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THE LITTLE FOLKS.

A Moral History.

Blowzer and Towzer were two little geese;
That is to say, they were dogs, as you see;
But though one was sthe aunt and the other Lex nloce,
Somehow or other they couldn't agree!
Couldn't agree; for though each loved the other,
No matter what came up, from tidbits to rats,
If one took up one side, then one took another,
And there was a fight like the Kilkenny cats.

Towzer and Blowzer! 'Twas stranger because
These doggies were lovely in every way;
Were clean as new pins as to faces and paws,
And brushed their brown coats twenty times in the day
Played with the other dogs gayly and sweetly,
Wagged their small tails when the neighbors came by,
Won every heart in the village completely,
And never were known to tell one little lie.

But, if you gave one a bite of a bone,
My! what a rumpus the other would make
If you should pat one small body alone,
The other would whine till your poor ears would ache;
Then when you turned away for a minute,
They'd snarl and fight, as of reason bereft,
And lose all the good that the moved but in it—
So Towzer and Blowzer were both of them left!

Wasn't it right then in calling them geese?
If they were loving, how well they could fare;
Sharing their goodies they'd each have a piece,
And, often and often, a little to spare.
Dear, did you ever know two little brothers
Who might have such perfectly elegant times,
But who squabble—sometimes—and just worry their mother,
Like the two little doggies I sing in my rhymes?
—*Wide Awake.*

Dan.

Away out in Western Nebraska where the sluggish North Platte rolls its turbid waters down through a rich valley with the land on either hand rising until it gradually merges into a series of low sandhills, the country is but thinly settled, and the scream of the locomotive never disturbs the solitude of the Great Plains. This country, half garden and half desert, is, however, full of animal life. Here the great American eagle makes its home, and the prairie dog and rattlesnake live and rear their kind in peace. The native grasses growing on the sandy soil furnish grazing for cattle all the year round, and so the country is for the most part given up to the hardy ranchmen and the wild animals.

On a certain ranch in this region, some years ago, a party of herdsmen caught a young eagle which was unable to fly. Its mother had been killed, so they took it home to their cabin, and kept it confined in a cage.

There was a boy named Charlie on this ranch who entreated his father to let him keep the eagle. His father finally did so, and Charlie took great pleasure in caring for his new pet, naming him Dan. After a while Dan became so tame that the boy no longer kept him in the cage, but had a small collar put around one leg and fastened him by a small chain to a post.

For a long time Dan chafed and fretted under his confinement and refused to eat, but finally came to the conclusion that his captivity was to be permanent, and began to make the best of his situation. As he grew less uneasy under restraint, the boy allowed him a longer chain, until finally Dan had quite an extensive range in front of the cabin.

Dan soon learned to come at the call of his name, and would eat from Charlie's hand. He would follow the boy as far as his chain would permit when Charlie went away anywhere, and on his return Dan would be waiting on the edge of his circular range to welcome his master back. He would shake hands, turn somersaults, and perform many other curious tricks. But all the time Dan was as solemn and grave as a judge. He never smiled or even made the attempt.

Sometimes Charlie would lie down in front of the cabin and pretend to be asleep, and Dan would come over very cautiously and pull Charlie's watch from his vest pocket, and when the boy jumped up and said, "Give it up, you thief," Dan would stand on one leg and hold out the watch in one claw, hanging down his head and looking very guilty.

One summer day Charlie had been running about in the morning and was very tired. All the men had gone away from the ranch, and Charlie was left alone with Dan. He did not mind this, however, for his very solitude made him safe, and as he knew there were no wild animals near, he lay down in the warm sunlight in front of the cabin, and was soon fast asleep. Dan came up and stole his watch, but Charlie did not say "Give it up, you thief," which somewhat surprised the bird; so he played with it for awhile, but finally becoming tired of the sport replaced it in Charlie's pocket and lay down near him.

Very soon Dan became interested in a long, black object that crawled along slowly through the tufts of prairie grass in the direction of the sleeping boy. In a moment his native instinct for fighting with small animals was aroused, and Dan made a rush for the intruder. A warning, ominous rattle halted him but for an instant, then he struck at the serpent with both of his claws. The rattlesnake coiled itself ready to strike, but Dan with a harsh shriek was upon him. The noise awakened Charlie, who recognized the danger, and sprang outside of the circle.

It was a desperate encounter; the snake coiled itself around Dan's body, and strove to strike him with its powerful fangs, but Dan eluded these attempts, and seizing the rattlesnake in his powerful talons tore it with his strong beak, and in a few moments the snake was writhing in agony at Dan's feet, when a few blows from Charlie dispatched it.

And Dan! alas! the light chain had proven too much of an encumbrance; the poor eagle had been bitten in the fray, and, despite Charlie's efforts to save the bird by bathing it in alcohol, poor Dan died. When the men returned at night they found the trio in front of the cabin; the dead rattlesnake lay on the ground, while Charlie was shedding unavailing tears over the body of the dead eagle.

Charlie has grown to manhood now, and only goes to Nebraska occasionally for pleasure, but in his elegant New York home, over the door of one of the parlors, there is a large stuffed specimen of an American eagle with a rattlesnake in its claws, while underneath is the legend, "Faithful Unto Death."—*Good Cheer.*

The Monkey and the Baby.

Some time ago an English lady who was living at Kingston, Jamaica, took passage on a homeward-bound vessel, taking her two-months-old infant with her.

A large, strong, active monkey which was on board took a violent fancy for the child. The monkey would sit all day long watching the mother as she rocked and fondled her little one, and follow her from place to place. Several times the animal tried unsuccessfully to get the baby.

One beautiful afternoon a distant sail attracted the attention of all on board, and the Captain politely offered his glass to the lady. She placed her baby on the sofa, and had just raised the glass to her eye when a cry was heard.

Turning quickly, she beheld a sailor in pursuit of the monkey, which had grasped the infant firmly with one arm and was nimbly climbing the shrouds. The mother fainted as the animal reached the top of the mainmast.

The Captain was at his wits' end. He feared if he sent a sailor in pursuit the monkey would drop the baby and escape by leaping from mast to mast.

The child in the meanwhile was heard to cry, but the fear that the monkey was hurting it was dispelled by seeing the animal imitate the motions of the mother, dandling, soothing, and endeavoring to hush it to sleep.

After trying in many ways to lure the animal down, the Captain finally ordered the men below, and concealed himself on the deck. In a moment, to his great joy, he saw the monkey carefully descending. Reaching the deck, it looked cautiously around, advanced to the sofa, and placed the baby upon it.

The Captain restored the frightened infant to its mother, who was soon satisfied that her darling had escaped injury.—*Harper's Young People.*

Three Anecdotes About Three Little Misses.

A little girl was talking to her mother one day about heaven. She said: "Ma, is there a nursery there?" "No," replied the parent. "No picture books?" "No." "No Noah's ark?" "No." The little child dropped her eyes. She was evidently reflecting. She thought heaven was no desirable place. She closed her meditations with a long-drawn sigh, and said: "Well, then, I believe I'll take dolly and go to hell."—*Troy (N. Y.) Standard.*

I must tell you of a delightful dramatic criticism that was uttered by Mrs. Grey's little daughter, aged 10, the other day. We took her to an amateur performance, where one of the actresses was extremely stiff and artificial, and the child remarked, in a subdued voice: "I don't feel so well when that girl's there." She exactly expressed what we all felt. Was it not good?—*Cousin Madge, in London Truth.*

A lady tells us that some little girls came hurriedly by her as the President's train was slowly passing, and as the President appeared upon the rear platform one exclaimed: "There he is," and another said: "I thought I would see a President, but that is nothing but a man." She evidently expected to see something superhuman.—*Jesup (Ga.) Sentinel.*

Not That Kind of a Flower.

A young mother living in Detroit has one charming little daughter named Lily, who is fond of playing out of doors.

The other day she came home covered with mud.

"O! O!" said the mother, severely. "Can it be possible that this is my good little girl—my sweet, pure, Lily-of-the-valley?"

"No, mamma," answered the little girl, sorrowfully. "I guess I'm your bad, naughty Lily-of-the-alley now."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Newsboys Know Everything.

Some gentlemen were standing on the corner of the street while a funeral procession was passing. Two gamins were also there, and as one of the gentlemen inquired in a joking way, "Who's dead," one of the boys sung out "The man in the coffin." The quickness and wit of these street boys is proverbial.—*Chicago Herald.*

Good-Night.

Little Zoe, lay your head
On your pretty little bed;
Shut your eye-peeps, now the day
And the light hath gone away.
All the clothes are tucked in tight,
Little Zoe, dear, good-night.

In educating a girl to be a self-reliant woman, the hand must be trained as well as the brain. A useful hand is a great help in a household, and when guided by an educated brain, can perform on the piano or sewing-machine with equal dexterity.

Misuse of "Only."

It is probable that more errors are made in the use of the word "only" than in using any other word in the English language. While its misuse is not so glaring as many other grammatical errors, yet it greatly mars and reduces the accuracy of a sentence. Unlike the more glaring mistakes which are confined chiefly to the speech and writing of the unlearned, its misuse prevails to a singular extent in the writing of the accomplished men and women, and is observed frequently in newspapers and even higher literature. This results from carelessness more than anything else, and probably from the fact that the correct use of the word is not so easily understood.

The proper place of "only" in a sentence is readily ascertained by accurately determining the word to which it has special reference. A few examples will, perhaps, more clearly explain its misuse. I have heard good orators say, "I will only refer to this branch of the subject." A little thought will make it evident that the speaker did not mean to confine himself to referring, but to the branch of the subject; therefore he should have said, "I will refer only to this branch of the subject." Had he meant it to limit "refer" he would have emphasized it in order to make himself understood. To say, "I only see an orange" might mean that the speaker does not feel, taste or smell an orange; but "I see only an orange" means that he sees no other fruit. It might be clearer, perhaps, to say, "I see an orange only," or "I see an orange alone," but it is not well to conclude a sentence with the adverb or adjective, as the case may be. It is common to hear, "I only saw him," "I only have four," "he only went to Philadelphia," and countless similar errors.

The word "too" is misued in precisely the same way. I have heard highly educated persons make such mistakes as "I was there, too," not meaning to include with other places the place indicated, but that the speaker was present with others at the place, so that it would have been correct to say, "I, too, was there."

"Also," being used interchangeably with "too," is, of course, similarly misused. In the sentence, "He will read this," "also" can be inserted to convey three meanings. "He also will read this," indicates that he besides others will read this. "He will also read this," indicates that he may have intended to sing it, but now he will also read, and "He will read this also," means that he will read it in addition to other pieces.

Additional examples need not be given to explain the proper use of the words. A little care and thoughtfulness will soon correct the abuse. Writers, especially, should be careful with these words, for speakers can indicate their meaning by emphasis. Much ambiguity in writing is due to this fault, and correction of it will add to an author's power.—*New York Mirror.*

She Knew Him.

"Have you a very stylish young girl you could recommend me?" said a gentleman in an employment bureau.

"Excuse me, sir," replied the affable manager, "but do you live in the corner house?"

"Yes; but why do you ask?"

"Because your wife was here only a moment ago to see if we had a tow-headed girl with a wart on her nose."—*Judge.*

Anything for a Change.

"What shall we put the foreign head on to-day—Emperor Frederick or Ireland?" asked the News Editor.

"Haven't you got any other foreign news?" asked the Managing Editor.

"Yes. King John of Abyssinia has a bad cold."

"Is there much of that?"

"About half a stick."

"Triple lead it, and put a scare head on it."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A CHARMING Buffalo reader sometimes gives an imitation of a negro wedding which closes with the remark by the parson: "We will sing that beautiful hymn 'Plunged in a gulf of dark despair.'"—*Buffalo Courier.*

HUMOR.

A MATTER of course—Dinner.

INN correct—A first-class hotel.

ANOTHER matter of chorus—Opera.

FEW editors ever refuse to puff a good cigar.—*Lowell Citizen.*

BISMARCK will walk sooner than ride in a Victoria carriage.—*Picayune.*

LADY of the house (to tramp)—If you'll saw up that wood you can have this pie. Tramp—Lemme tackle the pie first, while I'm ekal to it.

MANY a singer is ambitiously reaching for high "C" while her husband is humbly and obscurely struggling for low, jack, and the game.

IT is somewhat remarkable that even the most delicate girl is not afraid of taking cold; at least not when it comes in the form of ice-cream.

"I CALLED upon an editor to-day, Jim." "Well, I'll tell you what he didn't say to you." "What?" "Shut that door."—*Boston Courier.*

"BROWN always seems to be lost in thought." "Lost in thought? No wonder. His ideas are so far apart that he can't help getting lost on the way from one to another."—*Arcola Record.*

"IT is a pity," said an Irish laborer the other day, as he mopped his brow; "it is a pity that we can't have the cowld weather in the summer and the hot weather in the winter."—*Boston Courier.*

"DO as you would be done by," said the deacon, earnestly. "Can't" replied the chorister; "I've just been done by a snide horseman from Beverly, and I can't do a blind man with the 12-year-old colt he's shoved onto me."—*Burdette.*

CUSTOMER (to barber)—I s'pose that in your profession it is rather difficult to achieve great wealth? Barber—Well, I dunno; it's like all headwork; there's plenty of room at the top. Have your head sandpapered, sir?—*New York Sun.*

"HAVE you a mortgage on young Brownlett, that you hang on to him so persistently?" asked a Woodward avenue real-estate man of his pretty daughter. "No, papa, only a lien," replied the young lady promptly.—*Detroit Free Press.*

It might occur to some of the great railroad men of the West to examine ravine bridges after "a terrible rain" to determine whether those structures are still standing. It would be much cheaper than smashing up two or three trains.—*Dayton Democrat.*

PEOPLE who have relatives to be executed after January next should send them to New York to have the operation performed. It will be much pleasanter for those remaining to speak of the culprit as having been struck by lightning than to say that he was hanged.—*Dallas News.*

THE MAID, THE DUDE, THE HORSE.

"Where is the white horse, my pretty maid?
For I see your hair is a white-horse shade."
The maid to whom these words were said
Was a pretty girl whose hair was red.
'Twas said in a crowded thoroughfare—
Nearly every kind of a horse was there.
The long line of horses the maid received,
Then to her money's worth a real hard dude:
"There isn't a white horse within a mile,
But the donkey is 'round," said she with a smile.
The dude grew red and wished he was dead,
"What is your hurry, kind sir?" she said.
—*Boston Globe.*

The Flying Man.

I believe that athletes such as those who first obtained mastery over the problem of the bicycle could very soon learn to float, to ascend, to descend, to ride upward, to soar, and so forth, in a way which would very decidedly indicate the possibility of a much fuller mastery over the problem of flight later on. Experiments which have been already made prove decisively that a man's weight can be supported by planes or sails of very moderate extent, not much greater, proportionally to his body, than an eagle's wing, if only there is either rapid motion of advance or a strong current of air against their slightly slanted surface. But these experiments have not yet been so carried on as to show fully what can be done when practice in the art of balancing in the air and in making the adjustments necessary for changing the direction of flight has been sufficiently extended. Yet Mr. Charles Spencer, a teacher of gymnastics in England, was able, after obtaining no greater velocity than would be given by running down a small incline, to sustain flight by the supporting action of wicker wings for a distance of 120 feet. Besnier, indeed, toward the close of the last century, devised a method of supporting the body by pinions, which enabled him, after a sharp run, to fly across a river of considerable width. It is certain that very little is to be gained from the attempts which have been made to direct balloons. The velocity which can be given to a balloon in still air is very small. A very moderate breeze would carry a balloon one way despite all the mechanical attempts to direct it in another, let the balloon be shaped as it may. Moreover, all such attempts are dangerous, for the wind has a great hold on the necessarily large surface of a balloon, and going against the wind would subject the balloon to destructive influences. Whenever man attacks the problem of flight, seeking real advantage from its mastery, he will aim at much more than such mere floating power as the balloon gives; at more, even, than the rapid floating motion, with power of guidance, which may be obtained by the experiments suggested above. There must also be a power of energetic propulsion while still in the air. This might be obtained by suitable adjustment levers to be worked by a man in actual flight. But while I believe flight to be possible for man in this way, I consider the only kind of flight which is likely to be really useful to men to be that of flying machines, propelled, balanced, and directed by some one or other of the natural forces man has brought under control. That man who has learned to traverse the land more swiftly by mechanical means than its most actual denizens, and to make the wide seas his highways by similar devices, should be unable to travel in the air, which by natural selection alone has become the home of creatures descended from reptilian forms, is to me unthinkable.—*Richard A. Proctor, in Philadelphia Press.*

Old Men for Council.

Young man (on railroad train)—Yes, I had about made up my mind to invest my savings in a little enterprise, but I'm feeling mighty doubtful about it just now. I understand Presidential years are bad for business.

Old man—All fudge. I'm nearly driven to death; can hardly find time to sleep; overrun with orders. The fact is, I just coin money in Presidential years.

"Eh? What business are you in?"

"Liquor."—*Omaha World.*

FOR HER SISTER'S SAKE.

BY HAROLD CINQMARS.

Mrs. Wyatt stood at the open window of her drawing-room, in one of those splendid apartment houses overlooking the park. Perhaps half an hour had passed when the sound of a door opening and closing caused her to turn and face the center of the room, and her husband came in.

He greeted his wife impatiently.

"You are not in driving costume, yet I told you Manvers would be here at eleven."

"I am not going to drive with Manvers; I don't like him."

"Who supposed you would like him? Who wants you to? It is all a matter of business."

"It is not the kind of business I admire. And I want you to leave me out of it hereafter."

"Why do you talk such nonsense? You have got to drive with him."

"Oh, no; I do nothing under compulsion. You know me better than that."

Wyatt hesitated, flung himself into a chair, drew a long breath, and spoke again in a different tone:

"Penelope, don't be foolish. Manvers will ask your opinion on those paintings, and your advice as to his purchasing them. You will simply approve and applaud his taste. When you both come back, Hyse will be here. Hyse will be bargaining for the collection, you will carefully announce Manvers' intention to buy, and Hyse will bid against him. There is every reason to hope for a big stroke."

"There is something wrong about the pictures," said Penelope, coldly. "I am not going to advise Manvers—much as I detest him—to throw away his money."

"Do you know what you are saying, woman? Do you want to be turned into the street—you and your pretty sister? Do you want to starve?"

Penelope moved a little now. Hitherto she had stood motionless.

"I don't understand you," she said, slowly.

"I mean every word," he retorted, with little less vehemence. "We are in a precarious condition. Expenses have got to be met, not only for ourselves but for Rachel as well."

Penelope did not reply at once. She turned and walked to the window again, and stood looking out.

Rachel! Yes, to be sure; she must think of Rachel, whose innocent young face came up clear to her remembrance, as beheld a short time since. Rachel was wandering somewhere with her lover in the park below. He was a noble fellow, and he was wealthy. Rachel must not have her prospects marred in any way, for Rachel loved him.

The thought of what her husband had said made Penelope dizzy for an instant. She turned to him again.

"Dexter," she said, with a little less strength of voice, "tell me the truth—is it really as you say? Can't you manage without thrusting me into the society of a man I abhor? Dexter, suppose he should say something insulting?"

"He will not," said Wyatt, shrugging his shoulders. "I am not afraid for you. You know how to put a man down when necessary. Only be pleasant with him and humor his little fancies; he cannot harm you. Penelope, if you'll manage this for me I won't ever ask you to do anything of that sort

Remember, again Rachel. Hush; there is the bell. That is Manvers. Go and dress quickly."

But Penelope did not move.

"If I go, I will go as I am," she said, smoothing down her plain gray gown.

She did not put out her hand to greet the visitor. She wondered if he noticed that she shrank from him. She thought she never had known him to look coarser, more utterly soulless.

Wyatt accompanied them to the door.

"It's confoundedly good of you to take Mrs. Wyatt out," he said, genially. "By the way, I'm expecting Hyse—you know Hyse—to talk about that B— collection. He's crazy to get hold of it. But so are several others Well, I wish you a pleasant drive." And to Penelope, "Bye-bye, my dear!"

Penelope had a vague notion that she must converse with her companion on every-day topics, as they descended in the elevator and went out into the golden September haze.

Manvers was in excellent spirits. He talked ceaselessly, until, after the horses had made one brilliant spurt or more, he reined them up and the wheels revolved less rapidly. He continued to drive slowly then for awhile.

Penelope, on the other hand, grew silent. He had not spoken of the pictures. He had spoken of other things; he had even begun to speak in a way that made the blood seem to freeze in her veins.

Did he mean to insult her? She scarcely knew. She had such a horrible, helpless sensation. What could she do or say? More and more slowly he drove. She could turn her face away, but she could not help but hear the language of the man beside her, speaking of Dexter Wyatt.

"Your husband does not appreciate you. * * * Why should a woman waste all her youth and sweetness on a man who does not repay? * * * As for marriage, it is well enough for the lower classes. * * * One is more likely to find appreciation where 'there are no fetters to make us tire.' A friend is often better than a husband."

Penelope had not lost a word; she was utterly quiet and utterly cold. How strange, she said to herself, how terrible it was! That she must sit in frozen silence and shudder as he poured in her ears the deadly poison of his thoughts! Loathsome and deadly! And only a little way distant the laughter of pure and happy children.

"You are very quiet," she heard him say, and knew he laid his hand upon her own. "And you are very cold."

She took courage, and stared full in his face, hoping he might read some pure look in her eyes and know that she was offended.

"Yes," she said slowly and steadily. "I am very cold. I think we had better return." She thought then to bring to his mind the matter concerning which her husband had lain his plans. "Mr. Hyse," she said, "will have finished his arrangements for taking that collection."

But Manvers was indifferent as to this.

He struck the horses sharply with the whip, and they dashed furiously ahead. He did not turn their heads toward the home of his companion.

"There is no use going back yet," he said in a low tone; "you only need something to warm you—some stimulant. We can get it up the road."

Penelope controlled herself with a great effort, and spoke with dignity.

"Please drive me home," she said. That was all. Something in the quiet command enraged him.

"No," he said, with an evil smile, "not now," and lashed the horses afresh. They plunged furiously. Were they running away? Penelope thought so. Nor did Manvers appear anxious to properly control them.

Some thoughts passed then like lightning flashes through her brain. He would not comply with her demand. He would not even set her down here in the park. He had dared to offer her the deadliest insult. How much longer must she breathe air polluted by his presence? What had she done in all her life to deserve this misery? Was it her fault that she had married Dexter Wyatt? Or was it that her mother had erred, and she, the daughter, must expiate that mother's folly? Oh, bitter expiation of another's error!

She would try once more. She would speak to the wretch beside her.

"Set me down at once," she meant to say. But something choked her; her tongue refused to do the bidding of her brain.

Suddenly, across a stretch of green, she saw her sister and her sister's lover. They were walking arm in arm; Rachel's snowy dress fluttered in the sunlight like a flag of peace. Rachel's lover looked down upon her with tender gaze.

Penelope's hands were shut so tightly that the nails had almost pierced the tender palms. She stood upright in the flying vehicle—just for a second. Then she leaped into the air blindly, madly—caring not whither, save out of that hateful presence.

It was all over in an instant. After a little Manvers drove back to the crowd about her prostrate form.

"She thought the horses were running away," he explained, looking ghastly himself.

They had lifted her from the gravel to the soft grass underneath a tree. She breathed feebly, and stirred as if half conscious. Rachel was kneeling at her side, sobbing pitifully, and Rachel's lover was there.

Penelope's eyes opened slowly; the inky lashes quivered above a dimming gaze.

Her lips moved, and Rachel caught her lover's name.

"She is speaking to you," the young girl sobbed, and made room for him.

"Promise," whispered Penelope. "Promise! You love Rachel?"

"Yes, yes," he cried.

"Promise—to care for her——"

"I promise," with intense earnestness, "as God shall be my judge."

Penelope's ashen countenance relaxed from a look of pain to a look of peace. The inky lashes quivered an instant, then rested upon the bloodless cheeks. A faint sigh escaped from her lips. Then all was still!—*Drake's Magazine.*

The Cure of a Cold.

A cold is a departure from health, and should really be attended to at once. Do not let it cure itself. Get rid of it at once. Do not feed it, though, but starve it. One cold after another nearly always ends in thickening of the mucous membrane of the bronchial tubes, and before you are aware you become the victim of winter cough. The morning tub (cold, I mean) is a very sure preventative of colds. Never overclothe or overheat yourself. The neck should be kept cool. Keep away from fires indoors if you are subject to colds. Cough, if not the result of simple laryngeal or bronchial catarrh, may mean a very serious departure from health; and the sooner one sees a doctor in such a case the better. Do not be afraid to consult him. Remember it is only those that delay who suffer in the end.

Getting thin is another serious departure from health. One generally does lose weight in the winter and regain it in summer, but a slow and steady decrease in weight calls aloud for medical interference. Want of sleep and restless nights are things which cannot be overlooked. The cause must be found and removed. The trouble may certainly arise from overwork and worry combined, but in most cases the stomach and digestive systems are the roots of the evil. Nervous people worry most, but they also work most. Well, the question one is inclined to ask himself when he feels something wrong with himself is, "Am I overworking myself?" I would answer thus: "If you really enjoy working it cannot injure you very much; but, on the other hand, if it is force-work, and you find little pleasure in it, then it will tell on your constitution." But many people cannot afford to rest. Well, but wonders can be done by taking exercise, by breathing only fresh air night and day, indoors and out, and by careful regulation of the diet. In conclusion, let me entreat of you, as you value your happiness, not to neglect first departures from health. The story of the reservoir has really a moral for every one of us.

The Hall Cup.

The Hall championship cup is one of the hansomest trophies ever offered for proficiency in base-ball. It is offered by Thomas H. Hall, of New York, and was made by Tiffany & Co., the famous jewelers. The cup weighs

106¼ ounces, and is of solid silver, lined with gold. The winning teams of the American Association and National League are to play a series of games for it at the close of the regular season, and it will become the absolute property of the club that wins the majority of games.

THE New York Assembly has passed a bill incorporating the Grant Monument Association, and empowering it to hold $7,000,000 worth of property free of taxation. All that remains to be done now is the comparatively insignificant feat of securing that $7,000,000. There is no doubt that the association can hold it after it is once secured.

Mrs. Gaines, of the Hocking Valley, told her husband to bring her home a new dress or she would jump into the well. He forgot the dress. She kept her word. It cost him $12 to get her out and her bones mended.

The cherry crop has been a failure this year in England, except in Kent, where they have been abundant and delicious ever since the time when Richard Harreys, fruiterer to Henry VIII, sent to Flanderis for fresh grafts of a special kind, the old stock of English cherries seeming to be dying out, and planted 105 acres of the new fruit around Tynham. The Kent cherries have ever since been the choicest and most plentiful of English cherries

They Never Fail.

No. 3 FULTON MARKET, NEW YORK CITY, January 26, 1884.

I have been using BRANDRETH'S PILLS for the last 10 years. They are a wonderful medicine. There is nothing equal to them as Blood Purifiers and Liver Regulators. But I wish to state how remarkably they cure rheumatism and how early; I was affected by rheumatism of the loins. My business (wholesale fish dealer) naturally leads me to damp places. I was so bad I could not walk, and at night I suffered fearfully; I tried Balsams, Sarsaparillas and all kinds of tinctures, but they did me no good and I was afraid of being a cripple. I finally commenced using BRANDRETH'S PILLS. I took two every night for ten nights, then I began to improve. I continued taking them for forty days and I got entirely well. Now, whenever sick, I take BRANDRETH'S PILLS. They never fail.

J. N. HARRIS.

Mrs. Maggie Van Cott, the woman revivalist, is at work at Old Orchard, Me.

In Love's Harness.

Most women naturally look forward to matrimony as their proper sphere in life but they should constantly bear in mind that a fair, rosy face, bright eyes, and a healthy, well-developed form, are the best passports to a happy married life. All those wasting diseases, weaknesses, "dragging-down" sensations, and functional irregularities peculiar to the sex, have an unfailing specific in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee* from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

A New Hampshire Court has declared speculating on margins to be gambling.

Yon sturdy oak whose branches wide
Boldly the storms and winds defy,
Not long ago an acorn, small,
Lay dormant 'neath the summer sky.

Not unlike the thrifty oak in its germ, development and growth, is consumption. But even this mighty foe of mankind, positively yields to the wonderful curative properties of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery if taken early. Don't be blind to your own interests and think yours a hopeless case. This remarkable remedy has rescued thousands. Of druggists.

A Brooklyn woman supports a husband and fifteen children by selling papers,

Suit Yourself.

But there is no other remedy for sick headache, dizziness, constipation, biliousness, or to restore a regular, healthy action to the liver, stomach and bowels, equal to those reliable little "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" prepared by Dr. Pierce. Of druggists.

The Paris census shows 6,915 Americans, 14,701 English and 35,708 Germans.

Why Don't

You take Hood's Sarsaparilla if you have impure blood, have lost your appetite, have that tired feeling or are troubled by sick headache, dyspepsia or biliousness. It has accomplished wonders for thousands of afflicted people, and, if given a fair trial, is reasonably certain to do you good.

"I have been troubled a great deal with headache, had no appetite, no strength, and felt as mean as anyone could and be about my work. Since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I have not had the headache, my food has relished and seemed to do me good, and I have felt myself growing stronger every day."—M. A. STEINMAN, 13 Grand Avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich.

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A white man from away down South in the Okeechobee Lake region came up to Gainesville on business at the United States Land Office. While here he saw the first ice he had ever seen. He manifested great interest in the frigid substance, and put a half-pound lump in his pants pocket to take home to his family. He soon took it out of his pocket however, and as he did so, said: "I am afeard it will spile my terbacker."—*Gainesville (Fla.) News.*

Levi P. Morton will spend $150,000 on his new house near Rinebeck.

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