

A RACE ROMANCE.

Descended in Three Generations from the Five Great Race Divisions.

Smith Dandridge, who is one of the best-known and most highly respected colored citizens of Akron, Ohio, was born in slavery at Martinsburg, Va., in 1841. Mrs. Dandridge, whose maiden name was Margaret Kaponia Maquet, was born in the Village of Mowe, one of the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands, in the year 1848. The history of each prior to their meeting and marriage partakes of the nature of a romance. Mrs. Dandridge's father, Charles Maquet, was a native of the Island of St. Helena, and during his childhood days had often seen Napoleon Bonaparte during the closing days of that celebrated Corsican's banishment. Early in life Maquet grew weary of his native island, and on board a whaling vessel that touched at St. Helena he sailed away. He left the ship at Mowe, the Sandwich Islands port already named. Soon after his arrival there he married the daughter of a native mother and a Chinese father. Their only child was Margaret, and the Malay-Mongolian mother died when she was yet an infant. She was given by her father to an American lady, Mrs. Lewers, wife of a wealthy lumberman and sugar planter then residing there. Mrs. Lewers returned to the United States in 1865 and brought her Sandwich Islands protege—then almost a woman—with her. Meanwhile Dandridge, in whose veins coursed some Caucasian blood, had worn the galling bonds of slavery until he was 21. Then, in 1862, he ran away from his master to join the Union army while it was passing Martinsburg. In that section of the Union forces was the regiment of Col. Buckley, and to it the colored fugitive attached himself. The same year the Colonel paid a visit to his home in Akron, and brought Dandridge with him. Here he worked two years upon the farm of A. B. Matthews, who also owned another farm at West Middleton, Pa., and is now a wealthy Western cattle owner. In 1865 Dandridge was sent by Matthews to act as overseer on the Pennsylvania farm, where Mrs. Lewers, sister to Matthews, together with Margaret Kaponia Maquet, the Sandwich Islands girl, was then stopping for a time. The friendship which naturally followed the meeting of Dandridge and the latter soon ripened into love, though born at points almost antipodal upon the earth's geography. They were wedded in 1866 and soon after went to Akron. They have three children, who may justly claim to have within their veins the blood from four of the five great race divisions of mankind. Dandridge combines by the relation of consanguinity the essential element of descendants from both Caucasian and African races—a thing not uncommon before the war—while Mrs. Dandridge has but to trace her lineage back to grandparents on her mother's side to introduce, as already stated, Malay and Mongolian stock. Could it be established—as is believed by some—that the natives of St. Helena had their origin in the Indian race, the children of Smith Dandridge and Margaret Kaponia Maquet might claim direct descent, within three generations, from the five great race divisions.—*Chicago Herald*.

Allspice and Cloves.

The home of the allspice tree is South America and the West Indies, especially Jamaica. The tree is a beautiful evergreen. The flowers are small, and do not make much display. In Jamaica the tree grows without any care; but the fruit is worth so much that the planters give more attention to this crop than to any other. The berries must be picked before they are ripe, or they lose their pleasant flavor. One hundred and fifty pounds of the fruit are sometimes gathered from one tree. The crops are uncertain. It is only once in five years that it is abundant.

The clove tree is a native of the Molucca Islands. It is said to be the most beautiful, elegant and precious of all trees. It is conical in form, and lives from one hundred to two hundred years. The spice is not the fruit, as is generally believed, but it is the blossoms, that are gathered before they unfold. About a dozen of these blossoms form a cluster at the end of each branch and twig of a tree. Cloves are gathered in December, and dried quickly in the shade.

In the year 1521 the Molucca Islands were inhabited by a great number of people who were industrious, enterprising and happy. They devoted most of their time to the cultivation of the clover tree. Cloves were carried to all parts of the civilized world from these islands. At this time the Spaniards and Portuguese came and took the first ship load of cloves to Europe. About one hundred years later the Dutch drove away the Spaniards and Portuguese. They also sent ships to these beautiful islands and destroyed every clove tree. Any of the natives who dared to set out a clove tree was put to death. The natives all died or were carried away as slaves. Then, to raise the price of cloves, the Dutch burned a part of the crop every year. These annual burnings continued until as late as 1824.—*Anon.*

SOME time ago the discovery was made by M. Ch. Montigny, by means of a beautiful instrument called the scintillometer, that blue largely predominates in the twinkling of the stars when there is much water in the atmosphere, and that the preponderance of green or violet is indicative of great dryness. A late series of tables by the Brussels savant indicates that he has hit upon a law by which a wet or dry season may be predicted with great certainty.

A Daily Defalcation.

The Hon. John Kelly, the head and front of Tammany Hall, a man of strict integrity, an indefatigable worker, early at his office, late to leave, so burdened with business that regular meals were seldom known by him, with mind in constant tension and energies steadily trained, finally broke down!

The wonder is that he did not sooner give way. An honest man in all things else, he acted unfairly with his physical resources. He was ever drawing upon this bank without ever depositing a collateral. The account overdrawn, the bank suspends and both are now in the hands of medical receivers.

It is not worth that kills men. It is irregular of habits and mental worry. No man in good health frets at his work. Bye and bye when the bank of vigor suspends, these men will wonder how it all happened, and they will keep wondering until their dying day unless, perchance, some candid physician or interested friend will point out to them how by irregularity, by excessive mental effort, by constant worry and fret, by plunging in deeper than they had a right to, they have produced that loss of nervous energy which almost invariably expresses itself in a deranged condition of the kidneys and liver, for it is a well-known fact that the poison which the kidneys and liver should remove from the blood, if left therein, soon knocks the life out of the strongest, and most vigorous man or woman. Early building up of these vital organs by so wonderful and highly reputed a specific as Warner's safe cure, is the only guarantee that our business men can have that their strength will be equal to the labors daily put upon them.

Mr. Kelly has nervous dyspepsia, we learn, indicating, as we have said, a break-down of nerve force. His case should be a warning to others who, pursuing a like course, will certainly reach a like result.—*Sunday Herald*.

Will a Southern Man Lie?

John Locker lives in Fayette County, this State, at present, but he was raised in North Carolina, where he spent most of his life. He is about sixty years of age and is bearded like a Russian bear, with scarcely a silver thread discernible. His eyes are small and black, and when he talks to you he gives you the impression that he suspects you are doubting his word, and wants to beat the liver out of you for it.

His stories of experience in "Caroline," however, are not all as tough as the one following, which, by the way, he swears is as true as the Bible.

"We farmers," said he, "used to have rough times down in Caroline. Every thing's improved, nowdays. That ar set o' gears on the hoss"—pointing to a harnessed animal hitched to a wagon—"ain't wrought on a hait by the weather—specially ef you keep 'em well greased. I've seed the time when a hull set o' gears wuz made up of a big wooden collar an' a pair o' old raw-hide traces, that wuz as stretchy in wet weather ez the seventh commandment. I recollect one time we run out o' wood an' I drove to a piece o' timber for a load. The best I could afford in the way of a team them days wuz a mule an' a four-wheeled cart—with raw-hide traces 'stod o' shalves. Wal, I hadn't more'n got to the woods when it began to rain like fury; an' hit jes' keep pouring down the hull time I wuz loadin'. When I got through I mounted the mule an' started home. I noticed on the way that the load 'peared to be gettin' heavier an' heavier, tell we fetched up at the woodshed, which wuz a pull o' about a quarter mile. When we got thar' the mule wuz well nigh fagged out, an' he hed to brace hisself to keep from droppin' back on his hanches.

"When we pulled up at the cabin it hed quit rainin' an' the sun wuz out bright an' warm. I jumped back to unload. Now you may guess how amazin' surprised I wuz to find no wood or bacon behind us—but I seed the traces wuz pulled out tight as fiddle-strings, an' reached back along the track to the timber line, whar' I lost sight o' the durn things.

"While I stud thar' lookin' like a fool—jes' es you're lookin' now—I act'ally seed that wagon with the wood on it come creepin' outen the timber, followin' the raw-hide traces as they drawed up in the sun. You see, the rain had slackened 'em, an' sure es I'm here, they had 'stretched an' stretched, an' I b'lieve in my soul the load didn't start tell the mule got to the cabin an' braced hisself."

"Did the wagon come up all right?"

"Oh, yes; but the work o' dryin' an' contractin' the traces wuz slow, an' ef I hadn't haltered the mule to a stump I reckon he'd a give back. Ez it wuz, the load pulled up in about fifteen minutes, an' stopped in a couple o' yards o' the mule's heels. When I ontied the beast he staggered around tell I thought he'd faint, but he didn't.

"Now, ef you don't credit this story, I kin take you back to Caroline an' show you the very identical piece o' timber—the cabin's been torn down twenty year or more, an' the mule turned up his huffs a short time after I lef' the State."—*Indianapolis Herald*.

An Arctic Appetite.

If intensity of appetite is the measure of the pain suffered by persons who are starving to death, it would seem that to die in the arctic regions is a much greater agony than to die in the tropics, for cold sharpens hunger. Greely says that his party had ferocious appetites during all the long sojourn in the north, each man eating with relish three meals of animal food and two lunches every day, and craving fat, though not to the extent some arctic travelers report. As a means to fortify the system against cold or brace it up for forced marches, whisky, rum, and other alcoholic stimulants were regarded as of little benefit.

DO'NT take that "cocktail in the morning." If you have a "swelled head" nauseated stomach, and unstrung nerves resulting from the "convivial party last night," the sure and safe way to clear the cobwebs from the brain, recover zest for food, and tone up the nervous system, is to use Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." Sold by all druggists.

"WHAT have you to remark about my singing?" asked an irate vocalist. "Nothing," replied a spectator; "it is not remarkable."

He Kept the Whole House Awake.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Mr. F. O. McCleary, a prominent solicitor of patents of this city, was troubled for several weeks with a severe cough, which not only deprived him of sleep but annoyed others. The only thing which did him any good, he says, was the new preparation Red Star Cough Cure, a purely vegetable compound, free from opiates, narcotics, or poisons of any kind.

How to Tell a Tornado.

A Western man who has lived among tornadoes all his life, who was raised with them, as it were, says that it is easy to distinguish a tornado from an ordinary blow. A cyclone or tornado north of the equator always comes from the southwest. Its first appearance is that of a local cloud. It always comes when the temperature is low. It is nothing more than an electric storm. The earth refuses to receive the electricity that is constantly being generated, and it accumulates in a mass. When the cloud extends from one side of the horizon to the other, there is no danger of a cyclone.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

If Your Liver Reminds You

Of its existence by dull pain or sharp twinges in the right side, or beneath the dexter shoulder-blade, accept the reminder as a warning, and regulate the organ without loss or time, by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The above symptoms are usually accompanied by yellowness of the skin, constipation, furred tongue, disorder of the stomach, sciatic headache and morning nausea. But a reform is promptly instituted by the Bitters, the best possible substitute for calomel, blue pill, and other super-potent and hurtful drugs erroneously designated as remedies for biliousness. Appetite and digestion are restored, and the bowels resume activity, when an impetus is given to the functions of health by this sterling anti-bilious medicine, which also has the effect of enriching and purifying the circulation, and fortifying the system against malarial infection in air or water. It is also highly beneficial for rheumatism, kidney and bladder troubles.

THE London Board of Works has under its control 1,800 acres of land devoted to parks. Of these Blackheath is the most spacious, Hampstead Heath and Clapham Common coming next. Southwark Park affords an instance of a somewhat unpromising spot, being now a "much valued place of resort," in the midst of a large population. The Thames Embankment Gardens, covering altogether fourteen acres, adorn the banks of the river, and conduct to the enjoyment of multitudes who in this respect possess a privilege unknown to a previous generation. To the space commanded by the Board in the shape of parks, it is to be hoped that the seventy-two acres offered by the Governor of Dulwich College will be added by the authority of Parliament in the present session.

Never Open Your Mouth

except to put something to eat into it, is an excellent motto for the gossip and the sufferer from catarrh. But while the gossip is practically incurable, there is no excuse for any one's suffering longer from catarrh. Dr. Saxe's Catarrh Remedy is an unfailing cure for that offensive disease. It heals the diseased membrane, and removes the dull and depressed sensations which always attend catarrh. A short trial of this valuable preparation will make the sufferer feel like a new being.

If there had been another woman and a lawyer in the garden of Eden, Eve would have probably got a divorce and married the devil.

THE only reliable cure for catarrh is Dr. Saxe's Catarrh Remedy.

THE striped stick candy must go. There is enough poison in one hundred and sixty-five pounds of it to kill a boy. Just think of it.

Important.

WHEN you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot; 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator, Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stage, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union than at any first-class hotel in the city.

IF a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, it is a mite on the face worth two in the ground?

"Put up" at the Gault House.

The business man or tourist will find first-class accommodations at the low price of \$2 and \$2.50 per day at the Gault House, Chicago corner Clinton 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.

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"WHAT have you to remark about my singing?" asked an irate vocalist. "Nothing," replied a spectator; "it is not remarkable."

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If you wish a certain cure for all Blood diseases. Nothing was ever invented that will cleanse the Blood and purify the System equal to Hops and Malt Bitters. It tones up the System, puts new Blood into your veins, restores your appetite, relieves and sleep, and brings you perfect health. It immediately gives relief in all cases of Kidney or Liver Troubles, Biliousness, Indigestion, Constipation, Sick Headaches, Dyspepsia, Nervous disorders, and all Female Complaints; when properly taken it is a sure cure. Thousands have been benefited by it in this and other Western States. It is the best Combination of Vegetable remedies yet discovered for the restoration to health of the Tired and Debilitated. Do not get Hops and Malt Bitters confounded with inferior preparations of similar name. I prescribe Hops & Malt Bitters regularly in my practice. Robert Turner, M. D., Flat Rock, Mich. For sale by all druggists.

HOPS & MALT BITTERS CO., DETROIT, MICH.

HAY-FEVER.

My brother Myron and myself were both cured, to appearance, of Catarrh and Hay-Fever last July and August. Up to this date, Dec. 28, neither have had any return of these troubles. Ely's Cream Balm is the medicine used.—GABRIEL FERRIS, Spencer, Tioga Co., N. Y.

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Fire Brick

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Amputation of the Leg.

Money is the universal necessity, and none but a cynic or a fool will affect to despise it. Mr. Abram Ellsworth, of Port Ewen, Ulster County, N. Y., had realized this truth. His disease involved the whole of his thigh-bone, and the suffering man looked forward, not without apparent reason, to death as his only deliverance. The family physicians refused to amputate the limb, asserting that the operation would kill the patient on the spot. Dr. David KENNEDY, of Rondout, N. Y., who was consulted, held a different opinion and amputated the limb. The Doctor then administered freely his great Blood Specific, FAVORITE REMEDY, to afford tone and strength to the system and prevent the return of the disease, and Mr. Ellsworth remains to this day in the bloom of health. This gentleman's disease was the offspring of foul blood, and Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY purified the blood and restored to him the power once more to enjoy his life. Are you suffering from any disease traceable to the same cause? Try Favorite Remedy. Your druggist has it. ONE DOLLAR a bottle. Bear in mind the proprietor's name and address: Dr. David KENNEDY, Rondout, N. Y.

TO KEEP the B'e' Pure is the principal end of inventions and discoveries in medicine. To this object probably no one has contributed more significantly than Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., in the production of a medicine which has become famous under the title of the "Favorite Remedy." It removes all invrurites of the Blood, regulates the disordered Liver and Kidneys, cures Constipation, Dyspepsia, and all diseases and weaknesses peculiar to females.

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