago, established a Special Department for the treatment of these diseases, under the [illegible] one of the most skillful physicians and surgeons [illegible] order that all who apply to us might receive the benefit of a full Council of the most experienced specialists.

WE OFFER NO APOLOGY.

We offer no apology [illegible] much attention to this neglected class of diseases, believing that the misery and ruin [illegible] is too widespread [illegible] and best services of the ablest physicians and surgeons to the relief of man, which we believe [illegible] man, intent on doing good and alleviating suffering, should shun such cases, we cannot imagine. Why any one should consider it otherwise than most honorable to cure the worst cases of these diseases, we cannot understand; and [illegible] the other maladies which annoy mankind [illegible] about which physicians in general prefer [illegible] we shall, therefore, continue, as heretofore, to [illegible] our best consideration, sympathy, and skill, all applicants who are suffering from any of these delicate diseases.

CURED AT HOME. Most of these cases can be treated at home with [illegible] at a distance as well as if they were in person.

A Complete Treatise (126 pages) on the above diseases sent sealed, in plain envelope, free of charge, on receipt of only ten cents, in stamps, for postage. All letters should be addressed and secrecy is entitled to as will be kept strictly confidential.

All letters of inquiry, or communication, should be addressed to

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MAY BE A CHIP OFF THE SUN.

A Big Meteor Comes Down Near the Mammoth Cave.

From Litchfield, Grayson county, Ky., comes news of the fall near that point of an immense meteoric mass which struck the earth on a tract of wild land near Bee Springs, in Edmonson county, owned by John E. Stone, county surveyor of Grayson. Its approach was first discovered by Prof. Klein, an observer having a station at Hartford, over 30 miles away. It covers 110 acres of ground, and is described as a glowing metallic mass, emitting a terrific heat, and towering high in the air. According to Prof. Klein's deduction it is the offspring of the sun. Says the correspondent: "Every vehicle in Litchfield is in demand this morning, and hundreds of people are flocking to the springs. The following citizens of Litchfield have just returned from there: John E. Stone, county surveyor; John A. Bishop, merchant; R. O. Willis, merchant; Judge T. B. McBeath, circuit judge. They fully corroborate all the details herein given, and pronounce it one of the greatest wonders the world ever saw. Bee Springs is fourteen miles from Litchfield and seventeen miles from Mammoth Cave. The country is wild and broken. It is full of caves and sink holes. The shock was so great that the town of Litchfield was shaken as if an earthquake had taken place. People ran from their houses in great alarm. The Episcopal Church, which was a fine brick structure, is a mass of ruins. Goods on the shelves in the stores were thrown violently on the floor, and houses rocked to and fro. Everybody thought it was a great earthquake until Meredith, who lives near Bee Spring, came dashing into town on a bareback mule, bringing the startling intelligence, which, with a despatch from Prof. Klein in answer to one sent him, explained the phenomenon to a great extent. Litchfield is a town of about 1,050 inhabitants, and the county seat of Grayson county.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Sure Pop.

Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain cure, is sure pop every time. No need to spend a large sum to get prompt relief from every kind of pain, for 10 cents will purchase a trial bottle. Go to any drug store for it. Large bottles only 25 cents, at all druggists. Nerviline the pain king, cures cramps, headache, neuralgia. An aching tooth, filled with batting saturated with Nerviline, will cease aching within five minutes. Try Nerviline for all kinds of pain. 10 and 25 c. a bottle.

Talk about strength of mind in adults. It does not begin to compare with strength not to mind in children.

A Story of "Rip Van Winkle."

When Jefferson was playing his famous part of *Rip Van Winkle* during an engagement in an American city he one night went to the theatre tired by a long day's journey. The curtain rose on the third act and disclosed him deep in his twenty years' nap. Five, ten minutes elapsed, but he did not awake. The audience grew impatient. At length the gallery waxed uproarious, and yelled their delight at one of them inquiring "If there was going to be nineteen years more of his sleeping business?" Still Jefferson slept on, and actually snored. Opening a small trap door beneath the stage, the prompter prodded *Rip* from below, only to see him fumble in his pocket for an imaginary railway ticket, and hear him mutter, "Going clear through, conductor?" Of course this brought down the house.

Sedentary Habits.

In this age of push and worry, the business man and the professional man are alike unable to devote any adequate time to exercise. In the daily round of toil and pleasure, no suitable provision is made for that important function, and the result is that men of sedentary habits become subject to many forms of ailments arising from a torpid or sluggish liver. Constipation, sick headache, biliousness and dyspepsia are all due to the improper action of the liver. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets cure these troubles by restoring the liver to its normal condition.

The *Pipe of Peace*, published at the Genoa Indian School, in Nebraska, makes the statement that Indians are becoming bald-headed as a result of the change from feathers to hats and caps.

A Graveyard Cough.

The short, dry, hacking cough, which announces the approach of consumption, has been aptly termed a graveyard cough. The peril is great, and near at hand, but it can be surely averted with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a botantic remedy, without a peer for pulmonary, throat and liver affections, and for all ailments which, like consumption, have a scrofulous origin, and also for eruptions and sores, indicating impurity of the blood. Druggists all sell it.

THE Empress Victoria, says *Germania*, has been the good genius of the Emperor throughout his illness. Every day she is in the kitchen to see for herself that her husband's food is properly prepared; day and night she attends to every one of the doctors' orders. In moments of danger and at operations she assists like a skilled nurse, resolutely helping to move the bed.

Seventy Years of Married Life.

The patriarch of Simpson county has gone to join his fathers. Capt. John P. Hendricks, who had lived in Kentucky since 1803, and who with his wife celebrated lately the seventieth anniversary of their marriage, was buried last week. The hope was recently expressed in this column that this worthy old couple would celebrate that rare anniversary, a diamond wedding; but it was not to be, and it is hardly probable that two people remain in the State of Kentucky whose marital career extends over the time allotted by the Psalmist to man's whole existence.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

Seedless Raisins.

The seedless raisin is produced by simply arresting one of the processes of nature. When the grape is about one-half ripe the end of the vine is bent down and buried in the ground. This prevents the formation of seed and the full development of the fruit, but it ripens all the same, and has a delicious flavor.

Chronic nasal catarrh—guaranteed cure Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

One of the newly elected pages of the Iowa House of Representatives is a 10-year-old girl.

George W. Mitchell, of the Palatka (Fla.) *News*, fell against a cactus plant while he was in Mexico seven years ago, and one of the thorns stuck into the calf of his leg and broke off. Last week a small sore appeared on his chin and a portion of the thorn, three-quarters of an inch in length, worked its way out. Although it had travelled almost the entire length of his body it had caused him no pain or inconvenience.

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