CRŒSUS.

My small Charlie said to me
That he had lots of riches
"How much, old man?" said I. Said he,
"Two farthings in my breeches,

"A silver fourpence in my purse,
And one French bit of money."
Then added (speaking of his nurse),
"'Twas given me by Nunny.

"A lucky sixpence, father, too;"
He paused, as though to measure
With those grave eyes what I should do
On hearing of such treasure.

With those grave eyes he looked at me,
Ere he resumed his parley;
It was as plain as A, B, C
(Or plainer, perhaps, to Charlie)

That weighty matters were our cue,
We meant to sift and try 'em;
"And father," Charlie said, "are you
As rich a man as I am?"

And I replied—the while I drew
My arm around his shoulder—
"Charlie, I'm not so rich as you,
Because I'm ages older."

—Our Continent.

MRS. WILKIN'S DUTY.

She "always tried to do it," she said, but, like the kitchen work of poor housekeepers, it was never done up. Tim insisted that there was more than belonged to one family; "Aunt 'Liz'beth took in a good deal for other folks;" and once he shyly chalked a sign upon the front door, "Duty Done Here." But then Tim had arrived at a peculiar age when a boy had no rights and is needed to run on errands, and it is probable that duty—his aunt's, not his own—interfered with his comfort even more than that of older people.

In truth, Mrs. Wilkin's duty was not a convenient article to have about the house. It was a bristling, aggressive affair, always springing up unexpectedly, like one of the dogs so unaccountably petted in some households for their sole virtue of being always in the way. Moving forward, one runs against the creature and it growls; moving backward, one steps upon its tail and it snarls. It lies on the back piazza to be carefully stepped over in the day-time and disastrously stumbled over in the night; and haunts the front steps to bark at every visitor coming in, and howl at every member of the family going out.

Mrs. Wilkin kept no dog, but her duty sniffed an opportunity, and pounced out of its hiding-place, when there came a timid little knock at the dining-room door in the early morning; and its answering revealed a small, quiet-faced, brown-robed figure—face and dress both past the freshness of their youth—carrying a basket.

"Good morning, Mrs. Wilkin."

"Come in?" questioned Mrs. Wilkin, with only half an invitation in her voice.

The acceptance was a half one, likewise. The little brown woman stepped in, certainly, and poised herself on the outer edge of a chair near the door.

"I called to see if you didn't want to buy some knitted articles, or to engage some work of that sort," in a gentle, depreciating voice.

"Well, I don't," interposed Mrs. Wilkin very positively. "I do all that kind of work myself."

"I didn't know. Many ladies haven't time, and I'm glad to do it."

"I suppose so, but I consider it my duty to do all I can myself and set other folks the example, whether they follow it or not," said Mrs. Wilkin, with a slight gesture like emptying her hands of responsibility. "If I was agoin' to give out work at all, it would be some hard jobs that it would be a help to be rid of, not the pick and choice little easy things that I could rest and not work; but then I ain't so particular as some, and so I do all kinds myself."

A faint flush crossed the visitor's thin face. She was not quite sure that she had been called indolent, and advised to go to work and earn an honest living; the words only had an uncomfortable sound; so her lips kept their timid, gentle smile, though they trembled a little. She held first one hand in its thin cotton glove, and then the other, to the fire; moved uneasily, glanced down at her feet with a dim thought that if they had always chosen the smoothest path it had yet been rough enough to wear out her shoes much faster than she could replace them; and then she rose to go.

"Wasn't you rather hard on her, 'Liz'beth?" asked Mr. Wilkin, with a regretful glance toward the door as it closed.

Mrs. Wilkin returned to her seat at the breakfast table, and surveyed him over the shining tin coffee-pot.

"Hard on her? I only told her what I do, and, if that pricks her conscience and makes her uncomfortable, it's not my fault. But you needn't worry; she just said, 'Good-mornin',' as sweet as ever. She's one of the weak kind that can't be stirred up, and haven't spunk enough to say their souls are their own. I wonder what such folks are good for; they'll never make the world any better, that's sure. They haven't courage enough to put down any evil if it was right under their noses; they'd only stand and smile. The very sight of one of 'em provokes me! I consider it my duty to speak out when I see things goin' wrong."

"But then everybody ain't alike, 'Liz'beth," interposed Mr. Wilkin.

"Needn't tell me that, it's plain enough," snapped Mrs. Wilkin. "Just look at this neighborhood—peaceable, orderly place two years ago; and now there's a mill started and all sorts of vagabonds brought here to work in it. If I'd had my way they wouldn't have come; an', now they're here, somebody ought to keep a sharp watch on 'em. But that's the trouble; there's so many mild, easy folks that want to sit still an' do the knittin' work of life that there's precious few left to take any care of the good of society."

"I don't see as the mill folks have done any mischief yet, 'Liz'beth."

"Of course you don't see, and nobody else sees; but I know there's something goin' on, when the lower part of the mill—that old empty storeroom back where it can't be seen from the street—is lighted up two or three nights every week," said Mrs. Wilkin, triumphantly. "I've watched the twinkle through the shutters, tight as they're shut, and seen folks slippin' in through the door, too. It's time it was looked after, and I'll do my duty, if nobody else does. There may be a gang of thieves or counterfeiters starting for all we know."

A suppressed giggle made Tim suddenly cough and put down his coffee cup.

"Timothy," exclaimed his aunt, severely, "if you can't drink coffee without doing it so fast that you choke yourself you'll have to go without it. I'll do my best to bring you up right, whatever comes of it."

Bringing Tim up in the way he should go was one of Mrs. Wilkin's strong points. He was the son of her niece, and Belinda had married in opposition to her aunt's advice. Mrs. Wilkin had protested, and then washed her hands of the whole matter. But when the poor man was so inconsiderate as to die and leave Belinda with half a dozen children just when she needed his help Mrs. Wilkin's opinion of his general "slackness" was verified. The family was poor of course. She didn't believe in sending in many things—self-dependence was a blessing—but she offered to take Tim.

"Having the boy to raise makes me more careful of the morals of the whole place," she said, returning to her original subject; "and, as to there being no thieves 'round here, I've thought for some time that the hens went pretty fast from the hen-house."

"Don't—now, 'Liz'beth, I—I'm sure no one's stole any," said Mr. Wilkin, with a startled, uneasy look. "You—you couldn't have counted the roosters, and everything,"

"No, I don't count, but I can miss 'em for all that," affirmed Mrs. Wilkin, decidedly. "I know there's more than we use, or that die."

"Anyhow, it's no difference. I wouldn't, 'Liz'beth—there's plenty, you see; more than we want," advised Mr. Wilkin, urgently, but rather incoherently. Then he caught up his hat and darted for the barn.

Mrs. Wilkin looked after him with pitying disapproval.

"When you have more than you want yourself, leave it handy for somebody to steal! Well, that's a new commandment, I do declare!" she said.

"Not so dreadful new, neither, Aunt 'Liz'beth," interposed Tim, stoutly. "'Cause the Bible folks were always told to be sure and leave some of their harvest so the poor could come and get it. I read it myself, only it wasn't called stealing then, and was to be left handier than all shut up in henhouses."

"Timothy!" began Mrs. Wilkin. But Tim suddenly remembered that the chickens were waiting for their breakfast, and chose to interpret the exclamation as an admonition in that direction.

"Yes'm, I'm going to feed 'em right away," he observed, seizing a basket of corn and darting through the door by which his uncle had departed.

In truth, it was not altogether easy to mold Tim into the desired shape; there was too much individuality about him. Incasing him in Mrs. Wilkin's code of manners was putting too large a boy into too small a jacket; he was always bursting out at the elbows or tearing off the buttons. Mrs. Wilkin sighed at this new evidence of the new number of things in the world that needed attention; but England never expected every man to do his duty more strongly than Mrs. Wilkin expected to here.

That evening the mysterious lights appeared again in the store-room of the mill. She could plainly see them, for just beyond her own back gate an open field sloped directly and steeply down to the building. The road afforded a public and more circuitous mode of reaching it, but from the hilltop the suspicious store room was directly in range. Mrs. Wilkin determined to take a more thorough observation than the kitchen window allowed, and, throwing a shawl over her head, she picked her way carefully down the icy steps and crossed the yard to the gate. The snow lay white and glistening in the moonlight, and, standing in the sheltering shadow of a post, she watched the door below.

But before she discovered any one entering there she heard sounds in another direction—steps in the yard behind her. What if she should prove beyond all doubt that her fowls were stolen and detect the thief? With that quick thought she turned her head cautiously. Yes, some one tried the hennery door and entered. Breathlessly Mrs. Wilkin waited until the figure reappeared and passed along in the shade of the house, and then, as it emerged into the clear moonlight, she leaned eagerly forward to catch a full sight of it. It was easily recognized—Mr. Wilkin, beyond all question, stealing from his own hennery.

The revelation was astounding. In her astonishment Mrs. Wilkin incautiously loosened her hold on the gate post, took a step forward, and her feet slipped upon the treacherous ground. She sat down violently, and in an instant was speeding rapidly down the hill toward her original point of investigation. For once the path of duty was smooth before her—entirely too smooth and icy. She could not check or guide her progress, her feet struck with force against the mysterious door, pushed it open and she slid into a hall.

Thieves, gamblers, or whatever they were, she must not be discovered by them, flashed through Mrs. Wilkin's mind—more an instinct of self-preservation than a thought—and, springing to her feet, she slipped behind some boxes piled near her. The noise attracted attention, and in a moment the store-room door was opened and a boy looked out.

"Guess it's only the door blew open; don't catch good," he retorted.

"Lock it then, James, and bring in the key," said a voice from within; and to Mrs. Wilkin's consternation the order was obeyed, and she was a prisoner.

The boy left the outer door slightly ajar as he re-entered. A gleam of light shone into the hall, and there were sounds from the room beyond, a scratching of pens and a woman's voice; it sounded wonderfully like that of the little knitting woman, directing and encouraging.

"Well done, Susan!"

"Now, don't be disheartened, Will. Of course, while you work in the mill, and can study only at night, you can't get along just as some do who can go to school all day; but what you learn may be of more use to you. We care most for the things that cost us trouble."

There were a few simple mathematical problems, and then a reading, and the words spelled out with difficulty by some were Bible words.

"Charity suffereth long and is kind;" "vaunteth not itself;" "seeketh not her own, believeth all things, hopeth all things."

It was easily understood. Mrs. Wilkin leaned forward a little, and could peep into the room. Fifteen or twenty boys and girls from the mill gathered into a night school. Then those wonderful words, read so slowly and emphatically, seemed to suddenly assume a new and deeper meaning than Mrs. Wilkin had ever thought of their possessing—some things show so much more clearly in the dark than in the light.

As the timid little woman—who would have been frightened at her own voice in any other audience as large—explained in her simple, gentle way, the passage read, it occurred to the listener outside that some one was keeping a sharp watch on these mill people, after all, and that this might be a better way of doing it than would be practiced by any police force. It was a very informal school. One girl had brought her best dress that the teacher might show her how to mend a rent in it, and another was trying to knit a pair of mittens for her brother. Every winter has its thaws. Mrs. Wilkin had a heart down under all the crust of opinions that she had christened duty; she became interested despite her uncomfortable situation.

The position was unpleasant. She did not like playing eaves-dropper to this innocent gathering, but there seemed no help for it. She could not escape through the locked door; and boldly revealing herself, and explaining her absurd suspicions and the remarkable way in which she came there, was more than even her thoughts could endure. So she kept her place, hoping that when the pupils were dismissed she might slip out among them unnoticed. But when the lesson hour ended they departed slowly, by twos and threes, the open door flinging a flood of light out into the hall. At last only one lingered, and Mrs. Wilkin listened intently as she caught his voice.

"Now, Tim," said the little knitting woman, "I like to have you come, you know that, and I'll help you all I can, but you really must tell your aunt about it."

"Well, you see, I don't know what she'll say," began Tim, irresolutely.

"But that shouldn't hinder you from doing your duty."

"Don't know about that," said Tim, still doubtfully. "You see Aunt 'Liz'beth's got an awful 'mount of duty of her own, and it's such a partic'lar kind that other folks can't get much chance to do theirs only when hers is a nappin'. Why, Uncle Reub gives my mother lots of eggs and chickens, but he just slips 'em off, and don't tell."

"Well, if you don't know what is right for you, I do know what is right for me," said the little teacher, with a quiet laugh; "and I can't let you come again until you tell your aunt how you spend your evenings."

Mrs. Wilkin nodded a vigorous approval, but it was evident that Tim departed in a state of dissatisfaction.

There was a sound of a crutch tapping on the floor, and Mrs. Wilkin remembered that a little lame brother had sometimes gone about with the knitting woman. They two were left alone in the room, and went around shaking out the fire and putting up books and papers.

"Only 10 cents a week for each one—that's so little," said the boyish tones, musingly.

"Yes; but it isn't so very much that I can teach them," answered the little woman, humbly. "And then it is all they can afford to pay, poor things. And, you know, we began more for their sake than our own, though we do need money. Courage, though, Johnny! It all counts, and you shall have your overcoat pretty soon now. Beside, this is work that blesses both ways—in what we give as well as what we get."

If she could only pass that open door! Mrs. Wilkin was growing benumbed by standing so long in the cold. Finally the lights were extinguished, and the two came out. Just then, fortunately, Johnny remembered that they had left a book behind them, and, as the unconscious jailers turned back, the prisoner seized her opportunity and escaped.

She was sitting alone by the fire when Tim, who had made his homeward route sufficiently circuitous to include a call on his mother, returned. He sat down near her, twisted his fingers uneasily, and Mrs. Wilkin guessed what was coming.

"There's been an evenin' school started here, Aunt 'Liz'beth."

"So I understand," responded Mrs. Wilkin, coolly.

"Why, I thought"—began Tim, with wide-open eyes of surprise, and then checked himself with the sudden reflection that it might not be wise to recall the conversation of the morning. I'd like to go to it—that is, I have been once or twice," he said. "Fact is, Aunt 'Liz'beth, when we lived down the river, before you took me, there wasn't any school for me to go to, and so I'm behind other fellers. Miss Kelly she makes 'rithmetic so plain, and helps me with writin', and so—"

"You might do worse," said Mrs. Wilkin, briefly. "Go if you want to. Only one thing, Timothy Stone, I won't have any 10-cent business about it! Honest is honest, and it's worth more'n 10 cents a week to teach you anything, I know."

Tim forgot to be astonished at his aunt's knowledge and overlooked the reflection upon himself, in the pleasure of expressing a desire that he had cherished secretly, but hopelessly.

"She wouldn't take any more pay 'cause she'd want to serve all alike; but, oh, Aunt 'Liz'beth, if I just could give her and Johnnie something nice for Christmas!"

"Humph!" I'll think about it," answered Mrs. Wilkin, disapprovingly.

"'Liz'beth," began Mr. Wilkin, nervously, the next morning. "I wouldn't say nothin' to anybody about thieves or watchin' them mill folks, if I was you."

"I don't mean to," replied his wife, with an odd pucker about her lips.

"Well, I am glad of it—I really am," said Mr. Wilkin, in a tone of great relief. "I don't think anybody stole anything, and somehow it seems to me as if our duty now a days is a good deal like it was when them Israelites took Jericho—only marchin' against the bit of wall that's right in front of us, and lettin' our neighbor take care of what's in front of him. It sort of seems that way, 'Liz'beth."

Mrs. Wilkin did not answer, but she took her revenge that evening when Mr. Wilkin was going out.

"Reuben," she said, quietly, "if you see any thieves 'round our hen-house, just tell 'em there's a ham hanging near the door that I put there on purpose. It's natural Belinda'd like a change of meat as well as other folks."—*Kate W. Hamilton, in Sunday Afternoon.*

THE CROPS.

National Report on Cotton, Corn, Oats, Rye, and Tobacco.

There Would Have Been a Great Eastern Corn Crop but for the Drought.

The September report of the Department of Agriculture on the condition of cotton shows an improvement since the 1st of August in Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas and Texas, and some deterioration in South Carolina, Georgia and the States of the Gulf coast to Louisiana, inclusive. The general average of August is 94; September, 92—the same as September of 1880—and higher than any other season for ten years. Last year the average dropped from 88 in August to 70 in September. The State averages are: Virginia, 90; North Carolina, 88; South Carolina, 95; Georgia, 89; Florida, 88; Alabama, 90; Mississippi, 88; Louisiana, 79; Texas, 101; Arkansas, 100; Tennessee, 89. These figures indicate as they stand a large crop, but from every quarter comes the intimation of too much rain for heavy fruiting, too much "weed," some shedding of bolls, a tendency to rust, and a later development of bolls than usual. Under these conditions an early frost would be especially injurious. The caterpillar has made its appearance in many counties of the Gulf coast States. In some places the second generation is "webbing up." While the damage is inappreciable as yet in most cases, fears are expressed that a third brood may do great injury. The bollworm is reported at many points. In Denton county, Texas, their destruction is estimated at $100,000.

The corn crop in all regions south of Pennsylvania and the Ohio river is in a high condition in every State except West Virginia, being represented by 100 or higher figures. In many districts of the South the crop is reported the best in twenty years. In the New England States there has been a very sharp decline, except in Vermont—from 81 to 75 in Maine; 95 to 62 in New Hampshire; 87 to 60 in Massachusetts; 93 to 70 in Rhode Island; and 96 to 65 in Connecticut. A decline of eight points in New York and New Jersey and four in Pennsylvania is indicated. The loss in all these States is due to drought, which has been especially severe in New England. There has been abundant rain in all the other States. In the corn-growing States of the Ohio valley prospects average very nearly as at the last report. The general average of condition is 83, the same as in August. Last year there was a decline from 77 in August to 60 in September. In 1880 the September average was 91. If early frosts do not injure the crop the product will be materially larger than last year, but the heavy production of 1879 and 1880 cannot be approached under the most favorable circumstances.

The oats crop, when harvested, was in an unusually high condition, yielding heavily in threshing. The general average was 100, very few States falling below that figure—among them New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia.

The rye crop was also above the average in nearly all the States and was harvested in good condition.

General average of tobacco, 89; in Pennsylvania, 86; Maryland, 92; Virginia, 93; Kentucky, 91; Ohio, 65; Missouri, 93.

CONCEIT is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.—*Pope.*

A BLOODY RESCUE.

A Sheriff and His Deputy Shot Down by Desperadoes.

A Sensational Tragedy on a Tennessee Railroad Train

A terrible tragedy was enacted at Sweetwater, Tenn., forty miles west of Knoxville, in which a Sheriff and his deputy were slain. The particulars of the bloody affair are contained in the following dispatch from Knoxville: "Sheriff W. T. Cate and Deputy Sheriff John Conway, of Chattanooga, Hamilton county, had in custody three prisoners bringing them to Knoxville to the Supreme Court. Two prisoners, John Taylor and Samuel Carter, under sentence for murder, were chained together. The other prisoner a negro, was chained to a seat. When the train stopped at Sweetwater, three men entered the car. One was a brother of the prisoner, Taylor, and entered the car from the rear, while the other two entered the front. Taylor's brother approached Deputy Conway from behind, placed a pistol to the back of his head and blew Conway's brains out. He then took the keys from Conway's pocket and unlocked the prisoner, Taylor, and the latter secured the deputy's pistol. At this instant Sheriff Cate rushed at the men, firing at them and the prisoner. As he fired the prisoner Taylor shot him through the bowels and the other two men shot him through the breast, the Sheriff falling dead. The prisoner Taylor was slightly wounded in the leg. The three rescuers were not hurt. Taylor, with his two rescuers, jumped on the engine and forced the engineer to pull out immediately with a pistol at his head. They made him put on more steam, and forced him to run twenty miles up to Lenoirs, running through three towns without stopping. At Lenoirs the four men jumped from the engine and secured horses which were waiting for them, and all escaped. The prisoner Carter and the negro came to Knoxville without guard and surrendered to the Sheriff of Knox county. Conway's dead body was brought to Knoxville. Cate's body was left at Sweetwater, being thrown from the car platform by the rescuers. The gang boarded the train at Sweetwater, but the killing was done at Philadelphia Station, eight miles east of Sweetwater. The Sheriff of Loudon county is following the gang, but has no hope of overtaking them. They are making for the mountains of North Carolina."

A dispatch from Chattanooga, says: "The city is in intense excitement. A posse of thirty men, with Springfield rifles left on a special train on the Cincinnati Southern for Kingston. Another posse will leave overland. A posse has left Kingston and another Loudon. Cate had been Sheriff two weeks. He was one of the most popular men in the city. He is about 50 years old and leaves a large family. Deputy Conway was about 30 years of age and prominent as a local politician. Such excitement has not been in Chattanooga since the war. Five thousand dollars reward are offered for the arrest of the Taylors. The sum will be increased. A company of colored militia left the city for Kingston. One of the Taylors served a term in the penitentiary, and is wanted in Texas for murder."

TRAIN ROBBERS.

A Plan to Capture a Missouri Pacific Train Foiled.

The Conductor Shot and One of the Robbers Killed.

A dispatch from Vinita, in the Indian Territory, gives some particulars of an attempt to rob a Missouri Pacific train. It appears the Adams Express agent was informed before hand that an attempt would be made to rob the express train due at Vinita at 10:30 at night. The plan was for two of the robbers to board the train at Vinita, quietly capture the conductor, side-track the train four miles north of Vinita, where others of the gang would meet them, rob the express, mail and passengers, then ride away on horses provided for the purpose. The express agent telegraphed J. B. Barrett, route agent, and he and Detective Irskine, of the St. Louis and San Francisco railroad, and others went south on a freight and boarded the passenger train at Chariton, and made arrangements to thwart the robbers. When the train left Vinita two of the robbers met Conductor Warren on the front platform of the smoking-car, and ordered him to throw up his hands and shot him in the face; Warren fell off the train. The detectives then opened fire, killed one of the robbers and captured the other. The train was backed to Vinita, and the wounded conductor, who was dangerously hurt, was picked up. The train then started north again, but was not molested at the place agreed upon, the other members of the gang evidently thinking something had gone wrong.

Experiments in Feeding.

The superintendent of the model farm at Guelph, Canada, gives as below the results of some experiments made there in cattle feeding:

1. A steady, frosty winter is better than an open one in feeding cattle.
2. An average 2 or 3-year-old steer will eat its own weight in different materials in two weeks.
3. Two or 3-year-old cattle will add one-third of a pound more per day to their weight upon prepared hay and roots than upon the same materials unprepared.
4. It is 30 per cent. more profitable to premature and dispose of fattening cattle at 2 years old than to keep them up to 3 years.
5. There is no loss in feeding a cattle beast well upon a variety of materials, for the sake of manure alone.
6. Farm-yard manure from well-fed cattle 3 years old is worth an average of $3.20 per ton.
7. A 3-year-old cattle beast, well fed, will make at least one ton of manure every month of winter.
8. No cattle beast whatever will pay for the direct increase to its weight from the consumption of any kind or quantity of food.
9. On an average it costs 12 cents for every additional pound of flesh added to the weight of a 2 or 3-year-old fattening steer.
10. In Canada the market value of store cattle can be increased 36 per cent. during six months of finishing by good feeding.
11. In order to secure a safe profit no store cattle beast, well done to, can be sold at less than 4½ cents per pound (live weight).
12. In the fattening of wethers, to finish as shearlings, the Cotswold and Leicester grades can be made up to 200 pounds, the Oxford-down 180 pounds, and the Southdown (grade) 160 pounds each (live weight).
13. A cow wintered upon two tons and a half of hay will produce not far from five tons of manure, provided that she be well littered and none of the excrements be wasted.

Suddenly Weakened.

"I suffered with rheumatism of the back and hip for a number of years," said Mr. Thomas Morgan, Superintendent of Streets. "I was waited on by physicians, but they gave me no permanent relief, and I resolved to try St. Jacobs Oil. My rheumatism weakened at the first attack of its great enemy, St. Jacobs Oil, and soon I was well." *Cincinnati Times-Star.*

THE wearing of jewelry is going out of fashion in England. It is regarded as vulgar to be seen with a display of jewels, unless it be on great occasions. Bare arms and throats are the rule in fashionable society, the wearing of bangles, bracelets and chains being left to those who do not follow the newest styles.

DURING the year 1881 there attended the schools of England 4,045,362 children, of whom 1,268,250 were under 7 years of age, 2,573,801 between 7 and 13, 157,584 between 13 and 14, and 45,727 above 14.

MR. MICHAEL ROBBETT, 77 Sargent street, Cohoes, N. Y., was cured of a very severely-injured knee by St. Jacobs Oil, says the Rochester, N. Y., *Sunday Herald.*

Conditions of Longevity.

Nature will allow man to live long and be happy on condition that her laws of life and health are obeyed. Keep the blood pure, keep the bowels regular, keep the kidneys strong, keep the mind clear. These are her four chief commands. Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla is a great help in maintaining these conditions. Ask your druggist to get it for you.

Too True.

"I often cross the street to avoid meeting a man," says Mr. Beecher; "not because I have anything against him, but simply because I do not feel like speaking to him. I suppose all men are this way." Yes, nearly all men are that way, Mr. Beecher, and we are glad that you have mentioned the subject, for it gives us a chance to agree with a great man. We sometimes cross the street and climb a fence to avoid meeting a man, not because we have anything against him, but because he has something against us—a bill, Mr. Beecher.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

A GOOD word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.—*Tillotson.*

R. M. BUNTON, of Columbus, Ind., writes: "For kidney complaints, indigestion and weak lungs I can conscientiously recommend as a reliable cure Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. I have used it myself and recommended it to my friends, with most satisfactory results."

Not Large Enough.

In response to an inquiry for court-plaster a Detroit druggist handed out a piece about six inches square and asked the boy if he thought that would do.

"I dunno," was the doubtful reply.

"Who is it for?"

"For father."

"Didn't he say how large a piece?"

"No; but I know that isn't half enough. Ma hit him with the whole side of the wash-board at once, and that won't begin to cover the clip."

—Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

[Colman's Rural World, St. Louis, July, 1882.]

We have known this remedy for twenty-five years, and have had occasion to use it many times. For cramps in the bowels or colicky pains we know of no remedy that equals it, and the same may be said of external application, in the case of inflammations, sprains or other painful swellings. Indeed it is an article that ought to be found in every household, and the specific instructions, that accompany every bottle, kept where they can always be found. The manufacturers are, we know, of the very best men in their community, and their statements perfectly reliable.

ONE of the worst bores in Austin said to Gilhooly: "You always look happy when I meet you?" "I am always happy when I meet you, because you are always going in the opposite direction. It is only when you overtake me that I get the blues."—*Texas Siftings.*

Catarrh of the Bladder.

Stinging irritation, inflammation, and all Kidney and Urinary Complaints cured by "Buchupaiba." $1. Druggists. Send for pamphlet to E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J.

A FATHER scolds his son for his numerous youthful errors. "Really, father, you were once young. Did you never frolic?" "Never," said the father, with a melancholy sigh; "when I was young I had no money, and when I became rich it was too late."—*Paris paper.*

Blood-Poisoning—An Alarming Discovery.

Half the people are suffering and may die from this fatal complaint. Diseases of the kidneys and liver are the principal causes. As a cure we can only recommend German Hop Bitters.—*Journal of Health.*

"What is a man of full habits?" asked an Austin lady of her husband, who is one of the most intelligent gentlemen in the city. "I don't know," was the reply, "but I suppose a man of full habits is one who is in the habit of getting full."—*Texas Siftings.*

TRY the new brand, Spring Tobacco.

MOST people prefer a Welsh rabbit to a hair in butter.

Corns! Corns!

Tender corns, painful corns, soft corns, bleeding corns, hard corns, corns of all kinds and of all sizes are alike removed in a few days by the use of PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR. Never fails to cure, never causes pain, never leaves deep spots that are more annoying than the original discomfort. Give Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor a trial. Beware of substitutes. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Wholesale, Lord, Stontenburgh & Co., Chicago.

THE toothpick boot is going out of fashion, 'tis said. But the broad, easy-swinging hoot worn by vigorous men of about 50, with marriageable daughters, will never go out of fashion, young man, never. Keep out of its reach.—*New Haven Register.*

Rejuvenated.

72 PERU STREET,
INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 8, 1882.

H. H. WARNER & Co.: *Sirs*—For twenty years I have been afflicted with liver complaint. I tried various remedies, but received no benefit until I commenced the use of your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, which gave me permanent relief.

EDWIN A. CASTOR.

THE Louisville *Courier-Journal* says Kentucky is strongest in butter. That's saying considerable when her whisky will bear up an egg.

Vennor's Predictions.

Vennor's predictions so far have been wonderfully correct. He says 1882 will be remembered as a year of great mortality. German Hop Bitters should be used by everybody.

THE Memphis *Avalanche* charges the poverty of Tennessee to whisky and dogs, and the people have become so stirred up on the matter that public opinion is now largely in favor of the total abolition of dogs.—*Philadelphia News.*

Found at Last.

What every one should have, and never be without, is THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL. It is thorough and safe in its effects, producing the most wondrous cures of rheumatism, neuralgia, burns, bruises and wounds of every kind.

"WHICH is the girl from St. Louis?" asked a Coney island visitor, gazing at a hole in the sand. "That wasn't made by a St. Louis girl," was the reply; "that's where a yawl was beached."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

How Now! What Is It?

The great system renovator is BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Try it and be convinced. Price $1.00.

THE Bridgeton (Me.) *News* calmly says: "The types last week made us say that 'The showers were not sufficient to meet the wants of milkmen,' etc., instead of 'millmen.'"

COMMON COLDS NEGLECTED cause one-half the deaths. Consumption lurks in every cough, often using as a mask the ruddy check and sparkling eye till its deadly seeds are deeply planted in the system. ELFERT'S EXTRACT OF TAR AND WILD CHERRY will surely cure colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, bronchial complaints, and ward off consumption.

The milking-stool is the latest in the "decorating" line. It is affected only by the cream of society.

"NOTHING like it." So remarked one of our most successful physicians the other day, speaking of Hops and Malt Bitters. "It has completely cured one of the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia ever brought to my notice."

"WELL, Mike, and have ye heard what they're going to do with Barney Hannegan?" "Indade and I have," replied Mike; "they're going to transport him for life, but I don't believe the poor b'ye will live so long as that."

DR. WINCHELL'S TEETHING SYRUP is just the medicine for mothers to have in the house for the children. It will cure colds, coughs, sore throat, and regulate the bowels. Do not fail to give it a trial, you will be pleased with its charming effect. Sold by all druggists.

IT is claimed that some of the beef now sold is impregnated with garlic. They have to strengthen it so it can hold up the price.

SEND your sons to H. B. Bryant's Chicago Business College to get a thorough practical education. Nothing pays better.

A HOTEL was burned down in New York not long ago, and a Texas editor lost all his baggage. That was the reason the papers said the loss was not as large as was at first supposed.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE Howe Scale took first premium at Philadelphia, Paris, Sydney, and other exhibitions. Borden, Selleck & Co., Agents, Chicago, Ill.

"A DROP OF JOY IN EVERY WORD."

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Three months ago I was broken out with large ulcers and sores on my body, limbs and face. I procured your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Purgative Pellets," and have taken six bottles and to-day I am in good health, all those ugly ulcers having healed and left my skin in a natural, healthy condition. I thought at one time that I could not be cured. Although I can but poorly express my gratitude to you, yet there is a drop of joy in every word I write. Yours truly, JAMES O. BELLIS, Flemington, N. J.

"Discovery" sold by druggists.

"LOR' missus," said an old darky, "what mek you pay money fur to send de chile to school? I got one smart boy, Jonas, but I larns him myself." "But, Aunt Charlotte," replied the lady, "how can you teach the child when you don't know one letter from another?" "How I teach him?" said the woman. "I jis mek him tek de book an' set down on de flo', an' den I say, 'Jonas, you tek ye eye from dat book much less leggo him, an' I skins you alive!"

DR. R. V. PIERCE'S "Golden Medical Discovery" cures every kind of humor, from the common pimple or eruption to the worst scrofula.

Four to six bottles cure salt rheum or tetter.

One to five bottles cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.

Two to four bottles clear the system of boils, carbuncles and sores.

Five to eight bottles cure corrupt or running ulcers and the worst scrofula.

By druggists, and in half dozen and dozen lots at great discount.

FOGG asserted that he knew a woman who never appended a postscript to a letter. Everybody was astonished until he informed the company that the woman he referred to didn't know how to write.

WEAK lungs, spitting of blood, consumption and kindred affections cured without physician. Address for treatise, with two stamps, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N.Y.

CHICAGO *Chock* has an editorial headed "Will the World Miss Us?" Oh, we don't know. Somebody else would start another paper within three hours. We should miss you very much, but the world is cold.—*Peck's Sun.*

ASK your physician and he will tell you that for all the elements which give health, strength and vigor to the system there is nothing better than pure malt. Only the purest malt is used in the preparation of Hops and Malt Bitters.

"JONES, why do you send your wash to a Chinaman?" Jones—"I don't." "You don't?" Jones—"No; he comes and gets it."

We can assure any person having a bald head or troubled with dandruff that Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, will do all that is claimed for it. It will not stain the most delicate fabric and is delightfully perfumed.

A CALIFORNIA paper thinks it is ungrateful for girls to commit suicide, it costs so much to raise them.

UNCLE SAM'S CONDITION POWDERS should be used by every one owning or having the care of horses, cattle, hogs or poultry. It improves the appetite, promotes the growth, and restores the sick. Sold by all druggists.

A DYNAMITE mine in Russia is not nearly so destructive as a bran-new $10,000,000 silver mine in Colorado.

PURE COD-LIVER OIL, from selected livers, on the seashore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., N. Y. Absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians declare it superior to all other oils.

BEFORE an apple becomes cider it must go the rounds of the press.

CHAPPED HANDS, face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

IT must be greasy work, this getting up a corner in pork.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

AUSTIN, Texas, February 20, 1881.

To Mr. J. W. Graham, Druggist:

Dear Sir—My case was an acute form of Bronchitis, and was of one and a half year's duration. I employed the best medical aid possible, but failed rapidly, until the doctors said I would die—that my case was incurable. Thrown upon my own resources, I got a bottle of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and in six hours felt a decided relief. In three days the cough almost disappeared. Now that my chances of life are good for many years, I earnestly recommend the above to every sufferer of throat or lung disease.

C. G. LATHROP.

THE NEW REMEDY.

HOPS & MALT BITTERS.

(Not Fermented.)

THE GREAT

Liver & Kidney Remedy

AND BLOOD PURIFIER.

This new Remedy is compounded from the best known curatives, such as Hops, Malt Extract, Cascara Sagrada (Sacred Bark), Buchu, Dandelion and Sarsaparilla, combined with an agreeable Aromatic Elixir.

These Remedies act upon the Liver. They act upon the Kidneys. They Regulate the Bowels. They Quiet the Nervous System. They Promote Digestion. They Nourish, Strengthen, Invigorate. They give Tone, Health and Energy.

HOPS AND MALT BITTERS are the ORIGINAL and ONLY BITTERS containing Malt Extract. Ask your Druggist for them, and be sure that the label has on it the four words "HOPS AND MALT BITTERS" in large red letters.

Take no other.

At Wholesale and Retail by all dealers.

ROCHESTER MEDICINE CO., Rochester, N. Y.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

That terrible scourge, fever and ague, and its congener, bilious remittent, besides affections of the stomach, liver and bowels, produced by miasmatic air and water, are both eradicated and prevented by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a purely vegetable elixir, indorsed by physicians, and more extensively used as a remedy for the above class of disorders, as well as for many others, than any medicine of the age.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

12 Cents buys 3 Lovely Ad. Cards and a None Such Cook Book. G. C. Hanford, Syracuse, N.Y.

OLD COINS WANTED. Send 25c in stamps for catalogue of prices. S. M. Thurber, East Worcester, N.Y.

$65 A MONTH and board in your county. Men or Ladies. Pleasant business. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & Co., Box 79, Chicago, Ill.

A TREATISE ON HEALTH of men mailed free. Address LOUIS G. VOLKMAR, West Farms, New York City.

YOUNG MEN If you want to learn Telegraphy in a few months, and be certain of a situation, address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

$225 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—90 best selling articles in the world; 1 sample *free*. Address J. A. Brenson, Detroit, Mich.

HAIR Wholesale and retail. Send for price-list. Goods sent C. O. D. Wigs made to order. E. BURNHAM, 71 State street, Chicago.

BURR STONE MILL. CHEAPEST & BEST MILL. SOLD UNDER GUARRANTEE TO GIVE SATISFACTION OR MONEY REFUNDED. SEND FOR OUR CIRCULAR. CHAS KAESTNER & CO. 307 & 309 S. CANAL STR. CHICAGO ILLS.

A. REED & SONS' PIANOS.

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HOGS	8 00	@ 8 80
COT