msa_sc5130_scm12190-0374 ©Maryland State Archives

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Only a Boy.

"Only a boy," sighed a bright little lad,
"'Not much account,' so the folks at home say,
'Cept to be doin' what makes people mad
And to be scolded 'bout ten times a day.

"Only a boy, by the girls to be teased,
Tell on at school is I whisper just once,
And when I fail in my lessons they're pleased,
For they can run home and say I'm a dunce.

"Only a boy, yet I know if I'm good
Folkses will good be to me, and the girls
Wouldn't a-tattle so much if I could
Jes' keep my hands from a-pullin' their curls.

* * * * * * *

"Santa Clause doesn't bwing big folks, they say,
Nuffin at all in the way of a toy,
So, when I looked in my stocking to-day,
Wasn't I glad to be only a boy."

—*Stephen Emry.*

An Unknown Knight.

They came slowly along Lafayette Place—a tired, bony horse, drawing a wagon with an old body with the paint worn off, the wagon filled with kindling wood. On the wagon seat sat a boy about fifteen years old. He had no overcoat, a felt hat with the brim more bent and dented than the most extremely fashionable hat you ever saw. The old, tired horse drew up close to the curb, and seemed to be glad of the opportunity to rest. The boy on the wagon seat jumped down, and soon was shoveling the wood into a barrel, which he delivered into a neighboring basement. He presently returned with his empty barrel, whistling. As he threw his barrel into the wagon, a lady started to cross the street, over the snow; but, when she reached the middle of the street, she found a broad, deep puddle of soft slush. She stood perfectly still, and apparently very much puzzled. The boy took in the situation at a glance. He ran to the back of the wagon, got his shovel, and with a bright smile to the lady, began shoveling the slush up onto the snowbank. He made a clean path to the stones, and then, without giving the lady an opportunity to say a word, sprang onto the seat of his wagon, threw the shovel into the bottom of the wagon, gathered up his reins, and, with a cheery "Get up!" drove away. Now, did not that prove that boy a gentleman? The picture of Sir Walter Raleigh spreading his mantle at the feet of Queen Elizabeth came into mind; but at once the thought came, "Why, this boy is a greater knight than Sir Walter Raleigh, for he knew that it was the Queen at whose feet he laid the elegant cloak; but this boy did not have the faintest idea who the lady was that he served so nobly, and did not permit her even the opportunity of thanking him, but acted throughout as if there was nothing else to be done." He had only his muscle to help a lady, and he laid it at her service. It takes more than handsome clothes, a pair of kid gloves and fashionable hat to make a gentleman.—*Christian Union.*

Little Pierre.

In a humble room in one of the poorest streets of London, Pierre, a fatherless French boy, sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the closet, and for the whole day he had not tasted food. Yet he sat humming, to keep up his spirits. Still, at times, he thought of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes; for he knew nothing would be so grateful to his poor, invalid mother as a good, sweet orange, and yet he had not a penny in the world.

The little song he was singing was his own, one he had composed with air and words; for the child was a genius.

He went to the window, and, looking out, saw a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madame Malibran would sing that night in public.

"Oh, if I could only go!" thought little Pierre; and then, pausing a moment, he clasped his hands, and his eyes lighted with a new hope. Running to the little stand he smoothed down his yellow curls, and, taking from a little box some old stained paper, gave one eager glance at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

"Who do you say is waiting for me?" said madam to her servant. "I am already worn out with company."

"It is only a very pretty little boy with yellow curls, who says if he can just see you, he is sure you will not be sorry, and he will not keep you a moment."

"Oh, well, let him come!" said the beautiful singer, with a smile. "I can never refuse children."

Little Pierre came in, his hat under his arm, and in his hand a little roll of paper. With manliness unusual for a child, he walked straight to the lady, and, bowing, said: "I came to see you, because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought that, perhaps, if you would only sing my little song at some of your grand concerts, may be some publisher would buy it for a small sum; and so I could get food and medicine for my mother."

The beautiful woman rose from her seat. Very tall and stately she was. She took the roll from his hand, and lightly hummed the air.

"Did you compose it?" she asked, "you, a little child! And the words? Would you like to come to my concert?" she asked.

"Oh, yes!" and the boy's eyes grew bright with happiness; "but I couldn't leave my mother."

"I will send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening. And here is a crown, with which you may go and get food and medicine. Here is, also, one of my tickets. Come to-night; that will admit you to a seat near me."

Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many a little luxury besides, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of his good fortune.

When evening came, and Pierre was admitted to the concert hall, he felt that never in his life had he been in so grand a place. The music, the myriad lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds, and rustling of silk, bewildered his eyes and brain.

At last she came, and the child sat with his glance riveted on her glorious face. Could he believe that the grand lady all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song?

Breathless, he waited. The band, the whole band, struck up a little plaintive melody. He knew it, and clapped his hands for joy. And, oh! how she sang it! It was so simple, so mournful. Many a bright eye dimmed with tears, and naught could be heard but the touching words of that little song—oh, so touching!

Pierre walked home as if he were walking on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

The next day he was surprised by a visit from Madame Malibran. She laid her hands on his yellow curls, and, turning to the sick woman, said: "Your little boy, madame, has brought you a fortune. I was offered this morning, by the best publisher in London, £300 for his little song! and, after he has realized a certain amount from the sale, little Pierre was to share the profits. Madame, thank God that your son has a gift from Heaven!"

The noble-hearted singer and the woman wept together. As to Pierre, always mindful of him who watches over the tried and tempted, he knelt down by his mother's bedside, and uttered a simple but eloquent prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction.

The memory of that prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted, and she who was the idol of England's nobility went about doing good. And, in her early, happy death, he who stood by her bed and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was the little Pierre of former days—now rich, accomplished, and one of the most talented composers of the day.

Death of Eminent Men.

There is one advantage in being a humble, unimportant individual in this world, one is permitted when ill to remain in peace and retirement in his chamber, and if compelled to die he may obtain final repose quietly, and, as divorce lawyers say, without publicity. It is not often that he is disturbed by the presence of more than one doctor, and his calls are usually brief. There are no hourly bulletins sent out concerning the patient's condition—how he sleeps, what he eats, how often he rolls over in bed, how long he sits up, and what he says. Nor is there a mob of newspaper reporters on the sidewalk eager to interview any servant or other member of the household who happens to step out of the front door. And no considerable number of the curious public stand in the street watching the feeble night lamp, speculating as to what is going on in the sick room and whether or not the patient will survive until morning. All this is spared the humble individual, and in cities it is possible for him to be dead and buried for some time before his neighbors or even many of his friends are aware that he has been ill. Herein the person aforementioned has a great advantage over the man who occupies a position of renown. The latter is never allowed to be sick in peace or die quietly. The most trifling indisposition is mentioned in the newspapers, and if his illness be at all of a serious nature it is immediately telegraphed all over the world. As the danger increases the doctors multiply, a danger in itself, we are led to think. When the distinguished patient opens his eyes he cannot see his sympathizing family on account of the number of doctors who surround his couch. And while the ethics of the profession will not allow any of these M. D.'s to advertise, we observe that most of them are fond of talking about the case with the reporters hovering outside, who are sure to spread their views before the public in the newspapers. Then there is the mob of distinguished people who feel that they must call on the distinguished patient, or the country will not forgive them; and another mob who wish to be considered distinguished by doing the same thing. The afflicted family, broken down with sorrow and long vigils, must be deluged with telegrams from people all over the country, whom they don't know, asking how he is and offering their commiseration. And then if he dies, those who are nearest and dearest to him are not allowed the sad privilege of laying him quietly in his grave with tender, loving hands. There must needs be great pomp and circumstance, ostentatious mourning and parade. Sorrow not, humble reader, because you are not distinguished in this world. You will be able to get out of it more comfortably than your eminent brother.—*Texas Siftings.*

How Ants Live.

In spite of the multifarious duties and tasks that are imposed on these tiny burghers, they still find time to clean and adorn their worthy little persons. No spot, no atom of dust or anything else uncleanly will they tolerate on their bodies. They get rid of the dirt with the brushy tufts on their feet or with their tongues. They act for all the world like domestic cats when they clean and lick themselves, and they assist one another at the toilet precisely like monkeys. Their sense of cleanliness goes so far that the naturalist often finds, to his unpleasant surprise, the colored marks that he had applied, with so much care on his "trial ants" removed by their dirt-hating friends. They keep their dwellings just as cleanly.

But the conveying away of their deceased brethren, whose bodies they appear to regard with the greatest antipathy, gives them more trouble than anything else. When some members of an ant community which Mr. Cook kept imprisoned died and could not be removed, those remaining seemed affected with the greatest horror. For days the insects ran about seeking a way out, and ceased only when completely exhausted. The ants belonging to the camponorous species seized the dead and threw them into the waterpail, which they converted into a sepulcher. Ordinarily, though, the ants are said to treat their dead with more reverance. They even possess their own graveyards, which lie in the vicinity of their nests. They convey their deceased companions thither, where they lay them down in orderly little heaps or rows.

It is only the corpses of their fellows, however, that they treat in this manner. Dead strangers they throw out like something unclean, or tear the body in pieces. Even between the masters and slaves of the same community Miss Trent says she has observed a dissimilar mode of burial. While the masters find their last repose in a special graveyard, side by side, the slaves lie like heaped up refuse near the nest, despised equally in death as in life.

The ant cemeteries are often thickly populated, for their life is short. The male lives only through one summer; the females live somewhat longer; and the workers die of old age in the eighth or tenth year.

A STICK of timber 151 feet long and twenty inches square, believed to be the largest piece ever turned out from any saw mill, has been sent from Puget Sound to an exhibition in San Francisco.

A PARISIAN costume is made of a soft amethyst lampas, the front draped, and the sides open to show a petticoat of silver embroidery.

FOR THE LADIES.

A Budget of Breezy Gossip Relating Exclusively to the Fair Sex,

Accompanied by Some Notes on the Ever Changing Styles in Feminine Attire.

[NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.]

Midsummer balls are remarkable for old and new toilets. A majority of the women wear dresses from the previous winter's festivities in town, freshened up by new trimmings, perhaps, but sometimes plainly showing the usage which they have had. It is the minority who appear on these rare occasions in brand-new outfits. The perfectly fresh ball gowns of August are apt to be loudly pronounced in material. That is their distinguishing feature as compared with last winter's fabrics. The picture shows one in which the satin ground work of the waist is white, but its surface is half covered by big, bright red stars. Another fact regarding these pretentious summer toilets is that, although the bustle is greatly diminished for ordinary times, in these particular cases it is just about as large as ever. In other words, the August belle is not quite ready to cut down the pretentious outlines of her skirts on ceremonious occasions. She may come to it by autumn, but as yet her tournure for a stylish evening dance remains practically intact. While she thus maintains a fullness of material in her skirt, she abates none of the scantiness of cloth in her bodice, which is quite as low as ever in front, and rather more so behind. The picture shows what the present fashion is in that respect. Another characteristic of ball toilets is that the shoes and hosiery both match the dress in colors and partly in materials. Neither high gaiters nor low slippers are in vogue for this purpose, the correct thing being a low shoe tied with a bow. The leather portion is dyed the same hue as the satin which is set into it, and of the silken stocking above, as well as the dress overhanging them. In case there are two or three distinct colors in the gown they are also reproduced in the hose and shoes. Of course, I am writing about those belles to whom expense means nothing. To arbitrarily order a pair of stockings and a pair of shoes carrying tints the same as the samples of the dress submitted means recklessness as to cost, for the market will have to be hunted over in vain for the right stockings, and eventually they have to be woven to suit this exquisite demand. The shoes are easier to procure, because



FOR A SUMMER BALL.

the more fashionable shoemakers will work up pieces of the fabric brought to them, and will have white leather dyed to match. There has never been a time within my recollection when toilets were so completely harmonious in the matters of gloves, stockings and shoes.

I have been favored with the opportunity of sketching from a photograph of the American Duchess of Marlborough the guise in which she appeared at a recent English garden party. It will be seen that she went in for rather theatric effect, and yet in so doing she was not out of fashion, for London ladies are this summer indulging in costumes far more laboriously picturesque than anything worn in America. It will be seen that the robe is asthetic in style, and to that extent its counterpart may often be found at our summer resorts; but I have not yet seen any of our belles in a toilet altogether so boldly artistic. Presumably some of its aspects were put on for the sake of the camera—such as the armful of flowers, the long black scarf, and I may add the pastoral pose. All accounts agree that the New York beauty has made a hit over there, socially. The cable has already described her appearance, bedimanded, and altogether regal, on several important occasions, and ere this she has worn the costume here portrayed.

Here is the top portion of a girl who wears three things worth mentioning. The hat is a new and peculiar shape, as you will see, the striped waist is a feature for August costuming, and the use of a piece of veil-like texture both as a wrapping for the neck and a frontage for the corsage is a new fancy. Speaking of millinery, any other year it would be ridiculous to discuss autumn bonnets in the first week of August, but this season the milliners turn their attention to hats and bonnets more suited to dark days than confections of tulle and summer flowers. Accordingly, the leading houses have already prepared some early summer novelties, in which the characteristics of the charming head adornments prepared for this disappointing summer are reproduced. For instance, the shapes will still be formed of stems, mosses, and other natural-looking foundations, the trimmings being chiefly of the beautifully tinted autumn leaves, shaded fern fronds, late roses just touched with frost, chrysanthemums, and blackberries in various stages. Woodnuts, hips and haws, and the bright Siberian crab-apples are also being effectively arranged on the most marvelous-looking tangles of briars, thorns, and leaves, and with these large tortoise shell combs and ornaments are also being used with excellent effect.

The blouse waist has arrived. It has tarried, and at one time seemed likely not to come at all. The accompanying sketch shows that it is in shape what our grandmothers called a sacque, belted at the waist and variously embellished. Blouses originated in London, and it is not so often that we accept our fashions from that source, no matter what may be the practice of our few Anglomaniacs. Paris and Berlin are more favored by us. So we threatened not to put on the blouse, and we have not done it until midsummer, when it appears suddenly and generally at the watering places. There comes a juncture about the middle of the hot season when we become tired of the wardrobes which satisfied us when we quitted home in June or July, and we look about for something new and different. We seem to have found it in the blouse, and it happens that the



THE AMERICAN DUCHESS.

importers had stocks on hand which they almost despaired of selling. These goods have come into a quick market. A visit to Newport, perhaps the swellest of all the watering places, disclosed a great number of belles wearing the English blouse waist almost without exception in the morning, of flannel, silk, satin, as the case may be, with skirts of any material, yellow shoes and neglige hats. The Tam-o'-Shanter has had its day, and the tennis-playing girls have taken to the jockey cap instead. In fact, they look very mannish with their blazers and shirt waists, loosely tied at the throat with a soft scarf, and belted snugly at the waist. Nothing is too conspicuous or outre to be worn. Any costume which causes bystanders and passers-by to look and stare is considered a great success, and the frills and furbelows, puffs and sashes that some of these enterprising damsels affect bewilder the adept in millinery. Every body wears the popular yellow shoe. Everybody wears at least one huge, flapping leghorn flat, crushed and dented and turned up here, there, anywhere, at the wearer's own sweet will, and bedecked lavishly with flowers of every hue. Everybody has an India silk and a tennis dress, even though they never take a racket in hand from one end of the summer to the other.

The huge figures of print dresses this summer are a tax upon the ingenuity of the dressmakers, who try hard in putting together the waists to bring the severed patterns together in something like a sightly manner. Rows of broken circles, or severed leaves or fragments of any design, have an inartistic effect, but it is not always possible to surmount this difficulty. Go into a dressmaking establishment and you will find the employes at work on these Chinese puzzles. They aim to make conjunction of the parts of the figures



AN AUGUST HAT.

at the seams, or at least to avoid conspicuous fractures. The results sometimes turn the backs of the wearers into what look like maps of strange countries. In other cases there appear to be curiously involved monograms or cabalistic signs. These big figures, bad enough originally and worse when distorted, are no great credit to the taste of our fashion makers.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Grinding Him Down.

"I does think I got the trifenest boy dat ever libed in dis yare country," said an old negro, who had met a white acquaintance.

"What is the matter with him?"

"Oh, he ain't no 'count, dat's whut de matter wid him. Come an' stoled my chickens, he did, an' sold 'em, an' gin de money ter mer wife."

"It was wrong to steal the chickens.'

"Yas, it wuz, an' he knowd dat. Yas, he did; he knowd how I wuz 'rested on ercount o' dem chickens an' tuck up 'fo' de co't, an' how I come mighty nigh goin' ter de penitenchy. He knowsdat I had ter keep dem chickens hid fur er munt', an' den he come an' steal 'em dat way. It makes me mad ter think dat er boy will treat his daddy dater way. Chillun deze days ain't got no revunce nohow. Come cr stealin' my chickens."

"Where did you get the chickens?"

"Whar I git de chickens?"

"Yes."

"Whut you wanter come foolin' wid me dat way fur? Is I done you any harm dat you wanter come er slanderin' me?"

"I merely asked you——"

"You merely wants ter slander me, dat's whut yer wants. Kain't er man hab chickens widout you come roun' yare cuzin' him o' stealin' 'em?"

"I didn't say that you stole them."

"Mout ez well. Come axin' me whar I git dem chickens. I's had enauff trouble 'bout 'em already widout you comin' roun' tryin' ter make me feel bad. I ain't no fool dat you should come at me in sich er way ez dat. I's er hones' man, an' I gwine hab you tuck up fur slander of yer doan watch out whut yer doin'. No wonder de callud generman ain't got no show in dis country when de white folks all time tryin' ter grin' him down."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

In His Line.

"What a terrible clamor that man does make," remarked Mrs. Yeast, as a clam vender passed the house.

"Well, that's his business," remarked her husband.

"What's his business?"

"He's a clammer."

THE NEW FIRST READER.

LESSON I.

"Is the boy in the field?"
"Yes, he is in the field."
"What is the boy doing in the field?"
"Stealing cucumbers."
"Does the man see him?"
"He does."
"But why does he chuckle and grin instead of driving the boy out?"
"Hist! He is the man who keeps the drug-store on the corner!"

LESSON II.

"Let us look over the alley fence and see the piece of statuary in the Widow McGee's back yard. Is it not a beautiful thing?"
"It is. It is a marble dog, and so life-like that I would declare it alive."
"That shows the wonderful skill of man. Human skill, assisted by patience and perseverance, can accomplish wonders."
"Who is that coming down the street?"
"It is a poor young man whose all (an old pair of boots) was consumed by the great Chicago fire, and he now wanders broken-hearted and discouraged over the face of the earth."
"Why does he wish to enter the back yard?"
"To tell his sad story to the hired girl at the kitchen door. She will listen, wipe away the falling tear, and fill him up with the best in the house."
"Ah! ha! but did you see that? The marble dog seemed to raise its head!"
"So it did. Look! It is now making jumps ten feet apart! See! It has seized the tramp!"
"Wonderful! Hear him yell! Where is he going now?"
"He is headed for Australia, via the lattice gate and Pine street, and the marble dog seems to be a part of him."
"And won't he tell his sad story to the hired girl to-day?"
"No, not to-day. When the soft shades of evening close in upon the wicked world he will be far, far from this."
"And the marble dog?"
"Will soon return to resume its pose under the cherry tree and wait for another. Wonderful is the skill of man."

LESSON III.

"Do you see the man and boy?"
"Yes, I see them."
"They are father and son, and they are talking. Can you hear what they are saying?"
"I can. It is Sunday. A circus has arrived in town and the boy wants to go over and see the tents."
"And won't his father permit him?"
"No. He says it's the most wicked thing he ever heard of, and that it may lose the boy's soul. He also promises him a whaling Monday morning."
"Shall we go over to the tents and lose our souls?"
"We will. Ah! who is this man ahead of us!"
"Why, that is the boy's father! He has slipped out of the alley gate and is making for the circus grounds as fast as he can go."
"But won't he lose his soul?"
"Not if the court knows herself."

LESSON IV.

"Ah! here is a farmer on his way to town. Can you see what he has in his wagon?"
"Oh, yes. He has a bale of hops."
"So he has. Poor man!"
"Why do you say that?"
"Because he will have to draw his bale back home again."
"But he may sell them to the brewer."
"Not to-day, my son. There was a time when brewers didn't know any better than to buy hops to brew with, but now they have thirty-two substitutes and are still gaining on it."
"And the farmer will lose the fruits of his labor."
"Not altogether, perhaps. He may have a case of quinsy, and then his hops will come handy. He should have taken the papers and kept posted."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Pin Factories in New England.

It is estimated that pin factories in New England turn out 10,800,000,000 pins yearly, and that other factories in the States bring the number up to 18,000,000,000. This is equal to about one pin a day for every inhabitant of the United States. The question, "Where do all the pins go to?" might be supplemented by another, "What becomes of all the rubber overshoes?" The factories in Naugatuck alone turn out 15,000 pairs of shoes daily, or, counting 300 working days in the year, 4,500,000 pairs. Considering what rubber shoes are made of now-a-days, perhaps it is not remarkable after all.

Two of a Kind.

Wife (in soiled wrapper, soiled collar, and slippers down at heel, to husband who entered late)—Ah! John, you're not a bit like you used to be.

Husband (glancing at her dress)—Neither are you, my dear, neither are you.

HARLAN P. HALSEY gets $7,500 a year for writing detective stories for a New York weekly. These are halcyon days for authors of the Halsey class.

WILLIAM HASTINGS TOON, of London, advertised in seventy English papers for a clerk at a salary of $450 a year. To applicants he returned a circular saying that he must have five shillings as a guarantee of good faith before considering the matter. The police arrested him after he had received many thousand applications and a goodly number of shillings, and in court it came out that the whole business was the result of a wager of $500 Toon had made with a friend that within a month he could get 5,000 applications for a situation as a clerk, and that 2,000 of them would be accompanied by five shillings. The jury found him guilty of fraud, but the Judge released him under bonds, with a warning and suspension of sentence.

SOME strange things were brought up from the earth while drilling wells near Albany, Ga. White-pine logs were brought up from a depth of 700 feet. Mr. Merritt, at a depth of twenty-seven feet, dug through a mass, seven feet thick, of petrified bones. They were thigh bones, ribs, finger bones, teeth, and, with these remains of some forgotten race, immense bones of animals now extinct. A Mr. Bowles, in digging out for a mill foundation, came upon the shore of an ancient ocean. The sand showed the ripples from the waves, and was covered with marine remains, shells, sharks' teeth, and bones of deep-sea monsters.

A coin bearing the following stamp, "Carolus III.—Dei Gratia," was discovered imbedded in the coquina from the Anastasia quaries near St. Agustine, Fla. It is presumed that those Spanish ships which came to Florida with bullion and were scuttled by the great pirate Morgan, are the source whence the coin came. A number of pieces coming from the same place have from time to time been discovered.

A SOUTHERN critic likens a fair writer's sonnets to "the silvery texture of a cobweb endowed with the durability of a pearl."

Money Made Keeping Hens.

Hundreds of farmers who never kept an account, would kill every "pesky hen" on the farm, if it was not for the "women folks." The women intuitively know that the hens do not "eat their heads off every six months," but properly kept pay better than any other farm animals.

This is true. A record, simple to keep, so it would be used and show the facts in detail, would prove that every hen paid a profit. They could be made to pay, from one to three dollars each. Mr. James L. Burgess, Nashua, N. H., reported to the Nashua *Telegraph* that his wife made a clean net profit last year, of $36.59 for eggs alone, from only sixteen hens. He thinks her success was largely due, to using Sheridan's Condition Powder, a much advertised preparation to make hens lay.

Do your hens pay like that? Do you want to learn how to make them pay better? Are you in delicate health, and want to commence poultry raising, for the sake of open air employment? If so, get some reliable advice how to do it. A new, enlarged, and much improved edition of that valuable book, the Farmer's Poultry Raising Guide, has just been printed. It contains much very practical information.

Among the many new features which every person who keeps hens should have, is blank records and accounts for each month of the year. It also contains a long series of very valuable articles, by A. F. Hunter, "How to Make Money With a Few Hens." Of him the Lowell, Mass., Journal says: "The most sensible poultry literature we have read we find under the name A. F. Hunter. He evidently knows what he is talking about." These two features alone, are worth ten times the cost of the book; which the publishers, I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass., send, postpaid, for only 25 cents in stamps.

There is really no way that persons on a farm or near a large town can secure a cash income, with so little effort, as by keeping a few hens. For such, this book is very valuable. Send to Johnson & Co., for testimonial circular.

G. W. Cushing, of Hingham, Mass., says: "I believe the Farmer's Poultry Raising Guide which I received with a large can of Sheridan's Powder (all for $1.20) contains more practical knowledge for a person raising only a few fowls than many poultry books which cost two dollars.

Within the antarctic circle there has never been found a flowering plant. In the arctic region there are 762 kinds of flowers. Fifty of these are confined to the arctic region. They are really polar flowers. The colors of these polar flowers are not as bright and varied as our own, most of them being white and yellow, as if borrowing these hardy hues from their snowy bergs and golden stars.

Eight States were named from their principal rivers, viz: Delaware, Ohio, Tennessee, Missouri, Mississippi, Colorado, Connecticut, Arkansas.

Cure for Rheumatism.

G. G. Treat, of West Granville, Mass., writes of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS:

For rheumatism, neuralgia, pain in the side or back, coughs, colds, bruises and any local weakness, they truly possess wonderful curative qualities. I have recommended them to my neighbors with the happiest results, many of whom but for ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS would be in a crippled condition at home. In every instance where they have been faithfully and properly applied the result has been wonderfully satisfactory.

Court the fresh air day and night. "Oh, if you knew what was in the air!"

A Babe in the House

Is the source of much sunshine and joy, brightening many a dark cloud and lightening many a heavy load—but joys continual while only in a healthy body. The Creator with great wisdom has distributed over the earth vegetable remedies for every ill of human kind. This marvelous Laboratory reveals its secrets to man only by long and searching labor. Few men have attained greater success than Dr. R. V. Pierce; nor devised for suffering humanity a greater protection than his "Golden Medical Discovery," the unfailing remedy for consumption in its earlier stages, as well as for chronic nasal catarrh, scrofula, tumors and all blood disorders.

Printing was introduced into England in 1474.

An Extraordinary Phenomenon.

No other term than the above would apply to the woman who could see her youthful beauty fading away without a pang of regret. Many a woman becomes prematurely old and haggard because of functional derangement. What a pity that all such do not know that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will restore their organs to a normal state, and make them youthful and beautiful once more! For the ills to which the daughters of Eve are peculiarly liable the "Prescription" is a sovereign remedy. It is the only medicine sold by druggists under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction in every case or money will be returned. See guarantee on bottle wrapper.

Sam Jones received $1,000 for preaching a week in Chillicothe, Mo.

"That Miss Jones is a nice-looking girl, isn't she?"

"Yes, and she'd be the belle of the town if it wasn't for one thing."

"What's that?"

"She has catarrh so bad it is unpleasant to be near her. She has tried a dozen things and n thing helps her. I am sorry, for I like her, b it that do sn't make it any less disagreeable for one to be around her."

Now if she had used Dr Sage's Catarrh Remedy, there would have been nothing of the kind said, for it will cure catarrh every time.

Wallop is the suggestive name of a California school teacher.

"There is nothing you require of your agents but what is just and reasonable and strictly in accordance with business principles." That's the sort of testimony any house can be proud of, and it is the testimony of hundreds of men who are profitably employed by B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va. Write for full particulars.

Read Sarsaparilla Tonic Pills Adv.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

True Economy

It is true economy to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla, for "100 Doses One Dollar" is original with and true only of this popular medicine. If you wish to prove this, buy a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and measure its contents. You will find it to hold 100 teaspoonfuls. Now read the directions, and you will find that the average dose for persons of different ages is less than a teaspoonful. This is certainly conclusive evidence of the peculiar strength and economy of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I took Hood's Sarsaparilla for loss of appetite, dyspepsia, and general languor. It did me a vast amount of good, and I have no hesitancy in recommending it." J. W. WILLIFORD, Quincy, Ill.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

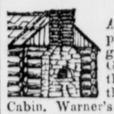
100 Doses One Dollar

SCHENCK'S Mandrake Pills.

For Bilious & Liver Complaints

They have been tried for over fifty years, and are to-day the most popular in use. Your fathers and mothers used them. They are the Safest, Purest, and Best Remedy for Liver and Stomach Diseases ever compounded.

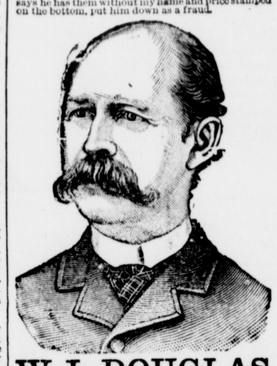
For Sale by all Druggists. Price 25 cts. per box; 5 boxes for 65 cts.; or sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price. Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Phila'a.



THE LOG CABINS of America have been birthplaces of some of the grandest men. Lincoln, Grant, Sheridan, first saw the light of day through the chinks of a Log Cabin. Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla also originated in a Log Cabin and stands pre-eminent among the blood purifiers of to-day as Warner's "Tippecanoe" does as a stomach tonic.

CAUTION

Beware of Fraud, as my name and the price are stamped on the bottom of all my advertised shoes before leaving the factory, which protect the wearers against high prices and inferior goods. If a dealer offers W. L. Douglas shoes at a reduced price, or says he has them without my name and price stamped on the bottom, put him down as a fraud.



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE. FOR GENTLEMEN.

The only fine calf $3 Seamless Shoe in the world made without tacks or nails. As stylish and durable as those costing $5 or $6, and having no tacks or nails to wear the stocking or hurt the feet, makes them as comfortable and well fitting as a hand sewed shoe. Buy the best. None genuine unless stamped on bottom "W. L. Douglas $3 Shoe, warranted."

W. L. DOUGLAS $4 SHOE, the original and only hand sewed welt $4 shoe, which equals custom-made shoes costing from $6 to $9.

W. L. DOUGLAS $2.50 SHOE is unexcelled for heavy wear.

W. L. DOUGLAS $2 SHOE is worn by all Boys, and is the best school shoe in the world.

All the above goods are made in Congress, Button and Lace, and if not sold by your dealer, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

PNU 35

SCHENCK'S Mandrake Pills.

For Bilious & Liver Complaints

They have been tried for over fifty years, and are to-day the most popular in use. Your fathers and mothers used them. They are the Safest, Purest, and Best Remedy for Liver and Stomach Diseases ever compounded.

For Sale by all Druggists. Price 25 cts. per box; 5 boxes for 65 cts.; or sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price. Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Phila'a.

MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY.

Any book learned in one reading.
Mind wandering cured.
Speaking without notes.
Wholly unlike artificial systems.
Piracy condemned by Supreme Court.
Great inducements to correspondence classes.

Prospectus, with opinions of Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, the world-famed Specialist in Mind diseases, Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, the great Psychologist, and others, sent post free by
PROF. A. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., New York.



EVERY FARMER'S WIFE

Sees some of her Poultry die each year without knowing what the matter was or how to effect a remedy if she does recognize the Disease. This is not right, as at an expense of 25 cents (in stamps) she can procure a 100-Page BOOK giving the experience of a practical Poultry Raiser (not an amateur, but a man working for dollars and cents) during a period of 25 years. It teaches you how to Detect and Cure Diseases; how to Feed for Eggs and also for Fattening; Which Fowls to Save for Breeding Purposes; and everything, indeed, you should know on this subject. Sent postpaid for 25c.
BOOK PUB. HOUSE,
134 Leonard Street, N. Y. City.



25 cts. BUYS A HORSE

Book telling you how to DETECT and CURE DISEASE in this valuable animal. Do not run the risk of losing your Horse for want of knowledge to cure him, when 25c. will pay for a Treatise. Buy one and inform yourself. Remedies for all Horse Diseases. Plates showing how to Tell the Age of Horses. Sent postpaid for 25 cents in stamps.
N. Y. HORSE BOOK CO.,
134 Leonard St., N. Y. City.

MARLIN REPEATING RIFLE
New Model 1883.
Just Out.



First 38 & 44 cal. Winchester cartridge. Works easier, is simpler, stronger, lighter, than any other. FOR BUT THIS YOU SEE IT.

BALLARD
GALLERY, HUNTING AND TARGET RIFLES.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.
MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., Box 29 D, NEW HAVEN, CT.

SOMETHING NEW. Agents Wanted Everywhere. Profit Extraordinary. A good seller in every locality. As staple as flour and as seasonable at all times of the year. Send 75 cents for samples with complete instructions to agents, or 10 cents for circulars containing full description of article. Here is a chance for men and women to secure employment, do not delay, but send at once for parties are to Buckeye Medicine Co., Kent, Ohio. Mention this paper.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE
BEST IN THE WORLD
Get the Genuine. Sold Everywhere.

$100 to $300 A MONTH can be made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish their own horses and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1011 Main st., Richmond, Va.

SARSAPARILLA TONIC PILLS
Cure Nervous Diseases, Skin Eruptions, Weakness, Blood Impurities, Malaria and Liver Disease. 100 pills sent postpaid on receipt of $1. Address
W. GRAY, 388 Broome St., N. Y. City.

OPIUM HABIT Painlessly cured in 10 to 20 Days. Sanitarium or Home Treatment. Trial free. No Cure, No Pay. The Humane Remedy Co., La Fayette, Ind.

MARYLAND FARMS, Fruit and Trucking Lands for sale. For description, &c., address KLECKNER & STEWART, Cambridge, Md.

Blair's Pills, Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, 34 round, 14 Pills.

GOLD Live at home and make more money working for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex. Costly outfit free. Terms free. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, FREE! Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

10,000 AGENTS WANTED to supply FIFTY MILLIONS people with THE LIFE OF BEN HARRISON By the author of BEN HUR.

Gen. Lew Wallace, the eminent Author, Statesman, Diplomat, and Life-long friend of Gen. Harrison, is writing the only authorized Biography. "No man living more competent." —Ex-Gov. Porter, of Ind. Millions have read Ben Hur and want Ben Harrison by same author. Selling immensely. By mail $2.00. Greatest Money Making book for Outfit $1.00. Address LEVERING BROS., 730 CHESTNUT ST., Phila.