

A Garden in Para.

It is the middle of November, warm, bright, with a cool, fresh breeze; the time, 8 o'clock in the morning; for we are not where November is a cold, gray month, but under the sunny skies of the equator. On our way to a friend's garden we take the long street bordered with tall Royal Palms (*Oreodoxa regina*), wind along the crumbling walls of an old convent, which are a mass of White Jasmine, Cypress Vine, and Morning Glories, and soon come into the great theater square, on the four sides of which are great Mango trees all full of green fruit. A ten minutes' walk brings us to the garden, above the tall fence of which tower many orange trees full of fruit and flowers, which perfume the air delightfully. Entering through a tall gate, over which twine great Orange Trumpet Flowers, we see before us an avenue planted on either side with oranges, mangoes, and many other trees, the end of the vista being a great clump of the beautiful Peach Palm. We are lost in admiration at the variety and beauty which surrounds us. Caladiums, with bright white and red variegated foliage, cover the ground; clumps of *Amaryllis fulgida* are full of showy flowers, creepers twine over and hang in luxuriant festoons from the trees, and a very pretty parasite with white fragrant flowers, not unlike those of a Madeira Vine, is very common, so much so as to be as evil, as it is death to the branch upon which it establishes itself. On one side is an arbor some 100 feet long, covered with creepers among which Passion Flowers of many hues predominate, and on the posts and rafters of which are growing many common Orchids such as Stanhopeas, Oncidiums, Gorgonias and Epidendrums. On some of the trees near by are immense Tillandsias, some larger round than a bushel basket, from which hang great spikes of flowers with rosy or scarlet bracts. Meyenia erecta is a large bush covered with purple, yellow-throated flowers and Cape Jasmynes that are large enough to sit under. Allamandas are heavy with trusses of golden bloom, and the beautiful Thunbergia lancifolia covering a great wall is a sheet of great lavender blue flowers. Guavas of several kinds were in full bloom and fruit; Sapodillas (*Lucuma*) were covered with a delicious fruit in size and in color somewhat resembling Russet apples. Atta, Jaca, and Beseba, all species of Custard apple, bore both fruit and flowers.

But what greatly interested us was the variety of oranges. The trees were heavy with fruit; the naval orange of Bahia, so called, from the protuberance at the apex, and which has no seeds; it is very large and the most delicious of oranges. The Mandarin, the skin of which separates so readily from the pulp; the Red Tangerine, many varieties of the common sweet orange which differ greatly in size and flavor, and the pretty little orange of Cameta, as large as a good-sized plum, growing in such clusters as to make the tree show more fruit than leaves, and of delicious sweetness. There were also the large sweet kind and many small, sour kinds, with lemons and shaddocks.

The breadfruit trees are always conspicuous from their large, deep-cut foliage, and the two varieties, that of which the fruit has seeds and that without, bear great fruits nearly as large as a child's head. There were many bushes bearing fruit which we did not know—eight-sided, flattish, bright red or black, and used for preserves; the seed came from Bahia. The flower is white, somewhat resembling a Myrtle; at first we thought it an Eugenia, but it is evidently not of the Myrtle family. Of Palms there were many; the graceful Assie; the Maracaja, with its tall crown of foliage; the cocoanut, with great clusters of fruit; and the huge fan, leafed Miriti. Pineapples grow in great masses, and the space reserved for a future home was a luxuriant sweet potato patch. Indeed, to tell all we saw would exceed our limits. The pleasant thought was that all this luxuriance goes on from month to month, fears no winter's chill, and with the lapse of years increases in beauty, and as any in the world. We returned to our house laden with specimens of fruits and flowers, and as we write our room is a horticultural exhibition in miniature. We should add that the owner of the garden told us that five years ago there was not a tree on the place.—*Floral World*.

The Formal "Call."

Whatever may befit, men have good cause to rejoice that they bear no part in that crowning bore of all bores known as the "formal call." That is a feminine institution. It is an invention of the sex, and the sex groans under its yoke. Man smokes his Durham in beauteous peace, while the wife and daughters pay tribute to the formal call. He hears the sotto voce prayer that parties will be out, and that the matter can be dispatched with a card. He quietly notes the sigh of relief when the exhausted women return after hours of social distress. He observes the tax of dress incident to the affair, the bad temper it invokes, and the hypocrisy and total absence of any equivalent in the way of pleasure for all this slavish adherence to custom, and then dimly realizes the miraculous felicity of his own escape from such thralldom, and it may be takes comfort in the thought that the whole business falls totally on those who have made him pay the piper for countless other freaks and whims of fashion and caprice. The elasticity of conscience with which the gentle creatures endeavor to mitigate the infliction of the formal call by convenient fibs, furnishes the masculine monster some amusing food for study, and it may be doubted whether he would budge an inch to abolish the formal call. It is diamond cut diamond; women annoying women. In such a transaction the wise man holds aloof and lets the dainty beligerents masquerading as friends manage the hollow and artificial show as suits themselves. It is not often that he has an opportunity of keeping out of a game in which women array their wits against one another instead of against the common tyrant, man. He is at liberty to be judiciously silent and hear the fair prattlers discuss each

other in a style utterly unlike the fancy pictures of novelists and poets, and if he doesn't get some wholesome enlightenment he is hopelessly stupid.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

Cost of the Capital.

I have been figuring up what this capital of ours has cost us since the beginning, and I find that the amount is over \$100,000,000. The subject was investigated by Congress in 1876. The total at that time was a cost of \$94,362,423; since then \$5,500,000 has been paid out for public buildings alone, and the amounts paid out for works of art, park decorations, and other things, will run the total far ahead of the amount above stated. For a number of years it has cost more than \$1,000,000 a year to pay the Government expenses of the District of Columbia, and since 1862 the amounts have been much higher. In 1873 the amount was more than \$8,000,000. In 1875 it was more than \$7,000,000, while from 1828 to 1852 it was less than \$1,000,000 a year. In 1814 only \$1,800 was appropriated for the District of Columbia, and it was not until 1837 that the yearly proportion reached \$1,000,000. It is interesting to look over the items of permanent improvements in Washington. These include the original cost of the buildings and their repairs, furnishing, and keeping in order. The following estimate, though not exactly correct, is approximately so. It is less, rather than greater, than the actual cost, some of the minor expenses during the last seven years being omitted. The Capitol has cost \$17,672,123, the Patent Office over \$13,000,000, the Treasury about \$7,200,000, the Washington streets more than \$6,000,000, the State Department about \$7,000,000, the Navy nearly \$4,000,000, the White House, two parks, and public grounds, about \$2,000,000.—*Washington (D. C.) Republic*.

Lincoln, the Peacemaker.

Abraham Lincoln, though a successful lawyer, was a peacemaker. Juries trusted him, and his common-sense way of putting things gave him great power as an advocate. Yet he frequently advised his clients not to go to law, but to leave their disputes out to arbitrators. The Rev. Dr. Miner, of Trenton, N. J., who was formerly a pastor at Springfield, Ill., Mr. Lincoln's home, told recently the following anecdote:

"Mr. L. said: 'Now, if you go on with this, it will cost both of you your farms, and will entail an enmity that will last for generations, and perhaps lead to murder.'

"The other man has just been here to engage me. Now I want you two to sit down in my office while I am gone to dinner, and talk it over and try to settle it. And, to secure you from any interruption, I will lock the door.' He did so, and he did not return all the afternoon.

"We two men, finding ourselves shut up together, began to laugh. This put us in a good-humor, and by the time Mr. L. returned the matter was settled."

Didn't Think Any More of Him.

The Queen has often made visits, both of pleasure and policy, to her estate in Scotland, being at such times more than heartily welcomed by the canny Scots, who, almost without exception, highly reverence her and indulge all that she does.

On one occasion, shortly after a visit to her estate in the outskirts of Balmoral, Mr. Henry Irving, who was traveling through the country, met an old Scotch woman, with whom he spoke of her Majesty.

"The Queen is a good woman," he said.

"I suppose she's gude enough, but there are things I canna bear."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Irving.

"Well, I think there are things that even the Queen has no right to do. For one thing—she goes rowing on the lake on Soonday—and it's not a Chrestian thing to do."

"But you know the Bible tells us—"

"I know," she interrupted, angrily. "I've read the Bible ever since I was so high, an' I know every word in it. I know about the Sunday fishing, and a' the other things the good Lord did, but I want ye to know, too, that I don't think any the more, e'en of Him, for doing it."—*Exchange*.

A MAN cannot tell what the needs and rights of women and children are, because he is not one of them. He will remember well enough, however, that he did not run to his father but to his mother for comfort in his infancy; and this will be a sufficient argument, if he be a fair-minded man, to show him that in the management of women and children, women ought to have an authoritative say.—*Toronto Week*.

HISTORY is a voice forever sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong. Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on the tablets of eternity.—*Froude*.

HOTEL elevators in England, or, as they are called, "lifts," are continually getting out of order, and would seem to be defective in construction.

To Be Robbed of Health by a pestilential climate, by a vocation entailing constant exposure, physical overwork, or sedentary drudgery at the desk, is a hard lot. Yet many persons originally possessed of a fair constitution suffer this deprivation before the median of life is passed. To any and all subject to conditions inimical to health, no purer or more agreeable preservative of the greatest earthly blessings can be recommended than Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which insure the system to climatic change, physical fatigue, and nervous tension. It eradicates dyspepsia, the bane of sedentary workmen, and restores regularly of the bowels and liver when disordered from any cause, annihilates fever and ague and prevents it, checks the growth of a tendency to rheumatism and zout, and neutralizes the drugs to be apprehended from causes productive of many bodily and internal ailments. To be convinced of the truth of these statements, it is only necessary to give this sterling preparation an impartial trial.

WHAT would comprise a fair match? A woman without arms and a man without legs would be a fair match.

HOW BEES dispose of their honey? Cell it, of course.

HORSFORD'S Acid Phosphate.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. Imitations and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "Horsford's" is on the paper. None are genuine without it.

A TRAGIC EVENT.

A Father's Despair and Self-Inflicted Death
His Son's Final Rescue Too Late to Save His Parent.

The graphic occurrence that is described below is one of the most remarkable episodes in the domestic history of America. It is absolute truth which can readily be verified.

The inhabitants of the pleasant town of Cortland, N. Y., were shocked one morning by the announcement that Mr. Clinton Rindge, a man of the most prominent citizens, had committed suicide. The news spread rapidly and aroused the entire neighborhood where Mr. Rindge was so well and favorably known. At first it seemed impossible that any one so quiet and domestic could do so rash a deed, and the inquiry was heard on every side as to the cause. The facts as developed on investigation proved to be as follows:

Mr. Rindge was domestic in his tastes, and took the greatest enjoyment in the society of his children and pride in their development. And he had good reason to be proud for they gave promise of long life and success and usefulness. But an evil day came. His youngest son, William, began to show signs of an early decay. He felt unusually tired each day, and would sometimes sleep the entire afternoon if permitted to do so. His head pained him, not acutely, but with a dull, heavy feeling. There was a sinking sensation at the pit of his stomach. He lost all relish for food and much of his interest for things about him. He felt manfully to overcome these feelings, but they seemed stronger than himself. He gave up to pose rapidly. The father became alarmed and consulted physicians as to the cause of his son's illness, but they were unable to explain. Finally severe sores broke out on his arms and he was taken to Buffalo, where a painful operation was performed, resulting in the loss of much blood, but affording little relief. The young man returned home, and a council of physicians was called. After an exhaustive examination they declared there was no hope of final recovery and that he must die within a few days. To describe the condition in which this announcement caused the father would be impossible. His mind failed to grasp its full meaning at first; then finally seemed to comprehend it, but the load was too great. In an agony of frenzy he seized a knife and took his own life, preferring death rather than to survive his idolized son. At that time William Rindge was too weak to know what was transpiring. His face had turned black, his breath ceased entirely at times, and his friends waited for his death, fearing that the Bright's disease of the kidneys from which he was suffering, could not be removed. In this supreme moment William's sister came forward and declared she would make a final attempt to save her brother. The doctors interposed, assuring her it was useless and that she should only hasten the end by the means she proposed to employ. But she was firm, and putting all back, approached her brother's side and administered a remedy which she fortunately had on hand. She had seen it used to cure easy, and before the day was over she showed signs of decided improvement. These favorable signs continued, and to day William B. Rindge is well, having been virtually raised from the dead through the marvelous power of Warner's Safe Cure, as can be readily verified by any citizen of Cortland.

Any one who reflects upon the facts above described must have a feeling of sadness. The father, dead by his own hand, supposing his son's recovery to be impossible; the son restored to health with the loss of his life; and the mother, who had a memory of sadness to forever darken their lives. Had Clinton Rindge known that his son could recover he would to-day be alive and happy; but the facts which turned his brain and caused him to commit suicide were such as any one would accept as true.

However sad this case may be, the truth remains that thousands of people are at this moment in as great actual peril as William Rindge, and in as great danger of causing misery if not death to their friends. Liver and kidney diseases are among the most common and most dangerous of any all modern complaints. They are the most deceptive in their beginnings and horrible in their final stages. They are far more deceptive than Consumption, and can rarely be detected, even by skillful physicians, unless a microscopic analysis be resorted to, and few doctors understand how to do this. Their slightest approach, or possibility of approach, should strike terror to the one who is threatened as well as to all his or her friends. These diseases have no specific remedies, but come in the form of lassitude, loss of appetite, aching muscles and joints, dull headaches, pains in the back, stomach, and chest, sour stomach, recurring signs of cold, irregular pulsations of the heart, and frequent dizziness. If neglected, these symptoms are certain to run into chronic kidney and liver or Bright's disease, from which there is sure to be great amount of agony and only one means of escape, which is by the use of Warner's Safe Cure. The importance of taking this great remedy upon the appearance of any of the above symptoms cannot be too strongly impressed upon the minds of all readers who desire to escape death and pain and prolong life, with all its pleasures and blessings.

The Luscious Peanut.

A Southern paper says the Virginians are beginning to turn the peanut into flour, and says it makes a palatable "biscuit." In Georgia there is a custom, now growing old, of grinding or pounding the shelled peanut, and turning them into pastry, which has a resemblance, both in looks and taste, to that made of coconut, but the peanut pastry is more oily and richer, and, we think, healthier and better every way. If, as some people believe, Africa sent a curse to America in slavery, she certainly conferred upon her a blessing in the universally popular peanut, which grows so well throughout the Southern regions that we shall soon be able to out of the now large importation altogether.

"But you know the Bible tells us—"

"I know," she interrupted, angrily. "I've read the Bible ever since I was so high, an' I know every word in it. I know about the Sunday fishing, and a' the other things the good Lord did, but I want ye to know, too, that I don't think any the more, e'en of Him, for doing it."—*Exchange*.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

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THEY CURE DISSIPATION & INDIGENCE, ACT UPON THE LIVER AND KIDNEYS.

REGULATE THE BOWELS, they cure Rheumatism, and all Urinary troubles. They invigorate, nourish, strengthen and quiet the Nervous System.

AS A Tonic they have no equal. Take none but Hops and Malt Bitters.

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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

BLINDNESS, DISEASES OF THE BRAIN, & NERVOUS TROUBLES.

Ladies, are you suffering?

"Kidney-Wort makes me well again in a few days. I have given it to 130 persons in Detroit."

M. W. Deveraux, Mechanic, Ionia, Mich.

Are your nerves weak?

"Kidney-Wort cured me from nervous weakness & after I was given it to 130 persons in Detroit."

M. W. Deveraux, Mechanic, Ionia, Mich.

Have you Bright's Disease?

"Kidney-Wort cured me when my water was just like chalk and then like blood."

Frank Wilson, Peabody, Mass.

Suffering from Diabetes?

"Kidney-Wort made me well again in a few days. I have given it to 130 persons in Detroit."

Dr. Phillip C. Ballou, Monckton, Vt.

Have you Liver Complaint?

"Kidney-Wort cured me of chronic Liver Disease after I prayed to die."

Henry Ward, late Col. 69th Nat. Guard, N. Y.

Is your Back lame and aching?

"Kidney-Wort cured me when I was so lame I had to roll in a tub."

C. M. Tallman, Milwaukee, Wis.

Have you Malaria?

"Kidney-Wort has done better than any other medicine I have ever used."

Dr. H. C. Clark, South River, Vt.

Are you Bilious?

"Kidney-Wort makes me feel good than any other remedy I have ever taken."

Mrs. J. Galloway, Elk Flat, Oregon.

Are you tormented with Piles?

"Kidney-Wort permanently cured me of bleeding piles."

Dr. W. C. Kline recommended it to me."

Geo. H. Hors, Coalier M. Bank, Myrtlewood, Pa.

Are you Rheumatism racked?