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GRINDELL'S MACHINE & REPAIR SHOP. In addition to machinery repairing I am now prepared to do HORSE SHOEING & General Blacksmithing. In a most satisfactory manner. Woodwork repairs also made. Careful attention given to all work brought in. Any machine or implement by whomsoever manufactured will be repaired in a workmanlike manner. Plow and machinery repairs constantly on hand. HENRY GRINDELL.

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J. C. NELSON WANTS TO SEE YOU For he has what will suit you —IN— DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES, AND GROCERIES. A TRIAL SOLICITED.

Poetry.

WHAT DAYS THEM WUZ.

Say, Jim, what days them wuz!
I somehow can't forgit 'em, because
They're double sealed stitched in my nature, jest
O, all 'at's good an' noble in my heart.
Springtime now is jes' the same as then,
But barefoot boys grow into white-haired men.
I sit here in my rocker now an' look
Out through the window, with the Holy Book
Wide open on my knees, an hear the birds
Chirpin' their melody, for which the words
Was never written out, but the full score
Hid in our hearts among their treasure store,
An somehow those songs do take me back
Over the struggle o' life's twistin' track,
When we youngsters played as all boys does,
What days them wuz!

D' you mind the times, Jim, in Spring,
When we'd shed our coats and fling
Our boots into the woodshed an' go scootin'
Down to the river where the logs was shootin'
Over the rapids, and play river driver?
There wasn't no King Fisher or Hell Diver
Was mischiefer than us, those days you know,
It somehow seemed impossible to go slow.
What shots we was at sparrow suckers, Jim!
Say! we was lightnin' bang on by selfish
An sock it to 'em's they flirted by;
Why even now I think I hear you cry:
"Struck a five pounder, Bill; hang on my leg
'S I drew him in." An how you'd brag
Because you caught a bigger one'n me,
But allers wind up, "Well, yer see,
Bill, boy's old spear boats all to close—"
What days them wuz!

I've jes' turned sixty, Jim, an' you?
Eh! do't mean it, coming sixty-two!
The rheumatic has fixed me, guess for good,
But I would like one day again, I would,
Jes' to be boys when plum trees was white-headed
An ev'ry inch of ground was fairly bedded
With May flowers bloomin', an' cowslips, an
Them yaller buttercups we used ter band
About our old straw hats. An' Jim! say Jim!
How'd yer like ter go in for a swim,
An dive from the old black rock, and see
Which could stay under longest, you or me?
An Jim—turn low ago affects one' eyes,
The water will run out no matter how much he tries
To keep it back. No, no, hot stuffin', Jim, out you
Seem ter be took about the same way, too,
Hands on it, Jim! squeeze hard, because—
What days them wuz!

—*Fred H. Shirley.*

Select Family Reading.

Mrs. Van's Button-Box.

BY LEIGH HUNGE.

When Mrs. Van Ness left her Pennsylvania home to go down among the mountains of Kentucky, her heart almost failed her at what she found there. Such dirt, such disorder, such shiftlessness, she thought she had never seen in her life.

How folks could live in such a way, for my part, I can't tell," she said to her husband.

It had been a series of accidents that had brought them there in the first place. Mr. Van Ness's health had failed in their home in the oil regions, and he had taken a position as colporteur of the Bible Society in the South-west. Through the blue grass district of Kentucky they went first, and then on up into the mountains—which, two regions are as utterly dissimilar as if the gulf which divided Lazarus from Dives rolled between instead of being separated by only a few score miles.

But she was a plucky little woman, and when she saw a thing go wrong, her first impulse was to do what she could to right it. And there was plenty of that to do where she found herself.

"I tell you, father," she said, when they had been settled for a week at the hotel at Mud Lick, "I think the Lord means us to stay and do his work right here."

"Why, mother," said the gentleman, aghast at the idea, "how you talk!"

"Yes," she said, nodding her head briskly "didn't say anything till I had thought it all out, but it seems clear to me that that's what he brought us up here for."

"But—but—it's all so dirty," he faltered, for his Quaker instincts revolted at the surroundings.

"Well, if they're ever to learn to clean up somebody's got to teach them, and it might as well be us as any other of God's children," was the answer.

The old lady carried her point, as she always did, and they were settled in the mountains.

It was pathetic to hear that old couple address each other. No little lips had ever learned to say "father" and "mother,"—their three children had died before they could utter the words—but for forty years the two had kept up the form.

"Our babies are grown up in heaven," she said to me once, with tears in her eyes, "and we still be 'father' and 'mother' when we get there."

For two years the work had been progressing, slowly,—yes, so slowly that it took the eye of faith almost to see the result—but there was progress.

The children were gathered into Sunday-school, and meetings were held in the school house—but the dirt still continued. It is hard to stem the torrent of a life-time.

The great city churches down in the valley paid the salaries of the missionaries, but Mrs. Van—as she was universally called—had, in mountain parlance, "the heaviest lift of the leg!". Periodically came up great boxes of clothing for the mountain people, filled with all sorts of articles both new and second hand and valuable adjuncts they proved to be. Sometimes a merchant would send a stock of out-of-style hats, sometimes a lot of old-fashioned shoes, sometimes traps that were faded and shop-worn. But, however unpromising in appearance, the deft fingers of the good woman turned all to use. She would cut out here, and put in there; she would take the second-hand hats that came covered with flowers and ribbons, and with the surplus trim up two or three of the new ones. Doubtless the court milliners would have been amused at her bows and knots, but the Mud Lickers were not critical, and they were thrilled with delight. She told me once that she made three trousseaux out of one of our boxes.

It was all grist that came to her mill, except when the College Street Church sent in their barrel a great box of buttons. An old merchant's supply it must have been, for in it were all classes and condition of buttons, buttons round, buttons square, buttons large, buttons small, buttons thick, buttons thin, glass and metal, blue, green, yellow, pink and red silk and cotton, worsted and wool—and all shapes, sizes, and material.

"Look, father, look!" she cried. "What ever will I do with all these buttons? And they took up almost half the room in the barrel. And there were so many things I was hoping to get."

"Well, well, mother: maybe you'll find a use for them yet. There's never a thing that you don't turn to good. And, after all, the Lord sent them. I'll put them away on the top shelf of the chimney closet and they'll be sure to come in handy some time."

"That's you, father! You always look on the best side of things, and teach me a lesson. Maybe I will find a use for them."

It was a pleasant fiction with the little woman that father always made things come right, whereas in truth it was she herself who was the leading spirit of the firm. Without her he could do little. But such is the blessed nature of some women, and we love them for it.

But that button-box did have a mission.

The untidiness of the woman was one of the especial points that vexed Mrs. Van's righteous soul. They pinned their dresses together with pins or needles, "which-ever," as they said, "came the handiest." And the natural result was that they were always dropping out, and the gowns gaping open. That, the wearers did not care for; but Mrs. Van did.

One day they had a meeting in the school-house, to plan for a Christmas tree for the Sunday-school. Winter was coming on, and gaps in the clothes of the company were worse than ever.

"Why don't you button your dresses as I do mine?" she said to an eighteen-year-old girl, who had lost all her pins. "Don't you think it is nice not to have them come open?"

"Laws, yes; I reckon 't would be. But what's the use? And sides, I dunno how."

"I will show you," persisted the lady.

"It would be a right o' trouble, I reckon; and it's a heap handier just to pick up a pin; and, anyway, I ain't got no buttons.

The thought flashed across the teacher's mind of the old button-box in the top of the closet, and she said:

"Suppose I give you some pretty, shiny, red buttons. Wouldn't you like that?"

The girl's eyes gleamed. Almost like Indians, in their love for beads, these people are.

Mrs. Van saw her advantage, and pursued it.

"Well, come to my room to-morrow morning, and we'll pick out the buttons, and I will show you how to work the buttonholes."

"And you won't tell the others?" said the girl.

"No," was the answer: "I won't tell anybody."

Punctually the next morning, before Mrs. Van was through cleaning her room, Sarah Jane Finney presented herself.

"Now," said the lady, getting down the great box of buttons, and putting it on the table, "you shall choose for yourself."

Sarah Jane's eyes glittered. She had never in her life seen such beautiful things.

"May I choose any of them?"

"Yes, any you like," said Mrs. Van.

It took an hour to make the selection; and even then she wavered between red glass, gilt balls, and pink and pink and yellow mottled agate. But finally the red won the day, the other treasures went back on the top shelf again, and she sat down to her buttonhole making.

It was not the work of one morning, or even of two. The thread would break, the kinks would come in it, the unaccustomed fingers were clumsy and bungling. But if ever she felt inclined to give up, the sight of the red glass balls gave her fresh courage. The better part of a week it took; but by the end of that time the work was done, and quite creditable were the buttonholes into which, with trembling fingers, she buttoned the shining, glistening red spheres.

A profound secret she had kept it from all the girls; but at Sunday-school she made an appearance, and never did a Broadway belle attract more attention and admiration than Sarah Jane in her glorified old blue cotton. They could scarcely wait until school was over, before an eager, excited group surrounded the proud and exultant possessor of the new ornaments, questioning, exclaiming, and fingering.

"Where in the world did you get 'em, Sarah Jane?" was the query from all sides.

"She giv 'em to me," was the reply, "and she's got plenty more," pointing to Mrs. Van.

Tumultuously the crowd rushed off to the little lady, who, more than delighted with the success of her experiment, was almost ready to cry at the case with which was accomplished one of the great desires of her heart.

And next day was organized the sewing class of Mud Lick; for the girls were all in frantic haste to learn to make buttonholes,—for that was the essential step to getting the buttons. In vain they begged to be allowed just to cut round holes, but Mrs. Van was inexorable; so in they came trooping, each with a dress of some kind in her hands.

"Don't you think, Jemima," said Mrs. Van to the first one who brought hers, up to be showed how, "that you could work on it better if it was a little cleaner?"

Everybody looked down in dismay at their own dirty, greasy gowns, and then up at Mrs. Van's tidy brown and white calico and spotless apron, and nobody spoke a word.

"I tell you what, girls," said the lady, "suppose you begin to learn on some pieces I have, and then, when you have washed the dresses, we will go to work on them." Wise Mrs. Van.

Christmas was upon them by the time the buttons were all in their places. And then the girls shrank from wearing the clean and mended gowns—for that had been accomplished too—over the dirty floors. So a grand winter cleaning took place in all the houses. Then father's shirts were washed, and the boys' clothes overhauled, till by spring so many demands were made on it that there was not a button left in the box; even the odd ones had been used.

"What was the use of having 'em all alike," was the philosophical answer.

"And to think if it hadn't been for you I would have been complaining about that old button box yet, and it's been the best thing that's come to me; but you're always in the right, father," said the old lady, with her face fairly beaming with delight.—*S. S. Times.*

STRUCK OIL IN HIS YARD.

A New York business man who lives on Catherine street in the Fifth Ward of Elizabeth, N.J., started last fall to sink an artesian well on his own premises, and thought that, for the sake of the exercise he would do the job himself. Accordingly every night, after returning home from the city, he would repair to his yard with a big sledge and there pound vigorously on the iron pipe for half an hour, screwing on section after section as the work progressed. He kept this labor up at intervals throughout the winter and spring, and used to attach a pump daily to the pipe to ascertain if the water had yet been reached.

A few days ago a neighbor whose yard adjoins the well-borer's premises, from which it is separated by a high board fence, suspected, as he was going out to inspect his garden, in which he had planted some seeds the week before, and was surprised to notice a heap of earth among his plants, as if some animal had been burrowing beneath. He thought at first it was dogs or rats, but as he looked at the heap it seemed to grow larger and he noticed that every time his neighbor in the next yard would strike a blow with his sledge on the pipe he was driving the pile of dirt was visibly agitated.

An idea flashed across the gardener's mind. Procuring a spade he dug down into the heap of earth and the spade soon struck a metallic substance which, when uncovered, was found to be the end of an iron pipe with the pointed boring tool attached that is used in driving a well. The point of the pipe had evidently encountered a rock which it could not penetrate and consequently the pipe was bent and sheered off in another direction, and finally, as the driving progressed, it came out in the adjoining yard.

The man who made this discovery is somewhat of a practical joker. He took a friend into his confidence, and together they made up their minds to have some sport with the well driver.

They unscrewed the pointed cap on the end of the pipe, and procuring a gallon of kerosene poured it into the hollow tube. The plan worked admirably. The well-digger attached his little pump that evening, as usual, to ascertain if he had struck water, and to his astonishment found he had struck oil. He could scarcely believe it at first and the conspirators who had been watching his movements through a knothole in the board fence, poured in another gallon, which fully convinced their dupe that he had a bonanza.

He rushed into the house and acquainted his family with the joyful news, and hastily dressing himself, went off to inform some of his intimate friends of his good luck. The following evening the conspirators saw him come home from New York with three well-dressed men, apparently brokers. He took them into his yard and, rigging up his pump, proceeded to show them his remarkable discovery of an oil well in Elizabeth. The pair who put up the joke on him at once poured in an extra gallon, and as the oil in its passage through the pipe became discolored it strongly resembled petroleum. The strangers smelled the stuff, and after examining it closely became satisfied that it was the genuine article and informed the owner of the well that his fortune was made. He was delighted at receiving this opinion from his visitors. The conspirators in the next yard nearly choked themselves in trying to restrain their mirth.

When the succeeding night they saw their victim bringing more men from New York to inspect his big find they thought the joke had gone nearly far enough. The pump was put into operation, but this time the oil failed to flow. The well owner thinking the suction of the pump was out of order, took off the pump to examine it, at the same time assuring his friends that he would show them in a few minutes a sample of his discovery.

The man who suggested the joke put his mouth to the end of the pipe and shouted through the hollow tube: "You're a lot of blankety blank fools!" The sound of a voice proceeding, as it were, from the bowels of the earth, startled the group around the well so much that they stood rooted to the spot in terror for a couple of moments. When they recovered from their fright they looked at each other in amazement until the shrieks of merriment proceeding from the next yard convinced them that they were the victim of a hoax.

The owner of the well rushed to the fence and looked over it in time to see the jokers disappearing around the corner of the house, while the end of his pipe, sticking half a foot out of the earth, furnished a solution of the mystery. He never speaks to his neighbor now as they pass by, and since the story got out nothing broils him so much as any allusion to his collapsed oil well.—*N. Y. World.*

THE MEMORY OF POLLY.

When I was a child, and lived in the town of K——, I have a distant recollection of a grey parrot belonging to an inn keeper there, and which was usually hung out of an upper window. A capital talker the fellow was, and from morning till night kept the thoroughfare alive with his chattering. One day as I was returning from school, and stopped as usual to hear what the parrot had got to say, I found her in a state of high hilarity, and screaming out at the top of her voice—

"Cod oh! cod on! plaice and eels alive, oh!"

Casting about to discover whom the bird was calling after, I could see nothing, nothing but a highly respectable old gentleman, with brown gaiters and an umbrella, leaning on the latter, and laughing till his jolly face grew purple.

"Cod oh! live eels!" the bird continued to bawl, and it being evident to me that the old gentleman was in the secret, I took the liberty of inquiring of him what the bird meant.

"What does he mean, boy? why he means me," replied the good natured old fellow. "He has the memory of a tax gatherer, has that bird: he remembers me, the villain, for all my fine coat. It's nearly seven years ago since I drove a fish-cart every day through the parish, and called out my wares, but he don't forget. I mun't come through this town if I wish to forget I was once a poor fishmonger."

DIDN'T UNDERSTAND HIS CASE.

We were very much amused one day when visiting a London infirmary, at the disgust of a patient with the new order of things inaugurated by the appointment of a fresh medical officer.

"The doctor don't understand my case," was the laconic reply in answer to our inquiry as to whether he was getting better.

"How is that?" we replied.

"Well, you see sir," he said, "mine is a peculiar case, and requires plenty of nourishment. Now the doctor who was here before, he knew my case exactly. When I came in, he would come and look at me, feel my pulse, and say to the nurse: 'Give this man two half pints of beer a day.' He was the chap; he understood my case exactly."—*Temperance Chronicle.*

THE TOOL CONVENTION.

There was some competition in the Tool Chest. "Well," the Hand Saw was heard to remark; "I know I am superior to you all. As Julius Caesar once said, 'I came, I saw,' and when I settle down to work you can hear something drop."

"But," said the Hammer, "there is no steadiness in your character. You drift forward and backward, while I am distinguished for always hitting the nail on the head." (Here the Nail was seen to furtively rub his cranium.)

"Mr. Hand Saw," remarked the File, in a rasping voice, "have you lost any front teeth lately?"

"Silence!" cried the Hand Saw, "It's a shame that gentleman must associate with an ugly, cross-grained character as you. You try to scrape everyone's acquaintance."

The Plane tried to smooth things over, and stated that he would have something to offer before the meeting adjourned.

"Oh, shavings!" growled the File. Whereat the paper of Tacks laughed till it burst its sides.

"Gentlemen," said the Glue-Pot, "while you can all saw, chop, hammer and destroy remember that I am the poly one who can mend and restore. To me are the elements of true greatness."

"I say," said the File, "ain't you stuck on yourself?" At which the Glue-Pot fairly boiled with indignation.

"Permit me," said the Spirit Level, "to direct your attention to the even disposition which I ever display. I make all things straight."

"When you have a drop of alcohol in," suggested the File.

"Your work, gentlemen," continued the Spirit Level, with emphasis on the "gentlemen," which was intended to crush the File, "your work is never accepted until I have examined it, and this I say on the—"

"Oh the dead level," sneered the File.

The Sand Paper essayed to speak, but was promptly advised that no unnecessary friction was desired. He had plenty of sand, however, and was only silenced by the Mallet, who wrapped loudly for order.

"Where do I come in?" asked the Ten-Penny Nail.

"You don't," said the Claw Hammer, reaching for him.—"You come out."

The Jack Knife, who was something of a blade, opened up, declared that he had a point which he would like to present, but was greeted with loud cries of "shut up" which he did with a click, after threatening to cut the acquaintance of every one present.

At this moment the Auger commenced to stagger round, and vow that he would "let daylight through everyone present when the Lid of the Chest, a slam-bang sort of fellow, came down with a whack, and said: "Boys, I'm onto the whole crowd."

And the flesh thickened.—*Pack.*

LAMP ROCK OF CENTRAL ASIA.

Captain Younghusband, an English traveller, writes home from Central Asia an account of a rock which has been a mystery to the natives and to travellers. It is situated on the shores of a lake near one of the branches of upper Oxus, and is known as the Lamp rock. The account of it is published in the *Geographical Magazine.*

This rock received its strange name because from a supposed cave in its side a perpetual light shines out. Mr. Bliss, who passed the spot in 1885, thought the light might be a phosphorescent one, but he did not have time to examine it properly.

Younghusband says the rock stands by itself about two hundred feet high, and projects from the mountain side. High up the steep cliff the cave was pointed out to him and sure enough there was a pale light visible. The natives have a superstitious dread of the rock, and say the light comes from a diamond in the forehead of a demon, who guards his vast treasures stored in the cave.

With great difficulty Mr. Younghusband ascended to the cave. A false step, in some places, would have meant certain death. He entered the cave and saw the light, which he found to be merely the unadulterated light of heaven coming from the other side of the cave. In fact, it is no cave, but a tunnel right through the rock. From below, the fact cannot be determined that the hole is not a cave, and the light striking up against the roof is all that can be seen.

A LAKE COVERED BY LAND.

While on a recent business tour in Alabama I saw a curious phenomenon, which is not, to my knowledge, repeated in any other part of the world. In Bibb County, not many miles from a town called Six Miles, at a barn on the Six Mile Creek, there is a field of two or three acres which is over a subterranean lake. The soil is only three or four feet thick, and you can take a sharp pole and drive it through to the water beneath. Half a dozen men, jumping up and down at once in any particular spot, will make the corn stalks tremble for ten or twelve feet around. In the driest seasons that patch of ground is always damp, not to say wet, and it can be distinguished from the rest of the field by the luxuriant dark green of the corn planted on it. In one place a well has been dug to the water, and they says one hundred-foot line failed to reach the bottom. The water is quite clear and as cold as that of an ordinary spring, but there seems to be no current, and the local wonder is how the crust of earth got on top of the lake and how it manages to stay there.—Correspondence of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat.*

HOW THE BRIDEGROOM LOOKED.

In most accounts of weddings the appearance of the bridegroom is overlooked. We are sure to hear all about the bride, what she wore, how she appeared, and whether she went through the ordeal of the ceremony with shyness or composure; but the bridegroom usually receives very little notice. He is recognized as necessary but not interesting.

The bridegroom, however, is not always thus neglected. In a Massachusetts paper we find a notice of a recent wedding, which says:—

"Everything passed off pleasantly, within, although it was stormy without. The bride was beautifully dressed in a bright garnet silk, and it became her very well, with flowers to match. The bridegroom also looked well and cheerful."

Why shouldn't he, the lucky dog, look cheerful?

After all, the best way to know the real value of Hood's Sarsaparilla, is to try it yourself. Be sure you get Hood's.

AFTER EXAMINATION.

Johnny sat by the fire in an easy chair,
And fell into deep meditation:
He had worked for a week in the puzzling affair
Of a school examination.

So he just his feet and leaned back in the chair—
Just to rest his tired eyes (it was meant—
He thought it all over while there sitting there,
And this is the way that it went):

The indicative mood, of three times fifty-four
And the cube of the tri-nal sum,
Make what per cent. of a base-ball score
In longitude seventy-one?

There's something wrong about that, I know,
And the next is just as bad,
About parting the ratio of Boston
To the treaty of Guadad.

I'll try the next: what rate per cent
Of the battle of Bunker Hill
If the present tense of a continent
If the discount is charged in the bill?

I could work that out if I knew the price
Of the dividend's passive voice;
For the principal products are pronouns and
rice;

And Stark will be Green Mountain boy.

I'll never get through if I go on thus;
But the adjective's administration
Began with the downfall of nouns and plus
By the square of the first conjunction.

O my! it is all a terrible mix
And it's nearly the time for closing—
Hello! What time? It's the clock striking six
I certainly must have been dozing.

POSTSCRIPT.

Master Johnny insists on my adding a line
To tell you he pause out quite straight
His average standing was just eighty-nine—
His lowest mark seventy-eight.

HOW THE HOUND WAS SCARED.

An aged Lehigh Valley woodsman, Amos Metz, says that during the winter of 1840 I lived alone, save for his hound, in a small cabin on what is now the Drinker Turnpike, Penn., between Moscow and Tobyhanna Mills. Amos often boasted that Zeke, the hound, was the best hunter in the county.

One night, an hour or two after I'd gone to bed, I was waked up by Zeke's yelping. He was putting in at a good rate, and I jumped up to see what was the trouble.

It was bright moonlight, and I soon made out that two wolves were chasing the hound. Zeke was running round and round the cabin, and the wolves were after him as fast as they could leg it; but the hound was swifter on foot and managed to keep a few feet ahead of them.

I had two loaded muskets in the house. I placed one of them in the corner near by, cocked the other, and opened the door a few inches to get a good shot at the wolves as they came around the corner.

The frightened hound saw the crack where I stood, dashed into it, threw the door wide open, knocked me off my feet. Both wolves rushed in after him, and Zeke leaped upon the bed, and I shut the door in a hurry, and then banged away at one of the critters, hitting it in the head and killing it instantly.

The second wolf was scared, and ran around the room and then made a spring for the window. It knocked out three or four panes of glass, but didn't break the sash. The brute tumbled backward, but was on its feet in second and made another spring.

By this time I was ready with my other musket, and I bored a hole through the animal's heart just as it struck the window. That settled the wolves. But Zeke, although he wasn't hurt a mite, was so scared that he hasn't been worth a copper to hunt since that night.

A STRAY GOOSE.

It was a very warm Sabbath afternoon, and the door of the parish kirk in the little hamlet of B—— was standing wide open to admit as much fresh air as possible. While the sermon was proceeding a stray goose, of an inquisitive turn of mind, thrust its head in at the door, peered cautiously about, and at length stepped fairly inside the building. Now the seat of the church were so arranged that the door could not be seen by anyone save the minister and precentor. The latter a somewhat irreverent and light-minded young man, seemed highly tickled at the idea of a goose attending service, and grinned and winked to his chums in a manner highly displeasing to the grave portion of the worshippers, to whom the cause of his mirth was unknown. The minister on the other hand was somewhat irritated by the intrusion of the bird, and called to the beadle: "John, I say, John, put out that goose." Honest John straightforward arose from his seat, stalked up the aisle to the precentor's desk, and grasping that astonished young man by the shoulder exclaimed: "Come awa' out, ma man, dae ye no' hear what the minister say?"

SAWNEY AND PAT.

A Scotchman and an Irishman were sleeping at an inn together. The weather being rather warm, the Scotchman in his sleep put his leg out of the bed.

A traveller in passing the room door saw him in this situation, and, having a mind for a frolic, gently fixed a spur upon Sawney's heel, who drawing his leg into bed, so disturbed his companion that he exclaimed "Arrah, honey, have a care for your great toe, for you have forgot to cut your nails I believe."

The Scotchman being sound asleep, and sometimes, perhaps, not a little disturbed by other companions, still kept scratching poor Pat, till his patience being quite spent, he succeeded in rousing Sawney, who, not a little surprised at finding the spur on his heel, loudly exclaimed: "Deil tak' the aulf chiel of a hostler, he's taen my boots aff last night and left on the spur."

The brusque and funny impulse of these days of false impression would have down all as worthless because one is unworthy. As if there were no moles in sunbeams! Or comets among stars! Or cracks in peaceful rivers? Because one friendly professes to do what it never was adapted to do, are all remedies worthless? Because one doctor lets his patient die, are all humbugs? It requires a fine eye and a finer brain to discriminate—to draw the differential line.

"They say" that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription have cured thousands.

"They say" for a weak system there's nothing better than the "Discovery" and that the "Favorite Prescription" is the hope of debilitated, feeble women who need a restorative tonic and bracing nervine. And here's the proof—

Try one or both. If they don't help you tell the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., and you get your money back.