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F. H. Drake, Esq , agent for Harper& Bros., Detroit, Mich., gives an astonishing account of his case (eczema rodent), which had been treated by a consultation of physicians without benefit, and which speedily yielded to the Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally.

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H. A. Raymond, Auditor F. W., J. & S. R R , Jackson, Mich., was cured of Scald Head of nine years duration by the Cuticura Remedies.

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Mrs. Bowers, 143 Clinton St , Cincinnati, speaks of her sister's child, who was cured of milk crust which resisted all remedies for two years. Now a fine heathy boy, with a beautiful head of hair.

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Frank A. Bean, Steam Fire Engine 6, Boston, was cured of Alopecia, or falling of the hair, by the Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally, which completely restored his hair when all said he would lose it.

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The Cuticura treatment consists in the internal use of the Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, and the external use of Cuticura and Cuticura Soap, the great skin cures.

CUTICURA REMEDIES

are for sale by all Druggists. Price of Cuticura, a Medicinal Jelly, small boxes, 50 cents; large boxes $1. Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, $1 per bottle. Cuticura Medicinal Toilet Soap, 25 cents. Cuticura Medicinal Shaving Soap, 15 cents; in bars for barbers and large consumers, 50c. Principal depot,

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CATARRH

Sanford's Radical Cure.

Clear head and voice, easy breathing, sweet breath, perfect smell, taste and hearing, no cough, no distress, by using SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Sneeze until your head is ready to fly off, eyes and nose running water, throat parched and blood feverish or take SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE for Catarrh and be cured.

Witch and Hazel, American Pine, Canada Fir, Marigold and Clover Blossoms are what Sanford's Radical Cure is made of. One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and Sanford's Inhaler, in one package for $1. Sold everywhere.

WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.

COLLINS' ELECTRICITY PLASTERS

Gentle, yet effective, united with Healing Balsam, render COLLINS' VOLTAIC ELECTRIC PLASTERS one hundred times superior to all other plasters for every Pain, Weakness and inflammation. Price 25 cents. Sold everywhere.

A FULL LINE OF QUEENS, GLASS, WOOD and WILLOW WARE, at

J. M. BAYER'S,

Opposite the Market House,

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THE TREAD OF TIME.

BY THOMAS COLE.

Hark! I hear the tread of time,
Marching o'er the fields sublime.
Through the portals of the past,
When the stars by God were cast
On the deep, the boundless vast.

Onward, Onward still he strides,
Nations clinging to his sides:
Kingdoms crushed he tramples o'er:
Fame's shrill trumpet, battle's roar,
Storm-like rise, then speak no more.

Lo! he bears us—awful Time—
Bearing on his wings sublime
All our seasons, fruit and flower,
Joy and hope, and love and power:
Ah, he grasps the present hour.

Underneath his mantle dark,
See, a sceptre grim and stark,
At his girdle like a sheath,
Without passion, voice or breath,
Ruin dealing: Death—'tis Death!

Stop the ruffian, Time!—lay hold!—
Is there then no power so bold?—
None to thwart him in his way?—
Wrest from him his precious prey,
And the tyrant robber slay?

Struggle not, my foolish soul:
Let Time's garments round thee roll.
Time, God's servant—think no scorn—
Gathers up the sheaves of corn,
Which the spectre, Death, hath shorn.

Brightly through the orient far
Soon shall rise a glorious star:
Cumbered then by Death no more,
Time shall fold his pinions hoar,
And be named the Evermore.

LOSING HER SITUATION.

"Now, girls, this won't do!" said Madame Molini, pouncing in upon the six pale sewing-girls, like a wolf into a flock of lambs. "No, it will never do in the world! I don't pay you all exorbitant wages to sit and fold your hands, like fine ladies.—Miss Sedgewick, we are waiting for that lavender silk polonaise. Lucy Lisle, why do you not go on with those button-holes? Miss Foxe, you will be so good as to change your seat from the window to the middle of the room at once!"

"But, Madame, I can't see there to lay on these fine bias folds!" pleaded Miss Foxe.

"You mean you can't see the carts and carriages in the street, and the type-setters at the windows opposite!" retorted Madame Molini, whose true nomenclature was "Mullens," and who had been a milliner's apprentice in the goodly city of Cork, before she set up on Sixth Avenue as a *French Modiste.*

Lucy Lisle caught up her work.

"I stopped just a minute, madame, with that bad pain in my side," she said, beginning to stitch away with eager haste.

"If you're sick," said Madame severely, "You had better go home and send for the doctor. While you are here your time is mine, bought and paid for!"

While Miss Sedgewick, in self-defense, urged that she had not enough silk gimp to trim the polonaise and was waiting for more.

"Not enough," shrilly repeated madame—"not enough! I measured that trimming myself, and I know that there *is* enough. You may just rip it off again, and sew it on higher up, and more economically; and I shall deduct this morning's lost time from your wages! What's that, Flora Fay—the mode-colored silk dress? Finished? And where are the two and a half yards which were left?"

"I folded them up with the dress, madame," said Flora Fay, an innocent, blue-eyed young girl, recently from the country, who stood, in an unconsciously graceful attitude, before the fat and florid dressmaker.

"Then you were a goose for your pains," shortly retorted Madame Molini, as she unfastened the parcel, abstracted the piece of glistening, uncut silk, and whisked it away upon a shelf. "Two yards and a half isn't much, but it is better than nothing."

Flora Fay opened the innocent blue eyes wide.

"What is she going to do with it?" she asked Miss Foxe, in a whisper, as madame rustled off to scold the errand-boy for putting too much coal on the grate-fire.

"Don't you know, little silly?" whispered Miss Foxe, laughing. "It's what she cabbages!"

"Cabbages?" repeated Flora, in amazement. "I don't understand you."

"You will, when you see the mode silk made up into a sleevelees basque for madame," said the other, "trimmed with the gimp that was left from Mrs. Aubrey's dinner-dress, and the pearl fringe from Mrs. Ossett's white "damasse" ball costume.

"But you don't mean," said breathless Flora, "that madame *takes* the silk that is left from the customers' dresses?"

"Goosie!" cried Miss Fox, "don't talk nonsense any longer. Its what every fashionable dressmaker does, and—"

"There's the reception-room bell," shrilly called madame. "Miss Fay, answer it at once!"

Harry Drake was standing in the pretty room, all glistening with satin drapery, gilded mouldings and huge mirrors, when Flora came in—Harry Drake, the young sea-captain, who boarded at the same quiet inexpensive house where Flora was allowed a hall bed-room at a reasonable rate, on account of Mrs. Dodds having once boarded a summer at the old Fay farm house up among the Berkshire hills, and still retaining a kind recollection of Mrs. Fay's kindness during an illness which overtook her there.

"Oh, Miss Fay, is it you?" said Harry. "Do you work here? Upon my word, you seem to be in very comfortable quarters."

"But I don't stay here all the while," said Flora, noting how his glance wandered from gilding to fresco, Axminster carpet to bronzed chandelier. "I sew in a little dark room, where there is a stifling smell of coal gas, and no carpet on the floor.

"I've come for a dress," said Captain Drake, plunging headlong into his subject, after the fashion of men in general—"my sister's dress. She is to be married next week, and some of her friends coaxed her to have her dress made here. Miss Fortescue—she's only my half-sister, you know," in answer to Flora's look of questioning surprise; "but she's very nice, and is going to marry well, I hope."

"It's the mode-colored dress," said Flora, with brightening eyes. "I helped to trim it myself. Yes, it's all ready."

And presently madame came smiling in, with the bill, and the dress folded neatly in a white pasteboard box, and Captain Drake departed with a dim idea that Madame Molini perfectly comprehended the art of high charges.

Miss Fortescue herself came the next day. She was a young lady not lacking in quiet resolution. She knew her rights, and was prepared to defend them.

"Where is the material I sent?" said she to Miss Fox, who was in attendance in the reception room. "It is not all made up into the dress. I had purchased enough for a new waist and sleeves and it is not here.

"You must be mistaken," said Miss Fox, with an aspect of polite impassibility. "The bias puffs and folds cut up the material shockingly, and—"

But at this moment, little Flora Fay, who was packing some tulle capes and fichus into a band-box, at the back of the room, rose and came forward, with deepening color.

"There are two yards and a half of the mode-colored silk, Miss Fox," she interrupted—"don't you remember?—on the shelf in the back room."

Miss Fox colored and bit her lip.

Madame Molini, with ominously-darkened face, twitched the two yards and a half of silk off the shelf, folded it into a paper, and handed it to Miss Fortescue, muttering something about "a mistake made by one of her young women;" and the young lady departed, a little dubious as to whether or not the fashionable dressmaker had intended to cheat her.

She had hardly closed the door behind her, however, when Madame Molini turned upon poor Flora Fay; with a scarlet spot glowing in each cheek and lips closely compressed.

"Young woman," said she, "you are discharged!"

"Discharged!" echoed Flora" For what?"

"I want no one in my service," said madame, "who is too conscientious to fulfill my wishes. You have intermeddled unwarrantably in the matter of that silk, and I repeat that you are no longer in my employment."

So poor little Flora went crying home, with a vague comprehension that she had been discharged because she had spoken out the truth.

It was nearly a fortnight afterward that Captain Drake noticed the absence of Miss Fay from the table at the boarding-house.

"Is your little blue-eyed lodger ill, Mrs. Dodds?" he asked. "I don't think I have seen her of late."

"No she's not ill," said the landlady. "That is to say, not exactly *sick.* But she will be if she don't look out. She's boarding herself, Captain Drake, on bread and crackers, and such like, poor dear! and wasting away like a little shadow, because she lost her situation at that dressmaking place, and don't see her way clear to another. And she won't run in debt, she says, not even for a meal ot victuals. Ah!" the good woman added. "I can remember when she was the pet and darling of the old folks at home, before they lost their all, running about among the daisies and butter cups like a sunbeam."

"But how did she come to lose her place?" asked Captain Drake.

And Mrs. Dodds, who liked to hear the sound of her own voice, told the whole story.

"It's a shame!" cried the captain.

"Just what I say myself," nodded the landlady.

And the next day, Miss Fortescue (who was Mrs. Arkwright now) came to see Flora Fay.

"It was all my fault," said she, with affectionate vehemence, "that you lost your situation—and oh, if you would only come and stay with me, and help me with the sewing for my new house, I should esteem it such a favor! Would you please?"

"Are you *quite* sure that I can make myself useful?" said Flora, a little hesitatingly.

"Yes, *quite*," said Mrs. Arkwright.

And, in the sunny atmosphere of the bride's pretty home, the young country girl seemed to expand into a different creature. Captain Drake, the most devoted brother in the world, came there nearly every day; and little Flora all unconscious of her own feelings, began to watch for his daily visits as a heliotrope-blossom watches the sun.

Until, at last, there was talk of another long voyage to Japan, and then Flora grew pale and nervous again.

"I—I have been here long enough," she said. If I go to the Exchange Bureau, they will perhaps tell me of a new situation. And I need change."

But Captain Drake went straight to the root of the matter.

"Flora," said he, "are you unwilling that I should sail to Jeddo?"

"I always had a horror of the sea," whispered Flora, hanging down her pretty head. "But of course, Captain Drake, you must do as you please."

"Yes, of course," he answered, absently; and, when he was gone, Flora shed a few quiet tears over the table-linen she was hemming for Mrs. Arkwright.

"How bold and unmaidenly it is of me," she thought, "to let myself care for a man who does not think twice of me! If he had cared one iota for me, would he not have said so then?"

But the next evening, at dusk, Captain Drake sauntered in with that swinging gait of his, as if he was treading the deck of an outward bound vessel.

"Don't run away Flora," said he, as the girl caught up her work, and prepared for a precipitate retreat.

"Did—did you want to speak to *me?*" she faltered, with downcast eyes.

"Don't I always want to speak to speak to you? Sit down, Flora," said he, "and hear what I've been planning."

"Now it is coming," thought Flora, with a sick feeling at her heart. "He is going to be married, and he is coming to tell me so."

"I have decided to give up the sea-faring business," said Captain Drake.

"Have you?" fluttered Flora, faintly. "I am so glad!"

"And I've bought a farm in Connecticut," he went on—"the old Berkshire farm, Flora, where you were born and brought up. I'm going to be a farmer!"

She looked up at him, the rose and lily following each other across her cheeks.

"Oh!" she cried involuntarily, "if I could only see the dear old place once more!"

"But I won't go there to live," said the captain, determinedly, "unless you'll go there with me, Flora, as the farmer's wife! What do you thiuk of it, little girl? Shall it be a partnership?"

"And when Mrs. Arkwright came in, the papers were all sealed, signed and delivered; the "partnership" was a foregone conclusion!

"I don't know how I shall succeed as a farmer," said Captain Drake, to his sister; "but if little Flora here is only with me, there's nothing in all the world that I haven't courage to undertake."

And when Mrs. Arkwright took Flora's hand in hers, the girl whispered:

"I think I am the happiest creature in all the wide world to-night. Because, dear Mrs. Arkwright, he loves me!"

A DESERTED CITY DISCOVERED.

The discovery of a deserted city, sixty miles long, cut out of the rocky face of a winding cliff, rewarded the efforts of Mr. Stevenson's Smithsonian Institution exploring party during its researches in New Mexico and Arizona the past season. This is by far the most important find yet made among the ancient haunts of the cliff dwellers. Some of the houses contain four or five dwellings, one on top of the other, and in the plateau above the cliff were found many ruins of temples of worship built of well-cut square stones. A comparison of the collection of pottery and implements gathered in the cliff houses by the exploring party with those obtained in the Pueblo villages strengthens the theory that the Pueblo Indians are the degenerate decendents of the once powerful race, that built the ruined cities of the plains, and then retreating before some more warlike race, carved out these singular dwellings on the sheer walls of dizzy precipices, and found in them, it may be for centuries, both fortresses and homes. Perhaps the hieroglyphic inscriptions seen by Mr. Stevenson will one day be deciphered and found to contain the tragic history of the wasting away by wars and famines of this ill-fated people who, like the coneys of the Bible, made the rocks their refuge.

THE ORIGIN OF THE SIOUX.

The Sioux, if Indian tradition is to be believed, are a new people.—The tradition is that a party of wild young men of different tribes banded themselves together to make a new tribe. This was in the Blackfeet country, near the head of the South Saskatchawan river, away to the northwest of Fort Benton. These Romans of the north marched on, conquering and absorbing the tribes they subdued, marrying such wives as pleased them. Their course was to the south and east, and was not interrupted until the whites came in from the east.

Nearly all the Ills that Afflict Us can be prevented and cured by keeping the stomach, liver and kidneys in working order. There is no medicine known that will do this as surely as Parker's Ginger Tonic. See adv.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

—Æsthetic editors have their paste made from sun flour now.

—All disease is nature's effort to get one back to normal conditions.

—The morality of domestic life is the very corner-stone of civilization.

—Adam missed one of the luxuries of life. He couldn't laugh in his sleeves.

—Most of our misery comes from our fearing and disliking things that never happen at all.

—"I'm the light of this menagerie!" cried the tapir. Then the other beasts wanted to put him out.

—In course of our reading we should lay up in our minds a store of goodly thoughts in well-wrought words.

—A burglar got into the house of a country editor the other night. After a terrible struggle the editor succeeded in robbing him.

—Human happiness comes from within. The important question for each individual is, who shall preside over my appetites and propensities?

—A Maine man who didn't care two shakes of a lamb's tail about the newspapers rode fourteen miles through a fierce snowstorm to get a copy of a weekly that spoke of him as "a prominent citizen."

—Teacher—Feminine of friar? First bright boy—Hasn't any. Teacher—Next. Second bright boy—Nun. Teacher—That's right. First bright boy indignantly ejaculated—That's just what I said.

—Father (who is always trying to teach his son how to act while at table)—"Well, John, you see that when I have finished eating, I always leave the table." John—"Yes, sir, and that is about all you do leave."

—Disappointment in matters of pleasure is hard to be borne, in matters affecting health it becomes cruel. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup never disappoints those who use it for obstinate coughs, colds, irritation of throat and lungs, etc.

—Little Jack had a Christmas present of a railroad. He hurriedly dragged out the engine, the cars, etc., and searched the box, though it was visibly empty. "Those are all the things," said his mother; "what are you looking for?" "The accidents."

—A member of a London club was standing on the club-house steps, when a gentleman came up to him and asked him if there was a gentleman with one eye named Walker in the club. "I don't know," was the answer; "what was the name of his other eye?"

—When a bashful young man finds himself in company where there is a creamy infant of ten months, the expression on his face when the proud mother thrusts her tender offspring at him with the remark, "Baby, kiss the nice gentleman," may be imagined, but cannot be counterfeited.

—"But I pass," said a minister recently in discussing one theme of his subject to take up another. "Then I make it spades," yelled a man from the gallery, who was dreaming the happy hours away in an imaginary game of euchre. It is needless to say that he went out on the next deal, assisted by one of the deacons.

MAINE NEWS.—Hop Bitters, which are advertised in our columns, are a sure cure for ague, biliousness and kidney complaints. Those who use them say they cannot be too highly recommended. Those afflicted should give them a fair trial, and will become thereby enthusiastic in the praise of their curative qualities.—*Portland Argus.*

—Scene in the office of a Western contemporary: "Make a minute of that duel at Princeton, Mr. Shearer," said the chief to the news editor. "Can't do it," replied the subaltern. "Why not?" "'Cause there's only two seconds in it." (Verdict of accidental death caused by sudden increase of salary.)

—A witty New York society woman was standing before Zola's greatly admired picture of Lot and and his daughters, which was on exhibition in an art store on Fifth avenue. "Oh!" remarked a friend, dolorously, "what do you suppose Lot thought when he beheld his poor wife turned to a pillar of salt?" "I suppose," replied our wit, with admirable gravity, "he thought how he could get himself—a fresh one."

Mother Died of Salt Rheum.

J. W. Adams, Newark, Ohio, says: *Cuticura Remedies* are the greatest medicines on earth. Had the worst salt rheum in this county. My mother had it twenty years, and in fact died from it. I believe *Cuticura* would have saved her life. My arms, head and breast, were covered for three years, which nothing relieved or cured until I used the *Cuticura Remedies.*

—The young milkman and his girl stood before the justice of the peace. "You take this milk—ahem!—this man for butter or for worse?" the mighty man of law inquired. The girl said it never a curd to her before, but she supposed she would if that was the only whey.

Brain and Nerve.

Wells' Health Renewer, greatest remedy on earth for impotence, leanness, sexual debility, &c. $1. at druggists. Prepaid by express, $1.25, 6 for $5. E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J.