A MEDICINE, NOT A DRINK.

High Authority.

Hop Bitters is not, in any sense, an alcoholic beverage or liquor, and could not be sold, for use, except to persons desirous of obtaining medicinal bitters.
GREEN B. RAUM.
U. S. Com'r Internal Rev.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 24, 1879.
Dear Sir—Why don't you get a certificate from Col. W. H. W., of Baltimore, showing how he cured himself of drunkenness by the help of Hop Bitters. His is a wonderful case. He is well known in Rochester, N. Y., by all the drinking people there. He is known in this city, Cincinnati, New Orleans, New York; in fact, all over the country, as he has spent thousands of dollars for rum. I honestly believe his card would be worth thousands of dollars to you in this city and Baltimore alone, and make thousands of sober men by inducing the use of your Bitters.
J. A. W.

MILTON, Del., Feb. 10, 1880.
Having used Hop Bitters, the noted remedy for debility, nervousness, indigestion, etc., I have no hesitation in saying that it is indeed an excellent medicine, and recommend it to any one as a truly tonic bitters. Respectfully,
REV. MRS J. H. ELLGOOD.

I declined to insert your advertisement of Hop Bitters last year, because I then thought they might not be promotive of the cause of Temperance, but find they are, and a very valuable medicine, myself and wife having been greatly benefited by them, and I take great pleasure in making them known.
REV. JOHN SEAMAN.
Editor *Home Sentinel*, Alton, N. Y.

SCIPIO, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1879.
I am the pastor of the Baptist church here and an educated physician. I am not in practice, out am my sole family physician, and advise in many chronic cases. Over a year ago I recommended your Hop Bitters to my invalid wife, who has been under medical treatment of Albany's best physicians several years. She has been greatly benefited and still uses the medicine. I believe she will become thoroughly cured of her various complicated diseases by their use. We both recommend them to our friends, many of whom have also been cured of their various ailments by them.
REV E. R. WARREN.

Cured of Drinking.

"A young friend of mine was cured of an insatiable thirst for liquor that had so prostrated his system that he was unable to do any business. He was entirely cured by the use of Hop Bitters. It allayed all that burning thirst; took away the appetite for liquor; made his nerves steady, and he has remained a sober and steady man for more than two years, and has no desire to return to his cups, and I know of a number of others that have been cured of drinking by it."
—*From a Leading Railroad Official, Chicago Ill.*

Wicked for Clergymen.

"I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or vile stuffs called medicines, but when a really meritorious article is made up of common valuable remedies known to all, and that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for family use. I will not be without them. Rev. ———, Washington, D. C."

A good Baptist clergyman, of Bergen, N. Y., a strong temperance man, suffered with kidney trouble, neuralgia and dizziness almost to blindness, over two years after he was advised that Hop Bitters would cure him, because he was afraid of and prejudiced against the word "bitters." Since his cure he says none need fear but trust in Hop Bitters.

My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of Hop Bitters, and I recommend them to my people.—*Methodist Clergyman, Mexico, N Y.*

I had severe attacks of gravel and kidney trouble; was unable to get any medicine or doctor to cure me until I used Hop Bitters, and they cured me in a short time.—*A Distinguished Lawyer and Temperance Orator of Wayne county, N. Y.*

The Love That Knows No Fear.

A letter of Bob Burdette's, declining an invitation to a college reunion, has just found its way into the press. He says:

"Mrs. Burdette's health—if the poor little sufferer's combination of aches and pains and helplessness may be designated by such a sarcastic appellation—has been steadily failing all winter, and we have come down to this seagirt island to see if old ocean and its breezes may do what the doctors and mountains and prairies have failed to do. And here we are waiting. 'Her little serene highness,' in utter helplessness, unable to stand alone (for years she has been unable to walk), her helpless hands folded in her lap; she must be dressed, carried about, cared for like a baby; suffering from countless pains and aches day and night, and I cannot leave her even for a few days. No one at Chautauqua will feel the disappointment as we do, for we had planned to go there together. If she could go with me, I would be glad enough to creep to Chautauqua on my knees. Her life has been a fountain of strength to me. In ten long years I have never seen the look of pain out of her eyes, and for more than half so long I have seen her sitting in patient helplessness, and I have never heard a complaining murmur from her lips while she has served as those who only stand and wait, never questioning and never doubting the wisdom and the goodness of the Father whose hand has been laid upon her so heavily. The beautiful patience of her life has been a constant rebuke to my own impatience, and in her sufferings I have seen and known and believed the 'love that knows no fear' and the faith that 'knows no doubt.'"

Such a letter needs no comment; it tells its own story.

Water Lilies.

An exchange says: "Water lilies can be cultivated by sinking half a hogshead even with the ground, placing in soil taken from the bottom of a pond, and planting a few roots therein. The hogshead is to be kept full of water, and the year following a crop of lilies, surpassing those usually found in ponds in a wild state, will be produced."

Are You Not in Good Health?

If the Liver is the source of your trouble, you can find an absolute remedy in DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR, the only vegetable cathartic which acts directly on the Liver. Cures all Bilious diseases. For Book address DR. SANFORD, 162 Broadway, New York.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., Will send their Electro-Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon thirty days' trial. See their advertisement in this paper, headed, "On Thirty Days' Trial."

WE confidently refer our readers to the card of Dr. C. R. Sykes, in another column. He is an old resident of Chicago, a regular graduate, honest, honorable and responsible, and, as a physician, takes first rank in his chosen specialty of catarrh and its complications.

A SHARK six feet long got grounded on the beach in New Haven, Ct., and was dispatched by a number of persons with pitchforks and other weapons.

DR. FLACK, for thirty years one of the most successful educators in the country, offers greatly reduced rates for board and tuition in our advertising columns. His school is located on the Hudson river and in the most healthy and beautiful location. Better write and offer what you can afford to pay, and get his reply.

VEGETINE is acknowledged by all classes of people to be the best and most reliable blood purifier in the world.

WILHOFT'S Fever and Ague Tonic. This old reliable remedy now sells at one dollar.

NOTHING is uglier than a crooked boot. Straighten them with Lyon's Heel Stiffeners.

"THY WORD IS A LAMP TO MY FEET."

[*Psalms* cix. 104.]

BY EMILIE CLARE.

O'er the billows of Life's ocean,
Mid the tempest—dark and drear,
Lost in storms of wild emotion,
Racked with sorrow, doubt, and fear.

Seeking now and then a glimmer
Of a star amid the gloom,
Only but to find it dimmer,
Darker, as I neared the tomb.

Ever struggling, always praying
For some kindly hand to guide,
Worn with watching, as delaying
Seemed the beacon o'er the tide.

But at length it came; one morning
When the mild September sun
Cloudless rose, its beams adorning
All the world it looked upon—.

Came and bl'essed me, oh, the glory!
Transport of that precious word!
Only they who know the story,
Of the goodness of the Lord—

Know the peace of sin forgiven—
Know that Jesus died to save—
Know the cruel fetters riven,
E'er can know the joy it gave.

Free to serve and to adore Him,
Free to own and claim Him mine,
Prostrate fall in tears before Him,
Bow in meekness at His shrine.

Now when storms of sorrow gather,
Doubt and darkness cloud my sky,
In the mansion of my Father
I shall anchor by and by.

And when days no more are numbered—
When the heavens are as a scroll—
When the nations that have slumbered
Shall awake both great and small;

When the everlasting pages
Shall be opened in the skies,
And the records of all ages
Spread before my wond'ring eyes,

I shall see each golden letter,
Gleaming in the light of Truth,
Read the precious promise better,
In sublime, immortal youth.

ANITA, Iowa.

LAW AND LEGERDEMAIN.

BY AN OLD LAWYER.

The incident I am about to relate occurred twenty years ago in Pennsylvania. The little village of S———, in our county, had acquired a population of several hundred; it had a store, a postoffice, two churches, a schoolhouse, and several shops. The people of that quiet little hamlet were prosperous and happy; yes, happy in their ignorance of what was necessary for their own welfare and the public good. For so strangely benighted were they that, as yet, they had no licensed hotel to spread its legalized blessings around, as the deadly pestilential dew falls on some of the countries of the burning zone. For years this little village had nestled among the fertile fields of Western Pennsylvania, and, so far as the records of our criminal court showed, its existence was unknown at the county seat, for no criminal case had ever been "sent up" from its low-abiding precincts. But the march of improvement and Christian enlightenment is ever onward and upward. There came an enterprising man, and, unfortunately for the little village, he was a man of "good moral character," and therefore a fit recipient for the favors of the court. He proposed to purchase a corner-lot in the place, and erect thereon a fine hotel. The good, staid, and sober old burghers of the town were in ecstasies over the contemplated great improvement; it was just what was wanted to make S——— an embryonic New York, and the price of village lots went up with a bound.

Time passed on; the hotel was completed, furnished, and was to be opened on the 22d day of February. An application had been made for a license, and, if it was granted, the proprietor proposed to give a grand free ball on the night of the opening, at which time the well-stocked bar was to be so free that those who attended could sin without money and without price, he well knowing that the seed thus sown would in time yield him an abundant harvest, though the gathering might leave behind the barren stubble-field of drunkenness and crime.

Of course the license was granted. The proprietor was, as I have said, unfortunately a man of good moral character and temperate habits. Deacon A., of the Baptist church; class-leader B, of the Methodist church; Elder C, of the U. P. church; Doctor D, 'Squire E, and a number of lesser lights of the society of the village signed the certificate of the proprietor's good character, believing that all that was required to make the little town happy and prosperous the rest of their days was a legalized place to commence to manufacture drunkards, and, as it was the only manufacturing establishment of any kind in that section of the country, all were overjoyed when the news came that the glorious prerogative to sell whisky was granted to the proprietor of the "United States Hotel" at S———.

Time, bearing in its womb the future joys and sorrows of men, moved on; the 22d day of February came at last, and all the lads and lasses for miles around were there. The bar was open and free —and

There was a sound of revelry by night.

There was a row in the bar-room; free whisky had ended in a free fight, as usual, and one Henry D., the son of a widow, who lived a mile or two from the place, had, in a fit of drunken frenzy, with his naked hands struck a stand of glasses that stood on the counter and dashed them on the floor. The broken glass had cut his hand severely. One of his companions, William W., had taken from Henry's pocket a white silk pocket-handkerchief, and, wrapping it around his bleeding hand, tied the corner ends together. The young man left the hotel with several others, and was at home in the morning, but he was so drunk that he forgot the important fact that he had taken a young lady to the dance until he was reminded of it in a somewhat emphatic manner by the young lady herself the next day, she being at that time an inmate of his mother's house.

William W., who tied the handkerchief around Henry's bleeding hand, was the owner of a small store that stood near the canal. His stock of goods consisted of coarse clothing, usually worn by boatmen, and a general assortment of boat supplies. He was a man of low associations and bad repute. His store was the nightly resort of boatmen and roughs, who live along the water thoroughfares of the country, and those ladies who do the "cuisine" on board the floating palaces of our canals. That night William was at the dance until nearly daylight. In the morning he discovered that his store had been entered by burglars through a window in the rear, the thieves breaking a light of glass for that purpose. A quantity of goods had been stolen, mostly rough clothing, boots and shoes; but, as he alleged, of the value of over $200.

No trace of the burglars was found. Time passed on until the month of June, when some men who were removing the hay from an old hay-barn that stood in a meadow near by, found concealed under it the stolen goods, tied up in a large, coarse woolen shawl. On opening the bundle, among the goods was found the handkerchief of Henry D., that had been wrapped around the bleeding hand. It was spotted with blood, and still remained in a coil, just as the hand had been withdrawn, leaving the very impress of the fingers inside the coil.

Every one was astonished at the development. Henry D. had always sustained a good character. He was never known to drink before or since the night of the ball; was well off, his father having left him by will a large, well stocked farm. He was an only son, the idol of an aged mother, and withal he was about to be married to the young girl he had taken to the ball. He was universally popular among the people, and the discovery fell upon the quiet village like a flash of lightning from a clear sky. William W., the owner of the store, made a complaint, charging Henry with the crime of larceny and burglary. Henry was arrested and committed to jail to await a hearing, as he either would not or could not give any satisfactory explanation about the handkerchief.

Thus the case stood, when one evening, as I was sitting in my office communing with myself and my meerschaum, I heard a light knock at my door; I opened it, and a very pretty young girl entered and inquired if I was the lawyer who cleared persons accused of crime. I told her that I was a lawyer, and that I sometimes defended persons on criminal charges—that is, when I was perfectly satisfied that they were innocent (?) "But he is innocent," she replied with emotion; "he never committed a crime in his life; he is an honest, good young man, and would not do a mean thing."

Poor child! I thought—what a pity it is that your idol is made of clay.

I gave her a seat, and inquired who the person was who was so fortunate as to enlist the services of so effective an advocate in his behalf.

"Was he a brother?"

"No," she answered; "he is no relation to me;" and her beautiful lips quivered, while a blush, red as the hue of the morning, stole over her cheek.

"Why do you feel so much interested in one accused of crime, and who is no relation to you?" I inquired with a malicious satisfaction, when I remembered that I was getting old and had lost all those charms for which I was so eminent in my youth (?).

"Who is he?" I again inquired, as she hesitated to answer my former question.

"Henry D., of the town of S———, and he is accused of robbing a store," she replied at length; "but he is not guilty, I know he is not. It cannot be possible he would do such a thing."

"Is he the son of David D., my old friend and schoolmate, who died a few years ago?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, and then, in a voice broken with sobs of anguish, she related the occurrence I have narrated. She further informed me that his mother was living, but in very feeble health, and that she did not know of the accusation against her son; that the neighbors had taken care not to let the terrible secret enter her sick-room, for fear that it would kill her; and, "Oh!" said the young girl, "Henry was always such a good young man; he never drank before the night of the ball in his life. O, can you clear him?" she asked, looking at me with such a pleading expression of countenance that, although I am not very susceptible to female influence and charms (?), it went directly to my heart, and then, by a circuitous route, reached my brain some minutes after; and, when she again asked me if I could clear him, I was ready to say yes, most emphatically, although I could not see how it was to be done.

I went with her to the jail, and had an interview with Henry, a fine-looking young man, whose open, ingenuous countenance gave the lie to the charge against him, no matter what the circumstances might indicate.

He told me he had never taken half-a-dozen drinks of liquor in his life, had no taste or desire for it, and only drank on the night of the ball because it was free; every one was drinking, and he was urged to drink by the proprietor and a number of his friends. He said that after he became intoxicated he did not remember what happened, but had an indistinct recollection of cutting his hand, and said it seemed to him that he and another young man, who was also drunk, went to William's store and took the goods. The young man he thought was with him denied it, and Henry would not tell his name, for, said he, "neither of us could have intended to steal the goods. I would not take William's whole stock as a gift. I could not use them; they are coarse and cheap, and only intended for canal-boat trade. But I am afraid I took them, for the more I think of it the more I seem to recollect it; yet I never thought of it until the goods were found, and my handkerchief among them; then it seemed to come to me like the recollections of a half-forgotten dream."

The young girl and myself left the cell; that is, I left first, and just now, while I think of it, I believe she remained behind a moment. I thought I heard a faint sound like an echo from my young days. But I am ready to testify in any court where the question may become important that I don't remember what it sounded like. Perhaps it was the click of the door-latch, although I am afraid there is no door-latch on the door of a prison-cell; but no matter, only it made me more determined to procure his acquittal if it was "on the cards."

While returning to my office, an idea struck me with considerable force. The phenomenon was so unusual that I remember it distinctly.

I asked the girl if Henry had any more handkerchiefs like the one found among the goods; she said he had a number—she had hemmed them for him. She also told me that on the night of the ball she had taken Henry's handkerchief and tied a very small knot in one corner—a knot commonly called by young people a "love-knot." It was so small that it would hardly be noticed, and she desired me to look at the handkerchief found at the first opportunity, and see if there was such a knot on it, for, if it was not there, then it was not Henry's.

The hearing before the magistrate was to take place the next day but one, and I sent her home with instructions to bring me in one of the handkerchiefs the next day, but to be sure and let no one know it. She started home, and I went to my office to think.

The hearing was before A. C., a magistrate in our city. There was a long, high desk at one end of his office, behind which he sat during the examination. I stood behind the desk at one end. The prisoner, witnesses and audience were in front. I had procured a newspaper, which I opened and spread upon the top of the desk, and stood reading it while the preliminaries were being arranged. The handkerchief was produced, and, while I was cross-examining the principal witness, I carelessly spread it over the newspaper I had been reading, and with a pin, unseen by any one, I punctured the handkerchief and paper around the margin of the blood spots. This I did while I was cross-examining the witnesses and "quarreling" with the District Attorney.

When the examination had concluded and the defendant had been held under bail for his appearance at court, I requested the magistrate to inclose the handkerchief in an envelope, and keep it until court. I did this because I feared some one would discover the love-knot, which I found as Ellen had related. I then returned to my office with the punctured newspaper, making a complete map of the blood-spots. Next, spreading out the handkerchief Ellen gave me, and the punctured newspaper over it, with a tuft of cotton I dusted red lead over the pin-holes, and on removing the paper there was a map of the spots on the handkerchief. We had chicken for dinner that day, and a vial of its blood found its way into my office. With the blood and small brush I saturated the spots marked on the handkerchief, let it dry, laid it away, and awaited the time of trial.

It came at last, in the month of August. The jury was impaneled, and the District Attorney opened the case. By the side of the prisoner sat his mother and affianced bride. Ellen was really a very beautiful girl, and, while the Commonwealth's counsel was stating the facts he intended to prove, she looked at the jury with such a startled, pleading expression in her tear-dimmed eyes that I thought to myself, Well, gentlemen, if you can disregard that "item of evidence," you are made of different material from any jury I ever selected.

The witnesses were called and the facts proven in substance as I have narrated, up to the identification of the handkerchief. When the District Attorney called the name of William W——— I felt the blood rush to my heart in a way that almost silenced its beating. The crisis was at hand. I knew if I failed the young girl would be heart-broken, and I believed it would kill the old mother, whose heart was bound up in her idolized son. Not only this, but the defendant—as honest and worthy a young man as there was in the country—would be branded as a felon, sent to prison, and ruined for life; and all this because the infamous license law had spread its poisonous influence over the little village of S———, and tempted its young men to vice and crime.

The witness, William W———, came upon the stand with a supercilious air, full of the importance of his position as principal witness against a defendant in a case that excited so much interest in the county. I knew he was a deep-dyed villain at heart, whose loftiest thoughts and best acts were so mean and low that the lowest and worst thoughts and acts of the prisoner at the bar had never yet descended to their level.

In my practice I have observed that there are two kinds of witnesses who appear in our courts. One class will tell a lie so adroitly that it will look just like the truth; the other will tell the truth so bunglingly that it will look just like a lie. Fortunately for my client, William belonged to the latter class, and, when he tried to mix truth and falsehood together, he made a most lamentable failure. The fact was that he had tried to become a suitor of Ellen, and, moved by jealous hatred toward his successful rival, I believed he would hesitate at nothing that would procure that rival's conviction.

The witness narrated the occurrence at the ball, the broken glasses and bleeding hand; and, when the handkerchief was handed him, he identified it without hesitation as the one he had taken from Henry's pocket and wrapped around his hand. When the Commonwealth had ended the examination in chief, the witness was handed over to me for cross-examination. I sat behind the counsel-table. Close to me, on one side, sat the mother; on the other, Henry and Ellen, to whom, my impression is, I had given some instructions before the trial commenced. It is so long ago, however, that I may have forgotten it.

The handkerchief lay upon the table. The one Ellen brought me was in a small roll in my lap under the table. I took the right handkerchief in my hand and proceeded with the cross-examination. My first object was to get William angry. In this I succeeded most completely; for, when I proceeded to ask him about his store, and if it were not a place of nightly resort for canal-thieves, gamblers, and canal-boat cooks, to say that he was angry conveys a very faint idea of his mental condition.

While our amiable interview had been proceeding, I accidentally dropped the right handkerchief in my lap, and somehow, by mistake perhaps, picked up the wrong one and laid it upon the table in sight of the jury. The court, audience, and jury had become so interested in the "unpleasantness" between the witness and counsel that the mistake was not discovered. Henry took the right handkerchief and put it in his pocket. By this time the amiable William would have testified to anything—that the moon was a cheese, for instance, or any other equally credible statement—had he deemed it necessary to secure a verdict of guilty.

I then took the handkerchief from the table, and passed around in front, near to him, and asked the following questions as rapidly as the answers would permit:

Question—"Did I understand you to say that you were positive that this handkerchief is the one you tied around the defendant's hand the night of the ball?"

Answer—"I don't know what you understood, but I said so."

Q. (still holding the handkerchief in my hand—"What is there about this handkerchief that makes you so positive?"

A.—"The spots of blood; and it is of white silk with raised flowers on it. I know it is the same one."

Q.—"Now, sir, did you not say to Mr. C. that, if necessary, you would swear to a lie to send Henry to the penitentiary?"

A. (witness in a greater rage, if possible, than before)—"No, sir, I did not say so. It's a lie; I never said it."

Q. (handing the witness the handkerchief)—"Now take this handkerchief and show the jury any marks there are on it that make you willing to swear to it, if you can, and tell the truth."

Witness took the handkerchief, opened it, and pointed out the blood-spots to the jury, and said: "I know it is the handkerchief; I cannot be mistaken."

Q.—"You can't! Don't you sometimes make mistakes, or are you always right and never wrong?"

A.—"You need not try to make me say anything else. I know this is the handkerchief."

Q.—"Now, sir, is not *this* the handkerchief? Henry (turning to the defendant), give me your handkerchief."

He took the right handkerchief out of his pocket and handed it to me. I took it, and, holding it out to witness, asked, with all the severity of tone I could: "Now, sir, is not this the handkerchief?"

To say that the witness was astonished, is mild. That he was confounded, was certain. He took the handkerchief, looked at it, and, completely broken down, said he could not tell, but he believed the one he held in his hand was the one. This was the one Ellen had brought me.

This ended the cross-examination, and "the commonwealth rested."

I opened the case for the defense. I don't know what I said, but I tried to do the subject justice.

I then called Ellen to the stand. She burst into a flood of tears, and for some time was unable to speak. Her relation to the defendant was well understood, and many eyes in the court-room were moist with manly tears.

The Judge—a most excellent old man, and a fine lawyer—spoke kindly to her, and as soon as she was able to proceed I commenced the examination. She narrated the occurrence at the ball, and, when I handed her the handkerchief Henry had taken from his pocket before the jury and given to me, she identified it in the most positive manner; showed the love-knot on the corner that she had tied in the ball-room before the fight, and also stated that she knew it was his, for she hemmed it.

I now trembled for fear the District Attorney would ask her if she did not hem both handkerchiefs, and feared her answer would lead to a discovery I most certainly did not desire. I therefore immediately asked a question possibly not justified by the rules of evidence. The District Attorney objected, of course; I insisted; and soon, amid the smoke and noise of the legal battle, her answer was forgotten, as I hoped it would be.

The District Attorney commenced the cross-examination in a very harsh tone and manner, by asking the witness the nature of her relation to the prisoner. This was to show the jury the interest she felt, and to affect her credibility. At this she commenced to cry, and her tears and sobs were more eloquent than words. The jury looked at the "hard-hearted attorney" with an indignant expression, and I felt that the case was safe, particularly if Ellen would only continue to cry a little longer. This she did, until the counsel for the commonwealth, fearing he might prejudice his case, told her she might retire. O what a weight was off my mind!

I then called a score of witnesses to prove that the defendant had always sustained a most excellent reputation, and rested my case.

I commenced the argument for the defense; what I said I don't recollect. I spoke of the uncertainty of circumstantial evidence, and that white silk handkerchiefs were common enough in the stores of the country; that, when Henry cut his hand with the broken glass in the bar-room, it was a natural thought, from the circumstances, that led the witness, Mr. W., to wrap the handkerchief around the wounded hand. If the burglar, in entering the store, broke a pane of glass, if he had accidentally cut his hand, it would be most likely that the same thought, begotten by similar circumstances, would suggest to him or his companion, if he had any, to wrap it up with his handkerchief. He was as likely to be the owner of a white silk one as the defendant. The rule of law was: That, "in circumstantial evidence, the inculpatory facts must not only be consistent with guilt, but absolutely incompatible with innocence." I said something about the mother and young girl, and the tender relations existing between her and the defendant; and when, in conclusion, I spoke of hotel license to make drunkards of the rising generation, I think I made one man at least, with a good moral character, wish his reputation had been so bad that the court had refused his license. When I closed the case, I knew by the expressions on the faces of the jury that Henry was safe.

The District Attorney made an able argument; but when did either law or logic ever succeed against a woman's tears? Says the proverb in the Talmud: "Men should be careful lest they cause women to weep, for God counts their tears."

The court charged the jury favorably; they retired, and in a few moments returned with a verdict of Not guilty. It was received with every manifestation of approval; in fact, the court had to suspend business for a few moments, while Henry was receiving the congratulations of the people.

Yes, Henry was acquitted, and, although it was accomplished as much by legerdemain as by law, and may not meet with the approval of every one, yet I have never regretted my acts in the case. Why should I? I had done nothing but procure the acquittal of an honest young man who was made insane by a man who had a license to do so, and while in that mental condition had committed a crime. But for the agencies of the law he would never thus have sinned; and if ever the Jesuitical doctrine was true, that "Sometimes the end justifies the means," it was true in this case.

He Suffered at the Seawanhaka Disaster.

He was a sadly used-up lame man, and looked none the prettier because there was a bandage around his head, and he carried his arm in a sling. It seemed hardly likely that human nature in so badly damaged a condition would care about getting drunk and rolling into area ways, but the officer said that such was the aspect of affairs when he picked him up. The magistrate in the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday gazed sadly at the much-demolished man and said:

"How in the name of wonder do you manage to get along at all, even when you're not drunk? How do you come by all these injuries, anyway?"

The lame man raised his head solemnly and uttered:

"Got 'em the night o' the Seawanhaka disaster."

At once all eyes were turned on him.

"Do your really mean that?" said his Honor, pityingly.

"I'm dead in earnest," said the other.

"Never was more so in my life. Maybe that wasn't a night; maybe there wasn't a fire on board that boat, and maybe it didn't go through her like a streak o' greased lightnin', and maybe there was not a lot o' poor cusses that it gathered in; oh, maybe not!" and the prisoner shook his head dolefully.

"Did you injure both your limbs that night?" asked the court.

"Yes, both on 'em," murmured the man. "Oh, that was a tough night on me—the night o' the Seawanhaka disaster was! a good many fellers caved in altogether, but I got my share o' trouble, so I did."

"Was it the fire did it?" asked his Honor.

"No, 'twasn't the fire, I don't think," and the prisoner fidgeted uneasily.

"Did you get it in the water, then, from the paddle-wheel, or a log, or something?"

"No, it couldn't be that."

"Well, what in the name of goodness were the conditions under which you received your hurts?"

The prisoner hesitated.

"I don't think there was any conditions about it," he said. "When Tim O'Hare fires a feller out o' his bucket-shop he's a somewhat unconditional man."

"But I thought you got your injuries on the night of the Seawanhaka disaster?"

"So I did, Jedge. That was the occasion. Had it been New Year's or the Fourth of July, I'd told you, but it wasn't no such thing; 'twas only on the night o' the Seawanhaka disaster."

And his Honor sat thinking a long time before he could determine whether the lame man was inclined to deceive.—*New York Herald.*

Deep Mines in Nevada.

The depth attained is as follows: The Utah 1,980 feet, the Sierra Nevada 2,500, the Union Consolidated, Mexican and Ophir, each 2,500, Consolidated Virginia and California 3,300, Best and Belcher 2,000, Gould and Curry 2,200, Hale and Norcross and Savage 2,400, Chollar 2,400, Ward vertical shaft 2,168, Combination shaft 2,410, Yellow Jacket 3,000, Belcher 3,000, Crown Point 2,800, Overman and Caledonia each 1,900, Alta and Benton each 1,950, Silver Hill 1,300, Consolidated Imperial 2,800, Bullion 2,300.

DR. BULL'S Baby Syrup is in good demand; everybody speaks well of it. The price is only 25 cents.

Had to Do It.

A most curious freak is reported from Castalia, on the C., S. and C. Railroad. A young woman boarded the express train at that station. Engineer Quinn, who was running the train, states that while the train was running at the rate of twenty miles an hour, she jumped off and turned several immodest handsprings. The train stopped on the signal of her red stockings, when lo! she was found comparatively unhurt. She had struck on a sand-pile. She claims she was seized with a desire to jump off the train which she could not resist.—*Columbus Times.*

DR. BULL'S BABY SYRUP

A Smart Woman.

A nice, respectable lady, not a thousand miles away, had long noticed, to her dismay, that her "worser half" was growing foolishly suspicious and jealous of her. She resolved to teach him a lesson. Some evenings since, as he was leaving, she told him he need not hurry back—she would not be lonely—she wished her ducky to enjoy himself, etc. Benedict smelt a veritable mice under that hypocrisy, and resolved to be avenged. About eight o'clock, "an individual" about his size might have been seen creeping cautiously along to the door, and noiselessly Benedict peeped in. Just as he expected, there they were—a pair of boots, a coat on the back of a chair, and a hat on the table. Benedict shivered like an aspen leaf, as he stopped, pulled off his boots, and drew a pistol from his coat pocket. With "resolution flashing from his eyes," he made tracks for the bedroom. There he was, kneeling at the bedside, coat and vest off, and head on the pillow. Miserable villian! his time had come.

"Say your prayers, villian—your time is short!" and a flash and a report told that the bullet had sped on its fatal mission.

"Help, murder, watch! O, is that you?" and madam popped her little head up from the foot of the bed.

Benedict seized the body, and found it to be a miscellaneous collection of old coats, vests, pillows, handkerchiefs, and the like, made up expressly for the occasion.

"I say, my dear, what does all this mean?" exclaimed the husband, with a blank, sheepish look.

"Well, love," replied the wife, "I did get lonely, after all, and just amused myself by dressing up that puppet, and making believe you were at home. I'm sure, I don't think you'd suspect—"

"There, there," said the chagrined husband, "say no more about it; I thought it was a robber; dear creature, I'm so glad it didn't hit you!"

Benedict now repeated "Now I lay me," etc., and went to bed, resolved not to watch any more at present.

The Kind of Rest Literary Men Need.

Mr. James Payn, the novelist, does not believe in too much rest for literary men. He says that. "although a good amount of sleep is absolutely necessary for imaginative brain work, long holidays are not so. I have noticed that those who let their brains 'lie fallow,' as it is termed, for any considerable time, are by no means the better for it; but, on the other hand, some daily recreation, by which a genuine interest is excited and maintained, is almost indispensable. * * * What is needed is an altogether new object for the intellectual energies, by which, though they are stimulated, they shall not be strained." There is a great deal of sense in this advice.

A Fortunate Indorser.

[Indianapolis (Ind.) Daily Sentinel.]

It is our observation that not every one who "backs his neighbor's paper" always escapes with his purse untouched. But there are occasions where a man can give his indorsement and convey a benefit all around. Mr. A. W. Wetzel, of Nauvoo, Ill., suffered for years with Dyspepsia, and used all kinds of medicine in vain, until he tried the Hamburg Drops, which quickly cured him. He now warmly indorses this wonderful remedy.

THE Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution* states that a census enumerator found in Troup County, Ga., a boy who is twelve years of age, but is married to a large, fine-looking buxom woman, and they are living peaceably and happy out on a farm. The boy is a very thrifty young man.

THE *Physician and Patient* approves of bicycling, as less wearisome than walking, less violent than horseback riding, more varied than either, and with all the good qualities of both.

A Greater Discovery than Electricity.

[Chicago Tribune.]

I have spent over two thousand dollars, said J. D. L. Harvey, Esq., of Chicago, to cure my wife of Rheumatism. Two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil accomplished what all the medical treatment and other remedies failed to effect. I regard it as a greater discovery than electricity and a boon to the human race.

THE British Museum contains a wig which was found in a good state of preservation in Thebes, and is probably three thousand years old. False hair isn't such a modern invention, after all.

NATURE'S REMEDY. VEGETINE THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

WILL CURE
Scrofula, Scrofulous Humor, Cancer, Cancerous Humor, Erysipelas, Canker, Salt Rheum, Pimples or Humor in the Face, Coughs and Colds, Ulcers, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Pains in the Side, Constipation, Costiveness, Piles, Dizziness, Headache, Nervousness, Pains in the Back, Faintness at the Stomach, Kidney Complaints, Female Weakness and General Debility.

This preparation is scientifically and chemically combined, and so strongly concentrated from roots, herbs and barks, that its good effects are realized immediately after commencing to take it. There is no disease of the human system for which the VEGETINE cannot be used with perfect safety, as it does not contain any metallic compound. For eradicating the system of all impurities of the blood it has no equal. It has never failed to effect a cure, giving tone and strength to the system debilitated by disease. Its wonderful effects upon the complaints named are surprising to all. Many have been cured by the VEGETINE that have tried many other remedies. It can well be called

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Remarkable Cure of Scrofulous Face.

WESTMINSTER, CONN., June 19, 1879.
MR. H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir—I can testify to the good effect of your Medicine. My little boy had a Scrofula sore break out on his head as large as a quarter of a dollar, and it went down his face from one ear to the other, under his neck, and was one solid mass of sores. Two bottles of your valuable VEGETINE completely cured him.
Very respectfully,
MRS. G. R. THATCHER.

VEGETINE
PREPARED BY
H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

"A MEDICINE WITHOUT A RIVAL."

HUNT'S REMEDY
THE GREATEST
KIDNEY AND LIVER MEDICINE
EVER KNOWN.

HUNT'S REMEDY has saved from lingering disease and death hundreds who have been given up by physicians to die.

HUNT'S REMEDY cures all Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs, Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, and Incontinence and Retention of Urine.

HUNT'S REMEDY encourages sleep, creates an appetite, braces up the system, and renewed health is the result.

HUNT'S REMEDY cures Pain in the Side, Back, or Loins, General Debility, Female Diseases, Disturbed Sleep, Loss of Appetite, Bright's Disease, and all Complaints of the Urino-Genital Organs.

HUNT'S REMEDY quickly induces the Liver to healthy action, removing the causes that produce Bilious Headache, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Costiveness, Piles, &c.

By the use of HUNT'S REMEDY the Stomach and Bowels will speedily regain their strength, and the Blood will be perfectly purified.

HUNT'S REMEDY is purely vegetable, and meets a want never before furnished to the public, and the utmost reliance may be placed in it.

HUNT'S REMEDY is prepared expressly for the above diseases, and has never been known to fail.

One trial will convince you. For Sale by all Druggists. Send for Pamphlet to WM. E. CLARKE, Providence, R. I. Prices, 75 cents, and $1.25 (large size).

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Me.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

BEEVES	$7 00	@10 00
HOGS	5 00	@ 5 50
COTTON	11⅛	@ 12
FLOUR—Superfine	3 50	@ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2	1 03	@ 1 08
CORN—Western Mixed	50	@ 51
OATS—Mixed	38	@ 41
RYE—Western	83	@ 86
PORK—Mess	15 00	@16 00
LARD	8¼	@ 8⅜

CHICAGO.

BEEVES—Choice Graded Steers	4 70	@ 5 00
Cows and Heifers	2 40	@ 3 50
Medium to Fair	4 20	@ 4 45
HOGS	4 00	@ 5 45
FLOUR—Fancy White Winter Ex.	5 50	@ 6 00
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	4 25	@ 5 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	87	@ 88
No. 3 Spring	78	@ 79
CORN—No. 2	38	@ 39
OATS—No. 2	24	@ 25
RYE—No. 2	69	@ 70
BARLEY—No. 2	77	@ 78
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	24	@ 25
EGGS—Fresh	11½	@ 12
PORK—Mess	16 50	@16 90
LARD	7¾	@ 8

MILWAUKEE.

WHEAT—No. 1	92	@ 1 00
No. 2	90	@ 91
CORN—No. 2	38	@ 39
OATS—No. 2	24	@ 25
RYE—No. 1	69	@ 70
BARLEY—No. 2	73	@ 74

ST. LOUIS.

WHEAT—No. 2 Red	95	@ 96
CORN—Mixed	35	@ 36
OATS—No. 2	25	@ 26
RYE	74	@ 75
PORK—Mess	15 75	@16 00
LARD	7⅞	@ 8

CINCINNATI.

WHEAT	89	@ 95
CORN	41	@ 42
OATS	30	@ 31
RYE	82	@ 83
PORK—Mess	16 00	@16 50
LARD	7¾	@ 8

TOLEDO.

WHEAT—No. 1 White