THE BOY THAT I KNEW.

BY VANDYKE BROWN.

Among the people I've chanced to know,
In the course of my varied career,
Was a certain youngster who, years ago,
Was exceedingly dear.
A roll-along blue-eyed, mischievous lad—
Not painfully good nor shockingly bad,
Though a trifle precocious, I fear.

He was wise in the larger wisdom that comes
While the fingers still number one's years;
He was staggered by none of life's hard sums,
Dismayed by none of its fears.
The future that stretched away at his feet
Was full of promise and tempting and sweet,
And free from the gall of tears.

And wonderful things he intended to do—
This boy whom I used to know,
For fame he would win, and fortune, too,
When to man's estate he should grow.
He would help the poor, lift up the oppressed,
And cause his name by the world to be blessed,
As he told me, with cheeks aglow.

And then, in good time, he would woo and wed
A maiden bewitching fair,
With eyes like the night and lips ruby red,
And coils of raven black hair;
And she would be always true and ever his Queen,
The prettiest girl that the world has seen—
His joys and his triumphs to share.

Ah, well for that youngster of other days,
And well for his golden plans;
If he failed to tread in the dreamed-of ways,
Call the fault not the boy's, but the man's;
If the world, as he found it, was not the same
As that which he dreamed would bring honor and fame,
'Twas the world which youth ever scans!

They tell me he still is alive—the boy
Whom I knew in the years long fled—
And I would not their simple faith destroy,
Though I know, in truth, he is dead!
He died when the freshness of faith went out
In disappointment and sorrow and doubt,
And the man was born instead!

Yes, he died forever, the laughing lad,
When the bitter lesson he learned
That the world grows bleak and the soul grows sad
Whatever the hopes that have burned.
He died, and the trustful, happy youth,
Who jumped at the stars and guessed at the truth,
To the doubting cynic was turned!

I know that the world declares to-day
That I am that youngster of old—
That the man is the boy grown bearded and gray—
But the world has been wrongfully told!
For Time has killed the gentle youth,
With the sharp, keen blade of naked Truth—
And left him stark and cold!

"LITTLE JANET."

Why Janet Dean was called little, I doubt if any one could have exactly told. It was not because she was small, for she was quite up to the average size of womanhood. Perhaps it may have been on account of the child-like innocence, which seemed to cling to her, although she had passed her 25th birthday, and was what is termed an old maid—a something that never seemed to trouble her in the least.

One or two well-to-do farmers of the neighborhood had offered themselves in marriage; but Janet, with a manner peculiarly her own, managed to dismiss the lovers while retaining the friends. Other thoughts were stirring within her mind. Thoughts of a broader, nobler life, that might perhaps be hers, if she only knew how to reach it. Not that she was discontented. She knew that she ought to be very happy—and she was; for hers was a sunny nature.

For fifteen years she had dwelt under the old gable-roof farm-house, the home of her uncle and aunt, and had been to them as a daughter. They had taken the orphan one not only into their home but into their hearts, and the little Scotch lassie grew up among these simple village folk as pure and as bonny as the wild flowers that nestled their wee heads in the heather around the mountain home of Janet's early childhood.

She never forgot that home, or the words of the father who was so loving and wise and taught his "wee bit lassie," as he used often to call little Janet, many things far beyond her years.

For some three months Janet had shown unusual interest in the mail, and had even paid frequent visits to the village postoffice herself.

It was on one of the warmest afternoons they had had that summer that Janet presented herself once more at the little window where the Postmaster dealt out the letters, the rest of the store being devoted to jars of lollipops, jaw-breakers, peppermint-sticks, castor-oil, ginger-bread, cookies, pipes, tobacco, etc.

"No-a, I guess theer bean't nothin', Miss Janet," slowly drawled old Mr. Steel, adding rather more briskly: "Why! yes, theer be. It's from New York, few. Yer bean't got a beau out theer, have yer, now, Miss Janet? That Sam must ha' took it out when I was over ter Bingley's. Miss Janet Dean," continued the old man, as he turned the letter slowly round, eying it from all quarters, "that be you an' no mistake. Guess yer got a beau after all."

At last, almost reluctantly, the letter was handed to its owner, and old Mr. Steel looked rather disappointed as Janet, with:

"Thank you, Mr. Steel," turned away, the letter still unopened in her hand.

Janet's feet seemed to fly over the ground, until safe within the shelter of the woods which skirted the village. There, throwing herself down under the shade of a venerable oak, she hastily broke the seal; as she did so, something fluttered to the ground.

With a little cry of delight Janet picked it up. It was a $10 bill. Ten dollars all her own, and best of all earned by her own hands! and at the thought a ripple of laughter escaped from between Janet's pretty teeth. Then, bethinking herself of the letter, she opened it and read that the edi or of *Sprightly's Magazine* was pleased to accept her poem, entitled "Diana Greet," for which he inclosed $10. Would like to hear from her again, etc.

Over and over again Janet read the words that had brought her so much pleasure. At last one of her poems had been accepted.

When would it be published, she wondered, and how would it look in print? Was its acceptance a mere accidental piece of good luck, like the finding of a coin in the highway, which might never occur again? or might she indeed hope hereafter to make a living by her pen?

How pretty the woods looked this afternoon, and how cool they were after the hot, dusty road.

Some one else thought so, too, as he turned into their shady depths.

What was that? And Janet started to her feet, as the clear, rich tones of a man's voice were borne toward her, singing the words:

"An ell-lang wee thing then I ran
Wi' the ither neebor bairns.
To pu' the hazel's shining nuts,
An' to wander 'mang the ferns;
An' to tea't on the bramble-berries brown,
An' gather the glossy slaes
By the burnie's side; an' ave sinsyne
I ha'e loved sweet Orde Braes."

With lips apart and the color coming and going in her fair cheeks, Janet listened. Back rolled the curtain of the past, and now she saw again her bairnhood's hame as if it were but yesterday.

Nearer and nearer drew the voice, but Janet had forgotten the singer in the words, which she was listening to so eagerly.

"Now, if I were only an artist," thought the gentleman, as he in rounding a bend came suddenly upon Janet, "what a picture she would take."

Janet's graceful head was bent slightly forward, while a stray ray of sunshine kissing the fair hair turned it into threads of gold; here and there it had slipped from its fastenings and curled in soft tendrils about neck and brow. A tender, wistful expression was in the deep blue eyes, which changed to a look of surprise as they fell upon the gentleman, while she exclaimed:

"Oh! was that you singing 'Orde Braes?'"

Raising his hat, the gentleman answered simply:

"Yes; do you know it?"

"Oh! yes. Would you mind very much singing it again?" And Janet's eyes were bent pleadingly upon the stranger this time.

"Not at all." So saying, Robert Graham, leaning carelessly against a tree, sang the poem through from beginning to end. As the last note dropped from his lips, Janet said warmly:

"Thank you ever so much. I have not heard it since I was a child, and it seemed to take me right back to it all. I am Scotch," added she, proudly.

"So am I," quickly responded Mr. Graham.

"Are you? I'm so—" Janet paused, while the color deepened in her cheeks.

"I hope you are not going to say you were sorry," here observed her companion, half smiling, as he glanced down at the sweet face beside him.

"No—I think I am glad. It is nice to meet a countryman, you know," answered Janet frankly.

"So it is; but I don't think I was ever before so forcibly struck b it," y replied Mr. Graham gravely, continuing with—

"Perhaps you could tell me whereabouts the Madison farm is? I have arrived a day earlier than expected, so of course no one was at the depot to meet me."

Raising her clear eyes to his, Janet asked, smiling a little:

"Are you the sick gentleman who is coming to stay at the farm awhile?"

"Yes; I have been rather out of sorts, and thought I would try a dose of country air for a bit. I believe I feel better already," and Robert Graham returned Janet's smile with interest, as she said:

"I am Janet Dean, Farmer Madison's niece. If you like, I will show you the way." Which offer was immediately accepted.

As they slowly passed through the woods, Janet talked of her peaceful life among the village folk and a little of those days of her bairnhood. She saw no reason why she should not speak freely to this gentleman. Was he not to occupy her aunt's best spare room, and had he not been highly recommended to her uncle, who had no objections to taking a boarder for the summer, provided he was of the right sort.

Mr. Graham had hardly been an inmate of the farm for more than two weeks, before mothenly Mrs. Madison informed Janet:

"That it seemed as natrel to see Mr. Graham round as i did old Towser."

And Janet? Her whole soul was atune with the new life that had dawned for her. As her deft fingers performed their many duties about the farm-house these days, little bursts of songs trilled up for very gladness from her happy heart.

Her friend—in her heart she always called him that—how good and noble he was, and so talented, yet making so little of it all. And he, this man of the world, who had been flattered and made so much of for years, found himself watching Janet with new interest every hour.

It was rest to gaze upon her pure, sweet face, to come in contact with a nature so utterly without guile. The women he had known—ah! well, they had not made him better.

One evening, toward the end of the summer, and the last night of Mr. Graham's stay among them, Janet and he stood watching the sunset. Both had been busy with their own thoughts for some few minutes, when Mr Graham broke the silence with:

"Miss Janet, suppose you once made a mistake in your life, a mistake which for a time only injured yourself, but afterward threatened to involve others in its meshes. What would do?"

Lifting her truthful eyes to his, Janet answered, a little puzzled:

"I think I would try to undo it. It would not be right to let it injure another."

"Child!" and Robert Graham's voice grew husky as he added: "But suppose it was impossible to undo the mistake, if he were ever so willing. Don't look so puzzled, little friend. I will make my meaning clearer. Years ago a friend of mine fell in love—that's the stereotyped phrase, is it not?"

There was a bitterness to Robert Graham's tones that Janet had never heard before, which made her glance up quickly; he, noting it, hurriedly went on with:

"The girl was pretty—and he married her, to learn too late that he had taken unto himself for a wife a vain, frivolous creature, who soon developed into a woman of fashion. A love built on so frail a structure soon died. They lived together as thousands of such couples do, she going her way, he his. The only solace this man had was his pen, which brought him fame, and that which perhaps he cared for less, wealth. No money, he thought, could undo the mistake he had made. One day there came into this life a woman, as pure and innocent as a little child. He had not believed there existed such an one. His faith in woman was weak. To this man, who had grown bitter against the world and himself, this pure nature was like the clear, sparkling bubble of a little brook would be to one parched with thirst. He drank eagerly of the words that fell from her innocent lips and grew refreshed thereby. What might *his* life have been with such a woman at his side, came the wild thought. He knew his folly and tried to flee from it, but something stronger than himself held him to the spot. Even if he were free, could he ever expect to win the love of such as she? And yet sometimes he believed she was not wholly indifferent. She knew nothing of him, but somehow he knew that she trusted and believed in him. After a while the idea came to him that he might be able with money so get a separation from his wife, and then—Janet! little Janet! say you were the woman my friend loved, would—would you become his wife, if he could do this?" As Robert Graham spoke, the pretty flush that had trembled in Janet's cheeks died slowly away and the far-off, wistful look crept into her eyes. Raising them to the pale, earnest face, every mark and line of which was dear to her, she said slowly, as if counting the cost of her words:

"What God has joined together, let no man put asunder."

Bowing his head, Robert Graham reverently lifted the little hand that trembled slightly as it touched his and pressed it to his lips with the words:

"I am answered, little Janet. Truest and best of womankind, I thank God that I have known thee."

Then he turned and left her. And with him all the brightness of Janet's life seemed to depart, and her heart cried out:

"Robert! my King! how can I live without you?" Yet her own hand had shut out this glory from her life; but she had been right. To do otherwise would have been untrue to him, to herself.

The next day Mr. Graham departed, much to Farmer Madison's and his wife's regret.

To Janet fell the task of picking up the odds and ends that Mr. Graham had left scattered about his room. Something she lifted from the table and pressed tenderly to her lips. It was the veriest stump of a lead pencil, but it had been his, his hands had touched it, making it precious to Janet's eyes.

As she turned to leave the room, a small package attracted Janet's attention. It was addressed to herself. Hastily undoing it, she brought to view a handsomely bound volume of poems, in the first page of which was written in the hand she knew so well:

For little Janet, from her sincere friend, the author. BERT INGLISS.

He, Mr. Graham, was the famous poet, Bert Ingliss, whose poems she had read with such delight; and he had never told her. Then in crept the thought in spite of herself:

"And he loves me, Janet Dean." How she had shown him her poor little verses and asked his opinion of them. What rubbish he must have thought them; yet how kindly he had listened and advised her.

The weeks slipped by, and months took their place. Janet grew perhaps a trifle thinner, and the wistful look deepened in her eyes. The song was not so ready to fall from her lips as heretofore, but her simple duties were performed just the same; nothing was slighted.

Her uncle and aunt were very proud of Janet's literary ability, Uncle Madison being overheard to remark:

"Well, now, I'm not a bit surprised; a lass that can make bread and pies like our little Janet—and her applesauce isn't to be beat anyhow—can do a'most anything. Anyhow, she comes by it nateral enough; her father, my sister Mary's husband, was oncommon smart wi' the larnin', I ha' heer tell."

As a writer, Janet was succeeding beyond her most sanguine expectations. She often wondered if he saw her poems, and what he thought of them. She never knew how much of her first success was due to the influence Robert Graham wielded in her behalf.

Another summer was drawing to a close, when one afternoon Janet sought the cool depths of the wood. All day there had been a strange longing upon her to visit the place where she had first met the man who had been so much to her, and was still, despite all. Back her thoughts traveled over the past, as she sat beath the shade of the same old oak where she had read her first editor's letter.

Was she dreaming, or what? A voice was singing "Orde Braes."

White as the dress she wore, Janet stood, her hand pressed against her fast-beating heart, gazing with an intense, yearning look in the direction from which the voice came.

Another moment, and Robert Graham slowly emerged from behind the trees. With an exclamation of delight he hastened toward Janet and took her in his arms. For an instant she rested passively within his embrace, then slowly, but firmly, she put him from her.

"Janet, do you know I hoped you would be here, and something whispered to me to sing 'Orde Braes?' Oh, my darling, come to me," and Robert Graham held out his arms entreatingly.

"Don't!" and Janet turned away with an imploring gesture. Her strength was failing her, she feared.

"Don't," he repeated; "why, Janet, have you forgotten me?"

"No; I never could do that," came the earnest reply.

"Child, there is no reason in the world why you should not come to me if you love me. You do not understand. She is dead. In all honor, I can now woo you for my wife. I know that I am many years your elder, but I thought—oh! my darling, was I wrong? For God's sake, don't tell me that!"

Still Janet did not move. The words, "She is dead," kept ringing in her ears. His wife he meant. Somehow she could not grasp it quite at once.

"Janet, I love you so well that if I thought you did not care for me, that the sight of me gave pain to your gentle heart, I would go away, and never trouble you again."

"Go away!"—the words repeated themselves over and over in Janet's mind. No, she could not bear that now, and one of Janet's little hands was laid detainingly upon Mr. Graham's arm.

Clasping it within his own, he said:

"Shall I stay, Janet?"

Then the love that Janet had held so long in check burst its bounds, and reaching up her arms she drew her lover's head down upon her breast, exclaiming passionately as his lips sought hers:

"Robert! my king! I love you! I love you!"

Her woman's heart had spoken, and Robert Graham knew that he had found rest at last.

Then, the rich color dyeing her cheeks, Janet loosened her clasp, only to find herself pressed close in her lover's arms. This time she did not resist, but nestled in the safe shelter with a little sigh of contentment.

For a moment neither spoke, when, somewhat shyly, Janet said:

"Do you know I was so frightened when I found out what a famous poet you were? And to think I had let you read my poor little verses!"

Drawing her still closer to him he answered:

"Do you think there is a line of your poems I do not know by heart, my Janet? And I am proud of you and them."

A happy light sparkled in Janet's eyes at the praise of the man she loved, as he continued with:

"My wife will always let me see her work first, will she not?"

For answer, Janet raised her lips to his, and, as he bent to receive the seal of her promise, he murmured caressingly:

"Little Janet, little Janet."

Stopping a Bullet With the Thumb.

A curious and little-known experiment, showing the resistance of the air in guns, is described by Prof. Daniel Colladon, of Geneva. He was long in the habit of showing it to his classes. It resembles the feat that was sometimes performed by soldiers with the old Swiss carbines. M. Colladon fully charged with compressed air the hollow iron breech of an air-gun, serving as a reservoir. Having screwed up the gun, he introduced a round lead ball, running freely, but nearly filling the bore; then placing the gun vertically, he seized the upper end, and pressed his thumb vigorously on the mouth. The gun was then "fired" by an assistant; the thumb remained in position, and the ball was heard to fall back in the bore. Thereupon after recharging the breech and with the same ball, he shot the latter at a pine-board about one-fourth of an inch thick, or a pane of glass, and it passed through. The experiment, M. Colladon says, is without danger if the operator is sure of the strength of his thumb, if the gun is more than thirty-two inches long, and if the ball is spherical and nearly fills the gun (in which it must act like a piston). The least uncertainty in the very vigorous pressure of the thumb, and the hermetic close of the gun, may entail serious injury to the thumb. While M. Colladon has repeated the experiment twenty or thirty times without the least inconvenience either from shock or heat, a trial of it is perhaps hardly to be recommended.

Dr. Connor's Advice.

Hot water in the treatment of eye disease is highly recommended by Dr. Leartus Connor. He believes it to be the sole agent which will induce contraction of the blood vessels without irritating the eye. The water must be as hot as can be borne, and must be thrown against the eye with the hand. It should be used two or three minutes three times a day, or for five minutes every half hour, according to the indications.—*Philadelphia Record.*

THE HEADLIGHT.

A Thrilling Episode in the Career of a Union Pacific Conductor.

[Laramie Boomerang.]

"Yes," said the conductor, biting off the tip of his cigar, and slowly scratching a match along his leg, "I've seen a good deal of railroad life that's interesting and exciting in the twenty years that I've been twisting brakes and slamming doors for a living."

"There is one incident in my railroad life," continued the conductor, running his tongue carefully over a broken place in the wrapper of his cigar, "that I never spoke of before to any one. It has caused me more misery than any one thing that ever happened to me in my official career."

"Sometimes even now, after a lapse of many years, I wake in the night with the cold drops of agony standing on my face and the nightmare upon me with its terrible surroundings, as plain as on the memorable night it occurred.

"I was running extra on the Union Pacific for a conductor who was an old friend of mine, and who had gone South on a vacation.

"At about 7:30, as near as I can remember, we were sailing along all comfortable one evening, with a straight stretch of track ahead for ten or fifteen miles, running on time, and everybody feeling tip-top, as overland travelers do who are acquainted with each other and feel congenial. All at once the train suddenly slowed down, ran in an old siding, and stopped.

"Of course I got out and ran ahead of the engine to see what was the matter. Old Antifat, the engineer, had gone down, and was on the main track looking ahead to where, twinkling along about six or seven miles down the road, apparently, was the headlight of an approaching train. It was evidently 'wild,' for nothing was due that we knew of at that hour.

"However, we had been almost miraculously saved from a frightful wreck by the engineer's watchfulness, and everybody went forward and shook old Antifat by the hand and cried and thanked him until it was the most affecting scene for awhile that I ever witnessed. It was as though we had stopped at the very verge of a bottomless chasm, and everybody was crying at once, till it was kind of a cross between a revival and a picnic.

"After we had waited about half an hour, I should say, for the blasted train to come up and pass us, and, apparently she was no nearer, a cold, clammy suspicion began to bore itself into the adamantine shell of my intellect. The more I thought of it the more unhappy I felt. I almost wished that I was dead. Cold streaks ran up my back, followed by hot ones. I wanted to go home. I wanted to be where the hungry, prying eyes of the great, throbbing, work-day world could not see me.

"I called Antifat to one side and said something to him. He swore softly to himself and kicked the ground, and looked at the headlight still glimmering in the distance. Then he got on his engine and I yelled 'All aboard!' In a few moments we were moving again, and the general impression was that the train ahead was side-tracked and waited for us, although there wasn't a side-track within twenty miles, except the one we had just left.

"It was never exactly clear to the passengers where we passed that wild train, but I didn't explain it to them. I was too much engrossed with my surging thoughts.

"I never felt my own inferiority so much as I did that night. I never so fully realized what a mere speck man is upon the bosom of the universe.

"When I surveyed the starry vault of heaven and considered the illimitable space, where, beyond and stretching on and on forever, countless suns are placed as centers, around which solar systems are revolving in their regular orbits, each little world peopled, perhaps, with its teeming millions of struggling humanity, and then the other and mightier systems of worlds revolving around these systems till the mind is dazed and giddy with the mighty thought; and then when I compared all this universal magnificence, this brilliant aggregation of worlds and systems of worlds, with one poor groveling worm of the dust, only a little insignificant atom, only a poor, weak, erring, worthless, fallible, blind, groping railroad conductor, with my train peacefully side-tracked in the gathering gloom and patiently waiting for the planet Venus to pass on the main track, there was something about the sombre picture, that has overshadowed my whole life and made me unhappy and wretched while others were gay.

"Sometimes Antifat and myself meet at some liquid restaurant and silently take something in memory of our great sorrow, but never mention it. We never tear open the old rankling wound or laugh over the night we politely gave the main track to Venus, while we stood patiently on the siding."

Sadly Afflicted.

"My boy was badly afflicted with rheumatism," said Mr. Barton, of the great stove firm of Redway & Barton, of this city, to one of our reporters. "We doctored him a great deal, but could find no cure; I had heard so much of the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil that I finally determined to try it. Two bottles of the Oil fully cured him.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Carrying a Caucus.

Last spring a church Deacon residing in an interior town secured a man of all work from Detroit, and, the place being an easy one and the pay good, the man was well pleased and took a great interest in his employer's welfare. Some six weeks ago the church to which the Deacon belongs had to send three delegates to meet three from another church to arrange for a picnic. Daniel heard the Deacon remark that he would like to be one of the delegates, and that was enough for him. There was to be a meeting of the congregation in the evening to select the three, and a score of people had scarcely got together when Daniel walked in, slammed his hat down, and remarked:

"Gentlemen, this caucus will now come to order, and by your leave I will act as chairman until a bigger man is appointed!"

The people were, of course, dumfounded, but Daniel felt as if he was once more on the heath of the "old Eighth Ward," and he continued:

"Gentlemen, we have met to nominate three delegates, and it will be in order for somebody to mention the name of Deacon Blank as the first."

Nobody did and Daniel's dander began to rise.

"Ah! This is a cut and dried affair, thin, is it?" he roared as he gave his hat another slam. "However, I pronounce the Deacon elected, and if anybody ———!"

Here one of the members arose to make an explanation, or to ask for one, but Daniel declared him out of order, and cleared the room and adjourned the meeting. At the door, as he was going out, he met the Deacon, and, giving his hand a wring, he enthusiastically cried:

"I've carried the caucus for ye, Deacon, and the opposition have been smashed so flat that a dozen elections won't wake 'em up! Bah! Whoop! It's meself that can pull a candidate through or die a-trying!"—*Free Press.*

THE local editor of the Springfield, Mass., *Republican*, Mr. J. H. Mabbitt, says: "We have used St. Jacobs Oil in our family for rheumatism, and found it to be a first-class thing."—*Boston Herald.*

A PROFESSIONAL CONFESSION.

The Unusual Experience of a Prominent Man Made Public.

The following article from the *Democrat and Chronicle*, of Rochester, N. Y., is of so striking a nature, and emanates from so reliable a source, that it is herewith republished entire. In addition to the valuable matter it contains, it will be found exceedingly interesting.

To the Editor of the Democrat and Chronicle:

SIR—My motives for the publication of the most unusual statements which follow are, first, gratitude for the fact that I have been saved from a most horrible death, and, secondly, a desire to warn all who read this statement against some of the most deceptive influences by which they have ever been surrounded. It is a fact that to-day thousands of people are within a foot of the grave and they do not know it. To tell how I was caught away from just this position and to warn others against nearing it are my objects in this communication.

On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for my death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, had weighed over 200 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull and indefinite pains in various parts of the body and do not understand it. They are sometimes ravenously hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought it was nothing; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a dull, and at times a neuralgic, pain in my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid but little attention to it. However, my stomach was out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet I had no idea, even as a physician, that these things meant anything serious or that a monstrous disease was becoming fixed upon me. Candidly, I thought I was suffering from malaria and so doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled in the bottom. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

There is a terrible future for all physical neglect, and impending danger always brings a person to his senses even though it may be too late. I realized, at last, my critical condition and aroused myself to overcome it. I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the prominent springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, nervous prostration; another, malaria; another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of all of which I really had. In this way several years passed during all of which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders—the little twigs of pain had grown to oaks of agony. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a torture to myself and friends. I could retain no food upon my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell upon the floor, convulsively clutched the carpet and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death-premonitory hiccoughs constantly. My urine was filled with tube casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's disease of the kidneys in its last stages.

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, Rector of St. Paul's church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation he mentioned a remedy of which I had heard much, but had never used. Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures which had come under his observation by means of this remedy, and urged me to try it. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I cherished the prejudice both natural and common with all regular practitioners, and derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice and try the remedy he so highly recommended. I began its use on the first day of June, and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for me in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed, and I was able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better, as also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity. I also determined that I would give a course of lectures in the Corinthian Academy of Music of this city, stating in full the symptoms and almost hopelessness of my disease and the remarkable means by which I have been saved. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained twenty-six pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain, and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe that more than one-half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's disease has no distinctive symptoms of its own (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptoms of nearly every other known complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate of "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common complaints, when in reality it was Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease, or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence by the commonest symptoms, and fastens itself upon the constitution before the victim is aware. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, and as such is usually supposed to be heart disease. As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore every one who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of Kidney difficulty. Certain agony and possible death will be the sure result of such neglect, and no one can afford to hazard such chances.

I am aware that such an unqualified statement as this, coming, from me, known as I am throughout the entire land as a practitioner and lecturer, will arouse the surprise and possible animosity of the medical profession and a tomish all with whom I am acquainted. But I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I am prepared to produce, and truths which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequences.

J. B. HENION, M. D.

A PROMINENT feature of the new system of German orthography is the frequent elimination of consonants that are held to be superfluous. Thus *Rath* (Council) becomes *Rat* with certain writers and newspapers—the Cologne *Gazette* is often the head of the innovators—and *todt* (dead) *tot*. It is to be hoped no innovator will be allowed to interfere with our good old Lebensversicherungsgesellschaft.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A FEW miles away from Philadelphia are living a family of triplets, two men and a woman, who are 60 years of age. They are the children of an old Lutheran clergyman named Rolliers, and are all hale and hearty. These triplets have always lived together. The brothers are married, but the sister has remained a spinster.

Health, Strength and Vigor.

If you are seeking health, strength and vigor, we earnestly request you to give Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla a trial. No medicine ever invented has such a good record as a health renewer, blood purifier and true strengthener of every part of the body. Ask your druggist to get it for you.

A School Boy's Accomplishments.

A boy enters school at 6 and attends five hours a day ten months in the year for eight years. At the end of that time, if he is able to keep up with the procession, he will have read five reading books (not counting unnecessary changes), ascertained a few of the difficulties of English orthography, completed most of the ordinary school arithmetic, learned a little grammar and geography, a very little about composition, committed and recited a few selections of prose or verse, and will have acquired a poor handwriting. These are the solids of his education.—*Chicago Herald.*

DR. FRANK HAMILTON, in the *Popular Science Monthly*, insists that safety lies alone in open fire-places, stationary wash-bowls and the banishment of all sewer connection to an outbuilding entirely separated from the living rooms. Authorities are quoted to prove that no plumbing can exclude sewer gas and that no traps can be considered safe.

THE total salmon pack of the Frazer river canneries this year is estimated at 54,000 cases.

It Stands the Test of Time!

Time tries all things, and few are the customs, habits, or adjuncts of life that are not swept away before its remorseless march. Remedy after remedy for corns has been introduced, tested and found wanting. PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR alone holds undisturbed sway, gathering new strength as years roll on, and holding it with the power that merits alone can give. Take no substitute. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails to make a complete cure. Sold everywhere. Wholesale, Lord, Stoutenburgh & Co., Chicago.

"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?"

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.

YOUNG lady writing a love letter for the kitchen maid—"That's about enough now, isn't it?" Kitchen maid—"One thing more, miss; just say please excuse bad spellin' and writin'."

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.

A Local paper publishes a poem entitled, "Why the Cows Came Late." The cows probably came late because they had an engagement in somebody's front yard.

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.

THE following sign is on a photograph gallery at Santa Cruz, Cal.: "And God said let there be light and there was light. We will use that light to your advantage."

PURE Cod-Liver Oil, made from select livers on the sea-shore, by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market.

MISTRESS—"What a time you've been about that egg, Mary." Mary—"Yes, ma'am; but the new kitchen clock has such large minutes!"

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

FORESIGHT: A—"Why have you marked the birthdays of all your friends in your almanac?" B—"So as to know when not to call on them."

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.

An exchange has an article on "how to treat wives." This seems to remind us of the old rule about cooking a rabbit—"first catch him."

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.

As DARWIN died worth £150,000, it's evident he devoted attention to the origin of the specie.

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.

An exchange wants to know: "What are our young men coming to?" Coming to see our girls, of course.

CHAPPED Hands, Face, Pimples, and rough Skin, cured by using JUNIPER TAR SOAP, made by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New York.

THE most pronounced lie on record is that of a young man who asserts that he likes his girl's small brother.

ONE greasing with Frazer Axle Grease will last two weeks, all others two or three days. Try it. It received first premium at the Centennial and Paris Exposition.

SOMEBODY says that "women would never do to run railroads, as the trains would always be behind."

SKINNY Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health, cures dyspepsia, impotence. $1. "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Quick, complete cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

IT is a good thing to laugh; beasts can weep when they suffer, but they cannot laugh.—*Dryden.*

WHERE machinery is used the Drew Oil Cup will save 50 per cent. of oil. Write for circular. Borden, Selleck & Co., Chicago.

VERY few milk-dealers will acknowledge that they know how to swim.

THERE are better times ahead. Improve the present by going to H. B. Bryant's Chicago Business College.

A NEW reading: Truth is stranger than fish stories.—*Puck.*

25c buys a pair of Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners and make a boot last twice as long.

IT was the contractor who set money on the job who bu lded bet er than he knew.

TRY the new brand, Spring Tobacco.

TO GET up a dinner of great variety, cooks should be allowed a wide range.

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 the throat or lung disease.

C. G. LATHROP.

AGENTS! BOOK AGENTS!
SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW
By John B. Gough.
We want 1000 more Agents to sell this famous book. Everyone laughs and cries over it. Tens of Thousands are now waiting for it. Ministers say "*God speed it.*" The temperance cause is now "booming," and this is the best selling book ever issued. Now is the time to work for Holiday Delivery. Send for circulars and see our Special Terms. A. G. NETTLETON & CO., 27 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ills.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.	
BEEVES	$ 9.00 @12.80
HOGS	6.50 @ 7.15
COTTON	10⅝@ 10¾
FLOUR—Superfine	3.25 @ 3.90
WHEAT—No. 2 White	1.08 @ 1.09
No. 2 Red	1.07 @ 1.08
CORN—No. 2	.88 @ .89
OATS—No. 2	.42 @ .43
PORK—Mess	21.75 @22.00
LARD	.12¼@ .12½
CHICAGO.	
BEEVES—Good to Fancy Steers	5.25 @ 6.40
Cows and Heifers	2.75 @ 3.90
Medium to Fair	4.60 @ 5.15
HOGS	5.00 @ 7.35