

All for 50 Cents.

Mr. E. C. Walker, Editor "Track and Road," The Spirit of the Times, New York, after an exhaustive interview with all leading horsemen, stablemen, sportsmen, drivers, and breeders of horses of the country, states that St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain cure, will do all that is claimed for it in the cure of aches, pains, and suffering in man and beast.

A "Stand-Off."

Defeated candidate, meeting an acquaintance, is indignant because he has been deceived.

"Say McSpobble, you said that you were going to vote for me."

"Yes," McSpobble replied.

"But you didn't?"

"That's a fact."

"Then, sir, you are a liar."

"Say!" said McSpobble, without sense of offense, "you told me that you would certainly be elected."

"Yes, I—"

"That's all right. And you were not elected."

"You see—"

"Never mind what I see. I see that you were not elected, and that therefore you are a liar. This thing's about even. Let's go in here and take something."—Travelers' Magazine.

* * * RUPURX, piles tumors, fistulas, and all diseases of lower bowel (except cancer), radically cured. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., and inclose two (2-cent) stamps for book.

A SKIN game—Calling a gray elephant white.—New York Journal.

Prudent Butter Makers.

There is no dissent from the decision of candid and capable dairymen that the Improved Butter Color of Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., is the best in the world. Such men as A. W. Cheever, of Massachusetts; E. D. Mason, Vermont; Francis A. Hoffman, Wisconsin, use it, and recommend it as superior to all others.

A GOOD church man may go astray, but his umbrella will keep Lent.—New Orleans Picayune.

Hornford's Acid Phosphate

AS A NERVE FOOD.

Dr. J. W. Smith, Wellington, Ohio, says: "An impaired nervous supply I have used to advantage."

WHAT are the greatest attachments made? More lawsuits than love suits are brought on by attachments.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM's Vegetable Compound cures all female and kidney complaints.

WHY should the company of jailers never be tolerated? Because they keep bad company.

The Conflict

Between disease and health is often brief and fatal. It is better to be provided with cheap and simple remedies for such common disorders as coughs, colds, etc., than to run the risk of contracting a fatal disease through neglect. Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam is a sure and safe remedy for all diseases of the lungs and chest. If taken in season it is certain to cure, and may save you from that terrible disease, consumption. It has been known and used for many years, and it is no exaggeration to say that it is the best remedy in the world for coughs, etc.

"Put up" at the Gault House.

The business man or tourist will find first-class accommodations at the low price of \$2 class and \$2.50 per day at the Gault House, Chicago, corner of Madison and Madison streets. This far-famed hotel is located in the center of the city, only one block from the Union Depot. Elevator; all appointments first-class.

H. W. Hoyt, Proprietor.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits, and general debility in their various forms; also, as a preventive against fever and ague, for the cure of the "Ferro-Phosphated Elixir of Calais," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., of 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 GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Believes and cures

RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia,

Sciatica, Lumbar,

BACKACHE,

HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,

SORE THROAT,

QUINSY, SWELLINGS,

SPRAINS,

Soreness, Cuts, Bruises,

FROSTBITES,

BURNS, SCALDS,

And all other bodily aches

and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists and

Dealers. Directions in 11

languages.

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The Charles A. Vogel Co.

Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Advertising Cheats!!!

It has become so common to begin an article in an elegant, interesting style.

"Then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such."

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible."

"To induce people

"To give them one trial, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"THE REMEDY" so favorably noticed in all the papers,

Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines."

"There is no degrading the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability."

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

Did She Die?

"No!"

"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years."

"The doctors doing her no good."

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians,

"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief,

"And now she is restored to us in good health as by simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say:

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."

"And, we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A LADY of Utica, N. Y.

** None genuine without a bunch of green Hop on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

THE MONKS OF CHINA.

Life in the Windless Pagodas of Best. Wong Chin Foo, formerly editor of the Chinese American, is a contributor to the columns of the Brooklyn Eagle. Of a Chinese brotherhood of ascetics he says:

The Flower Kingdom men get tired of life, of society, of the endless struggle for existence, and retire to some retreat where they can pass their remaining days in quiet, study, and benefaction. These retreats (mi-an) correspond to the monasteries of Christian lands. They are invariably long brick buildings, one story in height, simple and solemn in architecture, and located either upon the mountains or in the depths of forests. Around the building is a windowless wall, symbolic of the busy life forever shut out from view. In the grounds, and upon the surrounding land, nature is assisted, but never interfered with. The flowers bloom and die, the trees grow gnarled and crooked, the weeds and creepers thrive until sometimes it would seem as if no human being lived in the vicinity. Close examination will show that every plant producing beautiful flowers or wholesome food and fruit is carefully watched and watered, and every resource of vegetation in supplying human wants is husbanded to the last degree. This is also a symbolism of the brotherhood who tenant these retreats. To them the useful flower and tree represent the good of humanity; the weeds the evil. The duty of a true manhood is to aid and develop those who are righteous, but not to injure the wrong-doer, leaving to nature the task of eliminating the latter from her great economy. These retreats do not belong to specific orders, as in the Western civilization, but are founded by one or more persons for the simple sake of rest. The forms and ceremonies of admission amount to nothing. Any person who has failed in life, who has lost those he loved, who has sinned and repented, who is old and unable to work, is eligible. He presents himself, giving his name, address, and history, transfers to the brotherhood all he possesses, promises obedience to all lawful commands of the Brother Superior, loyalty, friendship, and sympathy to his fellow members, and devotion and aid to all human beings in sickness or distress. He is then admitted, given a new name and a new costume, assigned a room, instructed as to his duties, and the initiation is complete. From now on his life is fixed. Study and conversation, the cultivation of the field and garden, or the improvement of the retreat and the instruction of brothers who have been less favored, are his daily duties. At times he is sent out to obtain subscriptions for the common fund, or to nurse the sick or feed the starving, but these occur infrequently.

The government of these brotherhoods is a pure autocracy. A Brother Superior governs for life. At his death he appoints a successor; if the appointment lapse or be not made, the brothers elect one of their own number. The regulations are about the same as in monasteries, omitting the element of religion. Cleanliness, sobriety, industry, chastity, intellectuality, charity, and humanity are the seven stars of their heaven. No woman is allowed to cross the threshold of the retreat; no wine, stimulant, or narcotic is permitted except for medical use; no quarreling, loud conversation, game of chance, indecent or vulgar talk is allowed. Disobedience is punished by reprimand, suspension, temporary ostracism, or expulsion, according to the degree of the offense.

Some generations earlier the author of the romance of "Merlin" describes the mother of his hero—a highly respectable young woman—as accompanying her neighbors to the ale-house, swilling there till long past midnight, taking a lusty share in a brawl, and then falling, literally as well as figuratively, into the claws of the demon, the whole thing taking place as quite a matter of course.

In the reign of Stephen comes Walter Map, the jovial Archdeacon of Oxford, with his widely popular drinking songs. A century earlier the whole Saxon army spent the night before the battle of Hastings in pushing about the bowl.

And so we go back century by century; poets, annalists, statuaries, and the canons of provincial councils all telling us that deep drinking was the rule all over Great Britain up to the time when our ancestors could form no other ideas of heaven than as a place where fierce bouts of fighting and bouts as fierce of drinking were the only occupations and enjoyments.—*St. James' Gazette*.

He Remembered.

A man never feels more lonesome and forgotten anywhere on the face of the earth than in the land of his boyhood, after an absence of fifteen or twenty years. He goes back with a sort of half belief that he will find everything just as he left it, and is startled to see the little red-headed girl he was wont to help at her mud pie baking the mother of a growing family, and the cherry-tree of his childhood's happy hour full of the sons of the boys he used to play with.

About a year ago I went over into the happy land of my boyhood, where I was wont to chase the bright hours away hunting the amusing bumble-bee in his native lair. I had been away from the locality about eighteen years, and it was half a day's work to find a person I could call by name. It seemed to me that everybody I knew when I was a boy and lived there had died or moved away. The cherry-tree I used to climb; the streams I used to dam for water-power to run miniature saw mills; the hills I used to coast upon; the great chestnut trees I used to shake till they showered down their nuts; the rocks among which I was accustomed to hunt the ferocious chipmunk were all there, looking very much as they had looked nearly a score of years before; but the people had all changed.

Near the old house in which I was a happy boy, with a great longing for pie and a marked distaste for work between meals, I found a solitary white-haired man leaning against a fence. He was apparently occupied by his thoughts and a large chew of tobacco. He was an old inhabitant. I had stolen watermelons from him twenty years before. I knew him at once. I recognized him by a strawberry mark on his nose. I thought I would question him and see if he remembered me, and, approaching him, I asked, in a kindly and reverential tone of voice:

"My good sir, do you remember a fair, bright youth, with thoughtful, pious air, who was the joy and light of a family who lived in yonder house some eighteen or twenty years ago?"

"No, I never knew any such boy in this section," said the old inhabitant, slowly, and in a dry, husky tone of voice. "But I used to know a tow-headed, freckled-faced youngster who lived over there about as long ago as you speak of. I can't forget him well, for he was the worst boy in the community—a boy who was as frisky and chipper as could be when there was no work to do; but who always had a bad pain when there was water to be carried to the harvest fields, or firewood to be fetched in, or the cows to be milked, or the grindstone to be turned; a boy who was always at work at a rabbit-trap, or a machine to hull wal-

nuts; or a saw mill, or something; a boy who had a dam across every run in this section, and a flutter-wheel a-going at every dam. That's the only boy I ever knew to live over there in that house on the hill."

I saw that he hadn't entirely forgotten me.

"What do you suppose that boy is doing now?" I asked.

"I don't know," he answered, in a meditative way; "but I expect he is in jail. He ought to be, any way, if he is still alive, and hasn't reformed."

"No, he is not in jail," I said, thinking I would surprise him; "he is the editor of a newspaper."

"Well," answered the old inhabitant, slowly, after changing his quid from his left to his right cheek, "I ain't bit surprised to hear it. I always said he would come to something bad."

At this point the conversation flagged, and a sort of coolness appeared to settle over the old inhabitant, and I decided not to surprise him by revealing to him the fact that I had once been a boy and had lived in the house referred to. I was afraid the news might shock him, broke it to him never so gently. He was a very old man, and the shock might have been too much for him.—*Scout Way, in Puck*.

An English Habit.

As a matter of fact, there is nothing easier than to prove that hard drinking has been an essentially English habit since the dawn of our history. Shakespeare, who left off writing 270 years ago, paints a whole gallery of typical drunkards, and, by the mouth of Iago, claims the Englishman as far and away the most consummate toper in Europe.

In 1506 that notorious drunkard, Joice Rowe, Abbess of Rumsey, one of the wealthiest convents in the kingdom, and tenanted mostly by noble dames, was accused before Bishop Fox of carousing habitually far into the night with her nuns—a pretty strong proof that hard drinking was then a national vice.

Toward the end of the fourteenth century Chaucer represents all his low-class characters as jolly topers. The miller can hardly sit on his horse and the cook tumbles off into the mire in consequence of their potations. The wife of the miller of Benay does not go to bed without "her jolly whistle wet." In 1315 the noble dame Clementina Guilford, Abbess of Rumsey, and the worthy predecessor of Joice Rowe, drinks herself to death.

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Real Pathway of Roses.

One day the little town of Schwalbach suddenly became all astir, and from our windows we saw the flags of state and duchy and town and church flying—a remarkable variety of banners. It was a great fest day in Schwalbach; the bishop was coming to town for the first time in ten years. We, too, improvised the colors of our land and flung them boldly from our windows, though we were not Romanists, and it was noticeable that the Protestant windows were dead set against all this festivity. But we belonged to the Holy Catholic Church Universal, and when the people came out in procession to meet and bring in the good bishop from the edge of the town, where he alighted from his carriage, we joined the procession and lifted up our voices with the faithful, who chanted and sung without instrumental accompaniment, as they walked through the quaint old streets. It was a pretty and an impressive sight, and nothing more un-American is to be imagined. All the young girls ready for confirmation were in white muslin, with wreaths of flowers upon their heads, and formed a circle held together by a rope of flowers, in the center of which the bishop, in purple and scarlet—a benevolent good old gentleman—walked with much dignity. Rose leaves were scattered in his path. I saw one hausfrau, with the aid of her servants, scatter over two bushes of fresh red rose leaves before her home.

Widow too full er stromck dem nigger ain't a good han' in de harves' fie". De cat dat's got er runnif ter eat doan' kere much erkebukin' de mouse.

Truth twisted outer shape is wus dat direk'ly. De thief wid er hones' lookin' face is wus dat the thief dat looks like er vill'n.