WOMEN AS SAILORS.

[illegible] of Feminine Seawomen—Female Pirates.

"Women are making their way on shore into all sorts of trades and occupations," said an old skipper, yesterday; "but it will be a long time, I'm thinking, before you will see a woman in command of a Liverpool packet running across the Western ocean. Not but what a woman could do all the work a skipper needs to do on one of these big steamships, providing she knew enough. It is a matter of endurance with the skipper, and not of muscular strength. The skipper neither pulls on ropes nor hands and reefs, nor stands a trick at the wheel. He just stays on deck and looks after things, without any watch below worth speaking of, from the time he leaves Queenstown till he's tied up alongside of some North river pier. There are plenty of women who could do that if they knew enough. But the trouble is in learning. They have got to do the work before they can know how to boss it; at least, that's the general idea among sailor men.

"There have been cases, however, though not very many of them, where women have shown themselves to be first-class sailors. May be you have seen a big schooner yacht cruising about the lower bay with a handsome gray-haired woman standing at the wheel and keeping her full and by with one spoke. I have, anyhow, and I am told that there are half a dozen ladies whose husbands belong to the New York yacht club who are as handy about decks as their husbands are.

"Ship owners have a cast-iron, case-hardened rule which forbids skippers to take their wives to sea, the theory being that a captain will be looking after the wife when he ought to be looking after the ship. It's a bad theory, and is not always held to. There is the case of the cargo ship Edgar, homeward bound from Senegal to London. The fever broke out, and all the crew were prostrated except the captain and the mate. These two men went into the engine room, and the captain's wife steered. But for her grit the ship would have been lost.

"Then there was the heroic Mary Patten, who was with her husband in a voyage around the Horn in the early days of the California gold excitement. Her husband was taken sick off the Horn, and she took his place on the quarter deck. The crew were a lot of swabs, and none of them knew a sextant from a spud-bag, not even the mate; but Mrs. Patten kept the log, and took the sun, and navigated the ship into 'Frisco, caring for her husband when it was her watch below.

"Another case where a woman served as skipper is that of the British brig Cleotus, Miss Betsy Miller master. Her father was a ship owner of Saltecats. He had no sons, and took his daughter into his office and about the docks as a companion. She gradually picked up a knowledge of ships and navigation. Finally she became so much enamored with a life at sea that her father put her in command of the Cleotus, which he built especially for her. For more than twenty years she sailed the Cleotus about the stormy coasts of Great Britain and the continent, resisting the woo[ings] of the many gallant sailor boys who were fascinated by her bravery, and when her father died she succeeded to and conducted his business successfully.

"Not long ago a man who had for years served as quartermaster in the British navy died at a hospital in London. His name was Thomas Phelan. He was born on the frigate Swallow in 1812, his mother having been regularly shipped on board the vessel. She was a married woman, her husband being a gunner. Three weeks after Tommy was born the Swallow was attacked by two French vessels off Frejus. During the action Mrs. Phelan was stationed to assist the surgeon in the care of the wounded. While the ships were engaged yardarm to yardarm, word reached her that her husband had been dangerously wounded on deck. She at once rushed on deck and took him in her arms. He opened his eyes, whispered her name and then closed them again. At that instant a large cannon ball took off her head, and the two died together. They were sewed up in one hammock and buried in the sea after the action was over.

"Not the least interesting of the stories of women at sea are the tales of the female pirates. Some of them are historical as well as romantic. Alwilda, the daughter of Synardus, a Gothic king, was betrothed by her father to Alf the heir to the throne of Denmark. The proposed marriage was so disagreeable to Alwilda that she gathered a troupe of young Amazons, dressed them in the garb of sailors, left her home and put to sea as a viking. She was exceedingly courageous and successful. Finally she one day found a crew of pirates who were bewailing the loss of their commander. She proposed that they sail under her command. The men were pleased with her bearing and readily accepted. With this increase of forces she became a terror to the coast and rapidly increased her fleet and the number of her sailors. It finally became necessary to exterminate this new band of pirates under an unknown and handsome commander. And Alf, the rejected lover, was placed in command of the naval fleet that was ordered to search for her. The two fleets met in the Gulf of Finland. Alwilda laid her ship alongside the admiral's and in the battle that ensued half of her crew was killed outright, and she was overpowered by the admiral himself. She wore a casque over her head, and was not recognized until she had been disarmed, and the casque was removed. The astonishment of the prospective king was great when he saw the runaway girl. His valor in action had meantime won the respect of the fair pirate, and she married the man who conquered her.

"Scarcely less romantic were the careers of a number of women who by privation have been led to assume the dress of men and take to the sea for a living. The case of Mary Reed, an English girl is in point. Her mother raised her in a boy's dress, so that she should have less trouble in rising above the privations which she endured as a child. She was first a footman and then a cadet in the guards. Finally she fell in love with a brother cadet, revealed her sex, and the two were married in the presence of their regiment. The husband died after a year or two, and then Mary dressed up as a man again and went to sea. She eventually was captured by and joined a pirate. Here she again fell in love. The object of her passion having become involved in a quarrel with a shipmate she was fearful lest he should be killed. It was impossible that he should refuse to fight, and so she picked a quarrel with his antagonist, forced a fight, and came out victorious two hours before the time set for the duel of her lover, to whom, meantime, she had revealed her sex. They were married by an island priest. He was eventually killed, and she became a sailor on the brigantine of the famous pirate, Captain Rachman, who had as a consort another female who had been a sailor and pirate, Anne Bonney. Mary preserved the secret of her sex, and by her bravery and skill secured a high position in the estimation of her shipmates. The vessel was finally captured and taken into Port Royal, Jamaica, by Captain Rogers of the British navy, where the crew were all condemned to be hung. Mary, however, revealed her sex, and would have escaped punishment, but she died of a fever before her pardon arrived. Rachman and eight of his crew were hanged, but the fate of Anne Bonney is unknown.—*New York Sun.*

A Haunted Locomotive.

"I believe a locomotive can be haunted," said a veteran B. and O. engineer. "I ran one on the Pennsylvania railroad for about a year that was haunted. My engine was a good one, but had some very curious actions at times. The man who ran the engine before I took her was killed in a little collision beyond Cresson. He lived in a little house just west of Altoona. In my run coming East I always passed this house about 9 o'clock at night. Just before reaching it for several nights I noticed that my engine commenced to slow up more than I intended. I began to think I was growing nervous, and my hand was no longer true in guiding the throttle. But as it never occurred anywhere else, the effect made on my mind by the circumstance became very unpleasant. After a while I realized there was some power helping me at the throttle when I reached this place. I mentioned it to my fireman, and made him try it. He was convinced that my impression was right.

"One night the whistle gave two or three screams. I thought the fireman had pulled the cord, but he denied it. This occurred two or three times afterward, and I couldn't see any hand pulling the rope. Well, you may be sure I did not like this sort of a thing. At last a creepy feeling began to crawl all over me when approaching the dead engineer's house. One dark night in June, 1881, I made up my mind to balk the ghost. I called the fireman in the cab and both of us grasped the throttle, slowed up to proper speed and held on to it firmly. We felt something tugging at it, but we were too strong for it. Suddenly the throttle was wrenched from our hands and pulled out to the utmost limit. Away bounded the train down the grade into Altoona, the whistle shrieking like a demon. Before we could get away from the ghost the train had attained great speed, and we ran half way through the city before we could slow up. A switchman saw us coming and switched us on a side track beyond the Logan house, where we wrecked two or three cattle cars and damaged the engine. The incident caused great commotion among the people living along the tracks, and the company censured me for it. As I couldn't be responsible for a ghost's antics, I threw up the job and came back to the B. and O."

"Was the ghost that of the dead engineer?"

"I think so. He always slowed his engine while nearing his house, and waved his hand at his wife and children who stood in the door and bowed and smiled at him. The night he raised all that rumpus he must have gotten mad because I didn't let him have his way."—*Baltimore Times.*

Sunstroke.

Sunstroke is caused by excessive heat, and especially if the weather is "muggy." It is more apt to occur on the second, third, or fourth day of a heated term than on the first. Loss of sleep, worry, excitement, close sleeping rooms, debility, abuse of stimulants, predispose to do it. It is more apt to attack those working in the sun, and especially between the hours of 11 o'clock in the morning and 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Have as cool sleeping rooms as possible. Avoid loss of sleep and all unnecessary fatigue. If working in doors, and where there is artificial heat, laundries, etc., see that the room is well ventilated. If working in the sun, wear a light hat (not black, as it absorbs the heat), straw, etc., and put inside of it on the head a wet cloth or a large green leaf; frequently lift the hat from the head and see that the cloth is wet. Do not check perspiration, but drink what water you need to keep it up, as perspiration prevents the body from being overheated. Have, whenever possible, an additional shade, as a thin umbrella when walking, a canvas or board cover when working in the sun. When much fatigued do not go to work, but be excused from work, especially after 11 o'clock in the morning on very hot days, if the work is in the sun. If a feeling of fatigue, dizziness, headache or exhaustion occurs, cease work immediately, lie down in a shady and cool place; apply cold cloths to and pour cold water over the head and neck. If anyone is overcome by the heat, send immediately for the nearest good physician. While waiting for the physician give the person cool drinks of water or cold black tea, or cold coffee if able to swallow. If the skin is hot and dry, sponge with or pour cold water over the body and limbs and apply to the head pounded ice wrapped in a towel or other cloth. If there is no ice at hand, keep a cold cloth on the head, and pour cold water on it as well as on the body. If the person is pale, very faint and pulse feeble, let him inhale ammonia for a few seconds, or give him a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in two tablespoonfuls of water with a little sugar.

A Too Successful Ruse.

Telling fibs is sure to get a man into trouble, especially when the object is to deceive your best girl—or her mother. As an illustration, the following, from the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil,* will serve:

There is a young man in this city, a good looking young fellow, who has a sweetheart out in the country a few miles, and he spends two evenings every week in her society. A few nights ago he stayed to the usual hour, and as he passed out the front door he discovered that it was cloudy and dark. He did not relish the idea of driving alone through the gloomy night and hinted about a good deal to get an invitation to remain, but it was not forthcoming. But the young man was equal to the emergency. Going down the steps he artfully contrived to slip and fall gently to the ground. Thereupon he set up a tremendous groaning. The ruse worked admirably. The girl screamed, the men folks jumped out of bed and carried the young man tenderly into the house. His horse was put up, and he was assisted to undress and deposited in the spare chamber. He had hardly began to chuckle over the success of the stratagem when the girl's mother put in an appearance, armed with a mustard plaster a foot-square and of ten-horse drawing power. This she immediately proceeded to clap on the small of the young man's back, where he had incautiously located the damage to his frame. For two mortal hours that woman sat by the bed, and was not satisfied till she beheld with her own eye a blister an inch deep. The young man is now a reformed liar.

BLONDE TO BRUNETTE.

The Extraordinary Transformation of a Young Lady.

A very strange case, and one that will form the theme of a paper before the New York Academy of Medicine when the autumnal sessions open has been a subject of gossip in fashionable circles, and of discussion in medical, being the first on record in which a complete metamorphosis in hair, eyes and complexion has been accomplished (although unintentionally, and to the detriment of all parties) by the agency and internal administration of drugs. The victim—for victim, in her own opinion, at least, she is—is a young lady who has figured as a belle in one of the most exclusive society coteries in this city, and has been regarded by her admirers as one of the most perfect examples of pure blonde beauty that ever turned the brain of a blonde-worshiping Spaniard or Italian; possessing the abundant masses of red gold hair, the translucent alabaster skin, shot with carnation, and the deep and pronounced (though not dark) blue eyes that appertain to a temperament combining the ardor of the Sou h with the coloring of the North. The only daughter of a widowed father who has amassed a fortune in trade, and regally beautiful in person, the hitherto beautiful blonde—now scarcely less beautiful as a brunette—has been the magnet of a host of admirers.

The medical professor whose name figures in this extraordinary case of the transformation of a blonde into a brunette, while stipulating that the names should not be made public, readily consented to supply a reporter with the facts of the case. "The patient," he said, stating the facts in direct medical fashion, "is a young lady, twenty-two years of age; and when my treatment began she certainly was one of the most pronouncedly perfect blondes I ever saw, with blue eyes, golden hair of reddish tint and a skin of alabaster purity.

"In common with many who summered at watering-places on the New Jersey coast, she contracted malarial troubles last summer, and returned to town in September in impaired, rather than restored, health. I have had the management of the case from the beginning, and did not anticipate any serious difficulty, as the disease was of a mild type and did not evince any signs of assuming the congestive form. A few doses of quinine unseated the chills and fever, and the young lady convalesced rapidly, was in society as usual all winter and apparently entirely restored." As the doctor went on with his narrative, it appeared, however, that this was but the beginning of sorrows. In the latter part of February, at an evening party to which she was accompanied by her fiance, Miss Hetty contracted a severe cold that threatened to end in inflammation of the lungs, but finally took a more unexpected turn and terminated in an obstinate attack of what is styled malarial rheumatism, which confined her to her room for weeks, and strenuously resisted all the standard remedies. The doctor was in a quandary; the young lady, impatient of being so long immured in a sick room became querulous and fretful, and her fond father, dissatisfied with the treatment that apparently effected no beneficial result, hinted that a consultation might, perhaps, eventuate in some suggestion that would give relief. The doctor acquiesced and called in consultation a medical confrere whose name is distinguished in the literature of medicine as the author of a text-book on physiology that has been extensively used by students. After a careful study of the case and a long discussion the two finally agreed to test the merits of muriate of pilocarpine, an alkaloid for which, in obstinate cases of rheumatism, marvelous results have been claimed by recent writers in German periodicals, but which has seldom been employed in this country. "I had many misgivings," said the professor, "about using a remedy of whose properties I knew comparatively nothing except by report—though reliable report, to be sure. But the young lady had been sick already over two months, and promised to be one a permanent invalid unless something could be done; while I had exhausted the whole repertoire of standard remedies, beside trying some of my own, and she was not a bit better on May 15, when I met my friend in consultation, than she had been six weeks previous. So, after reading up the new drug, and taking a few doses of it myself to test its immediate effects on the system, I decided to try it, and prepared a prescription, half hoping that it would not be in stock at the drug stores."

For further details the doctor referred to his case book, showing the date when the administration commenced, May 17, and the progress of the case. Her eyes being affected by light, as those of persons afflicted with malarial diseases frequently are, the patient's room, a second floor front, on the north aspect of the street, was kept darkened by heavy tapestry curtains, aided in effect by lambrequins of heavy Turkish fabric; and to this circumstance the doctor attributes the fact that he did not notice the transforming effect of the medicine in the earlier stages of its progress; for had he done so it would have been his duty to discontinue it, or, at least, to acquaint the patient with the consequences and let her take her option. Under the influence of the pilocarpine, though only the minimum dose was at first given, the young woman's improvement was rapid, and in the latter part of May (May 27) she walked from the bed to the adjacent sofa, after weeks of physical suffering, during which, at times, the alteration of her positians by the nurse was attended by such agonizing pain that she could not suppress an outcry. Encouraged by this reselt, the doctor increased the daily allowance of the drug, with apparent benefit, though the patient still continued sensitive to the light. The discovery of the transformation that was being worked in her appearance was, to cut a long story short, first made by the nurse, who at once informed the doctor. There was no mistaking the fact on careful examination, when upon the pretext of testing whether the patient's eyes could yet bear the light the curtains were opened. Without apparent alteration in texture the reddish gold of the patient's hair had been deepened into a dark brown, bordering upon black, and the once alabaster skin had assumed the olive tint of a Spanish maiden. Half trembling for the consequences of his experiment, pretending that it was necessary to examine the interior of the eye, the doctor carried his investigation to the last extremity. The pigment of the iris, instead of presenting the light blue color it had formerly possessed, was of a deep orange hue and apparently increased in quantity.

"You know," said the doctor, "while people talk ordinarily of blue, gray, hazel, brown, black and green eyes, even the pigment of the human eye is always one of two colors, either blue or orange. The various shades are illusory things due to accessory causes. I hope, for the young lady's sake," he added, "for she is exceedingly mortified and refuses to see anybody since she has ascertained the fact, that the effect of the pilocarpine will disappear in the course of a few weeks; but how it should cause an alteration in the pigments of the hair and eyes and a deposit of dark pigment in the skin is more than I can explain, although such has certainly been the case, and the prospective consequences are by no means pleasant to contemplate.—*New York Mercury.*

Depression of Great Men.

We may now pass to another class of cases in which the pathological character is still more plainly discernable. Outburst of fierce passionateness may perhaps be thought by some to be after all only marks of a certain kind of robust vitality. But no one will say this of the gloomy depression, the melancholy brooding on personal ills, ending sometimes in distinctly hypochondriac despondency, which have not unfrequently been the accompaniment of great intellectual power. It was remarked by Aristotle, who was a long way the shrewdest and most scientific observer of antiquity, that all men of genius have been me ancholic or atrabilious. He instances Empedocles, Socrates and Plato, and the larger number of the poets. And the page of modern biographic literature would furnish many a striking illustration of the same temperament. The pesimism of Johnson, Swift, Byron and Carlyle, of Schopenhauer and Lenau, of Leopardi and of Lamartine, may perhaps be taken as a signal manifestation of the gloom which is apt to encompass great and elevated spirits like the mists which drift toward and encircle the highest mountain peaks. In some cases this melancholy assumes a more acute form, giving rise to the thought and even the act of suicide. Among those who have confessed to have experienced the impulse may be mentioned Goethe in the Werther days, Beethoven during the depression brought on by his deafness, Chateaubriand in his youth, and George Sand (the French novelist) also in her early days. Johnson's weariness of life was, it seems certain, only prevented from developing into the idea of suicide by his strong religious feeling and his extraordinary dread of death, which was itself, perhaps, a morbid symptom. In some cases this idea prompted to actual attempts to take away life. The story of Cowper's trying to hang himself and afterward experiencing intense religious remorse is well known. Another instance is that of St. Simon, whose enormous vanity itself looks like a form of monomania, and who, in a fit of despondency, fired a pistol at his head, happily with no graver result than the loss of an eye. Alfiera, who was the victim of the "most horrid melancholy," tried on one occasion, after being bled by a surgeon, to tear off the bandage in order to bleed to death. Among those who succeeded in taking away their lives are Chatterton, whose mind had been haunted by the idea from early life; Kleist, the poet, and Beneke, the philosopher.—*Nineteenth Century.*

Favorite Dogs.

At this time there are more than 189 distinct varieties of the domestic dog, but for convenience they are generally classed in six grand groups, wolf-dogs, greyhounds, spaniels, hounds, mastiffs and terriers; and each of these classes has in turn, and recurringly, too, been held in exceptional favor. The sheep dog was an early favorite, and the European type is large, handsome, somewhat resembling the Newfoundland, but without the benevolent and kindly intelligence of head that characterizes the latter. These two dogs have respectively been rulers of fashion. The great St. Bernard dog, which occupies a somewhat uncertain position, first became popular at the time of the crusades, when the devotion and intelligence of one in saving the life of a knight who had taken him to the Holy Land brought the whole breed into immense repute, and these majestic animals have ever since been nobly esteemed, and frequently choice specimens have sold for sums as high as $10,000.

The spaniel was an early English favorite, and its elegance and beauty as well as its bright intelligence have served to maintain it a pet with those who prefer delighting the eye to securing a material benefit. From the spaniel to the mastiff was a long step, and yet the fashion changed very rapidly. The mastiff has all the courage, while in strength, intelligence, and mildness of disposition it excels its near ally, the bull-dog. It is one of the largest breeds, and is now an expensive luxury, so that the breed is more fashionable than popular. Hounds of the various types had their reign as the sport for which they were particularly bred was more or less cultivated. Only nobles were permitted to keep the old English greyhound, and to kill one of those animals was a felony punishable by death. When the restriction was removed the dog became a universal demand.

African Sunshine.

African sunshine always appears to me, with all its great heat, to be a kind of superior moonlight, judging from its effects on scenery. "Once or twice in this book I write of 'solemn-looking' hills. I can only attribute this apparent solemnity to the peculiar sunshine. It deepens the shadows and darkens the dark-green foliage of the forest, while it imparts a wan appearance of a cold reflection of light to naked slopes and woodless hill tops. Its effect is chill austerity—an indescribable solemnity, a repelling unsociability. Your sympathies are not warmed by it; silence has set its seal upon it; before it you become speechless. Gaze your utmost on the scene, admire it as you may, worship it if you will, but your love is not needed. Speak not of grace or loveliness in connection with it. Serene it may be, but it is a passionless serenity. It is to be contemplated, but not to be spoken to, for your regard is fixed upon a voiceless, sphynx-like immobility, belonging more to an unsubstantial dreamland than to real earth.—*Stanley.*

Aerial Warfare.

In a lecture recently delivered in London, Professor Gower suggests a plan of aerial warfare after this pattern: Could armies, forts and arsenals be seriously assailed from that quarter in which attack was not now expected—the air above? His belief, from four years of study and observation, was in the affirmative, and as a means to that end he proposed simply to transfer to the upper levels the general plan of torpedo warfare upon a larger scale and with its effective range indefinitely extended. He suggested that by means of aerostats explosions of 100 pound shells of gun cotton might be arranged over the enemy's position. Summarizing his proposals, the lecturer said: "In brief, I propose to you a warfare by gun cotton and hydrogen, to make the loss of an army a result of its meeting an opposing wind, to destroy the security of fortified positions, and finally to show upon the simplest principles of self-preservation that nations must keep peace and great armies be disbanded."

Taming Animals With Electricity.

One of the latest applications of electricity is an invention made in the interest of lion tamers, which consists of an apparatus of great power, shaped like a stick, about three feet and a half in length. M. Rauspach, the inventor, is a lion tamer himself, who has been a "good deal worried" during a long and successful career. He has already experimented with it upon the denizens of the cages in his menagerie, and relates the different effects upon the brutes. Three of his lions receiving the shock immediately showed signs of the greatest terror. They were seized with trembling and growled fitfully. The tiger was more quickly subdued, became stupefied, and crouched in a corner of the cage. Bruin was more refractory to electricity, which seemed scarcely to affect him. He would growl and show his teeth, but was subdued after repeated discharges. The most astonishing effects, however, were perceptible in the boa constrictor. On receiving the discharge the apecimen from Cayenne, nearly twenty feet in length, became at once paralized, and remained motionless for six hours afterward. When he recovered he showed signs of helplessness for three whole days. Finally, the elephant, on being electrified by a touch of the stick upon the tip of his trunk, set up a series of wild cries, and became so strange that the tamer feared the brute would break his heavy iron chain.

Why She Dipped.

"When a lady makes up her mind to bathe every day of the year," said the bathman, "nothing can stand her off. I've seen men who would come here on cold mornings, undress and walk to the water's edge, but the miuute they touched their toes, race back and get into their clothes again. Not so with women. When they are in bathing trim it means bathing and nothing short of a tidal wave will stop them. Here comes the daisy bather of the lot. I've seen that girl here when it was so cold that to even look at the water used to give me the shakes. Now, what do you think first induced that lady to bathe all the time? For the pure love of it? No, sir. She was getting too fat. She tried everything—dieting, exercise and medicine, but nothing would take her down. At last she dropped on sea bathing, and it fetched her. She is nice and slim now, though plump enough, but when she came here first she was as fat as a butter ball. I wish all the fat ladies in the city would have her courage, and our winter business would be worth something."

Miss Black-and-Tan.

With the cards of some fair callers I found a bit of pasteboard, about an inch long and half an inch wide, which bore the name, duly engraved upon it, of "Mr. Stepherd Colley." It was fully one minute before this delightful joke dawned upon me with all its blinding luminosity. Mr. Stepherd was their colley dog, who was accompanying them on their round of calls. Desiring not to be behind in the rigid etiquette of social life, I hied me to my stationer in order to cause to be engraved the same sort of card, with the names of my own canine family, "The Misses Poodle." But, bless you, the modist stationer keeps that sort of thing in stock. I found ready engraved—size, one and a quarter inches by a half inch, and done up in the usual visiting card packages of one hundred—"Miss Minnie Black and Tan," "Mr. Suttie Pug," "Mrs. Willoughby Pug," "Mr. Frank Fox Terrier," and "many others," as the ball lists says.

How He Liked It.

"How do you like my new and cosy little dining-room?" asked Widow Flapjack of one of her favorite boarders, a member of the Legislature.

"It's very small," replied the Solon, looking around, "but I perceive that the proportions are as well preserved as in any boarding-house in Austin."

"I don't quite understand you, sir," replied the widow, with great dignity.

"I mean the smallness of the dining-room corresponds exactly to the amount of grub we boarders get for our money."

"Time and again have I helped you to a second piece of pie, when the other boarders only got one, and this is the thanks I get for it," said the widow, in an agonized voice, bursting into tears, and sobbing convulsively, as she buried her face in her handkerchief.

A New Orleans paper refers editorially to the wonderful restoration to health of Mr. T. Posey, druggist, 225 Canal street, that city, who some time ago was prostrated by an excruciating attack of sciatica. After much suffering his wife applied St. Jacobs Oil, which cured him promptly and entirely.

A Sad Truth.

Half of our forebodings about our neighbors are but our own wishes, we are ashamed to utter in any other form.

Dr. Walker's Vinegar Bitters, the celebrated Temperance Restorative, that tones without exciting, and regulates without pain, is the only true and absolute remedy for biliousness, colic, indigestion, nervousness, sick headache, flatulency, liver complaint, rheumatism, and all ailments arising from corruption or impoverishment of the blood.

Breaches of contract—Those that shrink-

Hay-Fever.

Ely's Cream Balm was recommended to me by my druggists as a preventive to Hay-Fever. Have been using it as directed since the 9th of August, and have found it a specific for that much dreaded and loathsome disease. For ten years or more I have been a great sufferer each year, from August 9th till frost, and have tried many alleged remedies for its cure, but Ely's Cream Balm is the only preventive I have ever found. Hay-Fever sufferers ought to know of its efficacy.

FRANK B. AINSWORTH,
Of F. B. AINSWORTH & Co., Publishers,
Indianopolis, Ind.

I have been afflicted with Hay-Fever for seven years—Ely's Cream Balm cured me entirely. H. D. CALLIHAN, Baggage Master. I. & St. L. R. R., Terre Haute, Ind.

Respect.

There is a respect due to age, but there is also a respect due to youth, the lack of which accounts for many a failure in the household and in systems of education.

For dyspepsia, indigestion, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms, also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

Frazer Axle Grease

Lasts four times as long as any other. Use it, and save your horses and wagons. A trial will prove that we are right.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York city, save baggage expressage and $5 carriage hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upward per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

If perseverance insures success, the lard-makers must succeed---they are always trying.

A Daily Defalcation.

The Hon. John Kelly, the head and front of Tammany Hall, a man of strict integrity, an indefatigable worker, early at his office, late to leave, so burdened with business that regular meals were seldom known by him, with mind in constant tension and energies steadily trained, finally broke down.

The wonder is that he did not sooner give way. An honest man in all things else, he acted unfairly with his physical resources. He was ever dawing upon this bank without ever depositing a collateral. The account overdrawn, the bank suspends and both are now in the hands of medical receivers.

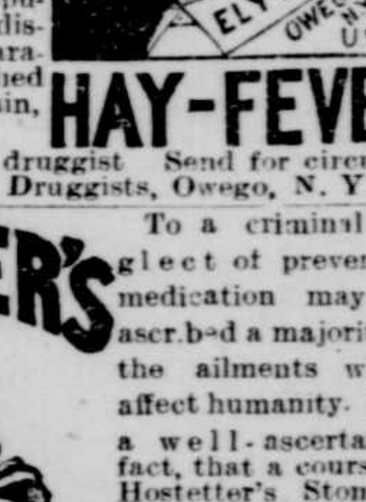
It is not work that kills men. It is irregularity of habits and mental worry. No man in good health frets at his work. Bye and bye when the bank of vigor suspends, these men will wonder how it all happened, and they will keep wondering until their dying day unless, perchance, some candid physician or interested friend will point out to them how by irregularity, by excessive mental effort, by constant worry and fret, by plunging in deeper than they had a right to go, they have produced that loss of nervous energy which almost invariably expresses itself in a deranged condition of the kidneys and liver, for it is a well known fact that the poison which the kidneys and liver should remove from the blood, if left therein, soon knocks the life out of the strongest and most vigorous man or woman. Daily building up of these vital organs by so wonderful and highly reputed a specific as Warner's safe cure, is the only guarantee that our business men can have that their strength will be equal to the labors daily put upon them.

Mr. Kelly has nervous dyspepsia, we learn, indicating, as we have said, a break down of nerve force. His case should be a warning to others, who, pursuing a like course, will certainly reach a like result.—*The Sunday Herald.*

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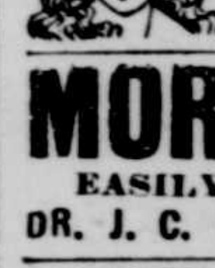
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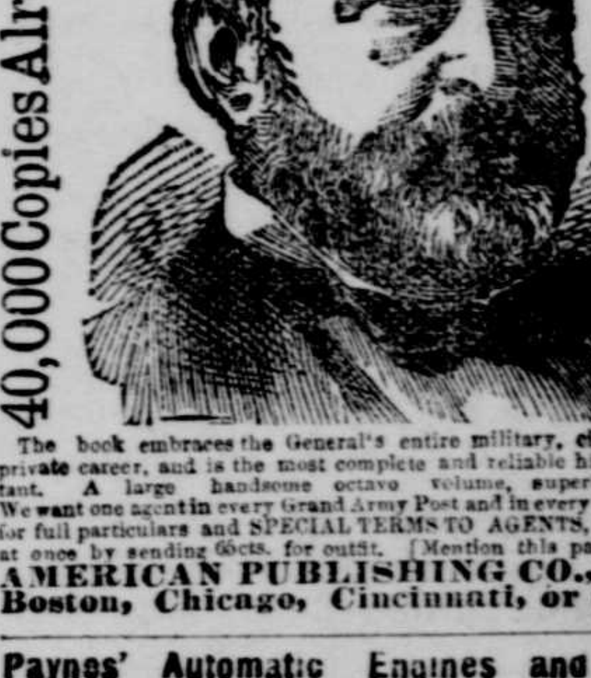
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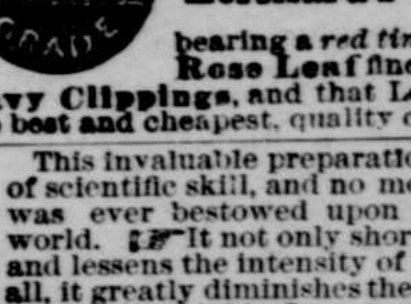
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