FAME.

BY PARMENAS MIX.

"I don't want to discourage you, but lately I've
been filled
With certain strong misgivings, son, that somehow
won't be stilled;
There's something tells me plain as words that you,
with all your wit,
Have erred in marking out your course, and you'll
repent of it.

"The time will come when you will sigh 'had I but
only known
What I do now, the good old farm, with all its hills
and stone,
Would not have driven me away to find, when hope
is dead,
That Fame does not bestow her wreath on any sort
of head.'

"I'm talking plainly, that I know, but, Reuben,
mind you this,
That Fame's a far-off target that a million marks-
men miss,
Then, some fine day a shot is heard that rings
throughout the land,
And Genius pops the bull's-eye, square, with steady
eye and hand.

"You may turn out a genius, Rube; I r'aly hope
you will;
You know Fame's temple crowns the top of an enor-
mous hill,
And tens of thousands bound that way, with resolu-
tion stiff,
Have found their way completely blocked by a stu-
pendous 'If.'

"This 'If' is very hard to climb—it seems to touch
the moon
Montgolfier went over in his primeval balloon—
But all along the way this side you'll hear the dreary
moans
Of the 'riting' Smith and Jenkins, and the 'gifted'
Brown and Jones.

"Now, Reuben, when you reach that 'If' you'll
show good judgment, son,
By striking cross-lots for the farm and homefolks on
a run;
Stay there and toil as I have done, and you may get
to be
A deacon in the church, perhaps, or, may be, a
school trustee.

"'All that be blowed!' Well, go your way, you'll
have my earnest prayers;
We'll always keep in order, son, your cozy bed up
stairs,
For you may yet return, convinced that wreaths of
Fame are rare,
And that your old straw hat best suits the color of
your hair."

—Detroit Free Press.

A FAIRY GODMOTHER.

Madame Dupont, wrapped in a loose robe of some gray material, a faded cashmere shawl partly covering her, lay on the lounge before the bay-window that formed almost the entire front of her tiny cottage. Her large black eyes, their brightness somewhat dimmed by her long sickness, dwelt with dreamy pleasure on the landscape spread before her.

It was a very common landscape, such as can be seen in any country place on any summer day—only a broad field, white with daisies, among which two or three brown cows patiently sought for tender blades of grass, with one tall, stout tree standing midway, solitary and alone, and a background of dense, tangled brushwood. To careless eyes, scarce worth a careless glance; but to hers, so long shut out from sight of earth and sky, a scene most beautiful. The slender, white, wrinkled hands folded upon her breast were yet too weak to hold even one of her beloved books, and the small feet still lacked sufficient strength to sustain the frail body. But—thank Heaven—the cruel pain had gone, and in its stead had come a blissful rest.

All through the fickle months of spring, taking no heed whether they smiled or wept, she had never raised her weary head from the pillow. And the snow-drops and crocuses and scillæ and hyacinths and tulips had grown and budded and bloomed in her little garden, and she, who had hoped to watch them grow from the first green leaf to the perfect blossom, had only seen the few Viola had plucked and brought to her bedside, where, seen through a cloud of suffering, a shadow had fallen upon their beauty.

And now it was the heart of June and the roses, gay in every shade of pink, climbing about the window, looked in, and entreated her to come out. But no; she could not hope to walk again among her flowers until the roses had faded and the lilies had begun to reign. And perhaps even this hope would not have been hers had it not been for the love and care and cheering words of Viola, the eldest daughter of the many daughters at the big farm house. Kate, the strong, rough, Irish servant maid, was kind and faithful in her way; but hers was money service, and, left to it alone, she might have died; but Viola served for love (she had loved the pretty old madame since first they met), and love brings faith and hope and patience, and many other beautiful things.

For weeks the young girl came morn, noon and eve, to stay an hour each time, and her visits were the only gleams of brightness that lighted that dark room. And many the wee loaf of whitest bread, and golden pat of butter and drink of sweet rich milk, and fresh-laid, pink-tinted egg, she brought to tempt the languid appetite; and many the song she sang, soft and low, to woo for the sick woman the angel of sleep. And yet not only were they neither kith nor kin, but she knew naught of Madame Dupont save that she had built the four-roomed cottage the preceding spring, and had lived there since the last July in the humblest way.

There was a large family at the farm house, and much work to be done—hard, unlovely work, the very thought of which often made the young girl, waking in the gray morning from pleasant dreams, clasp her hands and cry out, "Is this to be my life forever?" And had it not been for the glimpse of beauty she caught about her home—the far-off river gleaming in the sunlight or moonlight, the orchard trees white with blossoms in spring, and laden with fruit in summer and autumn, the shady woods where countless shy wild flowers hid from the glare of the world, the songs of the happy birds, and the grand sunset behind the distant hills—she would have been heart-weary indeed. For she loved everything beautiful. And especially did she love music with all the tenderness of a creator, as Madame discovered one day—the day they first saw each other, in fact, when Viola, coming on an errand to the cottage, stopped entranced on the threshold of the door to listen to the plaintive melody in a minor key, feeble but beautifully played on the old-fashioned upright piano.

"You love music?" said madame, turning slowly and confronting her.

"With all my heart," answered the girl, the vivid blush that was ever ready to appear flushing her sweet young face.

"You play?"

"A little—a very little; but I have had no piano for three years—since my own mother died."

"Let me hear you."

"Oh, madame, I dare not try after you."

But the old lady rose and gently led her to the instrument. There were two or three keys entirely dumb, and the rest were not in perfect tune; but the spirit of music so guided the long slender fingers that they reproduced the minor melody madame had played, so daintily enwrapped in bird-like trills and rippling runs that she, in turn, stood entranced.

"After me, indeed!" she said, as the girl struck the last chord. "I had to learn, but you—it is part of you. And you have no piano? Ah, that is sad. Could I give you mine, it should be yours. But it belonged to my dear husband, who died twenty years ago, and I could not bear to part with it. He was a Frenchman and a professor of music. I was an American girl and one of his pupils. When I married him I helped him teach others, and so came to be called 'madame.' We loved each other very much. But I shall be glad, my dear—*very* glad—to have you come here and play as often as you will."

"Could I come as often as I would," said the girl, with a bright smile, "I'm afraid I should soon tire you. But I will come as often as I can. And oh, madame"—suddenly kissing the soft, wrinkled cheek—"I cannot tell you how much I thank you!"

But the "often" proved very seldom, for some of the summer boarders staid until the end of October; and the butter had to be churned, and the fruit canned, and the younger sisters to be prepared each day for school, and the twin boys—nothing to speak of in point of years, but perfect Methuselahs in mischief—to be looked after from morning until night, and winter wardrobes to be made, and a thousand and one other things to be done.

And then madame fell sick, and all the time Viola could spare she spent at her bedside. "Time that had much better be spent at home," scolded her step mother; "for there's a servant there, and one servant's enough to take care of two such houses as that, and their mistresses, too, sick or well. I have no servant."

"You have me," Viola might have replied, "and no servant ever worked harder or for less wages;" but she set her lips firmly together and said nothing. But she rose earlier than ever thereafter, that she might not leave undone the slightest of her tasks, and thus merit no reproach for the few hours each day she gave her dear old friend. And now madame was getting well, and, with the help of her strong servant-maid, could go from room to room; but she was best satisfied as yet to lie in the wee parlor on the lounge before the big window.

And here Viola made her appearance the day the roses were beckoning, with a merry greeting and a dish of luscious red strawberries smothered in cream; but in spite of the merry greeting there was a hint of a shadow on her bonny face that did not escape madame's keen black eyes.

"Tell me about it, my dear," she said, in her sweet, trembling voice.

Viola knelt beside her. "You must be a fairy, madame," she said; "for none but a fairy could have guessed that I was a little sorry to-day. And for such a trifling cause I'm ashamed to speak of it." But, the old lady insisting with gentle persistence, she began: "It is a ball I would like to go to, but cannot. I have never been to a ball, and this one—you remember the young lady who boarded at our house last summer, with her father and sister—"

"And brother," suggested madame.

"And brother," repeated Viola, never lowering her frank blue eyes, but blushing from the tip of her round chin to the curls shading her low fair brow. "Well, she and I were good friends then, but I never dreamed she would remember me after she went away, for he—she, I mean—is rich, and I am poor, and our ways in life lie very, very far apart. But she has not forgotten me. See, madame, here is an invitation to a ball to be given on her 19th birthday at her aunt's house, only a few miles away. And—and her brother signs it too. He writes a handsome hand, does he not, madame?"

"A strong, handsome hand, my dear, and he is a handsome, manly fellow. I do not forget the messages he used to bring me from you and deliver with such courtly grace. You must go to the ball."

"Oh, madame, it is impossible. I could not go if it was the simplest of parties, and it is to be a fancy dress. I have nothing to wear. You know the crops failed last year on account of the drought? But what folly for me to let so slight a thing distress me for a moment, when all at home have strength and you are fast getting well."

"For which we should be—and no doubt we are—devoutly thankful," said the old lady, "and all the more reason why you should go to the ball. You said just now I must be a fairy. I'll prove my right to the title by being a fairy god-mother. You did not know that my name was Violet. Take the key that you will find under the clock on the mantel, and open the ottoman standing yonder."

"Open the ottoman, madame?"

"Yes; it is simply a chest in disguise, and in it lies your ball dress."

The lid of the disguised chest was raised, a long box lifted out and opened. An exclamation of delight burst from Viola's lips. There lay a satin dress of creamy whiteness. It unfolded into a miracle of old-fashioned loveliness. Purple violets were scattered here and there upon the scant skirt, as though dropped from some careless hand, and the puffed sleeves and short waist were made of a wealth of amber-hued lace. And then came a large, quaint fan of sandal-wood and peacock feathers, a necklace of pearls, a high tortoise-shell comb and a pair of satin shoes with low, flat heels and queer pointed toes.

"But you never mean that I should wear these, madame?" said Viola.

"That I do, most surely," said madame gayly. "I wore them, child, many years ago. And now another Violet needs them. There is fate in it. And I will put a spell upon them; and—who knows?—they may help you win a true lover, as they did me."

"But the shoes, madame—they are too small I'm sure."

"Try them, my dear."

Viola slipped one on. "It binds across the instep," said she

"Just take the scissors and cut it, then."

"Oh, madame, I know it would spoil it."

"Do as I bid you. Fairy godmother must be obeyed. Now take the rosettes still remaining in the box, and fasten one over each shoe to hide the damage done."

And, with the beautiful rosettes of satin and lace, with a "V" encircled in seed-pearl in the center of each, hiding the gaps the scissors had made, the toilet was complete.

And so Viola went to the ball, not in a fine carriage drawn by prancing steeds, but in her father's covered wagon, behind the old farm horse. But when she appeared in the brilliantly-lighted room it was rather late, for the old horse traveled slowly—the creamy-white satin dress clinging to her slight, graceful figure, her pearls clustering around her smooth throat, her golden hair wound about the tortoise-shell comb, her dimpled arms and shoulders just showing through the ancient lace, her innocent blue eyes looking shyly over the quaint fan, and her feet clad in the pointed shoes, half hidden by the gay rosettes—the gay crowd felt, some of them (the fair maidens these), with bitter envy, that an unknown Princess of beauty was among them.

And the Prince of the reigning house quickly followed his sister to welcome her, leaving a Night with diamond stars to sparkle for some more faithful worshiper. And again and again he and the unknown Princess danced together until nearly daybreak, when, a servant summoning her hastily—for the farmer father was tired of waiting—she flew to the dressing-room, and, one of the rosettes bursting from its fastening on the way, away went the shoe it had helped to hold in its place, down, down through the well of the winding stair-case, to regions far below.

And Viola, having the enchantment of the night still strong upon her, never missed it, but, hastily drawing on her stout boots, ran to the old wagon, jumped in and drove away in the dim first light of morning from the Prince and fairy land. But when she awoke from the deep sleep into which she sank as soon as she reached her home—the sun was then on its westward way—she discovered her loss, and, while she was bewailing it, the Prince rang at the door.

"I have found a slipper, or shoe, or something of the kind," he said, taking it from the breast pocket of his fur-trimmed coat; "and as it will not fit either of my sisters, or my cousins, or any of my lady friends who with them bide, I thought it might fit you."

"It does not really," said truthful Viola, with her lovely blush. "I could not have worn it had it not been cut open at the instep—I have not an aristocratic foot—and that is how, the stitches that held the friendly rosette giving way, I came to lose it."

"That I—thank fortune!—might find it. And now, Viola dearest—"

But what need of saying more? You can all end the story yourselves, I am sure, even to guessing that madame lived to be 100 years old, and that never was fairy godmother so loved and petted as she.—*Harpers Weekly.*

MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.

LIEUT. C. B. SATTERLEE, who was specially detailed to go through the overflowed districts in the vicinity of Arkansas City, has examined the Arkansas and White rivers and points south of the Arkansas. He reports that nineteen-twentieths of the country is under water, and a considerable portion of the colored population is in destitute circumstances. Lieut. Satterlee estimates that fully 3,500 people have no means of subsistence. The State authorities are doing nothing to alleviate the suffering, trusting to the sufficiency of the Government bounty. There will be little or no stock left in the flooded district. A gentleman who made the trip from Vicksburg to Yazoo City reports the condition of the inland districts as bad or worse than reported. Sunflower, Leflore, Bolivar, Coahoma, Tallahatchie and Tunica counties are entirely under water. Issaquena, Yazoo, Holmes and Washington counties are about one-half and Warren county about one-quarter so. The total population of these, by the last census, was 162,442, and of these at least 100,000 are colored laborers made absolutely destitute by the flood, and who must be supported by outside contributions until the river falls and work is resumed. The region south of Memphis is swarming with buffalo-gnats, which are killing what little stock was saved from drowning. One result of the overflow has been to prove to the satisfaction of the natives that the levee system is a failure. Millions of money may be spent in repairing the damage already done, but, in the opinion of the knowing ones, it will be thrown away. Reports received at the War Department in Washington estimate that there are 80,000 destitute sufferers in the flooded regions between Cairo, Ill., and the Gulf of Mexico. It is believed that an appropriation of $1,000,000 by Congress will be required before these people can again become self-supporting.

In the Louisiana Sugar Region—A Discouraging Picture of Ruin and Desolation.

[Baton Rouge Telegram to Chicago Times.]

Your correspondent has been drifting down the great river for more than a week, and reached Baton Rouge to-night. There is a sameness about the spectacle, but it does not grow tiresome. Something is constantly arising to relieve the monotony of overmuch desolation. Villages, settlements, plantations and corrals of cabins are to be seen every few miles along the banks, half under water. Buildings on ground forty feet above the river at low water can scarcely be seen now, the flood having enveloped them. Great steamers drawing ten feet of water plow across bars and banks the tops of which could be seen from the pilot-houses in summer time. The inhabitants of the submerged settlements cling to their homes with tenacity and desperation, determined not to go as long as there is a plank left to float on. At every landing refugees from the interior are taken on board. Their recitals are distressing in the extreme. Many say they are ruined, and that they will never return. Others, curse their luck, but say they will try it again. At Natchez the river is only twenty-five miles wide, narrower than at any point south of Columbus, Ky. The effects of the big breaks about Millliken's bend are felt for seventy-five miles down the river, and near Vidalia, opposite Natchez, other crevasses let the water through on the land further down. For twenty miles north and south of the mouth of Red river the spectacle is even more appalling than at the mouths of the Arkansas and St. Francis rivers.

Here the damage is very great, not only to stock and machinery, but the growing crops as well. It takes three years to make a sugar crop, and an overflow means its entire ruin. That is what has come upon the district described. The water is by no means confined to the limits pointed out, but that is as far as the writer has been able to reach by personal observation and inquiry. The lower delta of the Mississippi, from Baton Rouge south, is all bottom or flat land. The river at Baton Rouge has an elevation of less than fifty feet above the sea-level, and water emptied in upon the land below that point would scarcely know whether to run up hill or down, unless pushed by a power behind. The force of the volume coming up behind is all that keeps the drift moving toward the gulf, and the motion is oftentimes scarcely perceptible. The sluggishness of the lower waters is the reason why the drainage of the upper river is not more rapid, and explains why the river is so much slower falling than it is rising. The basin is full, and the incline is so very slight that the water merely dribbles out over the top, where the crops are in the ground in Arkansas, Mississippi and Upper Louisiana. The lower parishes will still be inundated.

FEARS FOR THE FUTURE—WHAT WILL FOLLOW THE FLOOD.

Daily contemplation has robbed the flood of many of the horrors that appalled the residents in the early stages of the deluge, and the people are already laying plans for the future and determining what they will do when the waters subside. What will be the result of it all? is the question the *Times* correspondent has been asking everybody with whom he has been in contact whose views were worth having. Will the planters lie down, or will they raise a cotton crop this year in spite of the calamity that has visited them? In many instances the reply is that the country is ruined, and that nothing remains to do but move out and abandon the fight. The cooler-headed and more thoughtful men talk differently, and are not so cast down. They look the catastrophe squarely in the face and canvass the situation logically. As long ago as last July, the banks of New Orleans, St. Louis and New York cut down their lines of discount with the Mississippi valley and other cotton-raising districts about one third. Borrowers in the overflowed stations may look for a still further drawing of not less than 20 per cent., making a curtailment of at least 50 per cent. on their borrowing leverage in nine months. Beside this, many are disposed to anticipate an entire failure of this year's crop. Thousands and tens of thousands of head of stock have been entirely destroyed, and fences and buildings and farm machinery washed away or ruined by the wholesale. That is the bleak and discouraging side of the picture. There is another and brighter side. Unless there should be a continuation of the extraordinary and protracted rainfall that occasioned the flood the water at and below Cairo will pass away by the 1st of May, leaving the land in splendid condition for planting. It is an established fact that cotton on overflowed land will require a full month less time to mature than that planted on dry land. The sediment left by the receding water imparts a marvelous germinating force to the soil, and vegetation advances with astonishing rapidity. The water leaves the land in splendid condition for cultivation, and but 50 per cent. of the labor usually required to plant a crop will be needed this spring for the work. There is the best authority for the statement that cotton and corn planted on overflowed land about the middle of May will yield a fine crop, unless something unusual should arise to prevent its natural development. It will be seen that the situation, while full of discouraging features, is by no means desperate. The river country has amazing recuperative power, and a good crop will go far toward repairing the damage resulting from the flood and restoring the credit of the landowners and producing classes.

The Stupid Joke.

A napkin ring—Ring what?—*Exchange.*

The above is the style of a joke that is making our beloved land the corral for a vast herd of idiots, who ought to be poisoned and thrown into the moaning sea.

The class of facetious individuals who do not know enough to die of remorse is gradually increasing. The country is cursed at present with a vast epidemic of this kind of mirth that makes perdition yawn.

Most any kind of a criminal can be brained with a piano leg and thrown into the yielding bosom of a cranberry marsh, but how are you going to brain a man with a head like a peanut, and who don't know a wedgewood joke from a moss-covered sarcophagus?

How are you going to brain a lardy-da man who ever knew what a brain was? How can you knock a poor worm of the dust senseless when he hasn't been any other way since he was born?

About the only way we see is to drain Lake Superior and then collect these gibbering idiots in the deepest place, spread about four acres of boiler iron over them, and then left the water back into the lake.—*Nye's Boomerang.*

HE who turns against one who has done him personal favors and oft befriended him is worse than the one turned against, no matter how bad the latter may be.

NO PATENT required to catch the rheumatism. A cold and inattention to it, and you have it—the rheumatism. We cure cures with St. Jacobs Oil.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

An Ex-Consul's Story.

To the Editor of the Brooklyn Eagle:

A late United States Consul at one of the English inland ports, who is now a private resident of New York, relates the following interesting story. He objects, for private reasons, to having his name published, *but authorizes the writer to substantiate his statement*, and, if necessary, to refer to him, in his private capacity, any person seeking such reference. Deferring to his wishes, I hereby present his statement in almost the exact language in which he gave it to me. C. M. FARMER,

1690 Third avenue, New York.

"On my last voyage home from England, some three years ago, in one of the Cunard steamers, I noticed one morning, after a few days out of port, a young man hobbling about on the upper deck, supported by crutches and seeming to move with extreme difficulty and no little pain. He was well dressed and of exceedingly-handsome countenance, but his limbs were somewhat emaciated and his face very sallow and bore the traces of long suffering. As he seemed to have no attendant or companion, he at once attracted my sympathies, and I went up to him as he leaned against the taffrail looking out on the foaming track which the steamer was making.

"'Excuse me, my young friend,' I said, touching him gently on the shoulder, 'you appear to be an invalid and hardly able or strong enough to trust yourself unattended on an ocean voyage; but if you require any assistance I am a robust and healthy man and shall be glad to help you.'

"'You are very kind,' he replied, in a weak voice, 'but I require no present aid beyond my crutches, which enable me to pass from my stateroom up here to get the benefit of the sunshine and the sea breeze.'

"'You have been a great sufferer, no doubt,' I said, 'and I judge that you have been afflicted with that most troublesome disease—rheumatism, whose prevalence and intensity seem to be on an alarming increase both in England and America.'

"'You are right,' he answered; 'I have been its victim for more than a year, and, after failing to find relief from medical skill, have lately tried the Springs of Carlsbad and Vichy. But they have done me no good, and I am now on my return home to Missouri to die, I suppose. I shall be content if life is spared to me to reach my mother's presence. She is a widow and I am her only child.'

"There was a pathos in this speech which affected me profoundly and awakened in me a deeper sympathy than I had felt before. I had no words to answer him, and stood silently beside him watching the snowy wake of the ship. While thus standing my thoughts reverted to a child—a 10-year-old boy—of a neighbor of mine residing near my consulate residence, who had been cured of a stubborn case of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and I remembered that the steward of the ship had told me the day before that he had cured himself of a very severe attack of the gout in New York just before his last voyage by the use of the same remedy. I at once left my young friend and went below to find the steward. I not only found him off duty, but discovered that he had a bottle of the Oil in his locker, which he had carried across the ocean in case of another attack. He readily parted with it on my representation, and, hurrying up again, I soon persuaded the young man to allow me to take him to his berth and apply the remedy. After doing so I covered him up snugly in bed and requested him not to get up until I should see him again. That evening I returned to his stateroom and found him sleeping peacefully and breathing gently. I roused him and inquired how he felt. 'Like a new man,' he answered, with a grateful smile. 'I feel no pain and am able to stretch my limbs without difficulty. I think I'll get up.' 'No, don't get up to-night,' I said, 'but let me rub you again with the Oil, and in the morning you will be able to go above.' 'All right,' he said, laughing. 'I then applied the Oil again, rubbing his knees, ankles and arms thoroughly, until he said he felt as if he had a mustard poultice all over his body. I then left him. The next morning when I went upon deck for a breezy promenade, according to my custom, I found my patient waiting for me with a smiling face, *and without his crutches*, although he limped in his movements, but without pain. I don't think I ever felt so happy in my life. To make a long story short, I attended him closely during the rest of the voyage—some four days—applying the Oil every night, and guarding him against too much exposure to the fresh and damp breezes, and, on landing at New York, he was able, without assistance, to mount the hotel omnibus, and go to the Astor House. I called on him two days later, and found him actually engaged in packing his trunk, preparatory to starting West for his home that evening. With a bright and grateful smile he welcomed me, and, pointing to a little box carefully done up in thick brown paper, which stood upon the table, he said: 'My good friend, can you guess what that is?' 'A present for your sweetheart,' I answered. 'No,' he laughed—'that is a dozen bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, which I have just purchased from Hudnut, the druggist, across the way, and I am taking them home to show my good mother what has saved her son's life and restored him to her in health. And with it I would like to carry you along also, to show her the face of him, without whom, I should probably never have tried it. If you should ever visit the little village of Sedalia, in Missouri, Charlie Townsend and his mother will welcome you to their little home, with hearts full of gratitude, and they will show you a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil enshrined in a silver and gold casket, which we shall keep as a parlor ornament as well as a memento of our meeting on the Cunard steamer.'

"We parted, after an hour's pleasant chat, with mutual good will and esteem, and a few weeks afterward I received a letter from him telling me he was in perfect health and containing many graceful expressions of his affectionate regards."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Case of Cadet Whittaker.

WASHINGTON, March 22.

At a Cabinet meeting yesterday the case of Cadet Whittaker was disposed of by disapproving the sentence of dismissal from the service imposed by the court, on the ground that technical evidence taken at the trial was improperly introduced. The record of the court-martial case of Cadet Whittaker will be made public to-morrow through special orders of the Secretary of War. These orders will set aside the verdict and sentence of the court-martial, on account of certain irregularities and informalities in taking evidence, and will release Whittaker from arrest. At the same time they will dismiss him from the Military Academy under the provision of section 1,325 of the Revised Statutes relating to the discharge of cadets if found deficient in studies. The action of the President in the case is based upon an opinion by Attorney General Brewster, to whom the Secretary of War referred the report of the Judge Advocate General that improper evidence had been admitted in the Whittaker trial.

MR. SAMUEL DEDRON, of Loveland, Ohio, writes: "I think I have cause to be glad. Afflicted for years with painful kidney troubles and chronic dyspepsia, I was induced to give Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla a trial. The very first dose seemed to reach the right spot. I don't know what a back-ache or sour stomach now is."

THE novelist who wrote, "She took his hand; it was cold and clammy like that of a serpent," subsequently said: "He is the right arm of the minister, and that important personage has no eyes of his own, but looks only through his right arm."

The Tide of Immigration.

NEW YORK, March 22.

The immigration of Italians is greater than ever before known. Within two days 1,670 have landed here, and large numbers are on their way. Of other nationalities now arriving the German takes the lead. Since Jan. 1 nearly all of this class have been farmers with means. There is every prospect that, unprecedentedly large as the grand total of immigration was last year, it will be eclipsed by the figures of 1882. The records of the past two and a half months show this to be a fact. Since January last year the arrivals were 8,082; this year, 11,042; February, 1881, 9,753; this year, 16,752; twenty days of March, 1881, 11,996; this year, 15,682; total three months last year, 29,831; total thus far this year, 43,676; increase, 13,795. The total for the month of March last was 27,708. It is expected this year it will be 40,000 at least. This will make an increase of nearly 50 per cent. for the first quarter, and, if it continues in the same proportion during the remainder of the year, the population of the United States will have been swelled nearly 650,000 by people from the Old World.

A DOCTOR at Richmond says that if people will take a bath in hot whisky and rock salt twice a year they will never catch a Cold. Until somebody has tried this new remedy—stick to the old reliable Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

SOMEBODY'S CHILD.

Somebody's child is dying—dying with the flush of hope on his young face, and somebody's mother thinking of the time when that dear face will be hidden where no ray of hope can brighten it—because there was no cure for consumption. Reader, if the child be your neighbor's, take this comforting word to the mother's heart before it is too late. Tell her that consumption is curable; that men are living to-day whom the physicians pronounced incurable, because one lung had been almost destroyed by the disease. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured hundreds; surpasses cod liver oil, hypophosphites and other medicines in curing this disease. Sold by druggists.

Down in Florida.

The St. John's River is a queer river, says a Florida correspondent. It is about 150 miles long, from four to ten miles wide, and averages about a foot deep. In the center, of course, the channel gets to be quite deep. Sometimes it has a depth of forty feet. Its current runs about a mile a day. I presume it would take about 150 days for a cork to float from the source of the St. John's to its mouth. It is salt for fifty miles from its mouth, and brackish for 100 miles. It is full of shad, catfish, frogs, toads, eels, alligators, and cawl-fishes. I don't know of any fish or reptile that don't live in the St. John's River.

"Call this a river?" I said to an old alligator killer who was fishing for catfish off the pier at Palatka. "Why, it's a great bay. It's no more a river than Lake Erie is. Lake Erie runs faster than the St. John's River."

"Thar you's wrong agen, stranger. She's neither a river nor a bay; she's a cow pasture. Don't you see the cows standing all over the river?"

That man was right. All the cows in Florida seemed to congregate in the St. John's. There they stood in the water all day long, slashing the mosquitoes with their tails, while their heads are under water eating grass. It is a strange thing, indeed, to see droves of cattle feeding along a river with their heads under the water. They look like a lot of cattle without heads. They will put even their horns and ears under when the grass lays deep, and keep them under sometimes two minutes. They get to be as amphibious as the crocodile. A submarine cow pasture is an institution enjoyed by the State of Florida.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY,

When Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., announced that his "Favorite Prescription" would positively cure the many diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, some doubted and continued to employ the harsh and caustic local treatment. But the mighty truth gradually became acknowledged. Thousands of ladies employed the "Favorite Prescription" and were speedily cured. By druggists.

Drinking in "Good Society."

A column in a Philadelphia paper headed "In Good Society," divulges the following: "The practice of drinking is more common among women than it was a year ago. The number of young unmarried ladies who drink wine with gentlemen is increasing, and, strange as it may appear, the effectual protection against over indulgence by young unmarried ladies upon which society depends, is the honor of the gentleman. Young ladies seldom are able to judge how much wine they ought to drink, and some wines have more intoxicating effect than others. A gentleman who would persuade or deceive a lady into drinking more wine than was good for her would be almost sure to forfeit her esteem ever afterward, and in any event would incur the strongest displeasure of her relatives if they found it out. This is one of the reasons why, sometimes in taking a young lady home, the gentleman has the driver to go a mile or so out of the way in order to get a little fresh air. Where there is dancing it is considered indiscreet to drink early in the evening, since if the lady falls by accident or has many collisions she is sure to be accused of 'taking too much,' as they say. For that reason drinking is usually deferred until after the dancing."

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Among scientific men who have made longevity a study it is almost unanimously agreed that a fruit and vegetable diet is conducive to long life and perfect health. And it is among the vegetable kingdom that we find our principal means of restoring health to the invalid, and strength to the weak. In olden times, when centenarians were common, and men of 60 years of age were considered youthful, herb doctors were the only physicians. Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, with the exception of one ingredient, and that is iron, is strictly a vegetable compound, and is not injurious to the most delicate invalid. Its effect on the general system is most wonderful. It gives real strength to every part of the body, and its soothing effect in quieting the brain and nervous system is most remarkable. Its principal ingredients are Yellow Dock, Sarsaparilla, Juniper, Iron, Buchu, Celery and Calisaya Bark. Where the disease is of an exhaustive nature, it quickly checks all decay. In cases of dyspepsia it does not act as a severe cathartic, but gives real strength to the digestive organs, and thus permanently cures this distressful disease.

Girls Afishing.

"Oh, I see one!"
"Where?"
"O, my, so he is!"
"Let's catch him!"
"Who's got the bait?"
"You lazy thing, your sitting on my pole!"
"Oh, something's got my hook!"
"Pull up, you little idiot!"
"Oh, murder! take it away. Ugh! take it away, the nasty thing!"
"How will it ever get off?"
"Ain't it pretty?"
"Wonder if it ain't dry?"
"Poor little thing! let's put it back again!"
"How will it get the hook from it's mouth?"

Deathful Diabetes.

YOUNGSTOWN, Ohio, Aug. 6, 1881.

H. H. WARNER & Co.: *Sirs*—Your Safe Diabetes Cure not only removed the prominent symptoms of diabetes with which I had long suffered, but restored me to full and perfect health. COL. JOSIAH ROBBINS.

A PRINTER at Dubuque has been convicted of violating the Sunday law by fishing on that day. It seems as though there is an epidemic of crime going through this country that would eventually knock it to pieces. The man at Dubuque will evidently claim that he was inspired. There is too much of this going on. Wonder if he caught any fish.—*Peck's Sun.*

THE best advice to Catarrh sufferers—write Dr. C. R. Sykes, 169 Madison street, Chicago, for full information of a Sure Cure—Free.

IF we were provided with a sense of smell as acute as many animals possess, it would probably be a great aid in diagnosis, for there are some diseases that are accompanied by a definite odor, and possibly all are, to some extent.

ASK your druggist for "Dr. Sykes' Sure Cure for Catarrh." Don't take any other.

A FRENCH manufacture claims the discovery of making use of leaves of the eucalyptus tree as a substitute for tobacco leaves in cigars. The encalyptus leaves emit a delicious odor in burning.

IF the bowels are sluggish and the liver torpid use Kidney-Wort.

ONE-THIRD of France is owned in large estates, one-third in estates of moderate size, and only one-third by the peasants.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

IN the cure of severe coughs, weak lungs, spitting of blood, and the early stages of *Consumption*, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has astonished the medical faculty. While it cures the severest coughs, it strengthens the system and *purifies the blood.* By druggists.

A DRUNKEN man lay half a day in a gutter unarrested in Springfield, Mass., because his big dog stood guard over him, growling and biting at everybody who came near.

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send their Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to any person afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vigor and manhood. Address as above without delay.

N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

Quick Consumption.

ELM HALL, Mich., Dec. 2, 1881.

Piso's Cure has been a great friend to me. I have used it in my family for eight years. When I first heard of it I was in the last stage of quick consumption and was ready to die. After taking one bottle I was able to work, and am now entirely well.

JEREMIAH HARRINGTON.

"Buchupaiba."

Quick, complete cure of urinary affections, smarting, frequent or difficult urination, kidney diseases. $1 at druggists. Prepaid by express, $1.25, 6 for $5. E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J.

For Brick and Tile Machinery

Address JAMES F. CLARK, Morenci, Mich.

JONES & BLAIR, ATT'YS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, ROOMS 6 and 7, Mills Block, Fourth St., DES MOINES, Iowa, Aug. 5, 1880.

To the Holman Pad Co.

For the past *six years* I have suffered from *malarial troubles and inactivity of the liver*, causing indigestion and headache most of the time, and at times continuing for *fifteen* or *twenty days without relief.* I have taken all the medicines known. I was *recommended to use your Pads.* I did so and found *absolute relief*, and am frank to say I *regard it as a positive cure.* I now wear one all the time and would not do without it. I write this because I feel this is due you, *there being no longer any question in my mind as to their merit.*

Yours truly, W. M. JONES.

EVERY HOME should contain Ellert's Extract of Tar and Wild Cherry. This celebrated remedy will surely cure Colds, Coughs, Croup, Catarrh, Consumption and all Bronchial complaints. Common Colds neglected, are the cause of one-half the deaths. Don't wait for sickness to come, but this day take home a bottle of Ellert's Extract of Tar and Wild Cherry, for it may save the life of a loved one, when delay would be death. Sold by all Druggists.

FOR dyspepsia, indigestion, depression of spirits and general debility, in their various forms: also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

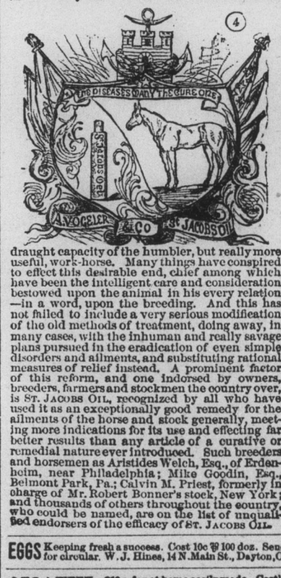
UNCLE SAM'S CONDITION POWDER prevents disease, purifies the blood, improves the appetite, gives a smooth and glossy coat of hair and keeps the animal in good condition. It cures Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Fevers and most of the diseases to which Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs and Poultry are subject, and should be used by every one owning or having the care of stock. Sold by all Druggists.

QUEROUS that the Chinese men should have such long hair. Ladies, if you would have your hair as long as the Chinese and as beautiful as a hour's, use Cartholine, the deodorized petroleum hair renewer and dresser.

THERE is no need of being imposed on if you will insist on having the Frazer Brand of Axle Grease. One greasing will last two weeks.

Time Testers and Burden Bearers.

From time immemorial the horse has been man's best friend. But a few years back we can all remember the comparatively little attention paid to this most indispensable of animals. We say comparatively little attention, for the horse was as well groomed, and certainly as well fed, as now; and at those great gatherings—agricultural shows—you would see the pride of the county and State stables and farms assembled. But there was a conspicuous want of noble draught horses, and as for speeders—well, 2:40 was the great ultimate limit that owners in those days desired to strive for. But now a 2:40 animal is esteemed a fair roadster, and fine animals only deserve the name when they can shade the first quarter of the third minute. There have been immense strides forward in the right development of horseflesh in the civilized countries of the world, as shown by the time-records of the racers and



draught capacity of the humbler, but really more useful, work-horse. Many things have conspired to effect this desirable end, chief among which have been the intelligent care and consideration bestowed upon the animal in his every relation—in a word, upon the breeding. And this has not failed to include a very serious modification of the old methods of treatment, doing away, in many cases, with the inhuman and really savage plans pursued in the eradication of even simple disorders and ailments, and substituting rational measures of relief instead. A prominent factor of this reform, and one indorsed by owners, breeders, farmers and stockmen the country over, is St. Jacobs Oil, recognized by all who have used it as an exceptionally good remedy for the ailments of the horse and stock generally, meeting more indications for its use and effecting far better results than any article of a curative or remedial nature ever introduced. Such breeders and horsemen as Aristides Welch, Esq., of Erdenheim, near Philadelphia; Mike Goodin, Esq., Belmont Park, Pa.; Calvin M. Priest, formerly in charge of Mr. Robert Bonner's stock, New York; and thousands of others throughout the country, who could be named, are on the list of unqualified endorsers of the efficacy of ST. JACOBS OIL.

EGGS Keeping fresh a success. Cost 10c ₱ 100 doz. Send for circular. W. J. Hines, 14 N. Main St., Dayton, O

$72 A WEEK. $13 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me.

A BOOK on the proper treatment of the Throat and Lungs, by R. Hunter, M.D., 103 State St., Chicago, *free*