HUMOROUS SKETCHES.

At the Boarding House.

"Are you superstitious, Mr. Badger?" asked Miss De Silva.

"Not in the least," replied that gentleman.

"Would you prefer a dinner party of six to one of thirteen?"

"Yes, decidedly."

"Ah! I knew you were superstitious. Why would you, Mr. Badger?"

"Get more to eat?"—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Different Tastes.

They were entertaining some friends at dinner and the subject of hammered silver came up for discussion.

"At the risk of being considered deficient in good taste," remarked the hostess, "I must say that I admire the plain old-fashioned style of silver sets—"

"Pa likes the hammered kind," interposed Bobby, who had been allowed to come to the table on condition that he was to keep perfectly quiet.

"Never mind, Bobby, you were—"

"Oh, yes, pa likes the hammered kind," went on the boy unheedingly. "I heard him say that next week he is going to put all the silverware in the house under the hammer."—*Detroit Post.*

Remarkable Luck.

Mrs. Poore—"That horrid thing! I wish I'd never got acquainted with her at all."

Mr. Poore—"What's the matter, dear?"

"That stuck-up Mrs. De Poultice has got so proud now that she won't even recognize me on the street."

"My gracious, what luck? Old De Poultice has stopped bowing to me, too."

"Luck?"

"Best luck we ever had. I supposed of course, Mrs. De Poultice was friendly with you, and I have been in fear and trembling for six weeks."

"Why, what about?"

"Times are very hard now, and money is mighty scarce."

"But what has that to do with De Poultice?"

"I was afraid they might invite us to their silver wedding next month."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Aid to the Injured.

Life, in its latest lecture on "first aid to the injured," gives the following as "a few simple rules" for the treatment of persons injured by falling down:

If you see a man fall in the street, always do as follows:

1. Never offer to help him up, but grin and say jocularly: "Guess you dropped something, didn't you?"

2. If he tells you he is "all broke up" never try to mend matters by putting any glue on him. Recipients of kindness are proverbially ungrateful, and he would probably be so "stuck up" he wouldn't speak to you.

3. Should you fall on a fruit-skin and fall, in order to prevent paralysis of the vocal cords and relieve the feelings, pronounce a series of vocal sounds, thus: "Amn at anana cel!" This affords immediate though temporary relief.

4. Always remember that there is a difference between a man's leg and a bank. There is generally a run on a bank after it's "broken;" but after a man's leg is broken it's impossible to run on it.

That Coffin.

During the engagement of a celebrated tragedian at the Theatre Royal, Wolverhampton, some years ago, the following incident occurred: On the Friday night the tragedian was playing Richard III. for his benefit, and when the funeral procession came on to the stage one of the supers was seized with a violent fit of coughing, which he was unable to subdue, much to the star's annoyance. At last in a stage whisper he hissed out: "Go off with that coughing!" The two attendants, much surprised, took up the coffin and marched solemnly off, but were immediately sent back by the prompter. A few seconds later the cough started again, and Richard turned once more and said: "Didn't I tell you to go off with that coughing?" Off trotted the attendants for the second time. By this time the audience, who were becoming more interested with the extraordinary entrance and exits of the dead king than with Richard himself, were amused to see Richard walk to the back of the stage and call out, this time aloud: "Will you send those fools on with the coffin?" But the climax was reached when the attendants marched on right to the footlights, placed the coffin at the feet of Richard, bowed gravely, first to him and then to the audience, and retired.

Country Town Life.

"Country towns are great places to get around in after night," said a traveling man just in from Kentucky, to his wife.

"Why, my dear, ain't the street cars in good condition?" she inquired innocently.

"Oh, yes, love, they are in excellent condition. There ain't any; that's why they don't get out of repair," he said ironically.

"Don't they have street cars? That's strange. How did you get around?"

"Oh, I got around. You see I had about four squares to go and at ten o'clock I started. It was raining, and darker than a man's eye after a fight, and every street lamp was out, and I didn't have any landmarks. I had to get to the hotel some way, so I made a break, and for the first ten steps did right well. Then I went into a hole of water up to my knees and jammed my plug hat into the ribs of my umbrella until it looked like a picnic pie that had been used for a cushion. I floundered back on to the sidewalk, and went about fifty yards, until I thought I had come to my first turning off place and I turned off over a wall into the gutter, and it seemed like as if I was first man at a Baptist watering place. I couldn't get back on that side of the street, so I bolted for the other side and went head foremost into a fence and saw more stars than on any two clear nights I was ever caught in. In about five minutes I was ready to move again, and I ran into a cow standing at a gate, with a dull thud like a man falling off a roof. I didn't want any beef soup or roast and got away the best I could. In the next two squares I pulled three hitching posts out by the roots, knocked the weatherboarding off a whole row of tree boxes, though I hadn't any use for second hand lumber, and finally sat down in the middle of a mud puddle and caught on to the edges with both hands, determined to die right there or perish in the attempt. I was a total wreck, my umbrella was worse, and my hat had gone off on a spree with a gust of wind, and when the hotel clerk came with a lantern and fished me out, I couldn't convince him it was darkness and not drunkenness that got away with me. Fun? You bet it's fun.—*Mohawk Traveler.*

The London *Times* uses 2,250,000 types for printing each daily edition, and the other daily papers of that city not quite 1,000,000 each.

GRAVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

Where the Presidents are Buried—Call for a National Mausoleum.

It would be a good idea for the United States to have a national mausoleum, like Westminister abbey, in which Presidents could be buried, and statues of them erected. At present some of them have neither a slab nor a monument to mark their graves. General Harrison's body rests in a brick vault on the top of a little hill fifteen miles west of Cincinnati. A big, flat stone lies on its top, but there is no inscription, and the only beauty about the grave is the pine trees which surround it with their perpetual green. John Tyler's body is buried in the Hollywood cemetery at Richmond, Va., and has not a stone or bust to mark its resting-place. Ten yards away is President Monroe's grave, but he was not buried here until after the centennial anniversary of his birth.

Monroe waited twenty-seven years for an appropriate tomb, and he now rests in a vault over which is a large granite sarcophagus, and on it an inscription testifying that it was erected "as an evidence of the affection of Virginia for her good and honored son."

Van Buren's grave, notwithstanding his wealth, is now bleak and bare, without a flower or shrub, at Kinderhook, and a year or two ago the little granite shaft which stood over the remains of Thomas Jefferson had been mutilated and its inscription destroyed by relic-hunters. Its gates were rusty and its appearance that of a ruin.

George Washington has been twice buried, and Henry Clay showed one day in the Senate a piece of his first coffin. Mount Vernon is now his tombstone, and the sarcophagus in which he lies is a brick vault overlooking the Potomac. It has but one word on it, and that is "Washington."

The two Adamses are buried in the Unitarian church at Quincy. When John Adams died, his son, the President, obtained a deed to a burial lot in the cellar of the church fourteen feet square, and in this he built a granite tomb for himself and his father. Here lie the two Presidents and their wives, and on the walls of the church above are long incriptions commemorative of their lives and worth. John Quincy Adams' inscription commences: "Near this place reposes all that could die of John Quincy Adams." And it closes:

> A son worthy of his father.
> A citizen shedding glory on his country.
> A scholar ambitious to advance mankind.
> This citizen sought to walk humbly in the sight of God.

The incription devoted to the first Adams and his wife Abigail ends in the following verse of advice, headed "Pilgrim:"

> From lives thus spent thy earthly duties learn;
> From fancy's dreams to active virtue turn;
> Let freedom, friendship, faith, thy soul engage,
> And serve, like them, thy country and thy age.

The most expensive of the presidential monuments are, I suppose, those of Lincoln and Garfield. Lincoln's monument at Sprinfield cost $206,550, and the ground devoted to that of Garfield's is said to be worth $100,000, and the monument is to cost $150,000 more.

There has been a number of stories published in regard to the graves of President Taylor, in that he was at first buried at Washington and his body afterward moved about from place to place. The truth is he has never been buried, but was brought immediately, on his death at the capital, to his father's old farm in Kentucky, and there put into a vault. His body has lain there ever since, and there is a gray granite monument, surrounded by a marble statue of the general, near by.

Frank Pierce has a monument of Italian marble at Concord, and, strange to say, the name engraved upon it is Francis Pierce, instead of Franklin Pierce, as he was known to the country. It has no long inscription, and is, like the monument of Millard Fillmore at Buffalo, simple to an extreme. James Buchanan lies in a vault in the Lancaster cemetery, and chronicles his life in the dates of his birth and death, and the fact that he was the fifteenth President of the United States. It takes twenty-three lines to write the inscription on Polk's tombstone, and it lies in Nashville, twelve miles away from that of Andrew Jackson, a much greater man, who sums his record up in three. Jackson's body lies in his garden at the Hermitage beside his wife. The monument above them is of Tennessee limestone, and Jackson's life is given in these words: "Gen. Andrew Jackson, born March 15, 1767; died June 8, 1845."—*Cleveland Leader.*

An Abyssinian Library.

The Abyssinian alphabet consists of two hundred and eight characters, each of which is written distinctly and separately, like the letters of a European printed book. The labor required to write an Abyssinian book is therefore immense, and sometimes years are consumed in the preparation of a single volume. Mr. Cuzon, an English scholar, visited an Abyssinian monastery a few miles from Cairo, and was surprised to find therein one of the most unique of libraries.

In a room twenty-six feet by twenty, a number of long wooden pegs projected from the wall, and on them hung about fifty Abyssinian books in manuscript. As the entire literature of Abyssinia does not include more than one hundred volumes, the monks were proud of their library.

Each book was bound in red leather or in boards, and enclosed in a case tied up with leather thongs. To this case was attached a strap for the convenience of carrying the volume over the shoulders, and by these straps the books were hung to the wooden pegs, three or four to a peg.

The room thus fitted up also contained a number of long staves, for the monks to lean on at the time of prayer. It had the appearance of a guard room, where the soldiers had hung their knapsacks and cartridge boxes against the wall.

A Lesson in Domestic Economy.

A bear once fell in love with a setting hen and told her one day that she might go to a picnic and he would hatch on her eggs for her. She consented, and the gallant bear took his position on the nest in the regulation manner, but soon got up, looking as if he had been reclining in a bowl of eggnog as a substitute for an arm-chair.

"The next hen I fall in love with must do her own hatching," he remarked to himself in great disgust, as he took his melancholy departure. "I hatched out the eggs at the very first clatter, but there are no chickens in them."

Moral: This fable teaches that some duties pertaining to the domestic economy are too subtle and mysterious to be brilliantly discharged by the lords of creation.—*Life.*

AN ENTERPRISING REPORTER.

How he Learned the Secrets of a Legislative Caucus.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal*, in a sketch of Joseph J. Eakins, a young reporter who has been made clerk by the new mayor, relates some illustrations of Eakins' journalistic enterprise while he was serving at Frankfort as capitol correspondent of the Louisville *Commercial*:

He was only nineteen years old then, but he attracted the attention of Colonel Kelley. When the session of the legislature began in October the colonel resolved to send him to Frankfort as that paper's correspondent. He instructed him to go there at once and made a red-hot partisan fight for "the only Republican daily" in Kentucky. There was never a better show for an active reporter. Colonel Kelley told Joe that previous correspondents had always been afraid to attack the State government, and that he wanted him to make no such mistake. Joe was a Democrat, as all his people were before him, but he knew what his duty to a Republican paper was, and he promised to carry out the colonel's instructions. If he made any mistake in his vigorous fight, he did so because he was obeying orders. He went to Frankfort with the determination to unearth sensations, and he succeeded. Many were the devices to which he had to resort to obtain the news in spite of the hostility of the members. One of the cleverest and most amusing was the way in which he obtained the proceedings of the Democratic caucus. For the purpose of excluding him, it was resolved to admit no newspaper men. A reporter is not easily daunted, however, and Eakins considered that all things were fair in the enemy's camp. The first evening thereafter he went into the upper gallery of the house and hid under a row of back seats. When the caucus was assembled, however, a search was ordered, and Joe's feet were discovered sticking out from under the bench by a sergeant-at arms. The official, with a laugh, ordered him to come out, and when he emerged, covered with dust and humiliation, he was greeted with an enthusiastic chorus of derisive yells. He walked out, but he did not give up the fight. A pipe from the stove in the house passes back into the cloak room. Securing a step ladder he mounted, and, placing his ear to the pipe, heard every word that was uttered. The voices of the members were perfectly familiar to him by this time, and his dispatch was unusually full and complete. There was great wonder the next day, and this was intensified when that evening's caucus proceedings were also reported in detail. It was at first thought that he was in the confidence of some member, but the next day the secret leaked out. The door in the cloak-room was locked and the step-ladder removed. Still, this did no good. Eakins found means to be introduced into the house early the next afternoon, and secreted himself behind a book-case, where at the cost of some personal discomfort, he remained during the caucus session. He was able to do so only that time, as the person by whose connivance he had effected it was afraid to longer assist him. Another resource was discovered, and for two more nights the faithful reports of the proceedings were kept up. The third evening, after the roll had been called, the Hon. Laban T. Moore arose and stated that the secretary had omitted the name of one who had always taken a deep interest in their deliberations. He desired to suggest that the secretary call the name of Joseph Eakins, member from the State-at-large. His words were greeted with cheers, and when the secretary called out the name a voice said "Here" from one of the windows. Looking out they found the indefatigable correspondent seated on the limb of a huge tree, which grew at a distance of fifty feet from the window. He had climbed the tree and crawled out on a huge branch, whose extremity almost touched the shutters. It was not a comfortable position up there, but the reporter had a piece of soft paper and was writing up the proceedings as they went on. As fast as a sheet was finished he dropped it to the ground, when it was picked up by a messenger and taken to the telegraph office. The spirit of opposition had not quite died out the next evening, and a guard was placed over the tree. The day following, however, it was resolved to hold the sessions with open doors, and when Eakins walked in a little after 8 o'clock he was greeted with a perfect ovation of shouts, yells and cheers. His plucky fight had won the hearts of all present, and he had much smoother sailing the remainder of the term.

Railroad Accidents and Color-Blindness.

It has not been the duty of the writer to investigate cases of accident which might have been caused by defects of sight, but he has been assured by officials that a solution will hereafter be found in them for those hitherto insoluble mysteries where men, otherwise credible, have so flatly contradicted themselves and the circumstances of the case. By one prominent officer he was told that, being upon a train at night, delayed by some slight accident, he himself took a red lantern, and going a proper distance back placed himself on the track in the way of an on-coming train, but finding his light not observed he was compelled to dash it into the cab to attract the engineer's attention, and arrest him in his progress to a collision. Upon the examination of another engineer, his superior officer being present and convinced of his marked color-blindness remarked that but a short time before the man had run into the rear of a train properly protected by a red light in the hands of a brakeman some distance in the rear, that the most careful investigation had resulted only in the suspension of the brakeman for not having gone far enough back, but that he was now satisfied that the color-blindness of the engineer had been the real cause of the accident. Some slight or minor accidents recently led to the discovery that another engineer had by some oversight not been tested in his division, and this led to his examination and detection there, and to his conviction by the writer as a color-blind. Still another case now presents itself. An engineer some time ago ran over and killed a brakeman holding a danger-signal on the track in front of his engine, and no satisfactory explanation could then be given; but the division examiner predicted that he would probably be found color-blind, and on his examination this proved to be the case.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

There are five spiritualistic organs in France, four in Belgium, two in Holland, eight in Spain, two in Italy, and three in Germany. In addition to several journals devoted to the cause in England and the United States, it has one organ each in Austria, Russia, Mexico, the Antilles, Chili, Brazil, Uruguay, the Argentine Republic, Australia, India and Cape Colony.

Animals as Barometers.

Says a writer in the Cincinnati *Enquirer:* I do not know of any surer way of predicting the changes in the weather than by observing the habits of the snail. They do not drink, but imbibe in moisture during a rain, when you will see it climbing the bark of trees and and getting on the leaves. The tree snail, two days before a rain, will climb up the stems of plants, and if the rain is going to be a long one, will get on the sheltered side of a leaf, but if a short rain, on the outside.

Then there are species that before a rain are yellow; after it blue. Others indicate rain by protuberances, which before a rain rise as large as tubercles. At the end of each tubercle is a pore, which opens when the the rain comes, to absorb and draw in the moisture. In other snails deep indentations, beginning at the head between the horns, and ending with the jointure of the tail, appear a few days before a storm.

Every farmer knows that when the swallows fly low rain is coming. Sailors, when the sea gulls fly toward the land—when the storm petrel appears, or mother Cary's chickens, as they are called—predict foul weather.

Take the ants. Have you never noticed the activity they display before a storm—hurrying, rushing hither and yon, as if they were letter-carriers making six trips a day? Dogs grow sleepy and dull, and like to lie before a fire as rain approaches; chickens pick up pebbles, fowls roll in the dust, flies sting and bite more viciously, frogs croak more clamorously, and horses display restlessness.

When you see a swan flying against the wind, spiders crowding on a wall, toads coming out of their holes in unusual numbers of an evening, slugs, worms and snails appearing, robbin redbreasts pecking at the windows, pigeons coming to the dovecote earlier than usual, peacocks squalling at night, mice squeaking or geese washing, you can put them down as rain signs. Nearly all the animals have some way of telling the weather in advance. It may be that the altered condition of the atmosphere with regard to electricity, which generally accompanies changes of weather, makes them feel disagreeable or pleasant. The fact that the cat licks herself before the storm is urged by some naturalists as proof of the special influence of electricity. Man is not so sensitive. Yet many people feel listless before a storm, to say nothing of aggravated headaches, toothaches, rheumatic pains, and last, but not least, corns.

Female Tenacity of Life.

It appears from the gathered statistics of the world that women have a greater tenacity of life than men. Nature worships the female in all its varieties. Among insects the male perishes at a relatively earlier period. In plants the seminate blossoms die earliest and are produced on the weaker limbs. Female quadrupeds have more endurance than males. In the human race, despite the intellectual and physical strength of the man, the woman endures longest, and will bear pain to which the strong man succumbs. Zimotic diseases are more fatal to males, and more male children die than females. Deverga asserts that the proportion dying suddenly is about one hundred women to seven hundred and eighty men; one thousandand eighty men in the United States in 1870 committed suicide, to two hundred and eighty-five women.

Intemperance, apoplexy, gout, hydrocephalus, affections of the heart and liver, scrofula, and paralysis, are far more fatal to males than females. Pulmonary consumption, on the other hand is more deadly to the latter. Females in cities are more prone to consumption than in the country. All old countries not disturbed by emigration have a great majority of females in the population. In royal families the statistics show more daughters than sons. The Hebrew woman is exceptionally long lived; the colored man is exceptionally short lived. The married state is favorable to prolongation of life among women. Dr. Hugh proclaims that there are from two to six per cent. more males born than females in the living population. From which statistics we conclude that all women ought to marry and that as men are likely to become so scarce they cannot be sufficiently prized by the other sex.

Glazed and Unglazed Flower Pots.

It is commonly considered that for most plants unglazed pots are preferable. They allow of more circulation of air and of better drainage. They more nearly imitate the conditions of a normal soil. In practice, however, there is found to be little difference between glazed and unglazed pots. For those not familiar with the growing of plants, or, indeed, all those who are not in some degree experts, the unglazed pots are better and safer. There is always danger of giving too much water, causing the soil in glazed pots to become cold and sour. Great care must be exercised in not giving too much water. It is difficult to give too much water in unglazed pots if a proper filling of broken brick be placed at the bottom of the pot. The excess of moisture passes through the pot into the atmosphere. If plants in both kinds of pots are kept in the same room, and are all watered alike, a great difference in them will soon be perceived. If water is supplied in quantities sufficient for the unglazed pots the plants in the glazed pots will drown; if in quantities sufficient for the glazed pot only, those in the unglazed will suffer from drought.

Speculating Women.

The New York *Shipping List* says that there are more than one thousand women in that city who speculate in stocks, grain, oil, whisky, and every other of the fashionable methods of genteel gambling which now pass under the name of option trading, but brokers do not like them as customers. In a recent interview a broker explained, with respect to these fair constituents, that "their risks are small, and if they lose—phe-w-w!"

If, by instructing a child, you are vexed with it for the want of adroitness, try, if you have never tried before, to write with your left hand, and then remember that a child is all left hand.

Found No Poison.

Dr. Samuel K. Cox, D. D., Practical Analytical Chemist, Washington, D. C., who made thorough and careful analyses, reports that there is neither morphia, opium, emetics nor poisons in the Red Star Cough Cure; that it must prove a boon to those whose systems shrink from the use of such compounds, and especially to mothers, who justly dread the evil, and, at times, fatal effects of these dangerous drugs. He further states it is not only free from all opiates, poisons and emetics, (a thing which not one cough preparation in ten can boast) but it is altogether an original and most happy combination of the best remedial agents, and is as harmless as it is effective.

Queen Victoria has nineteen grandchildren.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

Remarkable Statement of Personal Danger and Providential Escape.

The following story—which is attracting wide attention from the press—is so remarkable that we cannot excuse ourselves if we do not lay it before our readers, even though its length would ordinarily preclude its admission to our limited space.

To the Editor Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat:

SIR—On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, and weighed over 200 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull pains in various parts of the body and do not understand it. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought nothing of it; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a heavy, and at times neuralgic, pain in one side of my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid little attention to it. Then my stomach would get out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet, even as a physician, I did not think that these things meant anything serious. I fancied I was suffering from malaria and doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the famed mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of many of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a burden to myself and friends. I could retain no food on my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell to the floor and clutched the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death-premonitory hiccoughs constantly. My water was filled with tube-casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the kidneys in its last stages.

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, at that time rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures of cases like my own which had come under his observation by means of a remedy, which he urged me to try. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being in the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice. I began its use on the first day of June, 1881, and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for one in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was finally able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better, as also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity, and this letter is in fulfilment of that vow. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained 26 pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain, and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly re-investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately, and as a physican, that I believe *more than one-half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys.* This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's disease has no distinctive symptoms of its own (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptom of every other common complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate as occurring from "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common complaints, when in reality it is from Bright's disease of the kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence if at all by the commonest symptoms and fastens itself upon the constitution before the victim is aware of it. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, from convulsions, apoplexy or heart disease. As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore every one who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of kidney difficulty. Certain agony and probable death will be the sure result of such neglect, and no one can afford to hazard such chances.

I am aware that such an unqualified statement as this, coming from me, known as I am throughout the entire land as a practitioner and lecturer, will arouse the surprise and possible animosity of the medical profession and astonish all with whom I am acquainted, but I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I am prepared to produce and truths which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was, is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequence.

J. B. HENION, M. D.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 30.

A bad sign—Endorsing a man's note.

A Prize in the Lottery

of life which is usually unappreciated until it is lost, perhaps never to return, is health. What a priceless boon it is, and how we ought to cherish it, that life may not be a worthless blank to us. Many of the diseases that flesh is heir to, and which make life burdensome, such as consumption (scrofula of the lungs) and other scrofulous and blood diseases, find a complete cure in Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" when all other remedies have failed. Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on consumption mailed for two stamps. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Egotism is an alphabet with one letter.

Delicate diseases of either sex, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Consultation free. Book three (3ct.) stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Home is the rainbow of life.

"All Men Are Liars,"

said David of old. He was probably prompted to make the above remark after trying some unreliable catarrh remedy. Had he been permitted to live until the present day, and tried Dr. Sage's Remedy, he might have had a better opinion of mankind. We claim that no case of catarrh can withstand the magic effects of this wonderful medicine. One trial of it will convince you of its efficacy. By druggists; fifty cents.

Men love women; women love a man.

Mothers.

If you are failing; broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Drgst.

Barbers should reside in an-next districts.

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