

THE SWEET BRIAR.

A FAIRY LEGEND.

Very slowly and wearily, over road and hedge flew a white butterfly one calm summer evening; its wings had been torn and battered in its flight, and it was sick well nigh unto death. On, went the fugitive until it came to a little garden so sweet and quiet that it rested from its flight and said, "Here at least, I shall find peace; these gentle flowers will give me shelter." Then with eager swiftness, it flew to a stately lily, "O! give me shelter, thou beautiful flower," it murmured, as it rested for a second upon its snowy petals—a second only, for with a jerk and exclamation of disgust the lily cast the butterfly to the ground. With a low sigh it turned to the pansy near. Well, the pansy wished to be kind, but the butterfly was really very tattered and dirty, and then velvet sois so easily that she must beg to be excused, and then she was so small, and the lily was so statey, how could the lily do aught but right. The wall flower, naturally frank and good-natured, had been so tormented all day by those troublesome bees, and then it was really the butterfly's fault that she was in such state, that she solemly vowed she would do nothing more for anybody. The tulips were asleep, and the other flowers, trying to emulate fair Lady Lily, held their heads so very high that they, of course, did not hear the low soft cry, "Oh! will no one give me shelter?" At last came an answer, "I will, gladly," in a shy but earnest voice, as though fearing to be presumptuous, from a thick thorny bush that grew by the roadside, and helped to protect the more dainty beauties from the rough blasts of boisterous wind, in consideration of which service the flowers looked upon the briar as a good, useful sort of thing, respectable enough in its common way, but not as an equal, you understand.

With gratitude the forlorn butterfly rested all night in the bosom of one of the briar's simple blossoms. When night had gone and the bright sun came gliding up from the east, calling on nature to awake, the flowers raised their heads with all the pride of renewed beauty, and saluted one another. Where was the forlorn butterfly? Ah! where? They saw it no more; but over the white blossom where it had rested there hovered a tiny fairy in shining, changing sheer, her wand sparkling with dewdrops. She looked down on the flowers with gentle, reproachful eyes, while they bent in wonder and admiration.

"Who is it?" they asked. "How beautiful! how lovely!"

The fairy heard them with a smile, and said: "Fair flowers, I was a forsaken butterfly; what I am you see. I came to you poor, weary and heart-broken, and because I was poor and weary, you shut me out from your hearts."

The pansy and the wall-flower bent their heads, and the rose blushed with shame.

"If I had only known," muttered the lily, "but who would have thought it?"

"Who, indeed?" replied the fairy. "But learn, proud lily, that he who thinks always of self loses much of life's sweetness—far more than he ever suspects, for goodness is as the dew of the heart, and yieldeth refreshment and happiness, even if it win no other recompence."

"But it is meet that it should be rewarded. Behold, all of you!" and the fairy touched with her wand the white blossom on which she had rested, saying: "For thy sweetness be thou loved forever!" At these words a thrill of happiness stirred the sap of the rough, uncultured briar, and a soft, lovely blush suffused the petals of its flowers, and from its green leaves came forth a exquisite odor, perfuming the whole garden and eclipsing the other flowers in their pride.

McClellan's Opinion of Southern Generals.

"Who was the greatest Southern General?"

"There were two of them—Lee and Johnston."

"Which Johnston?"

"Joe."

"You have heard of Jefferson Davis' estimate of Albert Sidney Johnston. Do you agree with him?"

"Sidney Johnston died too soon. I had no opportunity to become acquainted with his merits as a commander. Officers of ability and judgment, however, informed me that General Johnston was an officer of commanding ability. He enjoyed the friendship and confidence of Jefferson Davis, and that enabled him to display his abilities at their best."

"Which was the greater soldier, Joe Johnston or Robert E. Lee?"

"It would be difficult to tell. Both had genius commensurate with their opportunities, and both deserve to be ranked among the greatest Generals of the age."

"Was either greater than the other?"

"It would be hard to tell. They were, doubtless, possessed of different qualities. Lee was quick to plan, and Johnston matchless in performance. Lee was superb in the defensive and Johnston was without a peer in the offensive. Lee had grand fighting qualities, and Johnston could equal Napoleon planning a campaign."

"What about other Southern Generals?"

"I think Beauregard should rank next to Lee and Johnston. He made an excellent officer, and perhaps had no equal as an engineer in the army."

"Where is Longstreet's place?"

"He made an excellent fighter, and distinguished himself generally as an officer, but Joe Johnston and Robert E. Lee were the soldiers of the Confederacy."

"Of the Union Generals?"

"You must get some one else to discuss them with you."

The Egyptian Pyramids Dwarfed.

The pyramid of Cheops is dwarfed by that near Magdalena, Mexico. The Chihuahua Enterprise says that it has a base of 1,350 feet, and is 750 feet high. There is a winding roadway from the bottom leading up on an easy grade to the top, wide enough for car-

riages to pass over, said to be twenty-three miles in length. The outer walls of the roadway are laid in solid masonry, huge blocks of granite in rubble work, and the circles are as uniform and the granite as regular as they could be made at this date by our best engineers. The wall is only occasionally exposed, being covered over with debris and earth, and in many places the sahuaro and other indigenous plants and trees have grown up, giving the pyramid the appearance of a mountain.

PLAYING MAY AGAINST DECEMBER.

A Dry Goods Merchant's Successful Scheme for Laying In a Full Stock of Cheap Clerks.

But there is another scheme for getting cheap clerks that the dry goods merchant essays, generally with great success.

A young man enters the store, and asks for something to do. The employer wrinkles his forehead, works his eyebrows down on his nose to give him the appearance of being capable of profound thought, and says:

"So you want work?"

"Yes."

"Well, we are full at present. How much do you expect?"

"Ten dollars a week."

"Ten dollars a week!—\$10 a week?" replies the merchant, snatching the young man's sentence and hurling it back at him like a brick.

"Yes, sir," says the young man; "\$10 a week."

Then the merchant lies back in the chair and regards the young man with a patronizing air.

"We never give such a salary to the incompetent dressmaker will find that a feigned art never won a fair lady.

"LADIES, ATTENTION!—In Diamond Dyes more coloring is given than in any known dyes, and are faster and more brilliant colors, 10c, all druggists. Everybody praises them. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

The successful physician is one who is able to hit an oil on the head every time.

Wisely Adopted by Dairymen.

The adoption by most of the prominent dairymen and farmers of the United States of the Improved Butter Color made by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., is a proof of their wisdom in a business point of view. Nearly all winter butter is colored in order to make it marketable, and this color is the best, in regard to purity, strength, permanence and of tint.

It won't do for a married man to say to his wife, "Never mind." She is apt to take him at his word.

The virus of all diseases arises from the blood. *Samaritan Nervine* cures all blood disorders.

The sleeping-car porter is a sort of a bunko man.

DR. J. A. PATMORE, of Riley, Ind., truly remarks: "Samaritan Nervine cures epilepsy."

The sleeping-car porter was never intended to hold water.

Twenty-four Hours to Live.

From John Kuha, 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 only 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, and I am now in perfect health.

Many persons in Pittston are using Ely's Cream Balm, a Catarach remedy, with most satisfactory results. A lady is recovering the sense of smell which she had not enjoyed for fifteen years. She had given up her case as incurable. Mr. Barber has used it in his family and commands it very highly. A Tunkhannock lawyer, known to many of our readers, testifies that he was cured of partial deafness.—*Pittston (Pa.) Gazette*. (Not a fluid or snuff. 50 cents.)

Universally Approved.

J. A. Rogers, M. D., of Kenton, Ohio, says: I understand Warner's White Wine or Tar Syrup has been universally approved by my customers; never hear any complaints about it here; sold it for years.

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, "Ferro-Phosphorous 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.

The old man accepts. And this is the way the merchant plays December off against May, and May off against December.—*Puck*.

It Was Contempt.

In the days gone by a citizen of Detroit who has been gathered to his fathers was a Justice of the Peace for one of the townships of this county.

One day as he sat in his office with nothing to do a friend came along with a young horse. The Squar' was somewhat concemed on the horse question, and when informed that the equine before him would let no man ride him at once determined to accomplish the feat.

A crowd gathered, a saddle was brought, and his Honor presently found himself astride of the beast. The next thing he knew he was lying in a mucky ditch, and a dozen men were laughing to kill.

"I declare this court in session?" yelled his Honor, as he struggled up.

At this there was a fresh burst of laughter, and he continued:

"And each and every one of you is fined \$3 for contempt of court!"

They laughed harder than ever, but the fines were recorded and collected, and for years after it was understood that court was in session except when the Squar' was in bed and asleep.—*Free Press*.

The Wide, Wide World.

LIMA, REPUBLIC OF PERU.—Senor A. de La E. Delgado, L.L.D., and Counselor, Tribunal of Justice, Lima, Republic of Peru, says: "One single application of St. Jacobs Oil, cured me completely of rheumatic pains in my left arm. I recommended it to two of my friends, the Mrs. Donna Juana Garcia, widow, and Mr. D. Herman Decker, a German gentleman. Madame Garcia was relieved entirely by the pain—quite from terribl neuralgic pains of ten months' standing. Mr. Decker was cured of inexplicable pains by a single application of the cure. My brother used the great remedy for a species of paralysis of the arm. He was entirely relieved from his ailment by one or two applications, after having tried numberless other remedies without effect."

Flies and Disease.

Flies have more than once been charged with being the bearers of infection upon the feet, wings and proboscis, but Dr. Grassi has discovered another way in which they may be carriers of disease germs, and the source of food pollution. He finds that they may feed on the ova of parasitic worms, and subsequently deposit them elsewhere, unchanged, in their feces. Remarking upon this the Record says:

"As flies are by no means particular in their personal habits, a somewhat alarming vision of possible consequences is raised."—*Foot's Health Monthly*.

Over 2,000,000 sheep are within the borders of Bernalillo, New Mexico.

Twenty-five years ago this country had very few extravagantly rich men, and very few able-bodied vagrants. Now we are overrun with nabobs and tramps. Both are the creation of our political administration. Both are evil growths. "There are two things," said Socrates, "which the magistrates of Athens will be careful to keep out—opulence and poverty. Opulence, because it engenders effeminacy; poverty, because it produces baseness; both, because they lead to revolution."

The Chemistry of the Stomach.

In the most delicate processes of the laboratory, it is essential that the re-agents employed to produce chemical changes in matter should be uncontaminated, so also it is imperatively necessary that the fluids of the stomach, which act chemically upon the food, should be perfectly pure. When the stomach is acid, it becomes fluid or diluted. Similarly, other forms of indigestion arise from a deficiency of the chemical properties of the gastric juices. The most direct and agreeable way to restore their purity and improve their quality is to take before each meal a wineglass full of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which corrects acidity, render digestion complete and painless, and overcome the constipation which it produces. The most direct and agreeable way to restore their purity and improve their quality is to take before each meal a wineglass full of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which corrects acidity, render digestion complete and painless, and overcome the constipation which it produces.

The only known specific for Epileptic Fits.

"For Spasms and Falling Sickness. Nervous Weakness it instantly relieves and cures. Cleanses blood and quickens sluggish circulation. Neutralizes germs of disease and saves sickness. Cures

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbo, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprained Bruises, Burns, Ulcers, Ulcers, Ulcers, Ulcers, AND ALL OTHER SOULLY PAINS AND ACHEs.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle.

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