THE CONTENTED COBBLER.

The shoemaker sang while he hammered away.
"Oh, who is as happy as I am to-day?
I save twenty soles where the parson saves one,
And I always heel when the doctor heals none.

"I sit on the bench like a Judge and I boot
The people who say that my measures don't suit;
I cut all my uppers; I care not for caste;
My very first pleasure each day is my last.

"I'm always a-mending while others fall ill,
And when I am thirsty with cobblers I fill,
I'll never peg out, for I always peg in,
And how can I lose when I'm shoer to win?

"My goods are all soled before finished, and I
Can foot many Bills without heaving a sigh;
In fact I am envied by little and tall,
For of this world's blessings alone I have awl."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

IN A COAT POCKET.

Astley Cowper, hat in hand, was just turning the handle of the street-door, when a soft call from the stair-top made him pause.

"Are you going to the postoffice, Astley?"

"No, not exactly, but near it. Is there anything you want done?"

"Only this letter to post," and a girlish shape flitted down the stair. Astley watched as she descended, and, with suddenly sharpened recognition of the fact, said to himself, "What a pretty girl Rosamond is!"

Brothers are not always so alive to their sisters' charms, but the fact was that rarely in her life had Rosamond Cowper been so near to perfect beauty as at that moment, when she came down the old stair-case, letter in hand; her cheeks flushed with deepest pink; her eyes shining, and her red lips parted with I know not what happy stir of emotion and expectancy.

Two long braids of pale brown hair, thick and glossy as those of German Gretchen, hung down her back. On the fair forehead clustered a fringe of light waving rings, not cut and trained after the manner of the conventional bang, but a happy freak of nature and accident.

The slender figure in its white dress had all the rounded grace of youth and perfect health. Over all was an air of virginal freshness, indescribable, but charming. It was one of those *bel momenti* which come at times to most young creatures.

But Rosamond was too much preoccupied to be conscious of her looks, as she handed the letter to her brother, with fingers which trembled a little, and said anxiously, "You won't lose it, will you, Astley?"

"Certainly not;" with a superior smile. He stuffed it carelessly into a side-pocket of his coat, a coat made, like the rest of his suit, of that immaculate white duck, in which our youthful swells delight to array themselves in hot July weather.

Forth he went, clean, alert, handsome, the very picture of a luxurious young fellow enjoying a holiday. No thought of betraying Rosamond's trust was in his mind, and his steps had already turned toward the postoffice, when a dog-cart drew up sudden y and a cheery hail roused his attention.

"Well met, old fellow. I was just going round to ask if you felt like a game of tennis. The Porters sent a note early in the morning, to ask me to drive down to the Croft for luncheon and a game, and to bring you."

"All right. I will." Astley jumped into the cart and in another moment was bowling down the road toward the Croft—a pretty country place some three miles distant. Rosamond's commission was clean forgotten.

Tennis was followed by luncheon, that by more tennis, and a conversation under the shade of the branching cedars which flanked the ground. Then pretty Mabel Porter proposed a walk, and led the way through a grassy valley to the gorge beyond, where a little brook tore its wild way from higher levels to the water meadows below.

The rocks lower which the party climbed were slippery here and there, and, in saving Mabel from a fall, Astley himself had a tumble, trifling in itself, but damaging to the duck suit; so damaging indeed, that the suit went to the laundress next day.

Before its return the weather had changed to that odd, almost autumnal coolness which checkers and tempers the heat of our American summers. It was some time before Astley had occasion to wear it again. When it was taken for use, by mere accident he was searching for something in the pocket, when his astonished fingers encountered and drew forth a rather thick, flat, hard square of paper for which he could in no way account.

His first sensation was one of unmixed bewilderment.

"Why, what on earth? A letter, and what letter?"—and he proceeded to smooth the rumpled mass out on the table. A few faintly-written characters were discernible on what had been an envelope.

Mr. Dw—Edg r,
P. Box 5—
New Y—

"Dwight Edgar. Why, what does this mean? I have had no letter from him," reflected the astonished Astley, still intent on the disorganized fragments. "But stay—this isn't a letter from him—but to him. How could it get into my pocket?"

Here and there a sentence could be made out, or parts of sentences. "I am so very, very happy, but I can't tell you about that until"——"Ought to have got your letter four days ago."——"So you needn't go to Europe, you see, for"——and then a blurred signature, "Come soon to your own Ros—"

It flashed across him then. This was the letter which Rosamond had given him to post four weeks ago. It had lain in his pocket all this time, and had gone through the wash beside. Here was a pretty kettle of fish.

Quickly his mind ran over the disjointed phrases, reading the half-obliterated meaning "between the lines." The letter was in reply to an offer from Edgar, there could be no doubt of that.

Astley had always suspected that there was a tenderness in that quarter. And Rosamond had said "yes."

What must she have been thinking and feeling all these weeks?

And then a groan escaped from Astley, as it flashed upon his mind that only a fortnight since he had read Dwight Edgar's name in the list of "sailed for Europe;" read it aloud, with some careless comment.

Rosamond was in the room, he recollected. What had she said? Had she said anything? He seemed to remember that she got up quietly and left the room.

How should he ever tell her? And what use to tell, when Dwight was gone, gone for years, as likely as not? Oh, what had his carelessness done?

"I suppose he went because he thought she would have nothing to say tohim," he said to himself, miserably.

The sound of the dinner bell interrupted his unpleasant meditations, and he went down feeling as if he ought to be hanged.

Rosamond was in her usual place, neat, graceful, smiling even; but, studying her face with awakened attention, Astley thought that he detected effort in the smiles and the cheerfulness. The sweet face was a little thinner; the wild-rose bloom, which was its characteristic, had paled to a fainter pink, and Astley heard his mother ask, "Headache again, my child?" And caught the patient answer, "Just a little."

With increased remorse he execrated his carelessness. What ought he to do? What could he do?

Long and deeply did he study over the question. At last he took a half-manly, half-cowardly resolution. Confess his delinquency to his sister he absolutely dared not, but that night he wrote to Dwight Edgar, made a full exposition of his fault, and inclosed the faintly-blotted scrap that said so little and meant so much.

This done, he set himself to wait for the moment when he could produce evidence that, so far as in him lay, he had made amends for his misdoing, and till then he resolved to be silent.

Astley was right in his guess. Dwight Edgar had gone to Europe a deeply disappointed man. In the letter, to which Rosamond's was answer, he had written, "Don't say no. I could not bear that, nor could I give your gentleness the pain of uttering the word. I will wait two weeks, and, if at their end you have said nothing, I shall go abroad, and travel till I can bear to come home again."

Not a wise arrangement this, considering what chances and changes, including postoffice laxities, are involved in this mortal life; but lovers are not always wise.

The two weeks passed without word or token, each slow day deepening his hopelessness, and at their end he sailed. His final arrangements were made in a hurry, and he had been glad to accept a friend's benevolent offer of half a stateroom on the over-crowded steamer. It was benevolence very poorly rewarded, for John Blagden found him very dull company.

For the first few hours he made some little effort at conversation, then he dropped all pretenses and sat in moody silence, staring at the backward horizon from which each stroke of the paddles carried them farther and farther.

It was no better after they reached London. The two men took a set of rooms together at the Langham, but to all plans for pleasuring Dwight turned a deaf ear.

"Go by yourself, that's a good fellow," he said. "I won't bore you with my dullness. I'll just sit here till post-time and read the American newspapers."

"And that is what I left him at," explained John Blagden to a mutual acquaintance encountered in the coffee-room. "Poring over an old *Herald*, twelve days out—what an occupation for a man to take up in London!

"Poor Dwight, I never saw a fellow so changed in my life. He's all cut up about something, and I wish I knew what, for really, I have no notion what I ought to do about him. Nothing I can say makes any difference."

And nothing did make any difference till a week after this conversation, Mr. Blagden returned from an excursion to Hampton Court, to find his friend busily engaged in cramming his belongings into a portmanteau, with a light in his eyes and a color in his cheeks which made him seem a different man.

"Halloa! I'm glad you've come, old fellow. I'm off at once."

"Oh? Where to?"

"Home. Liverpool train at 9 o'clock and catch the Bohemia."

"Home! The States! Why, what does it mean? You were going to Paris with me on Tuesday, you said."

"Well, so I did intend, but I've had letters, and must get back as soon as possible."

"Nothing wrong, I hope."

"Not at all; quite the contrary. Everything is right."

Marveling greatly John Blagden turned to the table, where amid newspapers and torn wrappers, and other debris of a just-arrived mail, lay a sheet of closely-written paper with a little heap on it of something odd and blotted.

"What's that?" he asked, with natural curiosity, stooping down to examine it.

Dwight Edgar snatched it up. "It's—it's nothing," he explained—"only a letter I've had." Then breaking into a laugh at his friend's discomfited countenance, the first real laugh which John had heard him give since they left America, he added:

"Never mind, old boy, I'll explain some day. It's all right, at least I hope it is, and I know I've been a dull, unsocial dog all this time. You've been awfully good to put up with me, and I'll try to make amends the next time we meet."

Meanwhile the days were passing heavily enough in far-away America, where Rosamond bore her secret pain. She had kept the knowledge of her plighted faith as a choice secret, not to be revealed till Dwight should come. When he failed to come pride kept her silent still.

The news of his departure struck in her heart like a blow. What did it mean? "I will not be base, or little, or suspicious," she told herself; "there is some blunder. He will come back, he will explain."

But weeks of suspense and uncertainty passed. She could school her words and her manner, but not her face, and that fair face began to look piteous and wan.

Astley, watching her with compunctious anxiety, felt an ever-deepening heart-ache. Three weeks had passed since his letter of explanation was posted. Any hour might bring a response, and he haunted the postoffice with a pertinacity inexplicable to his father.

"I can't stand it much longer," he told himself. "if that fellow isn't heard from by to-morrow night, I shall make a clean breast of it to Rosy, and confess the whole thing."

And the next evening, "that fellow" still not being heard from, he did it. Rosamond, spirit-fair and fragile in her white dress, was sitting on the doorstep in the moonlight, and sitting at her feet he plunged into *medias res.*

"Rose, do you recollect a letter you gave me to post more than a month ago?"

"Yes," with a little gasp.

"Well, I forgot it."

"O Astley!"

"Yes; it was in my pocket, you know. I was going straight to the office, but something interrupted me—lawn tennis at the Porters', I believe—and then I sent my coat to the wash, with the letter still in it. I never found it out till the confounded thing came back, and some days after, as I put it on, I happened to feel it in the pocket, and there it was—what was left of it."

Rosamond sat perfectly still. Not a sound came from her lips. Astley waited an instant, as if in hope of an answer, then went on:

"Rosy, darling, you mustn't mind, but I couldn't help seeing who the letter was for, and that—that—it was something of consequence. It was all blotted and blurred, but a word or two could be made out here and there. I was awfully cut up about it. I couldn't bear to tell you, and I didn't know what to do. At last I wrote a full explanation to Dwight, and I put the scraps in my letter."

"Astley!"

There was a ring of hope and of dismay in the exclamation. So absorbed were both that neither noticed that some one swung the gate just then.

"Yes, I did. It went three weeks ago yesterday, and by to-morrow you ought to hear from him, that is, if he happened to be in London when the mail got in. I didn't mean to tell you till his letter came, but I could wait no longer. Just say you forg—why,—what is it?" as Rosamond sprang to her feet with a cry, "Dwight! Dwight!"

"She's fainted!" exclaimed Astley, in an awe-struck tone, as his sister's head dropped heavily on his arm.

But happiness is a better restorative than burnt feathers, and in a little time Rosamond was able to assure Astley of her forgiveness, to smile and ask questions, and finally be left on the doorstep for a long moonlight talk with her truant correspondent.

When I saw Mrs. Dwight Edgar at Newport last year, she wore on her wrist a slender chain, to which was attached a locket whose lid was a big moonstone.

Within was a singular little wad of what looked like paper which had been wet and pressed together. When I asked what it could be, she answered, evasively, "Oh, *papier mache;* a bit of an old letter which Dwight makes me wear. There's quite a story about it, but it's too long too tell."

Her husband chuckled, and later, seeing that I was curious, he told me the story which I have told to you.

"And you never saw any one so reformed as Astley is, ever since then," added Rosamond, with a laugh in her voice. "He's the most particular creature you ever saw, always fidgeting and fussing for fear he may have forgotten something. If he lives to be a hundred, you may depend upon it, he will never again forget another letter in a coat pocket."—*Susan Coolidge, in Youth's Companion.*

KILLED BY AN EDITOR.

Tragic Death of a Prominent St. Louis Lawyer.

He Goes to a Newspaper Office for Satisfaction and Gets a Bullet.

Col. A. W. Slayback, a prominent attorney of St. Louis, Mo., was shot and instantly killed in the editorial rooms of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* by Col. John A. Cockerell, the chief editor of that paper. Slayback had come to demand an explanation of an assault on him through the columns of the paper of a political nature, and, as alleged, was attempting to draw a revolver, when Cockerell anticipated him, and he fell a corpse. The following particulars of the tragic affair are gleaned from the St. Louis papers:

At about 5:30 o'clock p. m., Col. Slayback and W. H. Clopton were seen turning the corner of Fourth and Market streets, talking together in an excited mood, and evidently tending in the direction of the *Post-Dispatch* building. The stairs leading to the reportorial rooms were climbed in haste, and Cockerell and Slayback met face to face. The Colonel began to denounce Cockerell in a scathing manner for the assaults made upon him by the *Post-Dispatch*. In the fury which had taken possession of him the Colonel drew a revolver from his pocket as if to wreak vengeance for the outrage which had been inflicted on his honor. Cockerell, who had the advantage of his adversary by reason of his self-possession, also drew his revolver and fired at Slayback, who fell mortally wounded and gasped his last breath in a few minutes afterward.

The immediate cause of Col. Slayback's action is supposed to be the following, which appeared in the *Post-Dispatch:*

"Mr. Alonzo W. Slayback, an individual whose chief claim to distinction rests upon the fact that he is the law partner of Col. James O. Broadhead, rose in a meeting of Democratic ward politicians in this city last night, and, without personal provocation, proceeded to apply a string of vile and virulent epithets to the *Post-Dispatch* and its conductors, making charges which he knew to be false. This is the same A. W. Slayback concerning whom the following card was written and published in this city by John M. Glover on the 11th day of November, 1881. Mr. Glover recently ran as a Democratic candidate for Congress in the Ninth district, and received a hearty indorsement from the Democratic voters of character. Mr. Glover is alive yet."

The letter referred to above was an open one by John M. Glover, accusing Col. Slayback of cowardice, and was published in the *Post-Dispatch.*

After the killing the body was taken to an undertaker's.

Col. Slayback was a well-known lawyer and brother of Charles E. Slayback, President of the Merchants' Exchange. He leaves a widow and six children, the eldest a grown-up daughter, and the youngest an only boy of a few years.

Judge W. H. Clopton, who accompanied Col. Slayback to the office, made a statement as to what occurred. He says it was likely that Slayback was unarmed; that he was greatly excited and avowed his intention before reaching the office of slapping the editor. On arrival at the office Clopton says Slayback entered the sanctum of Mr. Cockerell and was proceeding to divest himself of his coat, and had it partly off when the shot was fired, which struck the victim in the left breast, just below the left nipple, producing death almost instantly.

Cockerell drove to police headquarters and surrendered himself.

John M. McGuffin and Victor T. Cole made a statement as to what occurred in the room where the shooting took place. They say, in substance, that Slayback, on entering the room, threw his coat back and drew a revolver, and, advancing, said: "Well, I'm here sir." Then, observing a weapon on Cockerell's desk, he asked: "Is that for me?" To which Cockerell replied, "No, it's for use only to defend myself." Slayback, then said, "You are prepared to draw; then draw." And Cockerell then answered, "I don't have to draw; I don't want to draw; go away from here; I don't want to have anything to do with you." Slayback and Clopton meantime pressed forward and crowded Cockerell against the wall. Then they all got into a sort of tussle, each having hold of the other, Cockerell being the most crowded. The latter asked McGuffin to take Slayback's pistol from him, and while he was attempting to do so a weapon was discharged, and Slayback staggered and in a moment sank to the floor. McGuffin says he did not see Clopton have a pistol, but thought he was attempting, in his struggle with Cockerell, to turn the latter's weapon in such a way that he would shoot himself. McGuffin captured Slayback's pistol, and locked it up in a safe.

THE PUBLIC DOMAIN.

Abstract of the Report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office.

The Commissioner of the Land Office, in his annual report, states that the lands now embraced within the limits of the public domain amount to 900,000,000 acres, including Alaska. He recommends that the Pre-emption law be abolished, as the Homestead laws cover all cases now arising. Public sales of land last year amounted to 7,933 acres, embracing 5,016 acres near Toledo, Ohio, which were sold for $16,735, an average of $3.38 per acre. Respecting the forfeiture of railroad grants the Commissioner says: "The status of various grants for railroad purposes where roads have not been constructed within the time prescribed by law was reported to Congress March 28 last. The absence of legislative action touching the renewal of these grants or declaring the forfeiture thereof seriously embarrassed the work of this office. It is not deemed expedient to certify additional lands to the railroad companies, nor to award to the companies lands in dispute between them and settlers or other claimants, pending the determination of Congress in the premises. Large numbers of settlers occupy such lands, and it is important to know whether they can receive their titles from the United States, or whether they will be required to purchase from the railroad companies. Commissioner Macfarland submits an estimate for the salaries and contingent expenses of the next fiscal year, amounting in the aggregate to $453,940, which is an increase of the amount appropriated for the current fiscal year of $33,940. The increase is distributed generally among the bureau officers, and includes $3,000 for an Assistant Commissioner.

In accordance with an act passed at the last session of Congress, the Commissioner of the General Land Office is now preparing for publication a volume containing the codified Land laws and the history of the public domain of the United States, compiled and prepared by the Public Land Commission, with all of the subsequent Land laws passed up to the day of adjournment of the last Congress. There will be a limited number of volumes published for general distribution, and many applications for them have already been received from lawyers and persons engaged in the land business, to whom the book will be of much value.

A LITTLE boy had his long curls cut off, and was annoyingly reminded of the fact by the remarks of all his friends. Going with his family into the country, soon after his arrival he came running into the house in great sorrow, crying: "Mamma, mamma, even the hens laugh at me; they all say: 'Cut-cut-cut-got-your-hair-cut,'"—*Country Gentleman.*

A MOB'S FURY.

Summary Justice Administered to an Indiana Wife Murderer.

A Hot Fight with the Authorities---One of the Lynchers Killed.

After a desperate resistance by the Sheriff and his deputies and the officers of the city, Hume Redman, who murdered his wife at Mount Vernon, Ind., was taken from the Evansville jail by a mob, and in the battle that ensued was shot dead. David Murphy, a relative of the murdered woman, was also killed. Dispatches from Evansville furnish the following particulars of the lynching: The first intimation of the disturbance which resulted in Redman's death was received by Night Turnkey Hatmacher at the jail at 2:10 this morning. At that hour a communication was received by him through the telephone from Ullmer's brewery that a masked mob had passed up the street. The turnkey immediately notified Newitt, who hastened to the jail. Hatmacher, after notifying Newitt, went to the Sheriff's residence to give the alarm. Sheriff Kerth and Deputies Mauntel and Martin and Tom Kerth, Jr., were on the alert, prepared to defend the jail and the prisoner. Newitt soon arrived and went into the Clerk's office to telephone for assistance. He heard the clattering of the horses' hoofs coming up the bowldered streets, and hurried back into the jail. Sheriff Kerth was at the front door of the Court House when the mob arrived. The mob dismounted, picketed their animals, left a guard to cover their retreat and captured all the citizens who happened to be attracted to the scene, while a portion of the mob made a dive for the jail. Kerth fired at them, but they did not falter. They took him a prisoner, and were into the jail yard in a jiffy. Two blows were sufficient to break in the outside wooden door, and the mob was in the jail hall. Newitt, Martin and Tom Kerth, Jr., opened up a brisk fire, which was responded to by the mob, who poured a fusilade through the door. Chisels and sledge-hammers were soon brought and willing hands went to work, and in a twinkling the jail door was open. Newitt ran back to Redman's cell and said to him: "I have done all I could for you; they will get you." And he replied: "Give me a revolver and I will kill some of them."

When the jail door was opened the mob rushed through the corridor to Redman's cell, and in a minute it was opened and Redman in their hands. They tied his hands with a strong rope and led him out. The officers all this time were trying to escape from jail and get assistance so as to capture the mob, or some of them. Newitt managed to get into the Sheriff's residence and run up-stairs to the front window, which he opened, and blew his whistle. Then the mob followed him and threw him downstairs. When he got up the mob were bringing Redman out of the front door. They were ordered to halt, when their leader replied: "We are from Posey county and came after Redman, and we are going to have him."

An alarm of fire having been given out in the city, the chemical engine came rapidly up the street, and, striking the buggy into which the mob had placed Redman, overturned it. This threw the mob into some disorder, when one of the leaders said: "Put him on horseback." This order was countermanded, and orders were given to kill him on the spot. One of the band seized a sledge-hammer and dealt Redman a powerful blow on the head, felling him to the ground. At this point Chief of Police Pritchell arrived on the scene. One of the mob ran up to him and said: "Go away from here, Pritchell; we don't want to kill you," at the same time snapping a revolver in his face, but his hand was knocked up in the air before the weapon was discharged. By this time several officers were on the ground, who, without the orders of their superiors, opened fire on the rapidly-retreating mob. The mob fired as they retreated. They were well armed. A regular pitched battle was fought on Third street. Bullets whistled in every direction. Chief Pritchell and Detective Newitt, who led the fight against them, made an effort to capture some of them, but the firing was so hot they were compelled to lie flat on the ground to escape death. The result of the battle was that Redman was killed where he was stricken down with the sledge-hammer. Over two dozen balls entered his body.

It was at that place that David Murphy, a brother-in-law of the murdered woman, met his death. The mob was so intent on killing Redman that they fired helter-skelter through their own ranks. It was then that Murphy found his death. The officers arrested several of the mob.

A dispatch from Mount Vernon says that David Murphy, one of the mob who was killed in Evansville, was buried in that city. Five hundred people attended his funeral. After the funeral a fund of $100 was raised for a monument. A large sum was also subscribed for the benefit of his three orphan children. Great indignation was expressed by Posey county people on account of his death.

BARBED WIRE.

A Great Legal Victory of Interest to Farmers and Manufacturers.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

An important decision to holders of patents for barbed wire was given by Judge Gardner in the case of the Chicago Galvanized Wire Fence Company against the Washburn & Moen Manufacturing Company. After the final decision by Judges Drummond and Blodgett in the famous barbed-wire cases settlements, as is well known, were made with all those who held any patents for barbed wire or barbed-wire machines, under which the patents were to be surrendered to the company, and the patentees allowed to manufacture on paying certain royalty. The complainant's agreement provided that the royalty to be paid under their license was not to be greater than that charged to any other party licensed after the list of January, 1881, under the several letters patent mentioned in the license, and if the Washburn & Moen Company should license other parties to manufacture under such patents at a less sum than three-quarters of a cent a pound then the royalty to be paid by complainant should be correspondingly reduced. Jacob Haish, however, after a vigorous fight, finally settled on far more favorable terms, and the claimant insisted that he was entitled to as good conditions as Haish. The latter was allowed to make 4,000 tons of wire a year without paying any royalty, and 4,000 tons more at a royalty of only half a cent a pound.

The Judge held that the chief object of the settlement with Haish was the termination of the litigation with him; that the purchase of his patents and the Stevens claim was a secondary matter, and was used to give the appearance of a consideration for what was in reality a license free of royalty for the manufacture of 4,000 tons yearly of barbed-wire and of 4,000 tons more at a less rate by 25 cents a hundred pounds than to the other licensees, and so a reduction to Haish to that extent, of which the complainants had a right to avail themselves under their lease. In so far as the complainant sought to secure any benefit on account of the damages for infringement agreed to be paid by them, the Judge was not inclined to grant any relief, as it was doubtful whether it could be given under the bill, and the settlement with Haish in that regard was not a violation of any agreement or understanding with the complainant.

Anxiety and Care.

It may not be generally known that anxiety and care will break down even a strong constitution in a very short time, yet such is the fact. However, the pernicious effect of debility resulting from these causes can be easily counteracted by a timely use of Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. Its refreshing effect on mind and body is truly wonderful. It exhilarates without intoxicating. Ask your druggist to get it for you.

ST. ISAAC'S, the great cathedral at St. Petersburg, which was finished in 1859 at a cost of $25,000,000, is slowly sinking into the ground, and the authorities do not know how to stop it. The Russian capital is built upon a marsh, and the site of St. Isaac's is on one of its softest parts. Over $1,000,000 was originally spent in driving piles, but the building has never been firm, and now threatens to topple over at one corner.

DR. HALL says that taking a walk before breakfast has put more people into their coffins than the ailments they were seeking to get rid of. The attention of tramps is particularly called to this statement.

MRS. S. A. KIMBALL, of Yellow Springs, Ohio, writes: "The anxiety and care of a large family by worry threatens considerably, and I became very weak and nervous, and habits were very irregular. I had heard Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla spoken of very highly as a female medicine, and so I tried it. Its effect on me has been all I could desire, and I prove my friends in its praise, for it has made me strong and well."

THE fastest time in which a mile has been run in the United States is 1:39¾, made by Ten Broeck, 5 years old, in a race against time at Louisville, Ky., May 24, 1877. Ten Broeck carried 110 pounds. Olitipa has the fastest half-mile performance to her credit, she making the distance at Saratoga, July 20, 1874, in 47¼ seconds. She was 2 years old and carried ninety-seven pounds.

A FATAL MISTAKE

would be not to take Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" if you are bilious, suffering from impure blood or fearing consumption (scrofulous disease of the lungs). Sold by all druggists.

"AH!" moaned a widow recently bereaved, "what a misfortune! I know what kind of a husband I have lost, but how can I know what kind of a husband his successor will be?"

FUNCTIONAL derangement of the female system is quickly cured by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." It removes pain and restores health and strength. By all druggists.

A CLERGYMAN, in a lecture on temperance, was reported as saying: "Last Sunday, a young man died in my neighborhood, while I was preaching in a beastly state of intoxication."

DR. PIERCE'S "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are sugar-coated and inclosed in glass bottles, their virtues being thereby preserved unimpaired for any length of time, in any climate, so that they are always fresh and reliable. No cheap wooden or pasteboard boxes. By druggists.

"MAMMA, I'll be a preacher when I grow up," said Freddy. "Ain't got brains enough," grunted a cynical old uncle, who had been to Congress. "Then we'll make a Congressman of him, my dear brother," smiled the mother.

WHEN we consider the number of human beings that die with Consumption every year, the importance of a medicine that will cure all Throat and Lung Diseases that tend to this complaint, and even to the destroyer after it has indicated its presence in the system, must be admitted to be beyond all estimate. This wonderful power is claimed to be possessed by ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM, which is introduced to the suffering public after its merits for the positive cure of such diseases have been fully tested. The formula from which it is prepared is referred to by the leading medical journals as being equal to any preparation that can be made up for such diseases by the medical faculty. The Balsam is, consequently, recommended by physicians who have become acquainted with its great success.

For sale by all medicine dealers.

HERE is an extract from a genuine love-letter, which an exchange vouches for: "Dearest love, I have swallowed the postage-stamp which was on your letter, because I knew that your lips had touched it."

The Source of Much Ill Temper.

When your husband comes home in bad humor, jerks off his boots and appears to be generally miserable, do not attribute the business cares or troubles, but to its real cause—those terrible corns which are constantly annoying him. A word to the wise will be sufficient—buy a bottle of PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR. His corns will be quickly and pain-essly removed, and his gratitude will be proportionate. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor sold everywhere. Wholesale, Lord, Stoutenburgh & Co., Chicago.

A YOUNG lady says that males are of no account from the time the ladies stop kissing them as infants till they commence kissing them as lovers.

Nearly a Miracle.

E. Asenith Hall, Binghamton, N. Y., writes: "I suffered for several months with a dull pain through left lung and shoulders. I lost my spirits, appetite and color, and could with difficulty keep up all day. My mother procured some BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS; I took them as directed, and have felt no pain since first week after using them, and am now quite well." Price, $1.

IN one of his eloquent outbursts, Bob Ingersoll asked: "What could the angels say to the avalanche?" We guess they said: "Well, let her slide."—*The Judge.*

Personal!—To Men Only!

The VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

JOSH BILLINGS: A reputashun once broken may possibly be repaired, but the world will alwus keep their eyes on the spot where the krack was.

Deaf as a Post.

Mrs. W. J. Lang, Bethany, Ontario, states that for fifteen months she was troubled with a disease in the ear, causing entire deafness. In ten minutes after using THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL she found relief, and in a short time she was entirely cured and her hearing restored.

An exchange contains an article on "Women who Die Early." Those who light the fire with kerosene in the morning are apt to die early.—*Texas Siftings.*

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.

THE man who "woke to ecstasy the living lyre" is notified that it would have been just as well if the living liar had been left to slumber on. We have enough living liars now. What the world needs is a few dead ones.

NO POISONOUS drugs enter into the composition of Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, the natural hair restorer and dressing, as now improved and perfected. It is the perfection of the chemist's art, and will, beyond a peradventure, restore the hair on bald heads.

THOSE people who want to know why printers call the boy "the devil" can easily bring themselves to understand it by employing a boy for a few days.

MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritious properties. It contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, over-work, or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

A VERY popular shade is called students' blue. It is about the color of a Harvard man's eyelid after he has been out late and had a tussle with a Boston policeman.

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.

"YOU will find the painting looks better a little way off," said the artist. And Fogg asked, quite innocently, "Would half a mile be far enough off, do you think?"

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.

LATIN is a dead language, and this is why doctors use it for writing out their prescriptions.

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.

"SOMETHING left over from the fight of yesterday," was the Duke of Wellington's definition of hash.

TAT the new brand, Spring Tobacco.

TEACHER—"And what comes after T?" Pupil—"You do, to see my sister, Ann Maria."

THERE are some sixty sassafras-oil distilleries in Buckingham county, Virginia, and they engage three hands at each mill. They consume each per day two thousand pounds of roots and make sixty gallons of oil, worth from $4.50 to $5 per gallon—$270 to $300 per day, and for the year from $54,000 to $60,000.

LADIES, send 25c. to Strawbridge & Clothier, Eighth and Market streets, Philadelphia, and receive their *Fashion Quarterly* for six months. New music and 1,000 engravings in each number.

No More Bloating.

62 EAST SECOND STREET,
FOND DU LAC, WIS., Aug. 4, 1881.

H. H. WARNER & Co.: *Sirs*—I have been using your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure for dropsy, and it has helped me very much.

DANIEL VARNEY.

MANY a man too lazy to make his own living is very industrious while making love.

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.

IT is all very well to say: "Give a boy a chance to work at what he takes to." But supposing he doesn't take to anything?

"Rough on Rats."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

IF a man could only lose both cuff-buttons at the same time he would be all right. It is losing one that kills him.

THE Howe Scales have all the latest improvements. It is true economy to buy the best. Borden, Selleck & Co., Agents, Chicago, Ill.

A MORTGAGE on a house is like a worm-hole in an apple. Before you know it there is more worm-hole than fruit.

THERE is a fine class of young men now in attendance at H. B. Bryant's Chicago Business College.

DO NOT despise the dullest of insects. Never hold the beetle he stings you.

RESCUED FROM DEATH.

William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: In the fall of 1876 I was taken with BLEEDING OF THE LUNGS, followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the Hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead; I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when, to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better than for three years past.

BAKER'S PAIN PANACEA cures pain in Man or Beast. For use externally or internally.

BEST TRUSS EVER USED. Send for circular. N. Y. Elastic Truss Co., removed 744 Broadway, N. Y.

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.

FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Prop'rs, Buffalo, N.Y.

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest-Selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Chicago, Ill.

ONE pair of boots or shoes saved every year by using Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners.

The Very Best ACOUSTIC TELEPHONE only $1.50 a pair. Send for Circular. DR. HATHEWAY, 1092 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS Wanted on SALARY or commission. Send stamp for particulars. PALMER & STRONG, 323 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

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

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

WATCHES! JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, retailed at wholesale rates. Price-list free. T. W. Kennedy, P. O. Box 850, N. Y.

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

HAIR Wholesale and retail. Send for price-list. Goods sent by express. Price-list free. E. BURNHAM, 71 State street, Chicago.

AKEY WILL WIND THAT ANY WATCH AND NOT WEAR OUT. SOLD Watchmakers. By mail, 25 cts. Circulars FREE. J. S. BIRCH & CO., 38 Dey St., N.Y.

APPLETON & CO., 329 Broadway, New York, have graphs (with about 30 different designs of colored lithographs (with calendar for 1883 at food). They are mounted on ebonized rollers ready for hanging, and are fit to hang on any parlor wall. Size 19x28 inches. Samples sent to any address on receipt of 25c postage.

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

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 10c.

KNABE PIANOS
Special prices and terms. REED'S TEMPLE OF MUSIC, 136 State Street, CHICAGO.

NEW RICH BLOOD!
Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take one pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letters stamps.
I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.
(formerly Bangor, Me.)

USE NONE BUT THE BEST. THE GREAT FAMILY SOAP MAKER. SAPONIFIER. THE ORIGINAL CONCENTRATED LYE. SOLD BY ALL GROCERS. PENN'A SALT MF'G CO. PHILA.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE.
Best in the World. Get the genuine. Every package has our Trade-mark, and is marked Frazer's. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

EGGLESTON'S SENSIBLE TRUSS. THIS NEW ELASTIC TRUSS Has a Pad differing from