A MISSOURI ROUNDELAY.

I'm a bandit bold, with a lust for gold, and a heart that knows no fear;
I rob and slash, and plunder and gash throughout the joyous year.
My favorite food's gunpowder and blood, washed down with whisky neat;
And I'd rather kill than have my fill of Delmonico dinners to eat.
You should see my mien as I board a train and my pops on the passengers pull.
The way I do it is quite too too; it indeed is just awfully aw-ful.
The ladies squeak, and the gents, so meek, pass out their wallets rich;
And I gather them in—the diamond pin, the watches, and rings and sich.
At home with the boys, all my household joys are esthetic and chastely gay;
We have prayers with meat, and there's always a seat when the parson comes our way;
For pa wore the cloth, and, though I may be off, ma hasn't forgot her place,
And there's never a dollar that I may collar to which she don't say grace.

POSTSCRIPT.

[Communicated through Madame de Limerick, seventh daughter of a seventy-seventh son, born with a caul. Ladies, 50 cents; gents, $1.]

By treachery's bolt from an army Colt I was kicked into paradise,
And now I frolic on wings angelic in the mansions of the skies.
I've a job on hand, and it looms up grand—just whisper to them at home;
Jack Sheppard and me has it fixed, you see, to capture the golden throne.

THE WIFE'S WAGES.

"Well, Nettie, what do you want?" said Mr. Jarvis to his wife, who stood looking rather anxiously at him, after he had paid the factory hands their week's wages.

"Why, Donald," said she, "I thought, as I had worked for you all the week, I would come for my wages, too. You pay Jane $2 a week; surely I earn that, and I would like very much to have it as my own."

"Pshaw, Nettie, how ridiculous you talk. You know that all I have belongs to you and the children—and don't I furnish the house and everything? What under the sun would you do with the money if you had it?"

"I know, Donald, that you buy the necessaries for us all, and I am willing that you should do so still, but I should like a little money of my very own. We have been married fifteen years, and in all that time I do not seem to have earned a dollar. As far as money is concerned, I might as well be a slave. I cannot buy a quart of berries, nor a book, without asking you for the money, and I should like to be a little more independent."

Mr. Jarvis, proprietor of Jarvis' mills, worth thousands and thousands of dollars, laughed derisively.

"You're a fine one to talk of independence," he said. "If you would start out to make your own living you'd fetch up in the poor-house soon enough, for what could you do to earn a living? The girls in the factory knew how to do their work, and they earn their wages. When I have paid them my duty is done, but I have to board and clothe you, and take care of you when you are sick. If I had to do that for the girls I would have precious little money left, I can tell you."

"Donald, I gave up a good trade when I married you. For five years I had supported myself by it, and many a time since have I envied myself the purse of those days. As for my not earning anything now, I leave it to you to say whether it would be possible to hire another to take my place, and how much do you suppose it would cost to do without me a year? I know the girls have little after paying their expenses, but they enjoy that little so much. Allie Watson supports herself and her mother with her wages, and they both dress better than I do. Jennie Hart is helping her father to pay off the mortgage on his farm, and she is happy that she can do so. Even Jane, the kitchen girl, has more freedom than I, for out of her own money she is laying by presents for her relatives, and will send them Christmas, as much to her own pleasure as theirs. Yesterday an Indian woman was at the house with such handsome bead work to sell, and, although I wanted some money so much, I had not a dollar! I felt like crying when Jane brought in her week's wages and bought half a dozen articles that I wanted so much. You often say that all you have is mine, but $5 would have given me more pleasure yesterday than your hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property did."

"No doubt of that, Mrs. Jarvis. You have no idea of the value of money, and would have enjoyed buying a lot of bead trash that would not be worth a cent to anybody. Jane needs a guardian if she fools away her money like that. She will be in the county poor-house yet if she don't look out. It's very lucky, indeed, that men do hold the money, for there's not one woman in a hundred who knows how to use it!"

"For shame, Donald Jarvis! You know better. Look at Jerry and Milly Creg, will you, and say that he makes the best use of his money. She is at home with her parents every night, making them comfortable, while he is carousing in the village wasting his time and money, and making a brute of himself beside. And why does Mrs. Sarton come to receive her husband's wages herself? Simply because he can not get by the saloon with money in his pocket, and if she did not get the money they would all go hungry to bed after his wages were paid. And I believe that every woman that earns money here spends it as wisely as the average men, and I have yet to hear of one of them being in debt."

Mr. Jarvis knew that he could not gainsay a word his wife had said, for they were all true. Luckily he thought of Jane.

"Well, how much do you suppose Jane will have left when New Year comes? If she would get sick how long could she pay for care such as you have?"

"It is not likely she will lay up many dollars out of a hundred a year; but she is laying up something better, I think. Last winter she sent her mother a warm shawl and a pair of shoes, and to her brother and sister new school books; and the warm, loving letters they send her do her more good than twice the amount of money in the bank would. This year she is laying by a number of useful and pretty things for them, and if any misfortune should happen to Jane they would only be too glad to help her."

"Well, who do you suppose would help you if you needed help?" said Mr. Jarvis, for want of a better question. Mrs. Jarvis' eyes sparkled angrily as she answered:

"Nobody. If you should lose your property to-day I should be a beggar, without a claim on any one for help. You have always held your purse strings so tightly that it has been hard enough to ask for my own necessities, leaving others out altogether. Many a time a dollar or two would have enabled me to do some poor man or woman untold good, but, although you have always said that all your property was mine, I never could, and cannot now, command a dollar of it."

"Lucky you couldn't, if you wanted to spend it on beggars."

"Donald, you know that I would spend money as wisely as you do. Who was it that, only last week, gave a poor, lame beggar $5 to pay his fare to Burton, and then saw him throw his crutches aside and make for the nearest saloon? Your wife could not do worse, if trusted with a few dollars. You say that the money is all mine, yet you spend it as you please, while I cannot spend a dollar without asking you for it and telling what I want it for. Any beggar can get it in the same way. Christmas you bought presents for us and expected us to be grateful for them. A shawl for me of the very color that I cannot wear, a set of furs for Lucy that she did not use, a drum for Robin that has been a nuisance ever since, and a lot of worthless toys that are broken up in a week. There were $40 or $50 of my money just the same as thrown away, yet when I ask you to trust me with $2 a week you cannot imagine what use I have for it, and fear it will be wasted. I am sure I could not spend $50 more foolishly if I tried to."

"Well," snapped the proprietor, "I guess it is my own money, and I can spend it as I please. I guess you'll know it, too, when you get another present."

"Oh, it is your money then. I understood you to say that it was all mine, and pretended to protest against your spending it so foolishly. If it is your own of course you have a right to spend it as you please; but it seems to me that a woman who left parents and brothers and sisters, and all her friends to make a home for you among strangers, a woman who has given her whole life to you for fifteen years, might be looked upon with as much favor as you give to beggars, who are very likely to be imposters. I know that you seldom turn them off without help. Perhaps I would be more successful if I appealed to you as a beggar; I might say: Kind sir, please allow me out of your abundant means a small pittance for my comfort. It is true I have enough to eat and do not suffer for clothing, but, although I work for my master from morning to night, and, if his children happen to be sick, from night until morning again, yet he does not pay me as much as he does his cook, and I am often greatly distressed for want of a trifling sum which he would not mind giving to a perfect stranger. The other day, while he was away from home, I had to go to the next station to see a dear friend who was ill, and, not having a dollar of my own, I was obliged to borrow the money from his cook. I was so mortified! And not long since the berry-woman came with such nice berries to sell, and my little girl, who was not well, wanted some very badly, but I had not even 5 cents to pay for a handful for her. Yesterday a friend came to ask me to assist in a work of charity. It was a worthy object, and I longed so much to give her a little money for so good a purpose, but though the wife of a rich man I had no money. Of course I might ask my husband for money, and if I told him about what I wanted with it, and he approved of my purpose, and was in a good humor, he would give it to me; but, sir, it is terribly slavish to have to do so, even if I could run to him every time I wanted anything. People say I am a fortunate woman because I am rich, but I often envy the factory girls their ability to earn and spend their own money. And sometimes I get so wild thinking of my helplessness that if it were not for my children I think I would just drop into the river and end it all."

"Nettie! Nettie Jarvis! What are you saying?" cried the startled husband, at last, for the far-away look in her eyes as if she did not see him, but was looking to some higher power to help her, touched his pride, if it did not his heart, for he had a good deal of pride in a selfish sort of way. He was proud to be able to support his family as well as he did. He was proud that when his children needed new shoes he could tell his wife to take them to Crispin's and get what they needed. He did it with a flourish. He was not one of those stingy kind—he liked to spend money; and when Nettie, who was once the most-spirited young lady of his acquaintance, came meekly to him for a dress or a cloak, he was sometimes tempted to refuse her money just to show her how helpless she was without him. Yes, he was proud of his family, and wanted them to feel how much they depended upon him. He would have felt aggravated if any one had left his wife a legacy, thus allowing her to be independent in her purse. The idea of her earning money, as other work-folks did, never entered his mind. He "supported her," that was his idea of their relations. He had never happened to think that it was very good of her to take his money and spend it for the good of himself and children. He never had thought that any other woman would have wanted big pay for doing it. He had even thought himself very generous for allowing her money to get things to make the family comfortable. Things began to look differently to him just now. Could it be that he was not generous, not even just to his wife! Had he paid her so poorly for her fifteen years of faithful labor for him that if she had been obliged to begin the world for herself that day, it would have been as a penniless woman, notwithstanding the houses, the lands and mills that he had so often told her were all hers; for he knew, as every one else did, that not one dollar of all he had would the law allow her to call her own.

How fast he thought, standing there at the office window, looking down at the little houses where the mill hands lived. Could it be possible that his wife envied them anything? Could it be that he was not as good a man as he thought? He had felt deeply the wrongs of the slave, whose labors had been appropriated by their masters, and when a negro, who had worked twenty years for his master before the emancipation freed him, came to Jarvis Mills, friendless and penniless, the heart of the proprietor swelled with indignation at such injustice. He was eloquent on the subject, at home and abroad, and wondered how any one could be so cruel and selfish as to commit such an outrage against justice. He had called him a robber many a time, but now Donald Jarvis looked to himself very much like the old slave holders. Massa Brown had taken the proceeds of Cuffee's labor for his own without even a "thank you" for it. True, when Cuffee ate he had given him food, when he was sick he had given him medicine, and he had clothed him, too, just as he himself thought best. Mr. Jarvis had married a lovely, conscientious woman, and for fifteen years had appropriated her labors. Her recompense had been food and clothes, such as he thought best for her. A little better than Cuffee's, perhaps, but the similarity of the cases did not please him. He had expected his wife to be very grateful for what he had done for her, but now he wondered that she had not rebelled long ago. Had his life been a mistake? Had his wife no more money or liberty than Cuffee had in bondage? Was Donald Jarvis no better than Massa Brown?

His brain seemed to be in a muddle, and he looked so strangely that his wife—anxious to break the spell—took his arm, saying:

"Let us go home, dear; tea must be waiting for us."

He took off his hat in a dreamy way, and they walked home in silence. The children ran joyously to meet them. The yard was so fresh and green, and the flowers so many and bright, that he wondered that he had never thanked Nettie for them all. Hitherto he had looked upon them as his, but now he felt that his interest in them was only a few dollars that would not have amounted to anything without his wife's care. His children were tidy and sweet, and everything around and in the house had that cheery look that rested him so after the hard, dull day at the mill. They sat again at the table, which had been a source of comfort and pleasure to him for so many years, and he wondered how he could have enjoyed it so long without even thanking the woman who had provided it. True, she had used his money in bringing it all about, but how else could his money be of use to him? Who else could have turned it into just what he needed day after day for years? And he began to have an undefined feeling that it took more than money to make a home. He glanced at his wife's face as he buttered his last slice of bread.

I was not that of the fair, rosy bride whom he had brought to the mills years before, but at that moment he realized it was far more dear to him, for he knew that she had given the bloom and freshness of her youth to make his home what it was. His daughters had her rose-leaf cheeks, his sons her youthful vivacity, all had her cheerful, winsome ways, and comforted him as she had in those days when, hardly knowing what care meant, she had lived for him alone.

And a new thought came to him, "Who was comforting her now, when she had so much care? Was not that what he promised to do when he brought her from her old home?" He sighed as he thought how far he had drifted from her when in bondage equal to Cuffee's. Nay, he felt that her chains were far more binding than any which had ever held the negro, and that his obligations to her were so much the greater.

Something called the children out of doors, and Mr. Jarvis took his easy chair. His wife came and stood beside him. "I fear you are not well, Donald; are you displeased with me?"

He drew her into his arms and told her how her words had showed him what manner of man he was, and they were words spoken which need not be written, but from that time forth a different man was proprietor of the Jarvis mills, and there was a brighter light in Mrs. Jarvis' eyes, for at least she had something of her own, nor has she regretted that she "applied for wages."

"Lady" Washington.

That celebrated woman, whom our revolutionary sires, in spite of their republicanism, called "Lady Washington" was a homebody. She used to speak of her public life in New York and Philadelphia as her "lost days." She preferred the comfort and seclusion of Mount Vernon to the gayety and publicity as the wife of the President. A lady who visited her there draws this pen and ink sketch of Martha Washington's room at her husband's farm; "On one side sits the chambermaid, with her knitting; on the other a little colored pet, learning to sew. A decent-looking old woman is there, with her table and shears, cutting out the negroes' winter clothes; while the good old lady directs them all, incessantly knitting herself. She points out to me several pairs of nice stockings and gloves she has just finished, and presents me with a pair half done, which she begs I will finish and wear for her sake."

Mrs. Washington was a warm Federalist in her politics, and had no love for the Democratic principals of Thomas Jefferson. Her granddaughter, Miss Custis, who lived with her. was required to practice on the harpsichord four or five hours daily. One day not hearing the sound of the instrument, Mrs. Washington came down stairs.

"I heard some one go out of the house so you must have had a visitor," she said to the young lady. Then noticing a spot on the newly-painted cream-colored wall, she exclaimed,—

"Ah, it was no Federalist!" pointing to a blemish just over the settee; "none but a filthy Democrat would mark a place with his good-for-nothing head in that manner!"

Miss Nellie Custis being young and romantic, was fond of wandering alone by moonlight in the woods of Mount Vernon. Her grandmother thought it unsafe, and scolded the young lady until she promised not to walk in the woods again unless accompanied.

But one night, her habit being too strong to be curbed by a promise, she was again missed and a servant was sent to recall her from her favorite wanderings.

As soon as she entered the drawing room, her grandmother, seated in her great armchair, reproved her severely.

Nellie admitted that she was alone, but offered no excuse for her transgression. As she was leaving the room she overheard Gen. Washington, who had been walking up and down the room with his hands behind him, say to his wife:

"My dear, I would say no more; perhaps she was not alone."

Instantly Miss Nelly returned, and, walking straight up to the General, said:

"Sir you brought me up to speak the truth; and when I told grandma I was alone I hope you believe I was alone."

The General making one of his most courtly bows, replied: "My child I beg your pardon."—*Youth's Companion.*

Murder by Burial.

No scientific discoveries have been made in our generation of greater importance than those of M. Pasteur. As many of our readers are aware, they relate to the propagation of disease through living organisms, those known as *bacilli* and *bacteria* being most frequently connected with the morbid processes of disease. M. Pasteur finds that these microscopic forms of life exist especially in dead bodies; that they work their way up through the soil to the surface, are taken into the intestines of grazing cattle or are distributed by the winds, and so, it would seem probable, propagate a whole school of diseases—such as small-pox, scarlatina, typhoid and typhus fevers, diphtheria, tubercular consumption, pneumonia, erysipelas, etc., etc., and perhaps yellow fever. M. Pasteur mentions the splenic fever which prevails in France, and other countries of Europe, and which annually destroys thousands of cattle and sheep. In one such case he discovered that an epidemic of this disease was followed, after some years, by a fresh outbreak among cattle that had been grazing where, previously, victims of the same disease had been buried under the pastures. The little *bacteria* had worked their way from the buried carcasses to the surface, and were found in swarms in the intestines of earth-worms gathered there.

It ought to be the business of scientific people to show the relation of these facts—if they can be accepted as facts—to our present method of disposing of the dead. If the breezes that blow from Greenwood, Mt. Auburn and Laurel Hill are laden with germs that propagate the diseases that have already slain our kindred, then the most expensive feature of those cities of the dead is not their costly monuments. It is worth while to ask ourselves whether the disciples of cremation have not a truth on their side, and whether some amendment is not needed in the modes of burial which, in this country especially, seem designed to resist the operations of nature as long as possible, and so to make a dead body a source of indefinite evil.

Indeed, the whole matter of our burial customs is one which urgently needs revision. It is astonishing that, in connection with risks so many and various as are involved in our modes of burying our dead, there should have been, in modern times, so little care and forethought. The dwellers in proximity to graveyards who have been poisoned by their drainage include a vast multitude whose number has never been reckoned.—*Century Magazine.*

VIRGINIA SOCIETY.

An Amusingly Snobbish Picture of a Decayed Provincial Aristocracy.

[From the Washington Post.]

The term "good society" means much more in Virginia than elsewhere. It means a scheme the most powerful that could be organized, containing in itself all the elements of success. There is not, nor never has been, a plutocracy in Virginia. Money has its influence, but it is neither strong nor immediate. The people who rule society live in shabby houses and ride in antiquated carriages, but their word is law. The moneyed class look to them for recognition; they offer no competition to wealth and style, and consequently there is little to be gained by wealth and style. But while it is in some respects the most aristocratic form of society, it is in others the most democratic. The aristocracy of talent, not having the aristocracy of money to fight in its upward course, finds the admission into the freemasonry of well-bred people comparatively easy. A certain contempt is expressed for the vulgar, in the very act of admitting some man of humble origin but uncommon talent into the charmed circle. A promising young lawyer or doctor may be forgiven for having a mechanic for a father and a workingwoman for a mother, and be made welcome by his social betters; but he may by no means bring his brothers and sisters into his new associations, and even the anomaly of admitting a man and excluding his wife is occasionally seen. But the great body of aspiring men, without conspicuous abilities, find the door resolutely and arrogantly shut in their faces.

General Mahone himself was the most striking example of what good society would and would not do for a man. His social ambition is as great as any other ambition, and by his exploits during the war he found himself, a man sprung from nothing admitted into the association of the great and ruling families of the State. But he was not a man to be satisfied without being a power wherever he was placed, and that he could not be. He was with them, but not of them. His influence could not at any time have brought any man into good society. He was himself there on sufferance. He spent money lavishly, and afterward complained bitterly of the men who came to his dinners and drank his wines and then shut their doors in his face; but he forgets that he paid court to those men to come, and considered it a triumph when, by long endeavor, he got upon a friendly footing with them. In the upheaval that followed upon readjusterism he was sharp enough to turn the social machine to account. A few—a very few—men of good family joined his party; these he used as a powerful lever. He picked up men from the country cross-roads and village-tavern, burning with ambition, who had judgeships and seats in the Legislature and offices at once presented to their view, which they had seen engrossed by their betters. The few men of good standing amongst General Mahone's followers took them up, and it was a great day for Jones of Jones' store, and Smith of Smith's cross-roads, when John S. Wise and Lewis E. Harvie and Colonel William Lamb were willing to sit at the same mahogany with them.

Disappointed Entirely.

Mr. W. F. Hetherington, editor of the *Sentinel*, informed one of our representatives that he tried St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism, and found it all that could be asked. The remedy caused the pain to entirely disappear.—*Emporia, Kan., News.*

Sacred Books Lost.

The *American Antiguarian* contains the following in regard to ancient sacred books of Yucatan: The Mayas of Yucatan are supposed to be the only one of all the native races of America who ever reached that stage of civilization where a written literature prevailed, and where letters and characters were known. Attention has been called to the fact in two or three pamphlets, lately published, but the last published pamphlet shows it more conclusively since the characters represented in it are supposed to be genuine Maya Hieroglyphics.

The annihilation of their sacred book destroyed many of the records of this nation, and affected the natives keenly. These books related chiefly to the pagan ritual, to heathen tradition, and to astrological superstitions. A few of these remain now in European libraries, but the most common records are those which go under the name of "Chilian Balam." These seem to have been a sort of reproduction of the books, made at the time of the Spanish conquest, and placed in the different villages, there being not less than sixteen of these curious records. "Chilian Balam" is a title which, in ancient times, designated the priest who announced the will of the gods, and explained the sacred oracles to men.

These books, written as they were after the conquest, contained a mixture of history and Christian doctrines taught by the priests, and of prophecies, which are supposed by some to have been genuine Maya prophecies, uttered before the conquest, and the native chronology and tradition. The contents of these books may be classified under four heads: Astrological and Prophetic, Ancient Chronology and History; Medical Recipes and Directions; Later History and Christian Teachings. The books are valuable for the stamp of the native thought which they contain, but specially for the chronology of the Mayas which they contain. This chronology is supposed to date back as far as the third century, and was divided into thirteen epochs or periods, which are estimated by some as twenty years, and by others as twenty-four years each. Each period was superintended by a chief or king, called Ahan, and the books above mentioned give both the names and portrait, drawn and colored by the rude hand of the native artist. Their year was divided into eighteen months of twenty days each, and five interpolated days. The names of those days are given in three pamphlets, hieroglyphics being also given in the last named, that is, the hieroglyphic signs for the days and for the months. There are eighteen signs for months, arranged on two pages, one from Landa's book, and the other from Chilian Balam. These however, have very little resemblance. There are twenty signs for the days, one column from Landa, the second from the Codex Troano, and four from Chilian Balam. Each of these differ, showing that the memory of writers was defective, or that an arbitrary reconstruction appeared in each. It should be said there are more resemblances to the characters in the Chilian Balam, to the symbols on the solstitial stone found in Mexico, which Dr. Valentine thinks was also a chronological table, and that the figures on Landa's columns have striking resemblances to the hieroglyphics on the tablet of the cross found in the temple of the Cross at Palenque.

THE Idaho Springs in Tennessee are thus described: "Within a radius of twenty-five feet are found about six different kinds of water, which are well known for their curative properties. They are the white, black and red, sulphur, iron, alum and soda, all used and much liked by the visitors." They are as versatile as a first-class soda fountain.

"I HAVE found St. Jacobs Oil to be a most excellent remedy for rheumatic pains," says Mr. F. Latham, 5 Harrison street, Providence, R. I.—*Boston Herald.*

The Peculiar Texas Steer.

Says a Rocky Mountain truth-teller: A Wyoming man saw a Texas steer standing on the railroad track, and knowing that the express train was due tried to induce the beast to move. Several pieces of board thrown at the ferocious monster failed to move it, until at last the train rushed down the track at lightning speed, he seized the steer by the tail and twisted it like a wet towel. At this moment the train struck them both and the result was stupendous. The steer was found two days afterwards browsing peacefully in a cornfield, with two driving-wheels hung on its horns. No trace of either the man or the engine has been heard of since.

At the Toronto Police Court.

Maud Brown glided in with an air quite dramatic, and when charged with being drunk and of conduct erratic, denied she was guilty in terms most emphatic. Her drinks she summed up like a true mathematic, to show that they could not have made her ecstatic; but the magistrate heard with a mein most phlegmatic. Maud's appearance was not real aristoratic, for she looked as if living in cellar or attic, and had been on a whirl or motion 'gyratic.' It perhaps went against her—her looks so lymphatic—for her sentence was strongly, severely stigmatic, and for two months she will study the science called static.—*Toronto Mail.*

The Precious Blood.

The blood is the most precious element of life. It is very susceptible to the influence of organic diseases. It is quickly poisoned by coming in contact with anything of a poisonous nature. Don't let this stream of life ebb too low. When the blood becomes thin and watery, disease enters the citadel of life and becomes master. Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla is a blood maker. It will infuse new strength and vigor into the whole circulatory system. It makes the blood rich, red and pure, and drives out all disease and poisonous humors, and gives strength to every part of the body. Ask your druggist to get it for you.

Buying a Journal.

This is the sort of thing that the French think amusing: Two friends met on the Boulevard, and this conversation ensues:

"Anything new to-day?"

"Nothing particular. Ah, yes! I have just learned that Gambetta has bought the Journal des Debats."

"Gambetta buy the Journal des Debats? Can that be possible?"

"So it seems."

"What did he pay for it, I wonder?"

"Four *sous*, like everybody else?"

MR. JERRY WINCHELL, of Warsaw, Ky., writes: "Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier I ever used. I find it cures pimples, etc., very quickly. For indigestion it is unexcelled by any medicine I ever tried."

Cranial Deformities.

They were speaking about cranial deformities down at the corner grocery.

"I hold," said a fly young man, "that a man with a big head is just as apt to be a durned fool as a man with a small head."

"True replied an elderly man who was holding down the cover to the sugar barrel, "but he ginerally knows it, and don't give himself away. The young man ordered a small bottle of spruce beer.

A Suggestion.

A day's pleasure at your disposal, instead of a day's agony. Every one who has corns can testify to the constant discomfort they produce. "I could have enjoyed the ball, or the picnic, or some other social pastime, but, oh! how my corns ached!" No necessity now for such complaints. PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR removes the cause speedily. Try it. Beware of another article "just as good." Take only Putnam's. Sold everywhere. Wholesale, LORD, STOUTENBURGH & Co., Chicago.

A LITTLE Austin boy became confused, and got his catechism mixed up with his lessons, for when he was asked what the school was he replied: "It is the place where the wicked are punished everlastingly by Satan." The teacher thought the reference to Satan was personal in its character, and the poor boy was soon able, from actual personal experience, to testify to the correctness of the definition.—*Texas Siftings.*

Decline of Man.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists. Send for pamphlet to E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J.

A NEW nurse-maid had been engaged for the family of John Leech. On her appearing in the nursery she was thus addressed by Master Leech: "Nurse, papa says I am one of those children that can be managed by kindness, and I'll trouble you to fetch some sponge-cakes and oranges at once."—*Exchange.*

Free to All Ministers of Churches.

I will send one bottle of White Wine of Tar Syrup, gratis, to any minister that will recommend it to his friends after giving it a fair test, and it proves satisfactory for coughs, colds, throat or lung diseases.

DR. C. D. WARNER, Reading, Mich.

AN eminent chemist has discovered traces of alcohol in good natural spring water. That explains it! There's another mystery cleared. We've been wondering for years how we got the impression that our honest milkman was serving us with milk punch every day.—*Boston Times.*

Five Thousand Letters

Have been received by proprietor of the White Wine of Tar Syrup, from parties claiming to be cured of consumption by its use.

A YOUNG fellow asked another at a ball if his girl was there. "Yes," said he. "Do you see that girl dressed in pink?" "What, that splendid woman with such magnificent eyes? You don't say. How lucky you are!" "Just so. Of course I am. Well, my girl is the one next to her."

A Renovating Remedy

Is to be found in BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. As an antidote for sick headache, female weakness, biliousness, indigestion, constipation and other diseases of a kindred nature, these bitters are invaluable. Price $1.00.

A CORRESPONDENT asks: "What time of year do the days begin to shorten?" When you have a note in bank. A note in bank is the great annihilator of time. The days are crowded together in thin layers, and the nights are like a smear from the blacking brush.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Triumphant.

MRS. Seigfried, Marion, Ohio, says THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL was triumphant in her case; she used it for a severe cold and pain inside, and was relieved in a few minutes.

SHE—"This is a pretty hour of the night for you to come home, after you promised me to be home at a quarter of 12. You are the biggest liar in Austin." He (pointing to the clock)—"Well, ain't 3 a quarter of 12? It ain't my fault you don't know arithmetic."—*Texas Siftings.*

HOPS AND MALT BITTERS is the best combination of remedies for the cure of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation and other troubles arising from a disordered stomach or inactive liver. It is purely vegetable and contains nothing that can do injury.

BEFORE the election is over many a dark horse will be feeling like a very light jackass.

HOPS AND MALT BITTERS is the best tonic for the restoration to health and strength of those weakened and enervated by overwork, sickness, general debility or other cause. It contains no mineral substance to remain in the system and do permanent harm.

WHAT can't be cured must be indoored, as the physician remarked when he ordered his patient into close confinement.

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.

NEXT we shall have a coat-tail flirtation code. Having the coat-tails covered with mud will mean: "I don't like her father."

THE U. S. Government are using large numbers of The Improved Howe Scales. Borden, Selleck & Co., Agents, Chicago.

WOMAN AND HER DISEASES.

is the title of an interesting treatise (96 pages), sent, postpaid, for three stamps. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

SCENE in the school-room: Teacher—"Now, John how many kinds of 'g's' are there?" John—"Three, sir." Teacher—"Three! Why, explain yourself!" John—"Well, there's the hard 'g,' the soft 'g' and the refugee."

A DEAD SHOT

may be taken at liver and bilious disorders with Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." Mild yet certain in operation; and there is none of the reaction consequent upon taking severe and drastic cathartics. By druggists.

"ALL the world's a stage, Sam, and the men and women merely players." "Yes, massa, but, if dat's so, where you goin' for to get yer audience and orchistry?"

YOUNG men or middle-aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses should send three stamps for Part VII. of World's Dispensary Dime Series of books. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE coat-tail flirtation is the latest. A wrinkled coat-tail bearing dusty toe-marks means, "I have spoken to your father."—*Evansville Argus.*

The Evil Effects of the War Overcome.

STEVENS POINT, WIS., April 16, 1881.

H. H. WARNER & CO.: *Sirs*—The privations of the war imposed upon me what physicians call "chronic" diarrhœa. Your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure is the only medicine that ever did me any good.

SETH W. HORNSTED.

THE last man will not be a shoemaker, as has been popularly supposed. By the law of the survival of the fittest, he will be a tailor.

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.

A WOMAN'S bonnet is usually an affair of on her. But, much as she loves her bonnet, lovely woman rather prefers an affair of offer.

MOTHER SHIPTON'S prophecy is supposed to be about 400 years old, and every prophecy has been fulfilled except the last—the end of the world in 1881. Buy your Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, the great natural hair restorer, before the world comes to an end.

WHAT is the difference between an old tramp and a feather bed? There is a material difference. One is hard up and the other is soft down.

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

"IT is not necessary for a man to be poor to be honest." Certainly not. But it seems sort o' half way necessary for a man to be poor if he is honest.

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.

THE doctors are now telling their creditors to call round after the gunning season has opened.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

THERE is an excellent class of young men now attending H. B. Bryant's Chicago Business College.

AN old lady, hearing that John Bright contemplated visiting this country, hoped that he wouldn't bring his "disease" with him.

STRAIGHTEN your old boots and shoes with Lyon's Heel Stiffeners, and wear them again.

"THERE'S no time like the present," gleefully remarked the boy who had received the gift of a watch.

TRY the new brand, Spring Tobacco.

THERE are no pumps where the cocoanut grows, which perhaps accounts for the milk in it.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TO LIVE.

From John Kuhn, Lafayette, Ind., who announces that he is now in "perfect health," we have the following: "One year ago I was, to all appearance, in the last stages of Consumption. Our best physicians gave my case up. I finally got so low that our doctor said I could not live twenty-four hours. My friends then purchased a bottle of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, which considerably benefited me. I continued until I took nine bottles. I am now in perfect health, having used no other medicine."

DR. DEWITT C. KELLINGER'S LINIMENT is an infallible cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Lameness and Diseases of the Scalp, and for promoting the growth of the Hair.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Cures Scrofula, Erysipelas, Pimples and Face Grubs, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Tetter, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Sores, Mercurial Diseases, Female Weakness and Irregularities, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Juandice, Affections of the Liver, Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia and General Debility.

A course of Burdock Blood Bitters will satisfy the most skeptical that it is the Greatest Blood Purifier on earth. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere.

Directions in eleven languages. PRICE, $1.00.

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HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

The true antidote to the effects of miasma is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This medicine is one of the most popular remedies of an age of successful proprietary specifics, and is in immense demand wherever on this continent fever and ague exists. A wineglassful three times a day is the best possible preparative for encountering a malarious atmosphere, regulating the liver and invigorating the stomach.

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THE MARKETS.

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BEEVES	$8 00	@	13 75
HOGS	8 00	@	9 00
COTTON	12	@	12¼
FLOUR—Superfine	3 00	@	4 00
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1 06	@	1 07
No. 2 Red	1 05	@	1 06
CORN—Ungraded	65	@	72
OATS—Mixed Western	39	@	40
PORK—Mess	21 25	@	21 50
LARD	11¾	@	12

CHICAGO.

BEEVES—Choice Graded Steers	5 50	@	7 25
Cows and Heifers	2 85	@	4 00
Medium to Fair	4 50	@	5 25
HOGS	5 75	@	9 00
FLOUR—Fancy White Winter Ex.	5 50	@	5 75
Good to Choice Sp'g Ex.	5 00	@	5 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	1 02	@	1 03
No 2 Red Winter	1 02	@	1 03
CORN—No. 2	61	@	62
OATS—No. 2	30	@	31
RYE—No. 2	59	@	60
BARLEY—No. 2	85	@	86
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	28	@	30
EGGS—Fresh	23	@	24
PORK—Mess	21 25	@	21 50
LARD	12½	@	12½

MILWAUKEE.

WHEAT—No. 2	96	@	97
CORN—No. 2	61	@	62
OATS—No. 2	30	@	31
RYE—No. 2	54	@	55
BARLEY—No. 2	83	@	84
PORK—Mess	21 00	@	21 25
LARD	12½	@	12½

ST. LOUIS.

WHEAT—No. 2 Red	91	@	92
CORN—Mixed	61	@	64
OATS—No. 2	31	@	32
RYE	56	@	56
PORK—Mess	22 00	@	22 25
LARD	11¾	@	12

CINCINNATI.

WHEAT	97	@	98
CORN	60	@	61
OATS	34	@	35
RYE	63	@	64
PORK—Mess	22 50	@	22 75
LARD	12¼	@	12½

TOLEDO.

WHEAT—No. 2 Red	95	@	96
CORN	66	@	67
OATS	34	@	35

DETROIT.

FLOUR	5 50	@	6 00
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1 00	@	1 01
CORN—Mixed	64	@	65
OATS—Mixed	32	@	34
PORK—Mess	21 50	@	22 00

INDIANAPOLIS