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THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Which Loved Best?

"I love you, mother," said little John.
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
And left her the wood and water to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell;
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan;
"To-day I'll help you all I can.
How glad I am school doesn't keep!"
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

"I love you, mother," again they said,
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them, really, loved her best?

A Stupid Little Thing.

"Why do you bother with her, Miss Ross?" one of the volunteer teachers in the Lime Alley mission school asked of the pioneer teacher, referring to Bet Carter, a girl of twelve, who persisted in making herself a constant annoyance. "I think you are perfectly justified in sending her away and forbidding her to enter the room again. She has been here for months without making the least progress, and is such a stupid little thing there is no hope of benefiting her in any way."

"I hardly know why she comes, unless it is to make a disturbance," replied Miss Ross. "I am extremely unwilling to give her up, however, and am puzzled to know what to do with her, now that I am to leave this school in your charge and go over to see what can be done for the poor children of Mud Lane.

"I am sure I can have no control over her," said Miss Miller, with a look of dismay. "She seems to bring the very spirit of insubordination into the school with her. We have done all we can for her, I am convinced. Why not give her up? Perhaps the good seed sown in her heart may, in time, spring up and grow."

"If she gives me up, I shan't give her up," lisped a shrill voice, and looking back of them they saw, to their surprise, that the little weazen-faced girl was standing by and heard every word. "I shan't give Miss Ross up," she protested. "If she goes I shall go with her," and she slipped away to her class, where Miss Ross soon followed to take leave of her pupils, begging of them to obey her successor, Miss Miller, and giving each one as a parting gift a little red Testament.

When one was proffered to Bet she shook her head stoutly: "Don't need it," she said. "Cos why? I'm going with Miss Ross over there."

"Why are you going? To teach the children to be disorderly?"

"No. To help. I can help. I've cousins there, loads of 'em! I'll bring 'em in. You'll see."

"Very well, but you can take that Testament and keep it, and read in it every day about Jesus, for I want you all to remember that He is your best friend. I shall be away where I cannot hear if you speak to me, but you can never get so far away from Him that He will not hear you if you call upon Him."

The child took the little book without a word and abruptly ran from the room. Miss Ross presently caught a glimpse of her black eyes peering through a crack in the door, watching as she left the class, but upon reaching the entry her rebellious pupil was nowhere to be seen.

Waiting upon the next corner for a car, the piping voice was again heard at her elbow saying, trembling now:

"It's true, then, you're going?"

"Oh, yes, my child, or why should I have said so?"

"To fool me and make me keep out. The girls have been all the time saying you would leave if I kept up such a muss, so I thought if I said I was going too you would change your mind and stay."

"Oh, no, I am going to start another school, as I have told you, but I shall not forget to pray to God for you, and you must give Miss Miller as little trouble as possible."

"I shan't go near her. You're my teacher. I never had no other. I shall never have no other. I shall go long 'es you."

Miss Ross was touched by the girl's persistence, but giving her an orange from her bag, and bidding her a kind good-night, she left her upon the corner of the street with a pang of regret. "A stupid little thing," to be sure. She did not know that a word of her teaching remained in her memory, and yet Bet had been the most punctual of her Lime Alley pupils, and there was something winsome even in her lawlessness. "I can pray for her," she thought, "and I will pray for her. There is a tender corner somewhere in her careless little heart." And she recalled the unusual sight of the bold, black eyes clouded with tears, as they were when last she gazed down into them.

During the busy week that followed, the conscientious young woman was followed by a vision of those misty eyes, and the thought was always dismissed with a prayer that the dear Lord would rescue Bet from the miserable life she now seemed destined to lead.

Going, on the day appointed, to Mud Lane, expecting not more than six or eight dirty pupils at first, what was her surprise to find the dingy little room full of children, with faces and hands scrubbed as clean as soap and water could scrub them. As she entered and spoke pleasantly to the children, who regarded her with awe, the largest of the girls came timidly forward and put Bet's little red Bible in her hand.

"Bet sent it," she said. "Bet is all smashed to pieces; you never see the like. A cart run over her. She got us all to come, and she meant to be here herself to help you make us behave; and she said you looked at every spalpane in the school and smiled like the sunshine, and 'deed, you do, ma'am!"

"And we promised Bet to wash our hands and faces," put in another tangle-haired girl, "and she said to tell you she had helped so much, and that was all she ever could, and she was sorry—awful."

"Where is Bet?" asked Miss Ross, much distressed to hear of the accident that had proved the dirty, elfish looking and appearing child to be veritable flesh and blood.

"She didn't send for you," said the girl. "She said it was no place for such as you."

Indeed, Miss Ross found it a very repulsive place, but she found her reward for venturing up the dark, rickety stairway in Bet's delight in seeing her.

"I didn't suppose you'd come," said the child, "and all the time I knew you would come if you believed all those things you had been teaching us."

"'Who would have thought of this 'stupid little thing' putting me to the test," murmured Miss Ross, as she bent tenderly over the child and said:

"You must be taken at once to the hospital." The little girl's eyes dilated with terror, but Miss Ross said, "I will go with you, and will call often to see you."

"I'll go," said Bet, "anywhere, if I only can see you. Oh, I wanted to help!"

"You have helped me, Betty dear, and encouraged me, more than you can ever know," and all the way the child was wondering what the sweet lady could have meant by those words. "And she called me 'Betty dear,'" she whispered, audibly, over and over.

At the Charity Hospital, of course, the little patient was put into a bath, her bushy hair was cropped close, and when, after the surgeon's examination, a white night-gown was put upon her and she was laid upon a clean, white cot, the bright-faced young woman who was her nurse said, "You would not know yourself, my little one," and she held up before her a small mirror that she produced from the capacious pocket of her fresh white apron.

Bet looked, opened her round, black eyes in wonderment, and whispered:

"Is that me? It is all Miss Ross," she explained, after lying for some time with her eyes closed. "I feel clean through and through. You never could have scrubbed me enough to have made me feel like that if it had not been for her. She's smiled at me and been good to me right along when I've plagued her the worst, but I didn't know I loved her until I found I was to lose her, and then I thought I never should hear any more about Jesus, and I found I was loving Him, too. I prayed so hard that He would let me help."

"And I prayed so hard that Bet might be taken out of her wicked life," said Miss Ross.

Both prayers were answered, for Bet, now well and strong, having been for several years a tractable pupil in a good school, is the capable assistant of Miss Ross and Miss Miller in city mission-work, and often when the two older ladies are perplexed regarding some refractory pupil, Miss Miller says, playfully, "We shall have to consult 'that stupid little thing.'"

How Wilkie Collins Works.

Wilkie Collins is the novelist of construction; and plot and character and incident are always the development from a central dramatic idea, "the pivot on which the story turns," as in "The Woman in White," the substitution of one woman for another in a lunatic asylum, and in "The Moonstone," the projection of an Eastern jewel, with the superstitious devotion of its attendant priests, into modern civilized society. This idea settled, he weaves his plot, selects his characters, builds up his incidents, all with reference to it, and above all things writes one continuous story, and not two or three alternating stories in one. This makes him indifferent to methods of publication, for as he means to keep up an unflagging interest throughout, he expects to hold his reader, whether to sit up all night to finish the volume, as many of them complain to him, or from week to week or month to month. His first aim and chief difficulty is to "begin at the beginning," so that the story tells itself straight on to its predetermined end without harking back, and he thinks many novelists who aim to be artists much too careless about this. Sometimes he has written out the latter part of his book first, and the first almost last of all, with this in view. He never transfers real people, and seldom real places or incidents, to his books; yet he has found that no one can invent a name, and a new book often brings protests from more than one correspondent against too close copies or misleading perversions of what they suppose to be his originals. One outraged Frenchman, who saw himself in a particularly unpleasant villain, kindly offered, if Mr. Collins would come to Paris, to meet him with pistols and seconds at the *gare*.

Mr. Collins never spares himself, and takes minute pains with the details of his work. Most of his novels, by the time they reach publication in book form, have been written or revised seven times: the first writing; a revision next day before the autograph manuscript goes to a copyist; a second and third revision upon the copyist's manuscript; a fourth on the proof; a fifth on the printer's "revise;" a final revision after the story has appeared in a periodical as it is made ready for a book. It is this hard writing which makes easy reading and good English. Nowadays he restricts himself to four hours, and those of daylight, but in former times he wrote almost continuously, spurred on by the eager delight of the work itself. When he began, his favorite hours were from midnight to just before dawn; but "ghosts" cured him of that. They used to accompany him upstairs as he gave up work for bed, and a particular green woman with tusk teeth stood at the turn, and said good-night by biting a piece out of his shoulder. He gave them good riddance by revolutionizing his hours of work, and now the latter part of the day is apt to be given up to novel reading, for he is a catholic customer for his fellow-craftsmen's wares, enjoying them as a reader and as a critic. Believing that a novel should be, first of all, a story, he thinks Cooper the great American fictionist, and wonders that his countrymen can call the author of the Leatherstocking stories and sea tales "a writer for boys." His aim has been to follow any successful story with one of entirely different kind and scene, as when "No Name" followed "The Woman in White." The success of these books was indeed enormous. On one of them he was paid £3,000 for book form alone, and the next, which proved to be "Armadale," was secured by a rival publisher, who offered £5,000 before the book was outlined or a line written.—*R. R. Bowker, in Harper's Magazine.*

How Wooden Spools Are Made.

Birch wood is preferred. The birch is first sawed into sticks four or five feet long and seven-eighths of an inch to three inches square, according to the size of the spool to be produced. These sticks are thoroughly seasoned. They are sawed into short blocks, and the blocks are dried in a hot-air kiln. At the time they are sawed a hole is bored through them. One whirl of the little block against sharp knives, shaped by a pattern, makes the spools at the rate of one a second. A small boy feeds the spool machine, simply placing the blocks in a spout, and throwing out the knotty or defective stock. The machine is automatic, but cannot do the sorting. The spools are revolved rapidly in drums and polish themselves. For some purposes they are dyed yellow, red, or black. They are made in hundreds of shapes and sizes. When one sees on a spool of thread "100 yards" or "200 yards," these words do not signify that the thread has been measured, but that the spool has been gauged and is supposed to contain so much thread.—*Golden Days.*

A QUIET SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

Mrs. Urban has always lived in the city, but she has never believed in its morals. The way Sunday is observed in the city, she says, is scandalous. It is quite different in the country. To prove it she took her three boys and went out to visit her uncle who lives on a farm.

She told Urban it would let the boys see what it was to keep Sunday, and that next summer she would send them out and let them stay all through vacation.

They arrived at Uncle Ezekiel's on Saturday. "Ah," thought Mrs. Urban, "to-morrow the boys can see the Sabbath observed with good, old-fashioned rural simplicity."

THE CITY BOY AND COUNTRY BOY FIGHT.

The next morning about the time the morning star rose, and when nothing but some young and over-enthusiastic roosters had begun to crow, she heard dear Uncle Ezekiel pound on the stairs with the bootjack and yell for the hired man to get up. And while she was eating breakfast by candle-light, Uncle Ezekiel explained that they had to cut wheat that day if it was Sunday, 'cause it was getting so powerful ripe. Mrs. Urban sighed, and the boys went outdoors, where their cousin Bill made fun of them because they didn't chew tobacco, and finally induced them to try a little.

Then Bill explained that he wasn't going to work that day because he was sick, and when Mrs. Urban's boys asked him if he wasn't going to church, he threw a stone at a stray cat and said not if he knowed himself. Then he got the shotgun, and before Mrs. Urban knew it he and her boys had gone off hunting, though it lacked two weeks of the time when they could do so according to law.

And while they were gone Bill finished teaching them how to chew tobacco and had Tommy, the oldest one, shoot two hens belonging to a farmer. And he also gave the boys one or two easy lessons in swearing.

When they came back Mrs. Urban was greatly agitated and gave them a severe talking to, but after a little while she got interested visiting with Uncle Ezekiel's wife, and Bill winked at the boys through the window and they went out and he led the way and they all bent over and skulked along behind the fence and went down half a mile where a big crowd of boys were smoking out a badger. And while they were there Bill bet a jack-knife that Bobby, the youngest Urban boy, couldn't lick a certain other boy, and after they had fought and rolled in the dirt fifteen minutes Bobby found out that he couldn't.

UNCLE ZEKE GIVES THEM A PLEASURE RIDE.

Then Bill took them back home and on the way swapped knives and marbles and other treasures with them and cheated them out of all they had.

Dinner wasn't quite ready and Bill put Harry, the other Urban boy, through the window into his mother's pantry and had him steal two pies.

When Mrs. Urban saw Bobby she came pretty near crying. But at dinner Uncle Ezekiel said they had finished cutting the wheat and that after he had dug enough potatoes for the rest of the week and fixed the pasture fence and trimmed some trees and mended the harness and straightened up the lightning rod on the barn they would hook up and take a ride.

And while his father was attending to these matters Bill took the boys over across the field to a ball game. And while they were there he told Tommy that he would give him two slate-pencils and a bean-shooter if he would lick another boy, and after they had rolled on the ground and pulled hair for twenty minutes, Tommy discovered that he could never earn personal property that way.—*Texas Siftings.*

Men of Great Memories.

As an illustration of how the memory may be cultivated in retaining a long list of numbers, one has only to observe the freight conductors, and very often remarkable examples of retentive memories will be found.

I have been on the road as a freight conductor for fourteen years, and in that time my memory has had a careful training in the particular line of retaining the numbers on the cars. I start out on a run and know the numbers of all the cars with which the train is made up, and while some cars will be left at stations along the road, and other cars will be taken up, yet at the end of our run if an officer asks me whether I have a car number so-and-so. I can invariably tell him without referring to my book.

Now, when it is remembered that the train may be made up of forty cars, and that the numbers run all the way from the hundreds to the twenty-five and thirty-thousands, and that a dozen cars may be taken off and another dozen taken on along the road, my statement undoubtedly seems incredible to those not familiarly acquainted with this particular department of railroading. But it is a fact, nevertheless, and I have known quite a number of freight conductors who have memories of equal retentiveness.

Noting the numbers on the cars daily for years a conductor becomes so familiar with the work that his memory holds these large numbers with but little difficulty. The style and peculiar finish of the cars from different roads are also learned, and a conductor at a glance can tell the road to which a car belongs as far as he can see it.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

DOCTOR INGERSOLL.

The Amiable Skeptic Gives His Views on Medical Treatment.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll has his ideas on doctors, and physics, and medical treatment as well as on some other subjects.

"There is altogether too much gloom about most sick chambers," said he. "People tip-toe in and out, and wear long faces, and act generally in a way that would make even a well man sick, and is bound to make a sick man worse. I believe many a man has been hurried across the dark river by his horrible, soul-depressing treatment who might have become well, and strong, and useful, if he had more sunshine and fresh air in his room, or the odor of flowers to offset the smell of the drugs, and smiling, hopeful countenances about, instead of woe-begone visages, whose every glance betoken the loss of hope and the belief in the speedy dissolution of the pain-racked patient.

"I had a friend once named Haley, a royal good fellow, of whom I thought a great deal. On one occasion I received word that my old friend was dying and wanted to see me, so I went over to his house. I met his wife and she had a face as long as the moral law and ten times more uncomfortable. Well, I went to see Haley, and there he lay counting the moments in a bitter fear that each would be the last. I don't know what particular disease he was troubled with, but either that or the medicine had turned him a vivid saffron color. 'Haley,' said I, 'I'll be hanged if I'd want to die with such a complexion as that. You would be in a pretty plight to go mooning about the other world looking like a Chinaman.' I went on for a few minutes when the poor fellow began to enter into the spirit of the subject himself, and I showed him his face in a looking-glass, and that brought a smile. Then I turned to his weeping wife and told her to cheer up, that Haley was not going to die; that he was good for twenty years to come.

"'The trouble with your husband is that he is scared to death,' I said. 'You all come in looking so downcast and sorrowful that you give him the impression that he is done for and take away all his courage to fight against his sickness.'

"Well, the result of all this was that Haley commenced to mend, and time and again since then he has said that my visit saved his life.

"On another occasion there was a Major in the army, whom I knew very well. He was taken ill and believed he was going to die. I believed he was merely homesick, or something of that sort. Well, I wrote his obituary and went to see him in his tent.

"'Major,' I said, 'you are so sure of dying that I have written your obituary and want to read it to you.' He protested, but I kept on with the reading and detailed every pleasant incident of his life. Before I finished a smile flitted across his face. After the obituary I read him a story of something that was supposed to have taken place a year after his funeral. It was a description of his widow's second marriage. There were a good many more people at the wedding than at the funeral. Well, this treatment had the effect to change the current of the Major's thoughts. It broke up his hallucinations, and he recovered and did good service during the war, and lived a happy life for years after.

"Then there was a man from our town named Marcy. He got it into his head that he was going to die. At that time no one was allowed to leave the army for a visit to the North, except on sick leave, or occasionally to accompany the remains of a dead comrade. I saw Marcy and said to him: 'Now, Marcy, you say you are going to die. If that is so I don't suppose that a few days one way or the other will make much difference to you. I want to go home for a day or two about the 15th, but cannot get leave of absence. Now, if you want to do me a very great favor and quit this life, say on the 12th, I can get my coveted leave of absence to take you home—see?' But I knew my man and he didn't die. He got very angry instead, and recovered, but he declares to this day that it was my proposition that brought him back his old stubbornness and gave him grit to fight for his life. He always did object to being made a mere convenience of."

In a Nut Shell.

Woman is the equal of man, but, while cheerfully recognizing this fact, we can not help wondering why it is that, when a woman has shouted for half an hour to her boy to come into the house and found herself powerless to make any impression upon him, she usually winds up with, "If you don't come here this minute, young man, I'll send your father to you."

Policemen are called peelers, but not because they keep their eyes peeled at night.

Spring poets should be pitied rather than berated; "mercury" and "thermometer" are two of the hardest words in the English language to find rhymes for.

The man who drinks much should eat heartily, says a medical authority. This is all very well, but the man who drinks much can't get anything to eat.

Evolution: The cottonseed becomes cotton, the cotton becomes thread, the thread becomes a fabric, the fabric becomes a print, the print becomes a wrapper, and the wrapper becomes a beautiful woman.

When a man is splashed by a passing bicycler, it is hard for him to be a good Christian. At least he can not keep himself "unspotted from the whirled."

The grave has been called a refuge. And so it is. When a mean man becomes a skeleton nobody can speak of him as a skin.

Among the combinations and rings there is not one that can compare, as far as the welfare of the race is concerned, with the matrimonial combination and the wedding ring.

"Hot weather's coming," observes an exchange. Let it come. The coal dealer will suffer as much from the hot weather as we will.—*Boston Courier.*

California papers report that a farmer of Sierra County sunk an artesian well, which at the depth of 300 feet threw up hot water at the rate of 200 gallons a minute. The water, which is hot enough to cook an egg, flows for half a mile over the sandy desert, then forms a pond several feet in depth and sinks into the sand. The pond contains hundreds of mountain trout from one to three inches long. Where they came from is a problem. All the water that flows into the pond is hot, there is no spring anywhere near the pond, and no one has stocked its waters with small fry.

HUMOR.

An old settler—the egg shell.

An early settler—The cocktail.

The patron saint of journalism is the d—l.

Whisky and the police get a good many men into trouble.—*Washington Critic.*

A patch on a boy's trousers is something new under the son.—*Boston Traveller.*

The man who goes "over the bay" too often is apt to get into a strait.—*Hotel Mail.*

A Welsh barber may not be able to cook a Welsh rarebit though he is a Welsh hair-dresser.

The reason that the stove pipe is such a favorite among paragraphists is that it always looks funnelly when put together.—*Boston Courier.*

'Tis now that the school ma'am begins to remember
The two months vacation 'twixt June and September;
She labored with ardor and needs a vacation,
And views its arrival with pleasant elation.

Mr. Ham (the eminent tragedian, to shoe dealer)—Sirrah, methinks that on your line of theatrical shoes I e'en will gaze. Sirrah—Yes, sir; something, I s'pose, in double soles, wrought-iron tips and heel plates?—*New York Sun.*

She—What a frigid, tall creature Miss Cantatrice is. He—I agree with you, but what is that high note she is on now? She—I'm sure I don't recognize it. Perhaps it may be a new one—Polar C, for instance.—*New Haven News.*

An article is going the rounds headed "How to Treat Servants." We haven't read it, because there is only one way to treat servants. Ask them to come up and name their poison just as you would anybody else, if you are going to do it at all.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Fond papa (to daughter)—And so you think you must learn French, Clara? Daughter—Yes, papa; in fashionable society there are so many things one can say in French that would not sound well in English, you know. Fond papa—H—m!—*New York Sun.*

Surgeon—"Now, my man, I am about to amputate your foot." "Well, go ahead." "I would advise you to submit to be placed under the influence of an anæsthetic." "Hang your anæstetics! But I tell you what I wish you would do." "Well?" "Have somebody bring me the score of the ball game by innings while you're at work."—*Lincoln Journal.*

THE TAILOR'S BIRD.

He.

What shall we have to eat to-day,
The poor little bird inquired.
We haven't a cent,
Our money is spent,
There's the devil to pay,
And I'm tired.

She.

Don't be, my dear, in such great haste
To fret, for it ain't any use;
I will give you to eat
Something that's sweet,
For I'm going to baste
Your goose.

A Boston leather merchant who was in Ireland last year was accosted one morning by a native of the Green Isle: "Good morning, sor." "The same to you, sir." "You're an American." "How do you know?" "By the shoes yez have on yez; America is a foine country; it is aisy to make money there." "Well, some make money and others do not." "Oh! they all make money; I have a cousin who has just come home, and he is living on the interest of what he saved over there." "What business was he in?" "I don't exactly know, sor, but I think he was a conductor on a horse-car."—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

It Was a Frog.

In Texas. A railway train stopped in a swamp, and while a blended expression of weakness and disgust was sitting on the passengers' faces, the conductor came into a car where a recently arrived Englishman sat.

"Guard," said the Englishman, "may I speak to you a moment?"

"What did you call me?"

"I called you guard, for aren't you the guard?"

"Guard the deuce! Do you take this for a convict train, that we have to keep guard?"

"Oh, no, no, I didn't mean that, but 'owever, we will not argue that point; but will you please answer me one question?"

"Spit it out."

"Well, wat are we stopping here for?"

"There's a frog in the switch," the conductor replied.

"A frog in the switch!"

"Yes."

"I really do not understand you

"I reckon not."

"But will you please explain a frog in a switch? I know what a frog is, but wy you should stop on account of a frog being in a switch or anywhere else is something I cannot fathom, you know."

"I can't explain it," the conductor replied.

"But you can tell me why you stop on account of a frog?"

"No, it's against our orders to give away such information."

"Well, that is viry, viry queer, you know. Wy in England we would not think for a moment of stopping a train on account of a frog. I must say that you Americans have some very ridiculous customs."

"Needn't say it unless you want to," replied the conductor as he slyly winked at a porter.

"Oh, yes, I am compelled to say it. On account of a frog. Well, well, I never heard of such a thing. I knew that the Frenchman liked the frog, but I never knew before that the Americans held up the frog in superstitious veneration. By George, I must make a note of this. I am writing a book on America, and this is the most peculiar thing I've found in this crude but wonderful county."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Dog Party.

The little daughter of an Albany lawyer gave a dog party in honor of her dog Dandy. Her parents tried to dissuade her when she unfolded her plan, but it was of no avail. She said "her doggy" knew as much as a person and must have a party. So the invitations were written to ten other doggies in this manner: "Miss or Mrs. Bessie ——," "Mr. Jack or Toby ——." The dogs arrived in the afternoon, accompanied by their little mistresses. The fact that one of the canine guests pitched upon and whipped his "hostess" simply lent excitement to the event. The dogs were parted, cuffed soundly by their little owners, and made to behave thereafter. After a good time of romping about, the eleven canines were set about the table in high chairs, each with a napkin tied about his or her throat. They ate off plates and went through the courses with a gusto. They all ate their dessert, for what little girl owns a dog that doesn't "love candy?" The party broke up at dusk.—*Albany Journal.*

The first steamboat that ever made the trip from a European port to Chicago, arrived there on Thursday. She is the Rosedale, a new steel vessel, just from the Clyde. She left London for Chicago May 25th, with a generl cargo and 5,000 barrels of cement. She was built to run between Chicago and Montreal, but her successful passage has started a scheme for a regular line of steamers between Chicago and London by way of the St. Lawrence.

A Common-Sense Remedy.

In the matter of curatives what you want is something that will do its work while you continue to do yours—a remedy that will give you no inconvenience nor interfere with your business. Such a remedy is ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. These plasters are purely vegetable and absolutely harmless. They require no change of diet, and are not affected by wet or cold. Their action does not interfere with labor or business; you can toil and yet be cured while hard at work. They are so pure that the youngest, the oldest, the most delicate person of either sex can use them with great benefit.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation.

Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

Papers all over Tennessee report a heavy yield of wheat.

When a threatening lung disorder,
Shows its first proclivity,
Do not let it cross the border—
Quell it with activity.

Many a patient, young or olden,
Gives a quick recovery
All to Dr. Pierce's Golden
Medical Discovery.

Cuba is overrun with bandits who prey upon its rich planters.

A Business-like offer.

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have offered, in good faith, $500 for a case of Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cents. This wonderful remedy has fairly attained a world-wide reputation. If you have dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid, if the eyes are weak, watery and inflamed; if there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice being changed and has a nasal twang; the breath offensive; smell and taste impaired; sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility, you are suffering from nasal catarrh. The more complicated your disease, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians.

Germany has three Empresses—two dowagers and a real one.

Would you know the keen delight
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Then use Dr. Pierce's pills.

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It is believed Congress may adjourn about the middle of August.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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